# HYMNS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

Nos. 1, 2 and 3
Combined

E E F G. B E C B E F G G A B E
1
G A D F

As The Skaters
G A B B E D C B G A B B C B G F G A B E E E
E E F E D C B B B C E D E F E

Crown Him
E D C A A C D F A B A F B A G
(A B A C G G F)

1780 oldest song

Dillenbeck

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# HYMNS

# OF THE

# CHRISTIAN LIFE

## NOS. 1, 2 & 3

For Church Worship, Conventions, Evangelistic Services,
Prayer Meetings, Missionary Meetings, Revival
Services, Rescue Mission Work
and Sunday Schools

COMPILED BY

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MARGARET M. SIMPSON

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A. B. Simpson
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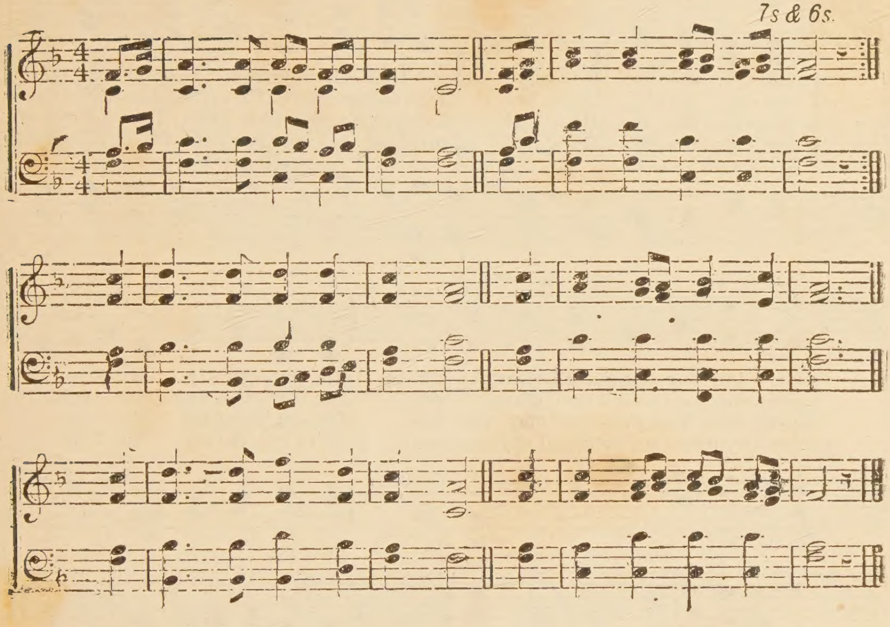
# Hymns of the Christian Life.

## 1

### O Day of Rest and Gladness.

*7s & 6s.*



O day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright,
On Thee the high and lowly
Before the eternal throne
Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
To God the three in one.

On Thee at the creation
The light first had its birth;
On Thee for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On Thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on Thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

Today on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls;
Where Gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living waters flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

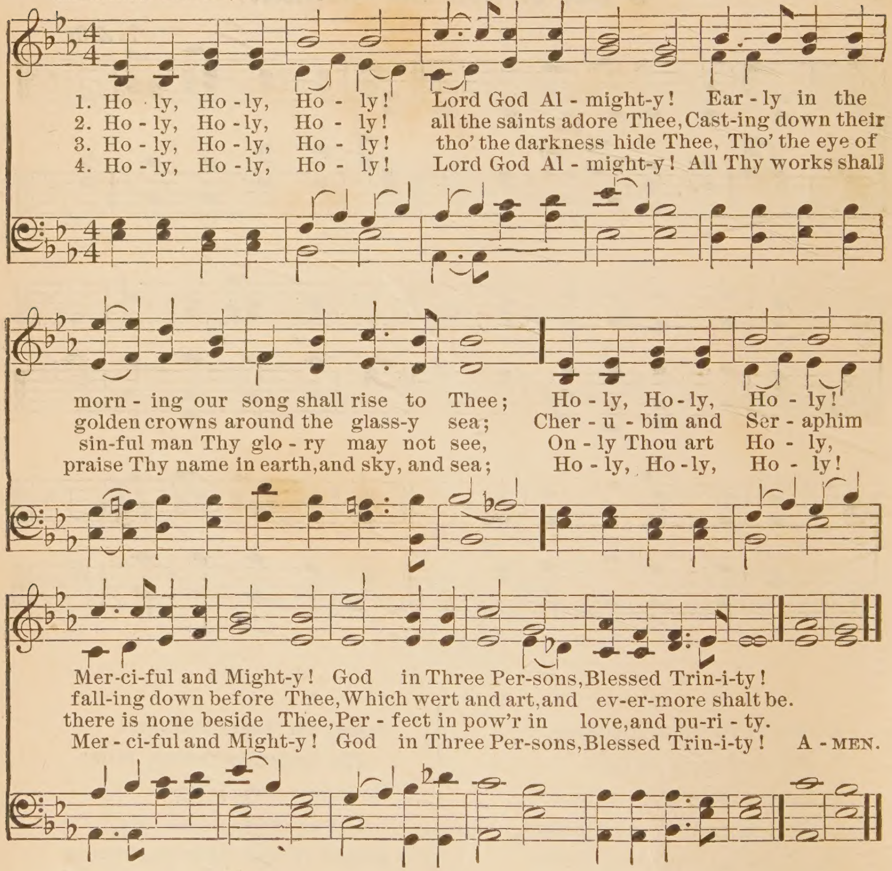
New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest three in one!

## 2

# Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty.

REGINALD HEBER, D. D.

REV. JOHN B. DYKES.


1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might-y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints adore Thee, Cast-ing down their
3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might-y! All Thy works shall
morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!
golden crowns around the glass-y sea; Cher - u - bim and Ser - aphim
sin-ful man Thy glo - ry may not see, On - ly Thou art Ho - ly,
praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!
Mer-ci-ful and Might-y! God in Three Per-sons, Blessed Trin-i-ty!
fall-ing down before Thee, Which wert and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
there is none beside Thee, Per - fect in pow'r in love, and pu-ri - ty.
Mer - ci-ful and Might-y! God in Three Per-sons, Blessed Trin-i-ty! A - MEN.

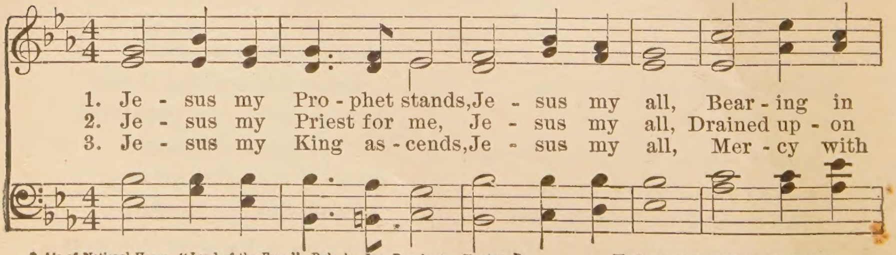
## 3

# Jesus My All*

"*Him that filleth all in all.*" EPH. i: 23.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER, 1879.


1. Je - sus my Pro - phet stands, Je - sus my all, Bear - ing in
2. Je - sus my Priest for me, Je - sus my all, Drained up - on
3. Je - sus my King as - cends, Je - sus my all, Mer - cy with

* Air of National Hymn, "Land of the Free." Pub. by Jno. Dougherty, Chester Pa.

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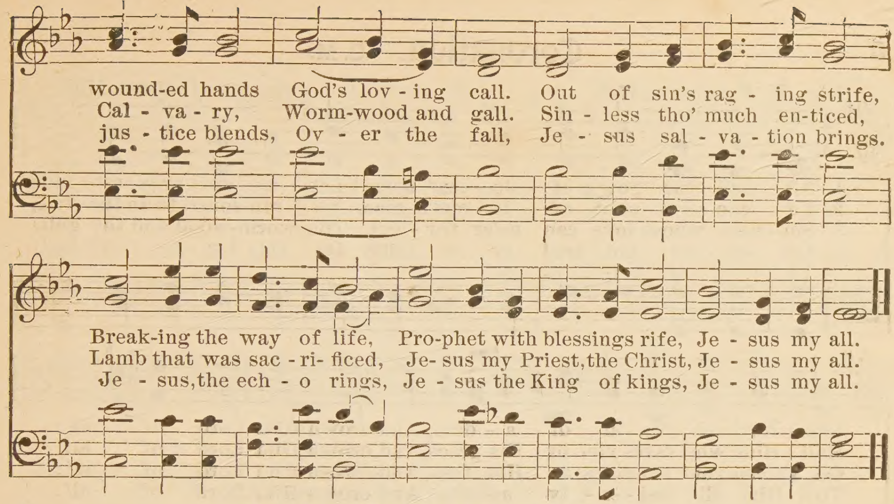
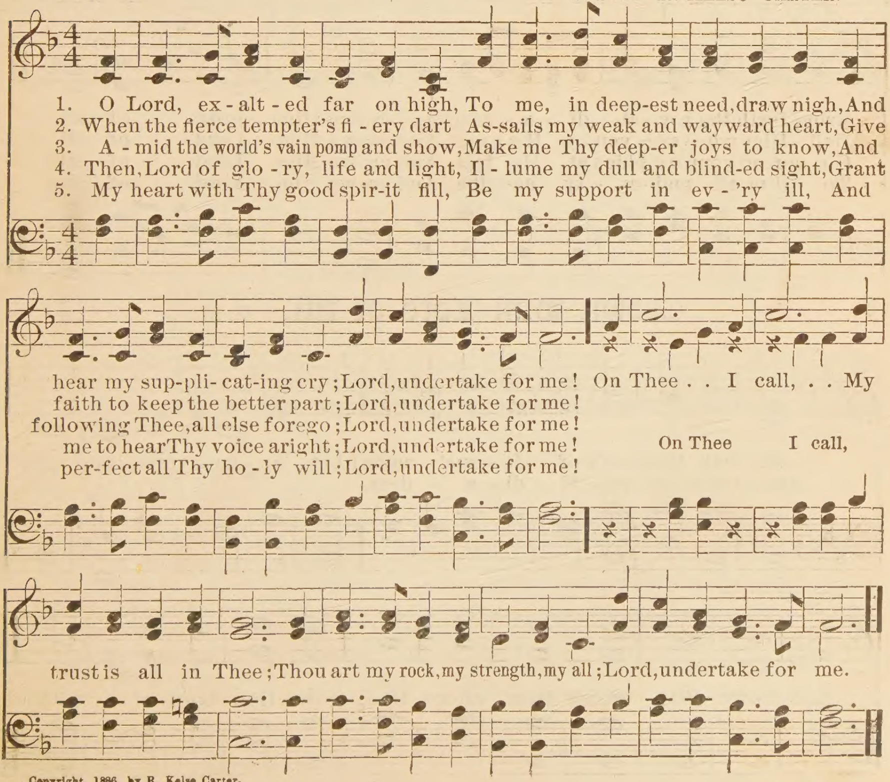

wound-ed hands God's lov-ing call. Out of sin's rag-ing strife,
Cal-va-ry, Worm-wood and gall. Sin-less tho' much en-ticed,
jus-tice blends, Ov-er the fall, Je-sus sal-va-tion brings.
Break-ing the way of life, Pro-phet with blessings rife, Je-sus my all.
Lamb that was sac-ri-ficed, Je-sus my Priest, the Christ, Je-sus my all.
Je-sus, the ech-o rings, Je-sus the King of kings, Je-sus my all.

4

## Lord, Undertake For Me.

F. B. H. Alt. and arr. R. Kelso Carter.


1. O Lord, ex-alt-ed far on high, To me, in deep-est need, draw nigh, And
2. When the fierce tempter's fi-ery dart As-sails my weak and wayward heart, Give
3. A-mid the world's vain pomp and show, Make me Thy deep-er joys to know, And
4. Then, Lord of glo-ry, life and light, Il-lume my dull and blind-ed sight, Grant
5. My heart with Thy good spir-it fill, Be my support in ev-'ry ill, And
hear my sup-pli-cat-ing cry; Lord, undertake for me! On Thee . . I call, . . My
faith to keep the better part; Lord, undertake for me!
following Thee, all else forego; Lord, undertake for me!
me to hear Thy voice aright; Lord, undertake for me!
per-fect all Thy ho-ly will; Lord, undertake for me!
On Thee I call,
trust is all in Thee; Thou art my rock, my strength, my all; Lord, undertake for me.

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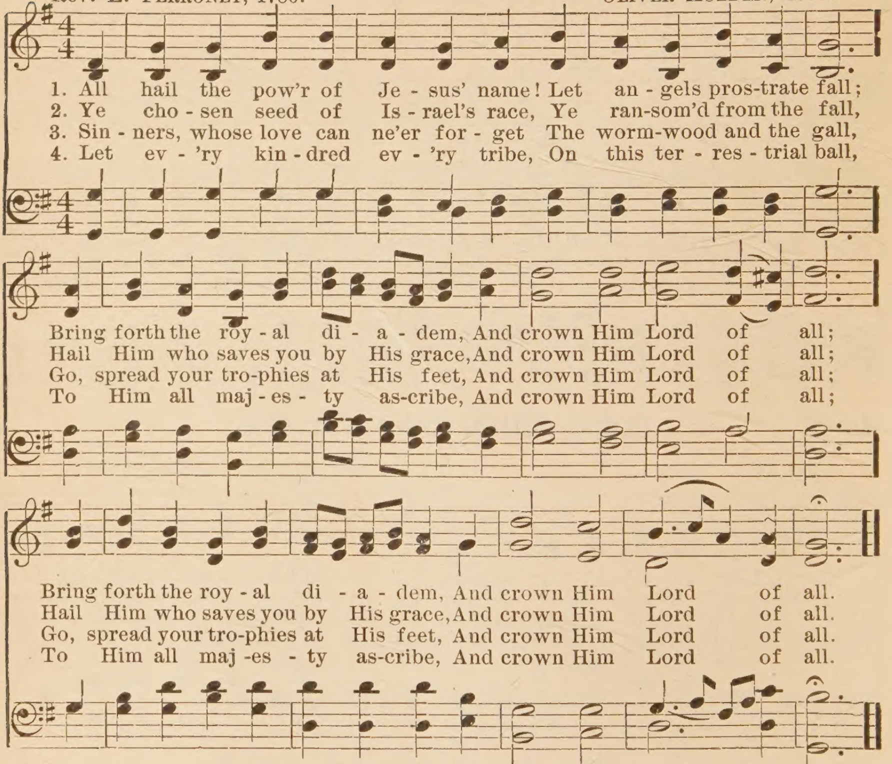
5

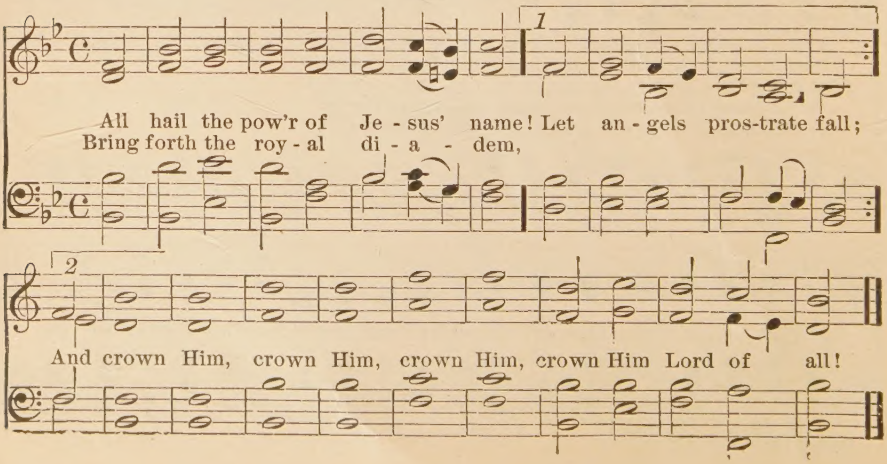
## Coronation. C. M.

Rev. E. Perronet, 1780. Oliver Holden, 1793.

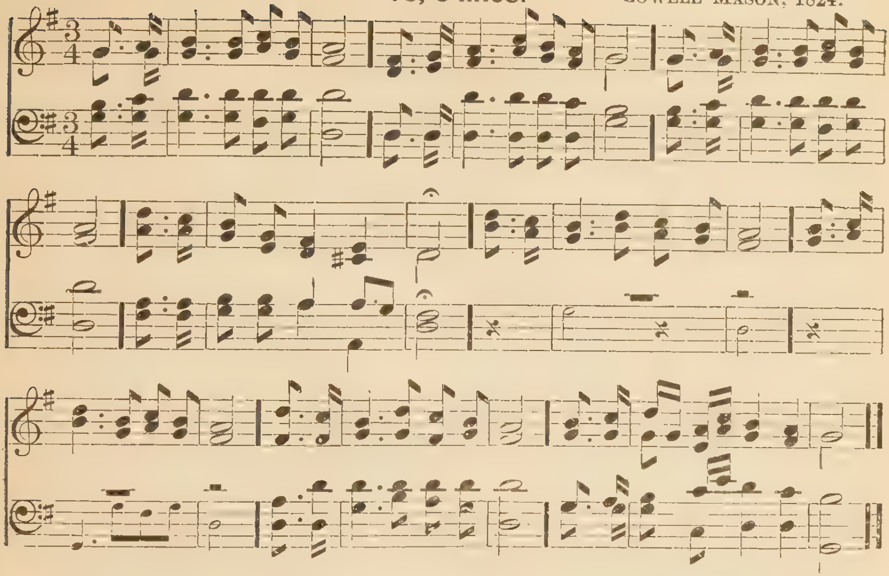

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-som'd from the fall,
3. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The worm-wood and the gall,
4. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
Go, spread your tro-phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
Go, spread your tro-phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj -es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.

6

## Crown Him Lord of All. C. M.


1
All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
2
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all!

7s, 6 lines. LOWELL MASON, 1824.



## 7 Safely Thro' Another Week.

1 Safely through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in His courts to-day;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 Mercies multiplied each hour,
Thro' the week our praise demand;
Guarded by Almighty power,
Fed and guided by His hand;
Though ungrateful we have been,—
Often made returns of sin.

3 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconciled face,
Shine away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

4 Here we come Thy name to praise;
May we feel Thy presence near:
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

5 May Thy gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join th' Church above.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

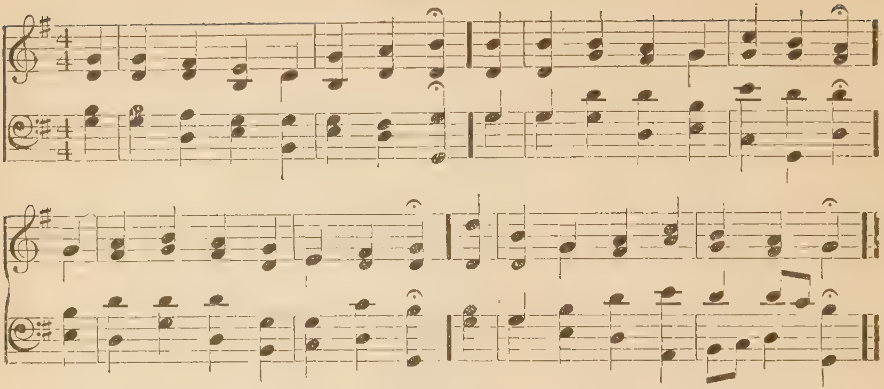
## 8 Songs of Praise.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake, and it was done.
Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

2 Heaven and earth must pass away—
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth—
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the Church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

3 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
Borne upon their latest breath
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amid eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

## Old Hundred. L. M.



### 9 Old Hundred.

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
In every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring!
In songs of praise divinely sing!
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

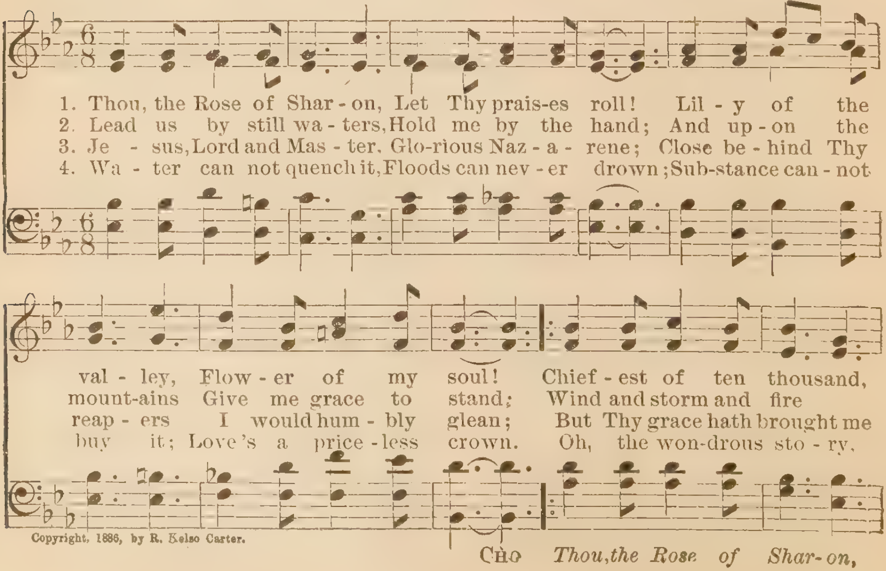
4 In every land begin the song—
To every land the strains belong:
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

### 10

## The Rose of Sharon.

R. K. C.

R. Kelso Carter.


1. Thou, the Rose of Shar-on, Let Thy prais-es roll! Lil-y of the val-ley, Flow-er of my soul! Chief-est of ten thousand,
2. Lead us by still wa-ters, Hold me by the hand; And up-on the mount-ains Give me grace to stand; Wind and storm and fire
3. Je-sus, Lord and Mas-ter, Glo-rious Naz-a-rene; Close be-hind Thy reap-ers I would hum-bly glean; But Thy grace hath brought me
4. Wa-ter can not quench it, Floods can nev-er drown; Sub-stance can-not buy it; Love's a price-less crown. Oh, the won-drous sto-ry,
Cho Thou, the Rose of Shar-on,

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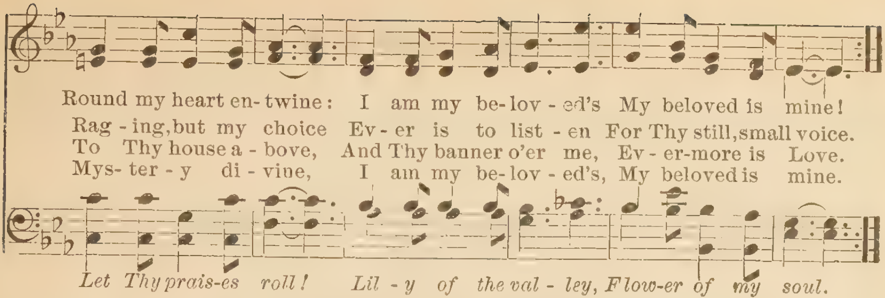
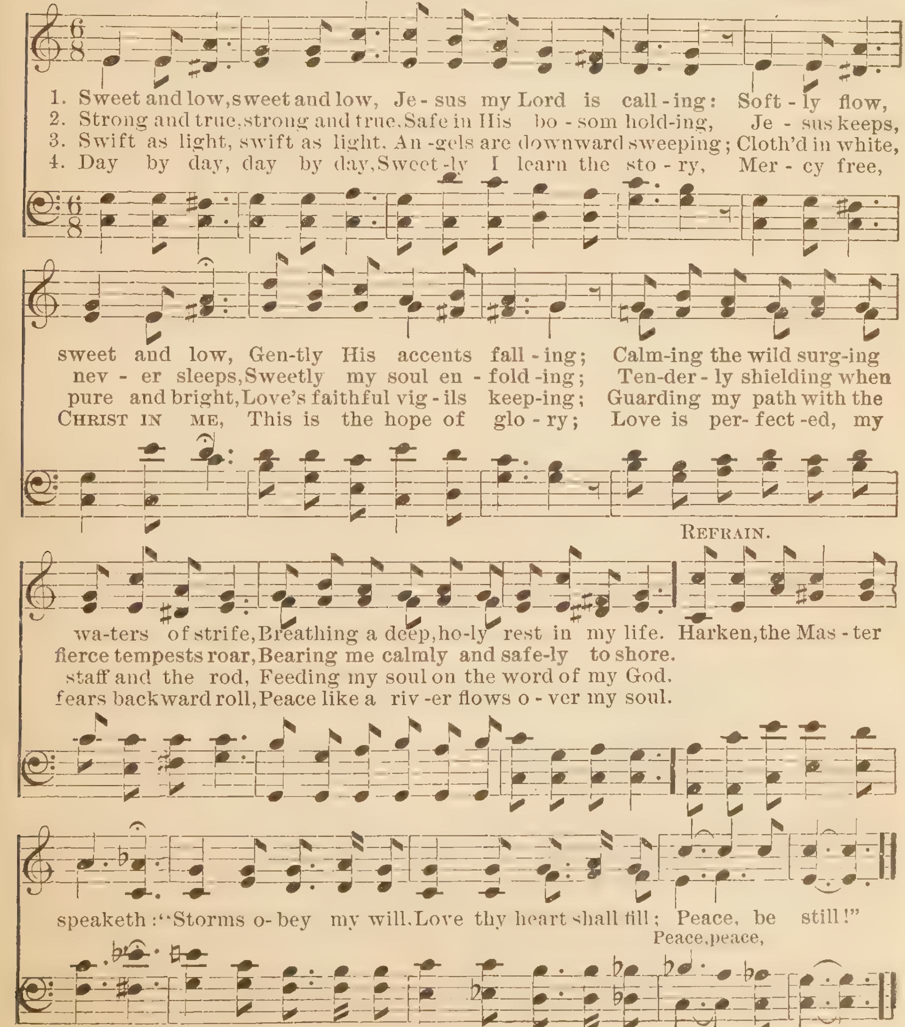

Round my heart en-twine: I am my be-lov-ed's My beloved is mine!
Rag-ing, but my choice Ev-er is to list-en For Thy still, small voice.
To Thy house a-bove, And Thy banner o'er me, Ev-er-more is Love.
Mys-ter-y di-vine, I am my be-lov-ed's, My beloved is mine.
Let Thy prais-es roll! Lil-y of the val-ley, Flow-er of my soul.

## 11

# Sweet and Low.

R. Kelso Carter. J. Barnby.


1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Je-sus my Lord is call-ing: Soft-ly flow,
2. Strong and true, strong and true, Safe in His bo-som hold-ing, Je-sus keeps,
3. Swift as light, swift as light, An-gels are downward sweeping; Cloth'd in white,
4. Day by day, day by day, Sweet-ly I learn the sto-ry, Mer-cy free,
sweet and low, Gen-tly His accents fall-ing; Calm-ing the wild surg-ing
nev-er sleeps, Sweetly my soul en-fold-ing; Ten-der-ly shielding when
pure and bright, Love's faithful vig-ils keep-ing; Guarding my path with the
CHRIST IN ME, This is the hope of glo-ry; Love is per-fect-ed, my
wa-ters of strife, Breathing a deep, ho-ly rest in my life.
fierce tempests roar, Bearing me calmly and safe-ly to shore.
staff and the rod, Feeding my soul on the word of my God.
fears backward roll, Peace like a riv-er flows o-ver my soul.
REFRAIN.
Harken, the Mas-ter speaketh: "Storms o-bey my will, Love thy heart shall fill; Peace, be still!"
Peace, peace,

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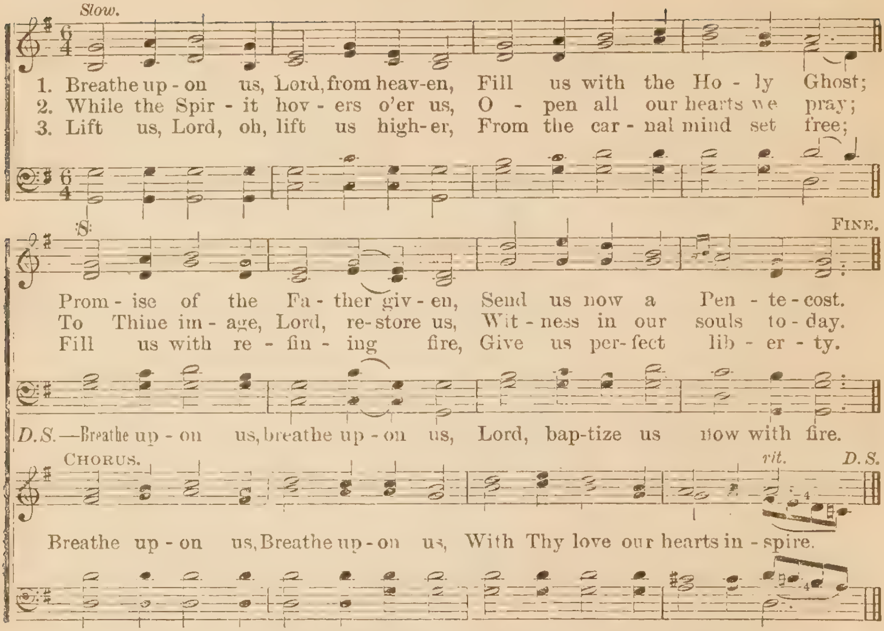
## 12

# Breathe Upon Us.

R. K. C.

R. Kelso Carter.


Slow.
1. Breathe up - on us, Lord, from heav-en, Fill us with the Ho - ly Ghost;
2. While the Spir - it hov - ers o'er us, O - pen all our hearts we pray;
3. Lift us, Lord, oh, lift us high-er, From the car - nal mind set free;
Prom - ise of the Fa - ther giv - en, Send us now a Pen - te - cost.
To Thine im - age, Lord, re - store us, Wit - ness in our souls to - day.
Fill us with re - fin - ing fire, Give us per - fect lib - er - ty.
Fine.
D.S.—Breathe up - on us, breathe up - on us, Lord, bap-tize us now with fire.
Chorus.
Breathe up - on us, Breathe up - on us, With Thy love our hearts in - spire.
rit.
D. S.

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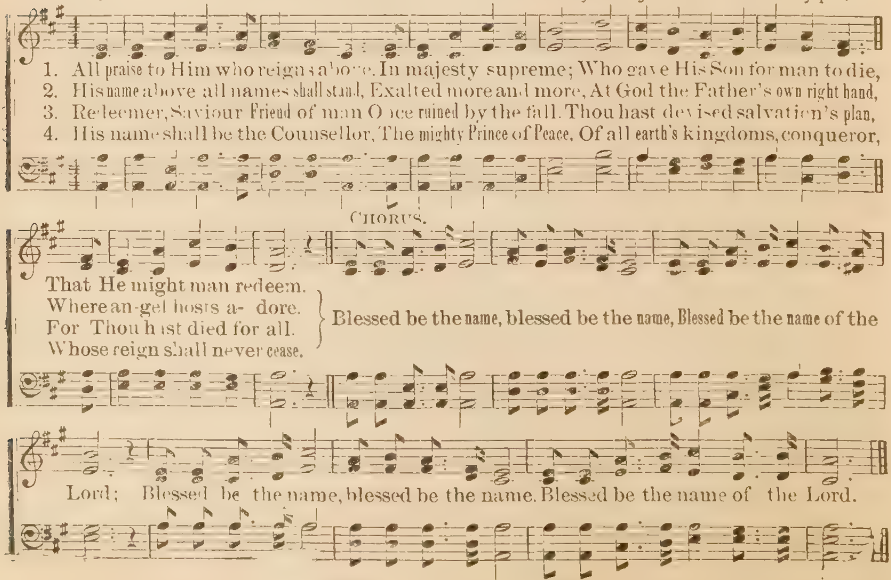
## 13

# Blessed be the Name.

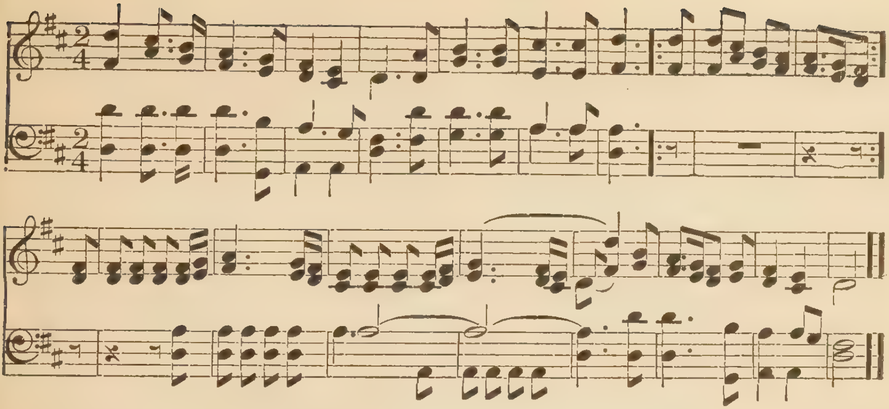
W. H. Clark.

Arr. by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.


1. All praise to Him who reigns above. In majesty supreme; Who gave His Son for man to die, That He might man redeem.
2. His name above all names shall stand, Exalted more and more, At God the Father's own right hand, Where an-gel hosts a- dore.
3. Redeemer, Saviour Friend of man Once ruined by the fall. Thou hast devised salvation's plan, For Thou hast died for all.
4. His name shall be the Counsellor, The mighty Prince of Peace, Of all earth's kingdoms, conqueror, Whose reign shall never cease.
Chorus.
Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
Blessed be the name, blessed be the name. Blessed be the name of the Lord.

Copyright, 1888. by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

# Antioch. C. M.



## 14 O for a Thousand Tongues.

1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'T is music in the sinner's ears,
'T is life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame for joy.

CHAS. WESLEY.

## 15 I Know I Love Thee Better.

*Key C.*

1 I know I love Thee, better, Lord,
Than any earthly joy,
For Thou hast given me the peace
Which nothing can destroy.

CHO.—The half has never yet been told,
Of love so full and free;
The half has never yet been told,
The blood — it cleanseth me.

2 I know that Thou art nearer still
Than any earthly throng,
And sweeter is the thonght of Thee
Than any lovely song.

3 Thou hast put gladness in my heart,
Then well may I be glad!
Without the secret of Thy love
I could not but be sad.

4 O Saviour, precious Saviour mine!
What will Thy presence be,
If such a life of joy can crown
Our walk on earth with Thee?

F. R. HAVERGAL.

## 16 Joy to the World.

1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,

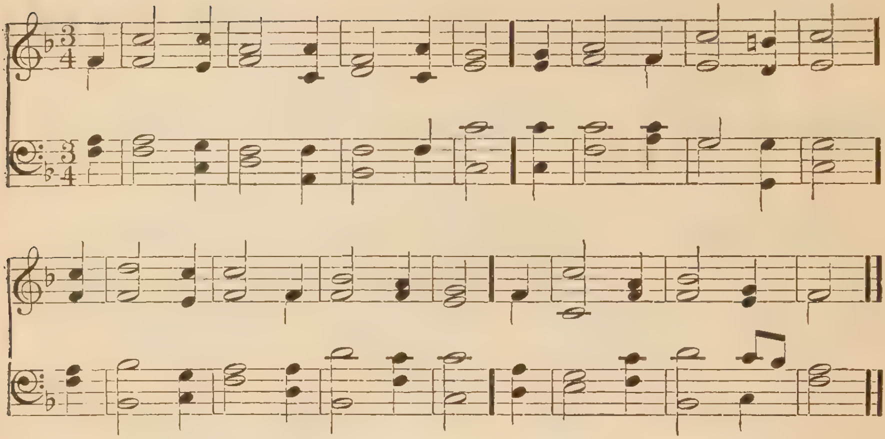
3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground,
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove,
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

I. WATTS.
]]

# Mear. C. M.

Welsh Air.
Aaron Williams, 1760.



## 17 From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat:
'T is found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet:
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed,
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

Boehm.

## 18 Jesus! What Dreadful Agony. C. P. M.

*Tune, Meribah.*

1 Jesus! what dreadful agony
Was Thine upon the bitter tree,
With healing virtue rife;
Oh, may I count all things but loss,
All for the glory of the Cross,
The sinner's Tree of Life.

2 Jesus! who came to seek and save,
Absolved the thief and promise gave
Of peace among the blest;
Ah! do Thou give me penitence
Like this, that I when summoned hence,
In Paradise may rest.

3 Jesus! Redeemer, all the price
Of sin, vicarious sacrifice,
Did pay to set me free;
Oh, when I yield my panting breath,
Be Thou beside me, and in death,
Good Lord, remember me.

Frederick Faber, *alt.*

## 19 My God! How Wonderful Thou Art. C. M.

*Tune, Mear.*

1 My God! how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright;
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!

2 Oh, now I fear Thee, living God!
With deepest, tenderest fears;
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

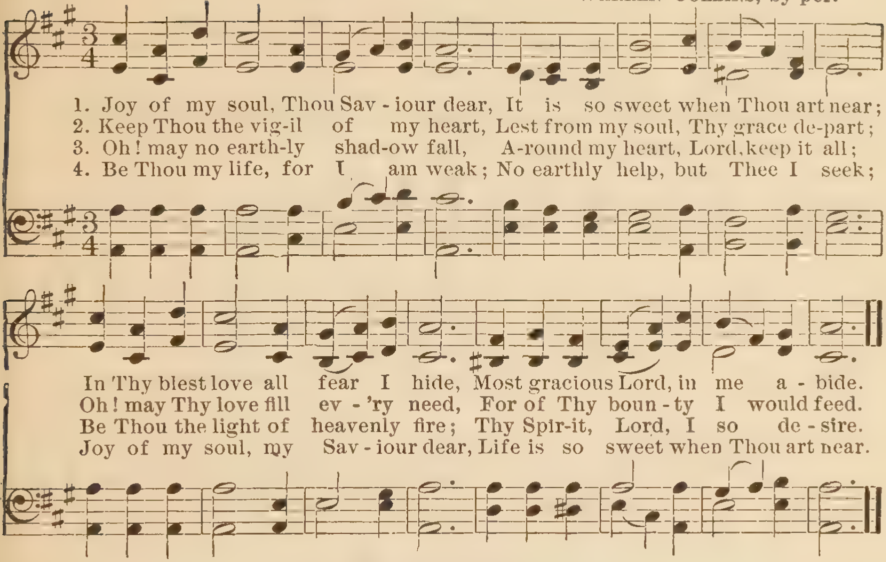
3 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art;
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

4 Oh, then this worse than worthless heart,
In pity deign to take,
And make it love Thee, for Thyself,
And for Thy glory's sake.

Frederick Faber.

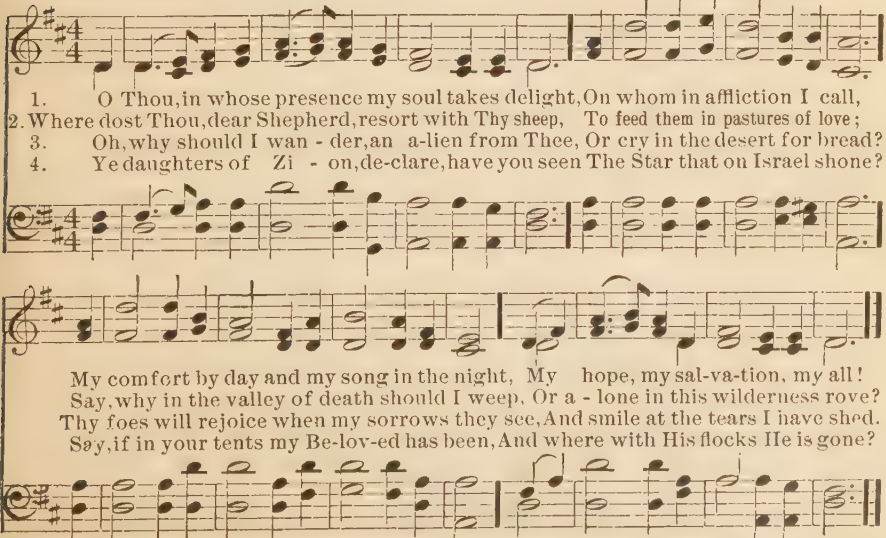
## 20 Joy of My Soul.

W. C. WARREN COLLINS, by per.


1. Joy of my soul, Thou Sav-iour dear, It is so sweet when Thou art near;
2. Keep Thou the vig-il of my heart, Lest from my soul, Thy grace de-part;
3. Oh! may no earth-ly shad-ow fall, A-round my heart, Lord, keep it all;
4. Be Thou my life, for I am weak; No earthly help, but Thee I seek;
In Thy blest love all fear I hide, Most gracious Lord, in me a-bide.
Oh! may Thy love fill ev-'ry need, For of Thy boun-ty I would feed.
Be Thou the light of heavenly fire; Thy Spir-it, Lord, I so de-sire.
Joy of my soul, my Sav-iour dear, Life is so sweet when Thou art near.

## 21 Meditation.

JOSEPH SWAIN. FREEMAN LEWIS.

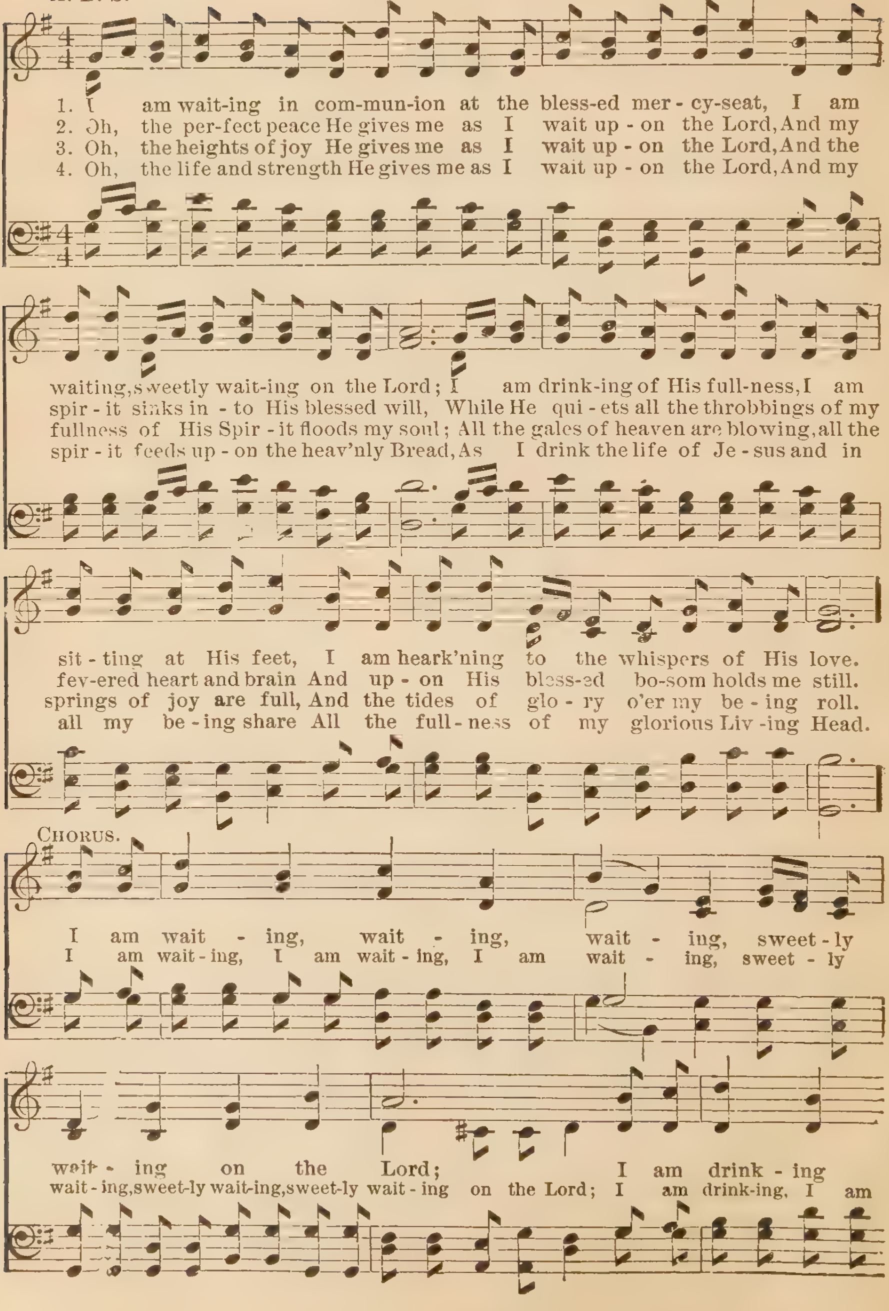

1. O Thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight, On whom in affliction I call,
2. Where dost Thou, dear Shepherd, resort with Thy sheep, To feed them in pastures of love;
3. Oh, why should I wan-der, an a-lien from Thee, Or cry in the desert for bread?
4. Ye daughters of Zi-on, de-clare, have you seen The Star that on Israel shone?
My comfort by day and my song in the night, My hope, my sal-va-tion, my all!
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep, Or a-lone in this wilderness rove?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.
Say, if in your tents my Be-lov-ed has been, And where with His flocks He is gone?

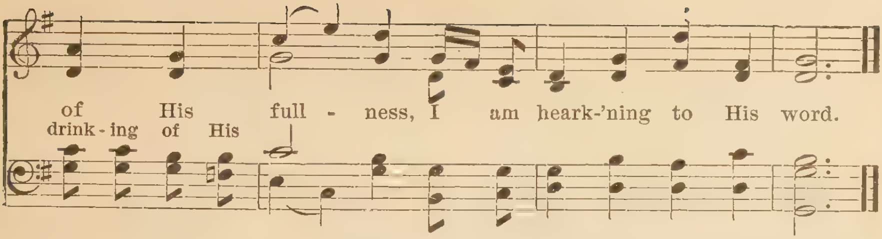
5 He looks! and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for His word;
He speaks! and eternity, filled with His voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

6 Dear Shepherd! I hear, and will follow Thy call;
I know the sweet sound of Thy voice;
Restore and defend me, for Thou art my all,
And in Thee I will ever rejoice.

# Waiting on the Lord.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. I am wait-ing in com-mun-ion at the bless-ed mer - cy-seat, I am waiting, sweetly wait-ing on the Lord; I am drink-ing of His full-ness, I am sit - ting at His feet, I am heark'ning to the whispers of His love.
2. Oh, the per-fect peace He gives me as I wait up - on the Lord, And my spir - it sinks in - to His blessed will, While He qui - ets all the throbbings of my fev-ered heart and brain And up - on His bless-ed bo-som holds me still.
3. Oh, the heights of joy He gives me as I wait up - on the Lord, And the fullness of His Spir - it floods my soul; All the gales of heaven are blowing, all the springs of joy are full, And the tides of glo - ry o'er my be - ing roll.
4. Oh, the life and strength He gives me as I wait up - on the Lord, And my spir - it feeds up - on the heav'nly Bread, As I drink the life of Je - sus and in all my be - ing share All the full - ness of my glorious Liv - ing Head.
Chorus.
I am wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing, sweet - ly wait - ing on the Lord; I am drink - ing
I am wait - ing, I am wait - ing, I am wait - ing, sweet - ly wait - ing, sweet-ly wait-ing, sweet-ly wait - ing on the Lord; I am drink-ing, I am

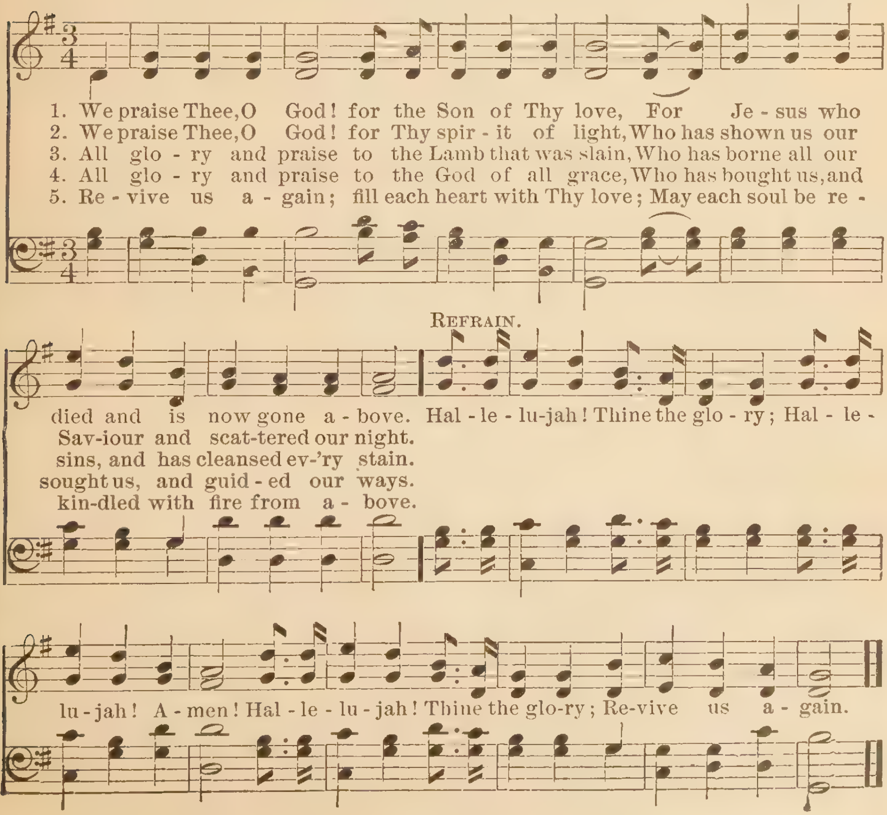

of His full - ness, I am heark-'ning to His word.
drink - ing of His

5 Oh, the service that He gives me as I wait upon the Lord,
Ministries of faith and prayer for them I love,
As I bring Thy Spirit's burdens while the Saviour lends His ear
And presents them at the mercy-seat above.

6 Oh, the blessed hopes that thrill me as I wait upon the Lord,
And the visions of His glory o'er me rise,
I can almost see the dawning of the glad Millennial Day,
And the Morning Star ascend the eastern skies.

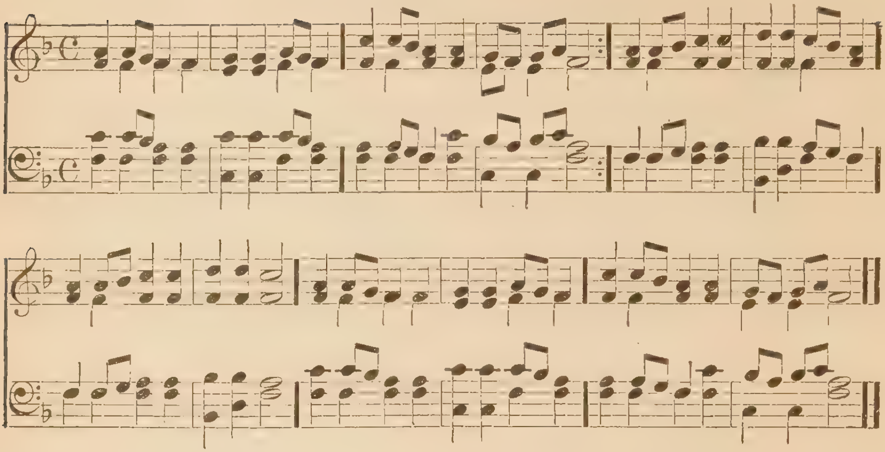
## 23 Revive us Again.

Wm. Paton Mackay. J. J. Husband.


3
4
1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who died and is now gone a - bove.
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy spir - it of light, Who has shown us our Sav-iour and scat-tered our night.
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed ev-'ry stain.
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and sought us, and guid - ed our ways.
5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re - kin-dled with fire from a - bove.
Refrain.
Hal - le - lu-jah! Thine the glo - ry; Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo-ry; Re-vive us a - gain.

# Greenville. 8. 7. 4.

Jean Jacques Rosseau.



## 24 Lord, Dismiss Us.

1 Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh, refresh us,
Traveling through the wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, when e'er the signal 's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey;
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

Walter Shirley.

## 25 For a Blessing On The World.

1 Come, Thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart Thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak, the hungry feed;
From the gospel
Now supply Thy people's need.

2 Oh, may all enjoy the blessing,
Which Thy word's designed to give;
Let us all. Thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive;
And forever
To Thy praise and glory life.

Jonathan Evans.

## 26 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

*Key of D.*

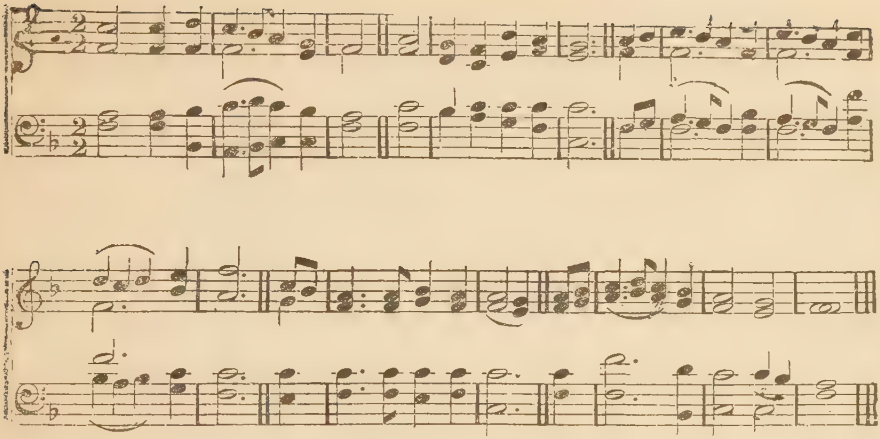
1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known!
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness,
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and Trust His grace,
I 'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I 'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

William W. Walford.

## 27 O Lord, our God.



O Lord our God! arise
  The cause of truth maintain,
And wide o'er all the peopled world
  Extend her blessed reign.

Thou Prince of life! aris,
  Nor let thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
  And bless the earth with peace.

Thou Holy Ghost! arise,
  Expand thy quickening wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
  Let light and order spring.

All on the earth arise,
  To God the Saviour sing,
From shore to shore from earth to heaven,
  Let echoing anthems ring.

## 28 With Thee.

With Thee, my Lord, my God,
  I would desire to be;
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
  I would be still with Thee.

With Thee, when dawn comes in,
  And calls me back to care;
Each day returning to begin
  With Thee, my God, in prayer.

With Thee, amid the crowd
  That throngs the busy mart,
To hear Thy voice, 'mid clamor loud,
  Speak softly to my heart.

With Thee, when day is done,
  And evening calms the mind;
The setting as the rising sun,
  With Thee my heart would find.

With Thee, when darkness brings
  The signal of repose,
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings,
  Mine eyelids I would close.

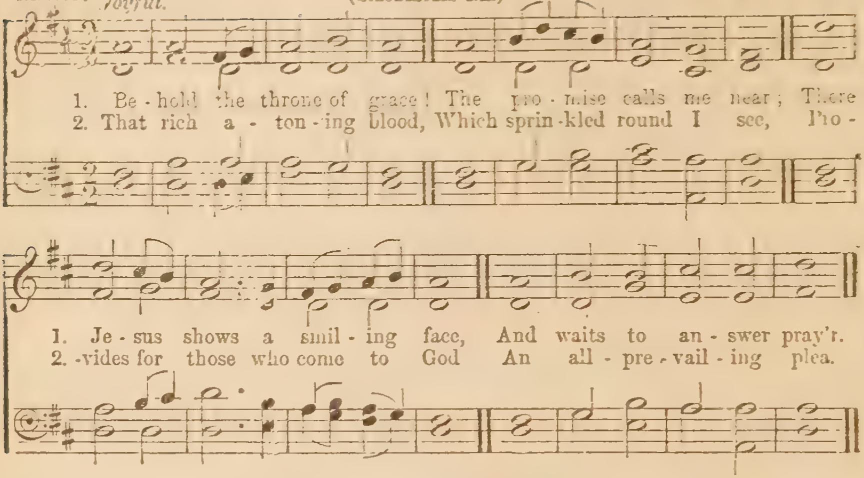
With Thee, in Thee, by faith
  Abiding I would be:
By day, by night, in life, in death,
  I would be still with Thee.

J. D. Burns.

29

# Behold the Throne of Grace.

Newton. *Joyful.* (Silchester. S.M.) Cæsar Malan, D.D.


1. Be - hold the throne of grace! The pro - mise calls me near; There
2. That rich a - ton - ing blood, Which sprin - kled round I see, Pro -
1. Je - sus shows a smil - ing face, And waits to an - swer pray'r.
2. -vides for those who come to God An all - pre - vail - ing plea.

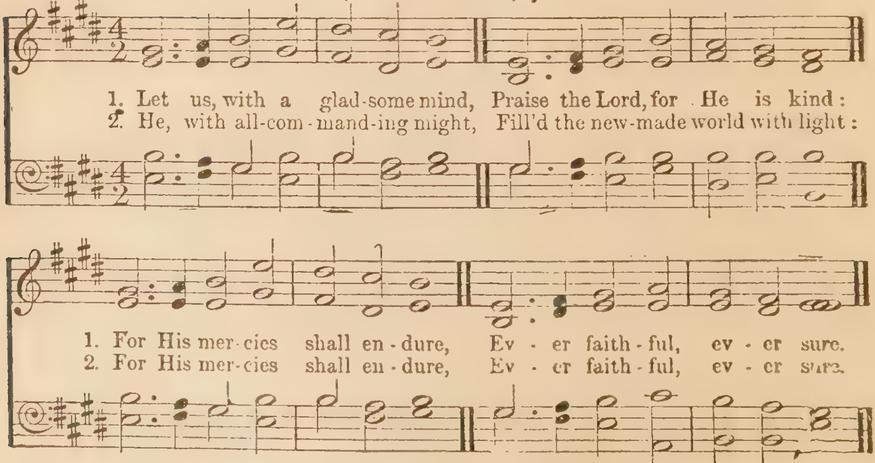
3. My soul, ask what Thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since His own blood for thee He spilt,
What else can He withhold?

4. Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love;
I ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.

30

# Let Us with a Gladsome Mind.

J. Milton. (Innocents. 7.7.7.7.) Old Litany.

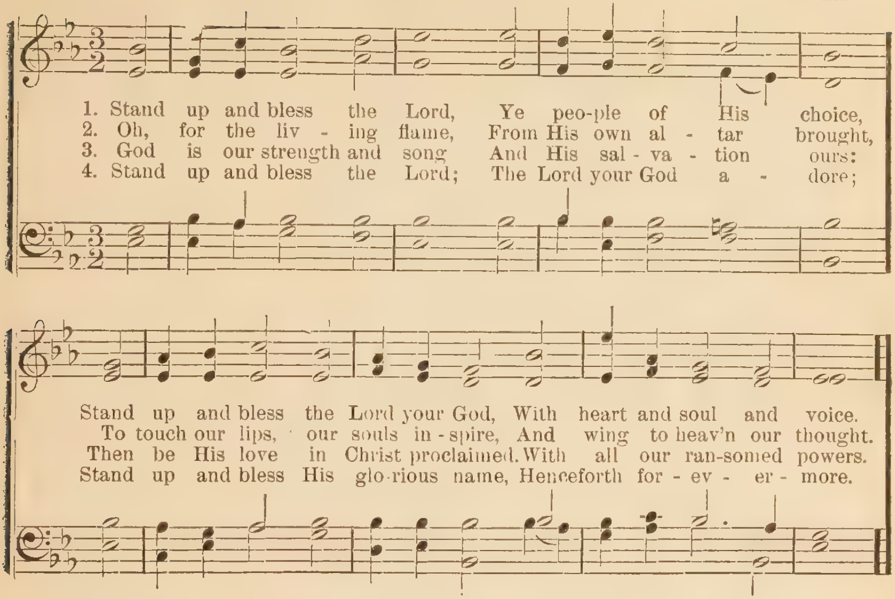

1. Let us, with a glad-some mind, Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
2. He, with all-com - mand-ing might, Fill'd the new-made world with light:
1. For His mer-cies shall en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.
2. For His mer-cies shall en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.

3. All things living He doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure

4. He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

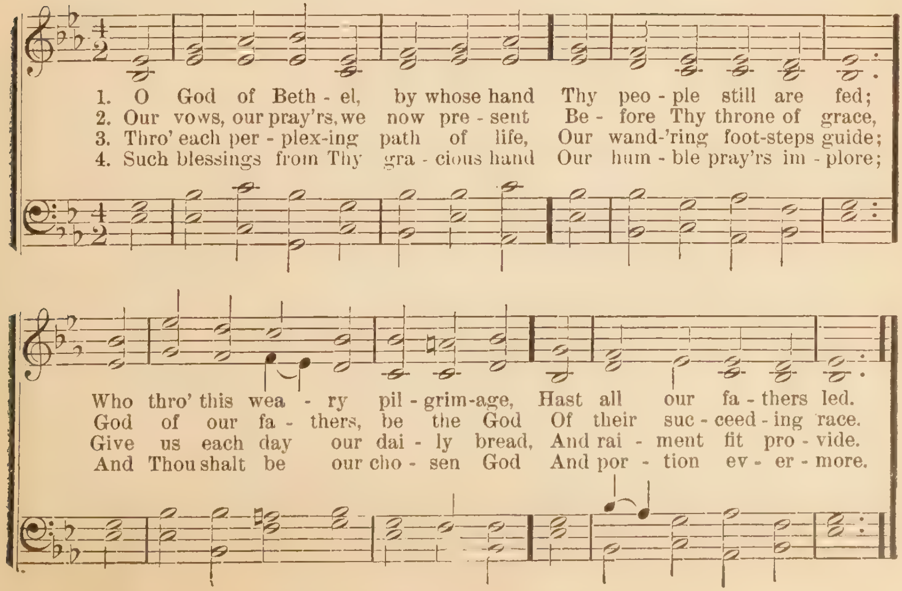
# Stand Up and Bless the Lord.

MONTGOMERY. **HAMPTON. S. M.** J. WHITAKER.

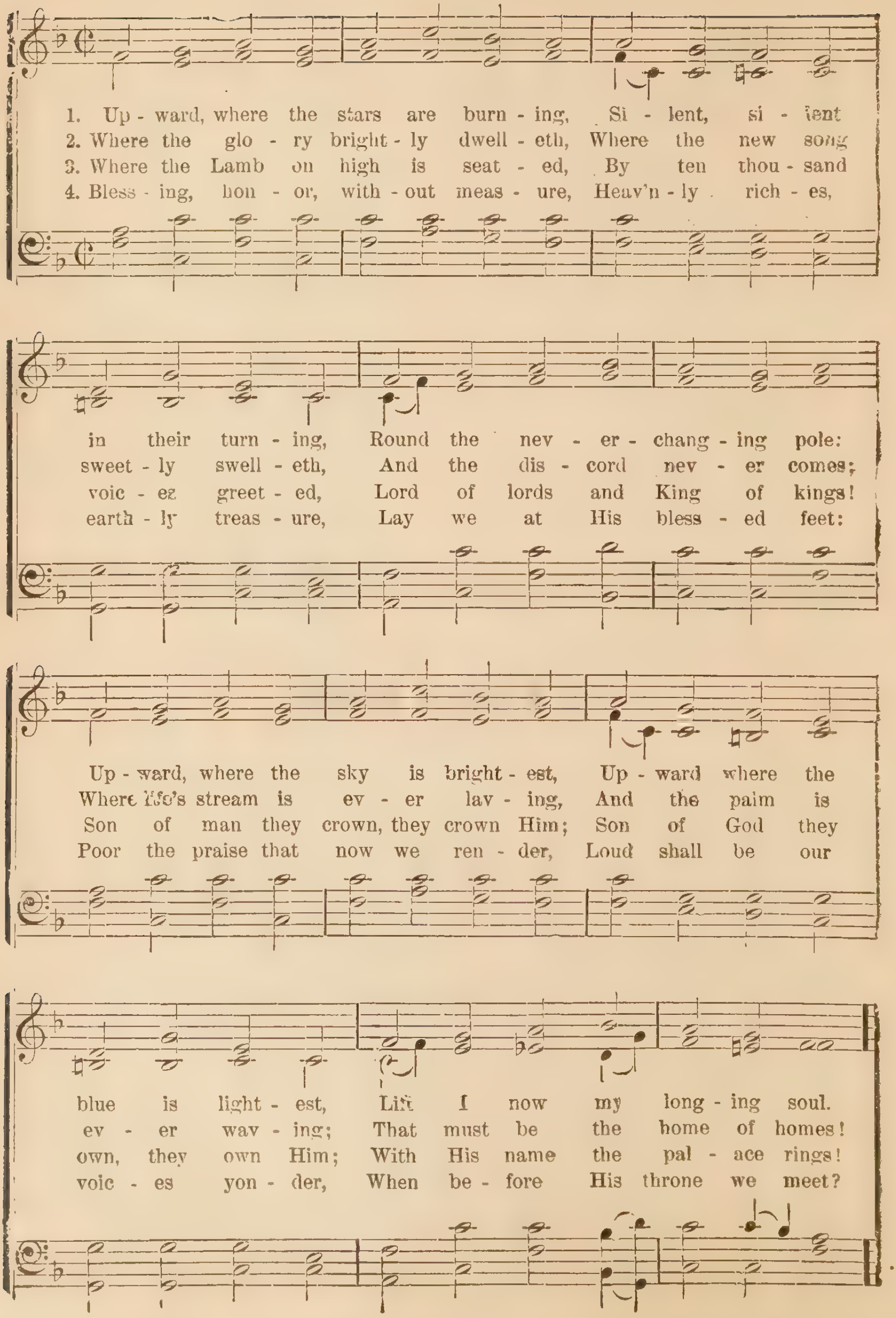

1. Stand up and bless the Lord, Ye peo-ple of His choice,
2. Oh, for the liv - ing flame, From His own al - tar brought,
3. God is our strength and song And His sal - va - tion ours:
4. Stand up and bless the Lord; The Lord your God a - dore;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God, With heart and soul and voice.
To touch our lips, our souls in - spire, And wing to heav'n our thought.
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed. With all our ran-somed powers.
Stand up and bless His glo-rious name, Henceforth for - ev - er - more.

# O God of Bethel.

DODDRIDGE. **FRENCH. C. M.**


1. O God of Beth - el, by whose hand Thy peo - ple still are fed;
2. Our vows, our pray'rs, we now pre - sent Be - fore Thy throne of grace,
3. Thro' each per - plex-ing path of life, Our wand-'ring foot-steps guide;
4. Such blessings from Thy gra - cious hand Our hum - ble pray'rs im - plore;
Who thro' this wea - ry pil - grim-age, Hast all our fa - thers led.
God of our fa - thers, be the God Of their suc - ceed - ing race.
Give us each day our dai - ly bread, And rai - ment fit pro - vide.
And Thou shalt be our cho - sen God And por - tion ev - er - more.

# Upward.

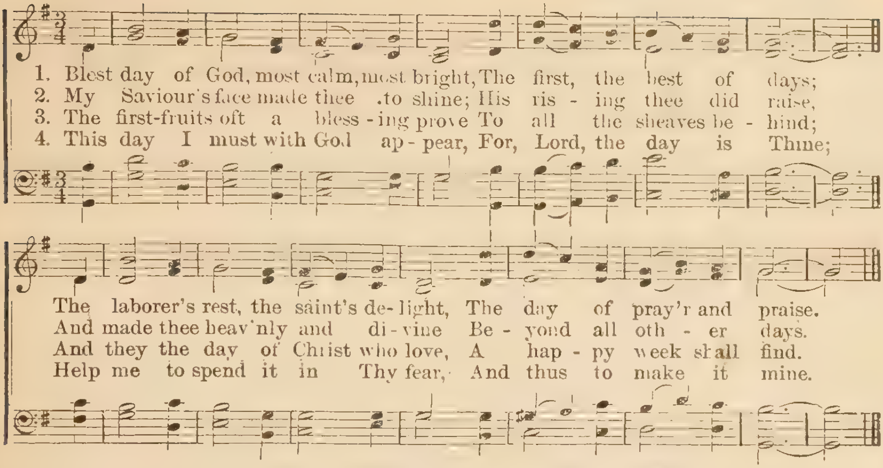

1. Up - ward, where the stars are burn - ing, Si - lent, si - lent
2. Where the glo - ry bright - ly dwell - eth, Where the new song
3. Where the Lamb on high is seat - ed, By ten thou - sand
4. Bless - ing, hon - or, with - out meas - ure, Heav'n - ly rich - es,
in their turn - ing, Round the nev - er - chang - ing pole:
sweet - ly swell - eth, And the dis - cord nev - er comes;
voic - es greet - ed, Lord of lords and King of kings!
earth - ly treas - ure, Lay we at His bless - ed feet:
Up - ward, where the sky is bright - est, Up - ward where the
Where life's stream is ev - er lav - ing, And the palm is
Son of man they crown, they crown Him; Son of God they
Poor the praise that now we ren - der, Loud shall be our
blue is light - est, Lift I now my long - ing soul.
ev - er wav - ing; That must be the home of homes!
own, they own Him; With His name the pal - ace rings!
voic - es yon - der, When be - fore His throne we meet?

## 34

# Blest Day of God.

J. MASON.

W. GARDINER.


1. Blest day of God, most calm, most bright, The first, the best of days;
2. My Saviour's face made thee to shine; His ris - ing thee did raise,
3. The first-fruits oft a bless - ing prove To all the sheaves be - hind;
4. This day I must with God ap - pear, For, Lord, the day is Thine;
The laborer's rest, the saint's de - light, The day of pray'r and praise.
And made thee heav'nly and di - vine Be - yond all oth - er days.
And they the day of Christ who love, A hap - py week shall find.
Help me to spend it in Thy fear, And thus to make it mine.

---

## 35

# Oh, for a Heart to Praise my God.

(*Tune above.*)

1 Oh, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that always feels Thy blood;
So freely shed for me.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone;

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within;

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above:
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

—*C. Wesley.*

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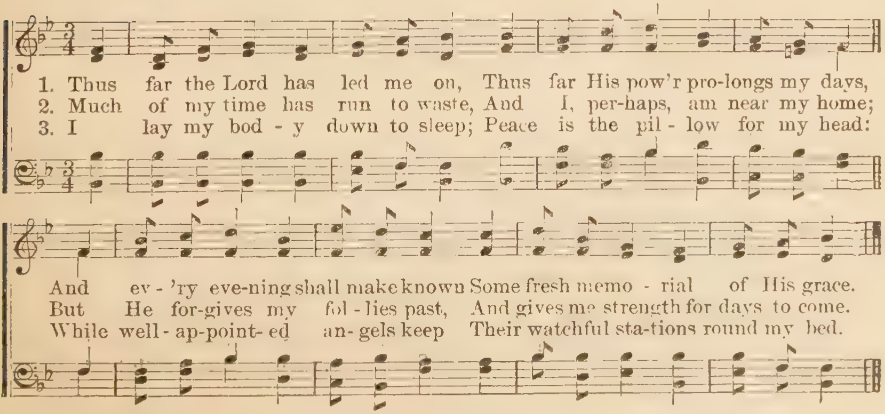
## 36

# Thus far the Lord has Led Me On.

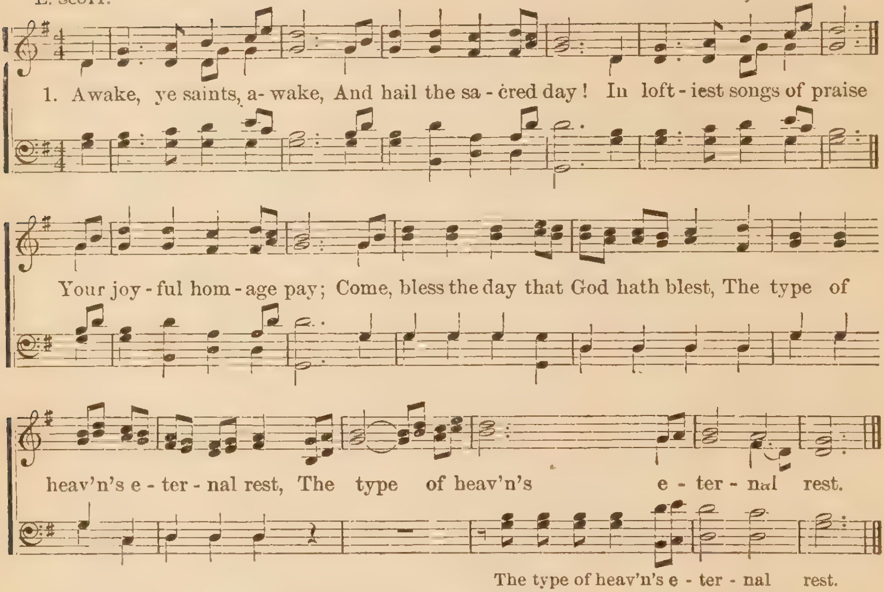
LOWELL MASON.


1. Thus far the Lord has led me on, Thus far His pow'r pro-longs my days,
2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per-haps, am near my home;
3. I lay my bod - y down to sleep; Peace is the pil - low for my head:
And ev - 'ry eve-ning shall make known Some fresh memo - rial of His grace.
But He for-gives my fol - lies past, And gives me strength for days to come.
While well - ap-point - ed an - gels keep Their watchful sta-tions round my bed.

## 37 Awake, Ye Saints, Awake!

E. Scott.

Arr. by L. Mason.


1. Awake, ye saints, a-wake, And hail the sa-cred day! In loft-iest songs of praise
Your joy-ful hom-age pay; Come, bless the day that God hath blest, The type of
heav'n's e-ter-nal rest, The type of heav'n's e-ter-nal rest.
The type of heav'n's e-ter-nal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose,
And burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes;
And now He pleads our cause above
And reaps the fruit of all His love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings,
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign!

4 Great King, gird on Thy sword,
Ascend Thy conquering car,
While justice, power, and love
Maintain the glorious war:
This day let sinners own Thy sway,
And rebels cast their arms away!

---

## 38 Lord of the Worlds Above.

(*Tune Above*)

Lord of the worlds above!
How pleasant, and how fair,
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

2 Oh, happy souls who pray,
Where God appoints to hear!
Oh, happy men who pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still; and happy they,
Who love the way to Zion's hill.

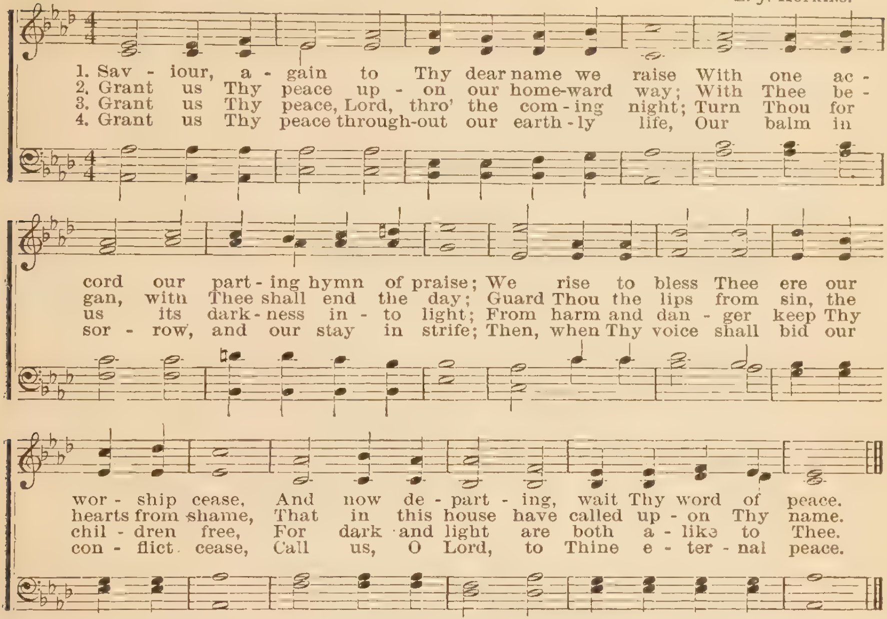
3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears;
Oh, glorious seat, when God, our King,
Shall thither bring our willing feet!

*Isaac Watts.*

## 39

# Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name.

JOHN ELLERTON. E. J. HOPKINS.


1. Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise With one accord our parting hymn of praise; We rise to bless Thee ere our worship cease, And now departing, wait Thy word of peace.
2. Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way; With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called upon Thy name.
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the coming night; Turn Thou for us its darkness into light; From harm and danger keep Thy children free, For dark and light are both alike to Thee.
4. Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life, Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

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## 40

# Not what I Am.

*(Tune above.)*

1 Not what I am, O Lord, but what Thou art!
That, that alone, can be my soul's true rest:
Thy love, not mine, bids fear and doubt depart,
And stills the tempest of my tossing breast.

2 Thy name is love;—I hear it from yon cross,
Thy name is love;—I read it in yon tomb;
All meaner love is perishable dross,
But this shall light me through time's thickest gloom.

3 More of Thyself, oh, show me hour by hour,
More of Thy glory, O my God and Lord;
More of Thyself in all Thy grace and power,
More of Thy love and truth, incarnate Word!

—*Horatius Bonar.*

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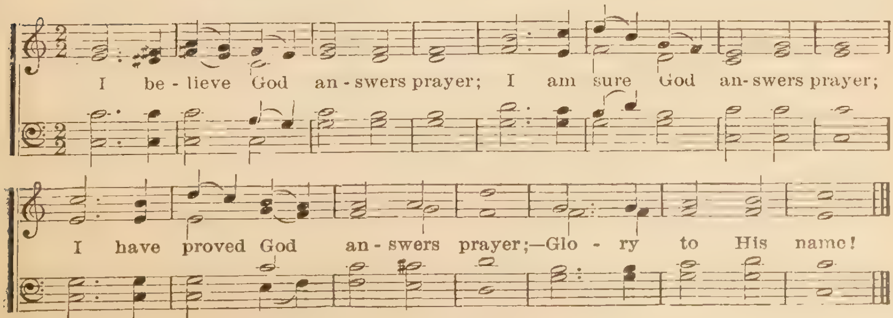
## 41

# I Believe God Answers Prayer.


I believe God answers prayer; I am sure God answers prayer;
I have proved God answers prayer;—Glory to His name!

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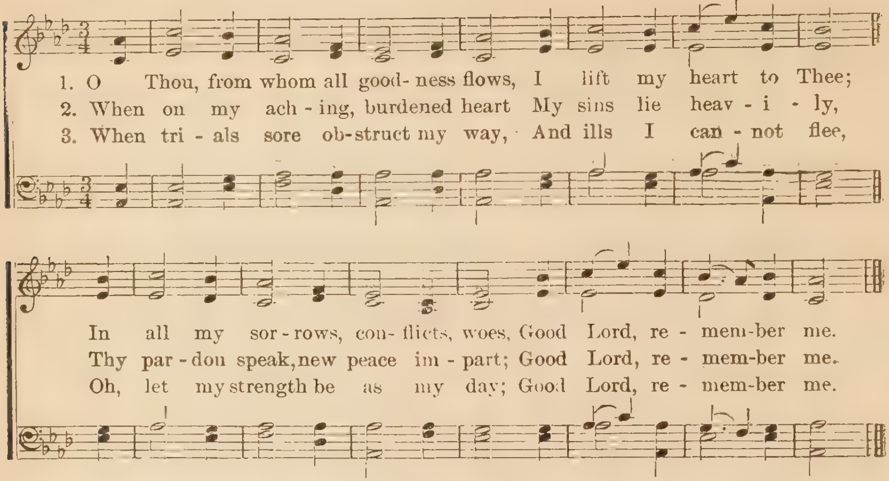
## O Thou, from Whom all Goodness Flows.

T. Haweis. R. Simpson.

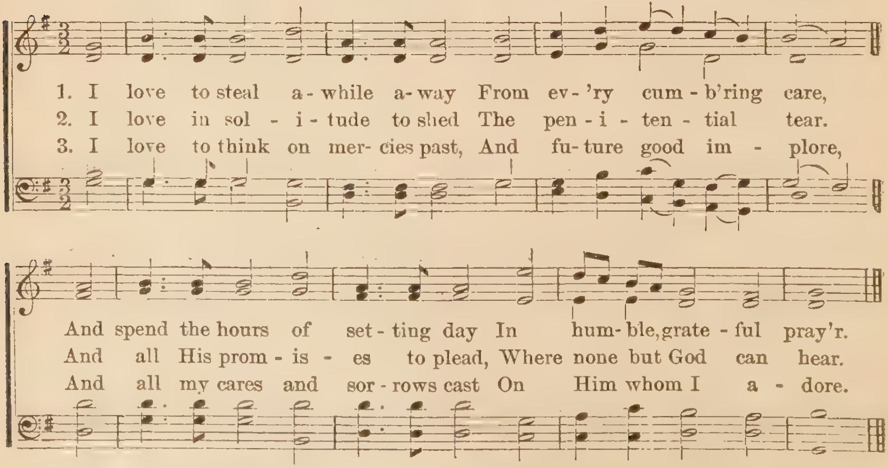

1. O Thou, from whom all good-ness flows, I lift my heart to Thee;
2. When on my ach-ing, burdened heart My sins lie heav-i-ly,
3. When tri-als sore ob-struct my way, And ills I can-not flee,
In all my sor-rows, con-flicts, woes, Good Lord, re-mem-ber me.
Thy par-don speak, new peace im-part; Good Lord, re-mem-ber me.
Oh, let my strength be as my day; Good Lord, re-mem-ber me.

4 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Good Lord, remember me.

5 When, in the solemn hour of death,
I wait Thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Good Lord, remember me.

## 43 I Love to Steal Away.

Mrs. P. H. Brown. D. Dutton.


1. I love to steal a-while a-way From ev-'ry cum-b'ring care,
2. I love in sol-i-tude to shed The pen-i-ten-tial tear.
3. I love to think on mer-cies past, And fu-ture good im-plore,
And spend the hours of set-ting day In hum-ble, grate-ful pray'r.
And all His prom-is-es to plead, Where none but God can hear.
And all my cares and sor-rows cast On Him whom I a-dore.

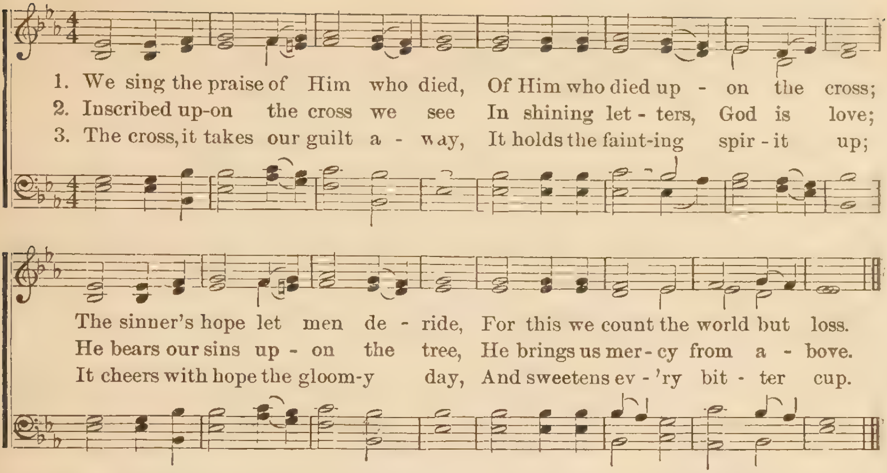
4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

# We Sing the Praise.

T. KELLY.

Arr. by L. MASON.


1. We sing the praise of Him who died, Of Him who died up - on the cross;
2. Inscribed up-on the cross we see In shining let - ters, God is love;
3. The cross, it takes our guilt a - way, It holds the faint-ing spir - it up;
The sinner's hope let men de - ride, For this we count the world but loss.
He bears our sins up - on the tree, He brings us mer - cy from a - bove.
It cheers with hope the gloom-y day, And sweetens ev - 'ry bit - ter cup.

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight,
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light,

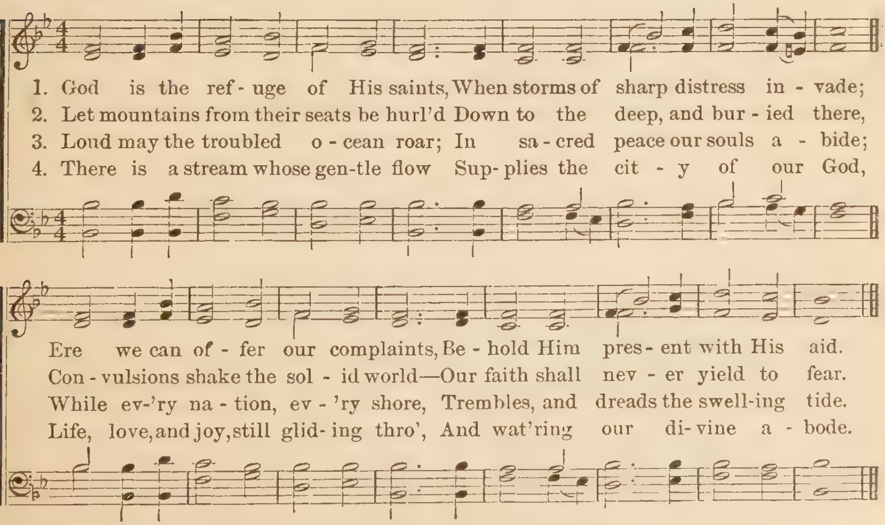
5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure, and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

## 45

# God is the Refuge of His Saints.

ISAAC WATTS.

Old Scotch Melody.


1. God is the ref - uge of His saints, When storms of sharp distress in - vade;
2. Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd Down to the deep, and bur - ied there,
3. Loud may the troubled o - cean roar; In sa - cred peace our souls a - bide;
4. There is a stream whose gen-tle flow Sup- plies the cit - y of our God,
Ere we can of - fer our complaints, Be - hold Him pres - ent with His aid.
Con - vulsions shake the sol - id world—Our faith shall nev - er yield to fear.
While ev-'ry na - tion, ev - 'ry shore, Trembles, and dreads the swell-ing tide.
Life, love, and joy, still glid - ing thro', And wat'ring our di- vine a - bode.

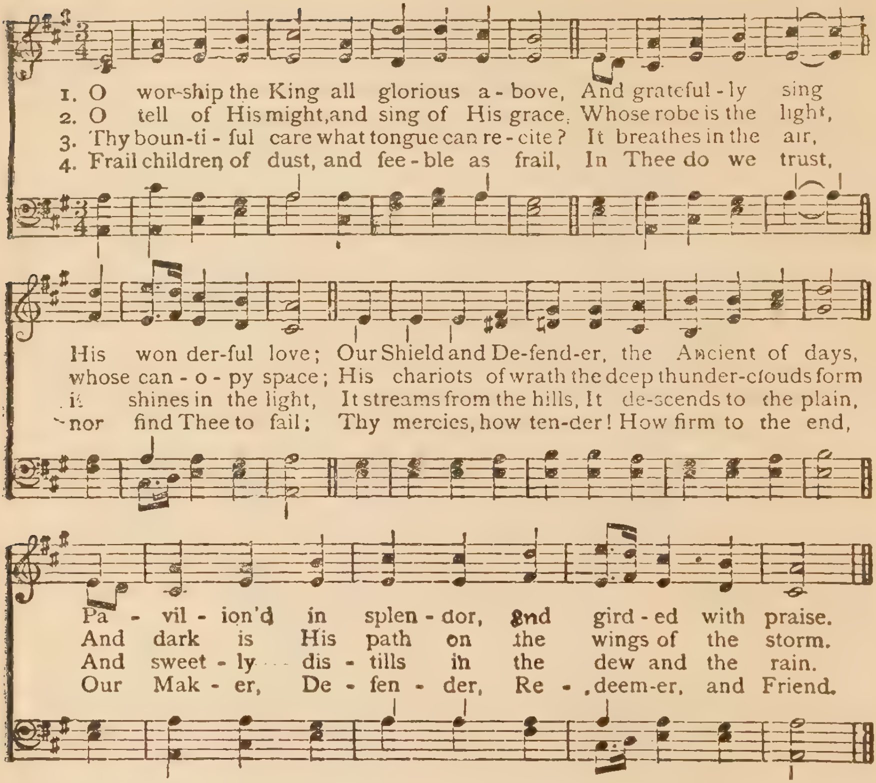
5 That sacred stream, Thine holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on His truth, and armed with pow'r.

46

# O Worship the King.

Sir Robert Grant. F. J. Haydn.


1. O wor-ship the King all glorious a-bove, And grateful-ly sing
2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the light,
3. Thy boun-ti-ful care what tongue can re-cite? It breathes in the air,
4. Frail children of dust, and fee-ble as frail, In Thee do we trust,
His won-der-ful love; Our Shield and De-fend-er, the Ancient of days,
whose can-o-py space; His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form
it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, It de-scends to the plain,
nor find Thee to fail; Thy mercies, how ten-der! How firm to the end,
Pa-vil-ion'd in splen-dor, and gird-ed with praise.
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
And sweet-ly dis-tills in the dew and the rain.
Our Mak-er, De-fen-der, Re-deem-er, and Friend.

47

# All People that on Earth Do Dwell.

(OLD HUNDREDTH. L.M.)

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

The Lord ye know is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take

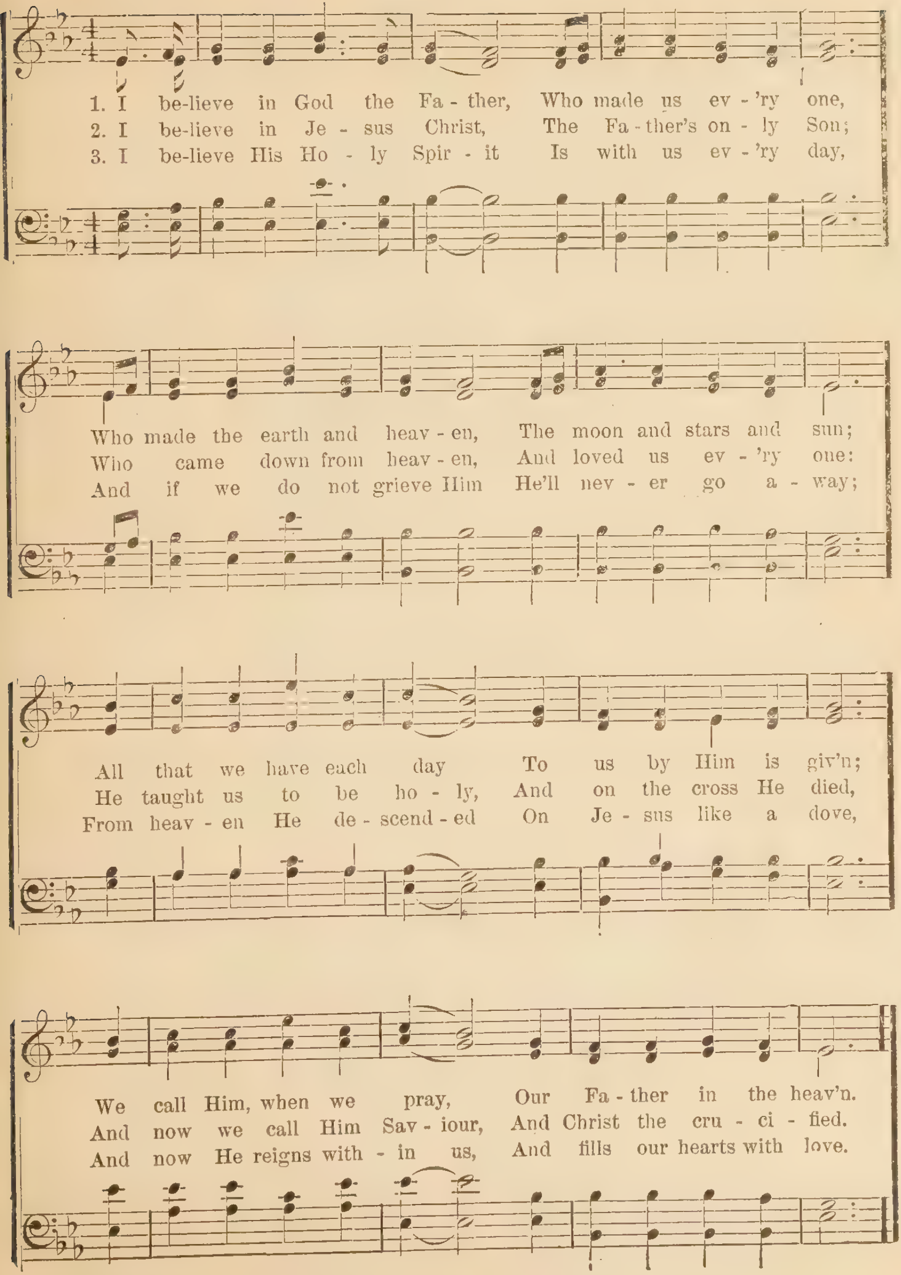
Oh, enter, then, His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His court unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

W. Kethe.

# I Believe In God the Father.

Arranged by Geo. Beaverson.


1. I be-lieve in God the Fa - ther, Who made us ev - 'ry one,
2. I be-lieve in Je - sus Christ, The Fa - ther's on - ly Son;
3. I be-lieve His Ho - ly Spir - it Is with us ev - 'ry day,
Who made the earth and heav - en, The moon and stars and sun;
Who came down from heav - en, And loved us ev - 'ry one:
And if we do not grieve Him He'll nev - er go a - way;
All that we have each day To us by Him is giv'n;
He taught us to be ho - ly, And on the cross He died,
From heav - en He de - scend - ed On Je - sus like a dove,
We call Him, when we pray, Our Fa - ther in the heav'n.
And now we call Him Sav - iour, And Christ the cru - ci - fied.
And now He reigns with - in us, And fills our hearts with love.

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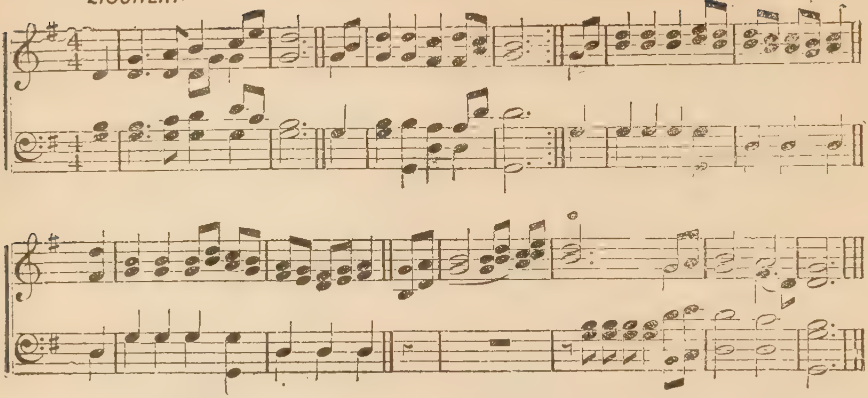
## 49

# Welcome, Delightful Morn.

LISCHER. H. M.



1 Welcome, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest,
We hail thy kind return,
Lord! make these moments blessed;
From the low train of mortal toys
We soar to reach immortal joys.

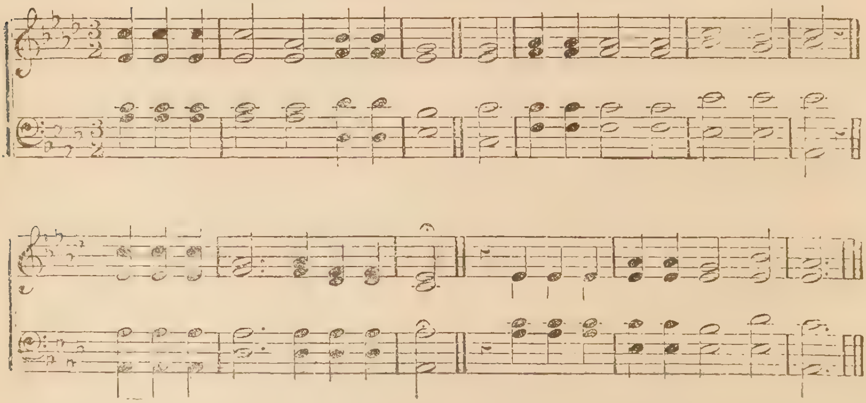
2 Now may the Kind descend
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord! attend,
While saints address thy face;
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord

3 Descend, celestial Dove!
With all thy quickening powers,
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours;
Then shall our souls new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be bestowed in vain.

## 50

# Where High the Heavenly Temple.

L. M.



1 Where high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Guardian of mankind appears.

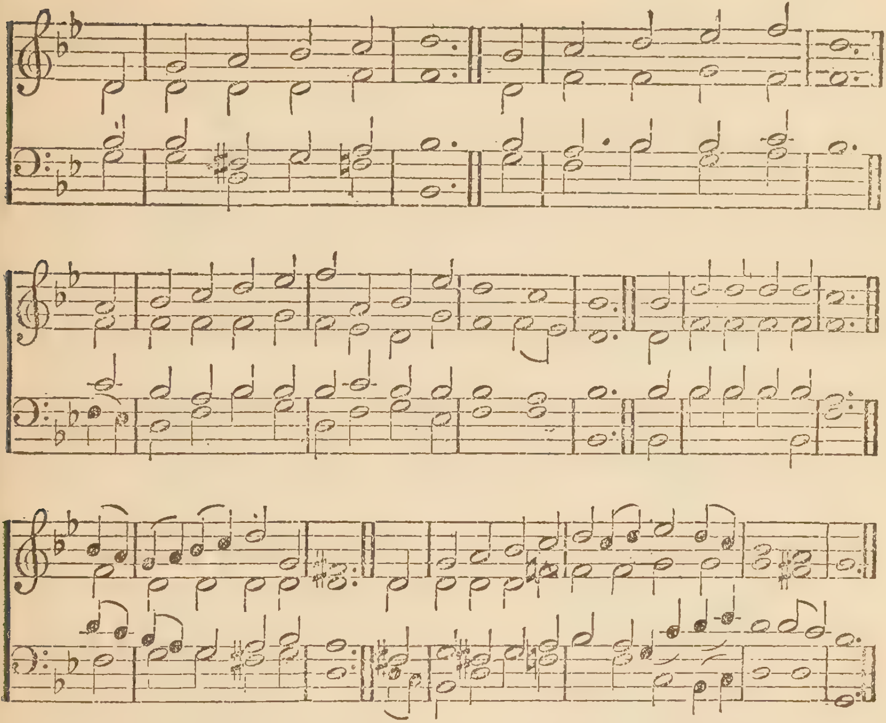
2 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye,
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

3 In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of sorrows had a part.
He sympathizes with our grief
And to the sufferer sends relief

4 With boldness, therefore, at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aid of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

# The God Of Abraham Praise.

6, 6, 8, 4; 6, 6, 8, 4.



THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love!
Jehovah! great I Am!
By earth and heaven confest;
I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever blest!

The God of Abraham praise!
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power,
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

The God of Abraham praise!
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all my ways:
He calls a worm his friend!
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end
Through Jesus' blood!

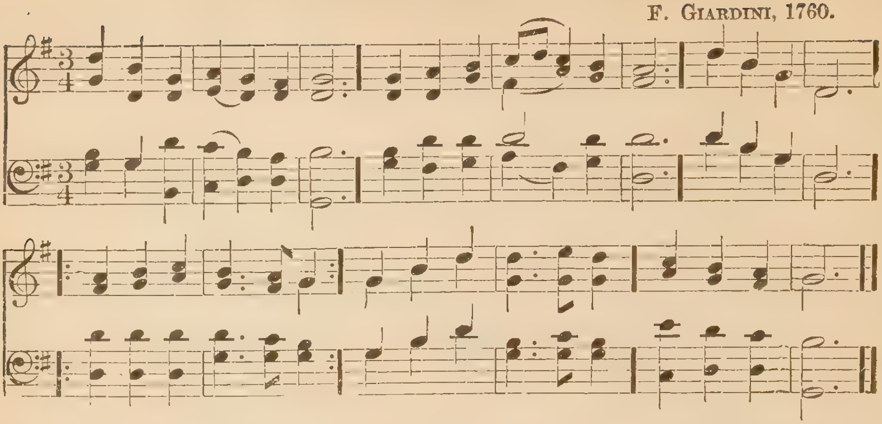
He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend;
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
To heaven ascend;
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore!

The God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing;
And, "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Almighty King!
Who was and is the same,
And evermore shall be;
Jehovah, Father, great I Am,
We worship Thee."

The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
"Hail! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"
They ever cry:
Hail! Abraham's God, and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise!

# Italian Hymn. 6s, 4s.

F. Giardini, 1760.



## 52 Come, Thou Almighty King.

1 Come, Thou almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days!

2 Come, Thou incarnate Word!
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend:
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness!
On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour;
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

4 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence, evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Martin Madin, 1757.

## 53 Grace at Table.

*Tune, "Blessed Be the Name,"*

1 We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,
Ref. Blessed be the name of the Lord.
But more because of Jesus' blood,
Ref. Blessed be the name of the Lord.
Cho. Blessed be the name, etc.

2 Let manna to our souls be given,
The Bread of Life sent down from
Cho. Blessed be the name, etc. [heaven.

3 Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here as everywhere adored,
Thy creatures bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee.

Used by John Wesley.

4 Praise shall our grateful lips employ
While life and plenty we enjoy,
Till, worthy, we adore Thy name,
While banqueting with Christ the Lamb.

John Cennick.

5 We thank Thee, Lord, for daily bread,
Which from Thy bounteous hand is given,
Oh, may our souls thro' grace be fed
On Christ, the Bread of life from Heaven.

6 Father, Thy mercy hath supplied
Our wants from Thine unbounded store;
Oh, may our souls thro' Christ that died,
Be fed, and never hunger more.

H. L. Hastings.

*Tune, "His Yoke is Easy."*

6 We praise Thee, O Lord, for this our
Thou hear'st our daily cry, [food;
And every day, in Thine own way,
Thou dost our wants supply. [light.
Cho. His yoke is easy, His burden is

R. K. Carter.

*Tune, "Trust and Obey," p. 218.*

7 As we sit round the board,
By the grace of the Lord,
All our needs are supplied every day;
In His word we confide,
And the Lord doth provide
If we only will trust and obey.
Cho. Trust and obey, etc.

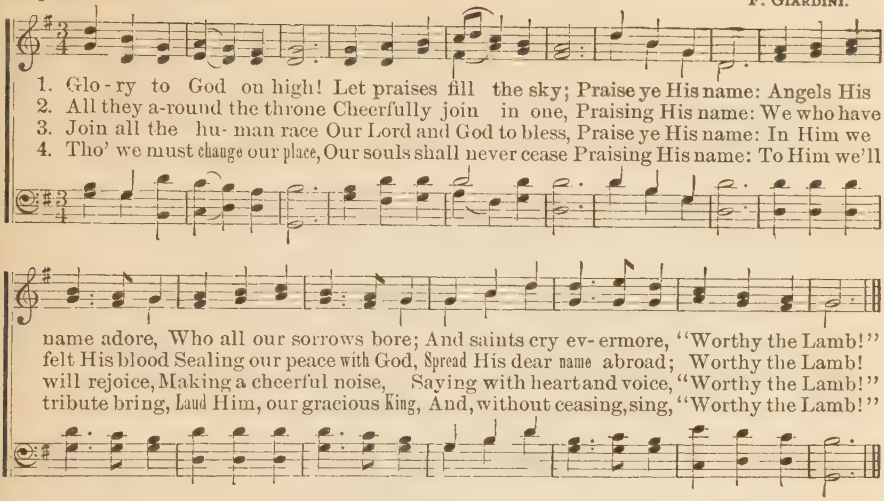
R. K. Carter.

54

## Glory to God On High!

J. Allen.

F. Giardini.


1. Glo-ry to God on high! Let praises fill the sky; Praise ye His name: Angels His
2. All they a-round the throne Cheerfully join in one, Praising His name: We who have
3. Join all the hu-man race Our Lord and God to bless, Praise ye His name: In Him we
4. Tho' we must change our place, Our souls shall never cease Praising His name: To Him we'll
name adore, Who all our sorrows bore; And saints cry ev-ermore, "Worthy the Lamb!"
felt His blood Sealing our peace with God, Spread His dear name abroad; Worthy the Lamb!
will rejoice, Making a cheerful noise, Saying with heart and voice, "Worthy the Lamb!"
tribute bring, Laud Him, our gracious King, And, without ceasing, sing, "Worthy the Lamb!"

---

55

## Thou Whose Almighty Word.

(*Tune above.*)

1 Thou, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And, where the Gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light!

2 Thou who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh, now to all mankind,
Let there be light!

3 Holy and blessèd Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might;
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light!

—*J. Marriott.*

---

56

## Rise, Glorious Conqueror.

Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise;
Into thy native skies,—
Assume Thy right;
And where in many a fold
The clouds are backward rolled—
Pass through those gates of gold,
And reign in light!

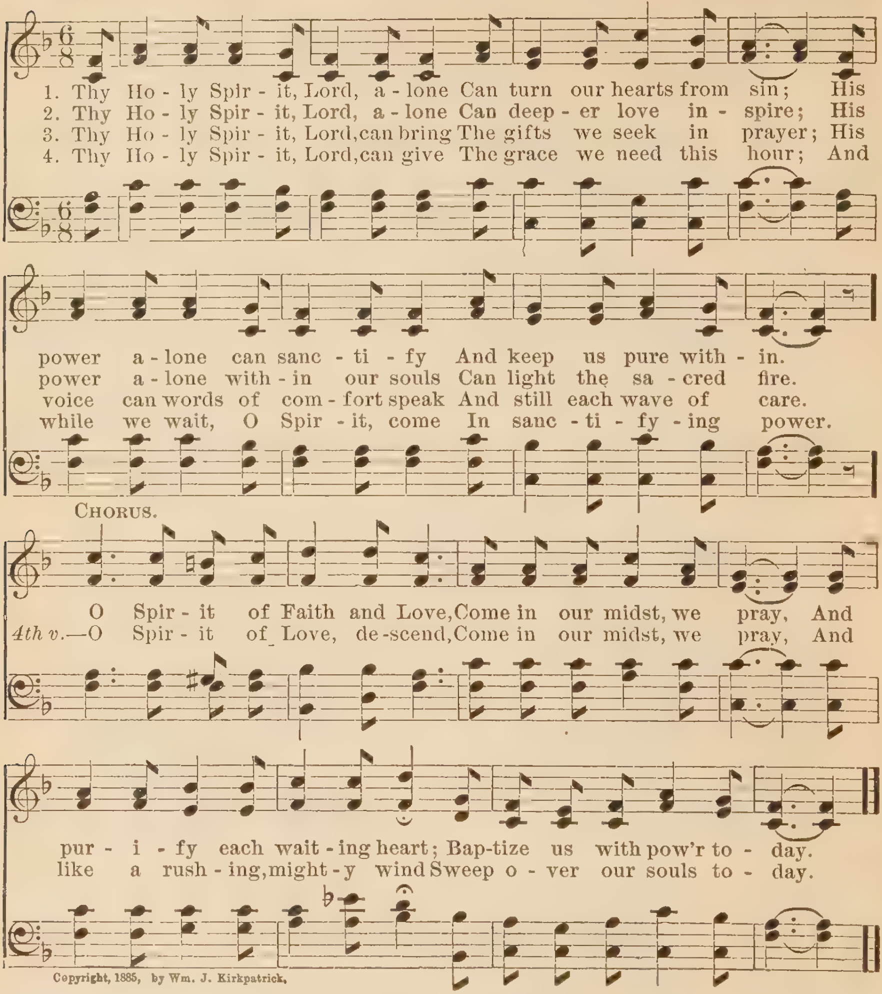
2 Victor o'er death and hell!
Cherubic legions swell
Thy radiant train:
Praises all heaven inspire;
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And waves his wings of fire,—
Thou Lamb once slain!

3 Enter, incarnate God!—
No feet but Thine have trod
The serpent down:
Blow the full trumpets, blow!
Wider yon portals throw!
Saviour triumphant—go,
And take Thy crown!

4 Lion of Judah—Hail!
And let Thy name prevail
From age to age;
Lord of the rolling years,
Claim for thine own the spheres,
For Thou hast bought with tears
Thy heritage!

# 57 Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, Alone.

Henrietta E. Blair. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, by per.


1. Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord, a - lone Can turn our hearts from sin; His
2. Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord, a - lone Can deep - er love in - spire; His
3. Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord, can bring The gifts we seek in prayer; His
4. Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord, can give The grace we need this hour; And
power a - lone can sanc - ti - fy And keep us pure with - in.
power a - lone with - in our souls Can light the sa - cred fire.
voice can words of com - fort speak And still each wave of care.
while we wait, O Spir - it, come In sanc - ti - fy - ing power.
Chorus.
O Spir - it of Faith and Love, Come in our midst, we pray, And
4th v.—O Spir - it of Love, de - scend, Come in our midst, we pray, And
pur - i - fy each wait - ing heart; Bap-tize us with pow'r to - day.
like a rush - ing, might - y wind Sweep o - ver our souls to - day.

Copyright, 1885, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

# 58 O Blessed Paraclete.

*Tune, Boylston,*

1 O blessed Paraclete
Assert Thine inward sway;
My body make the temple meet,
For Thy perpetual stay.

2 Too long this house of Thine
By alien loves possessed,
Has shut from Thee its inner shrine,
Kept Thee a slighted guest.

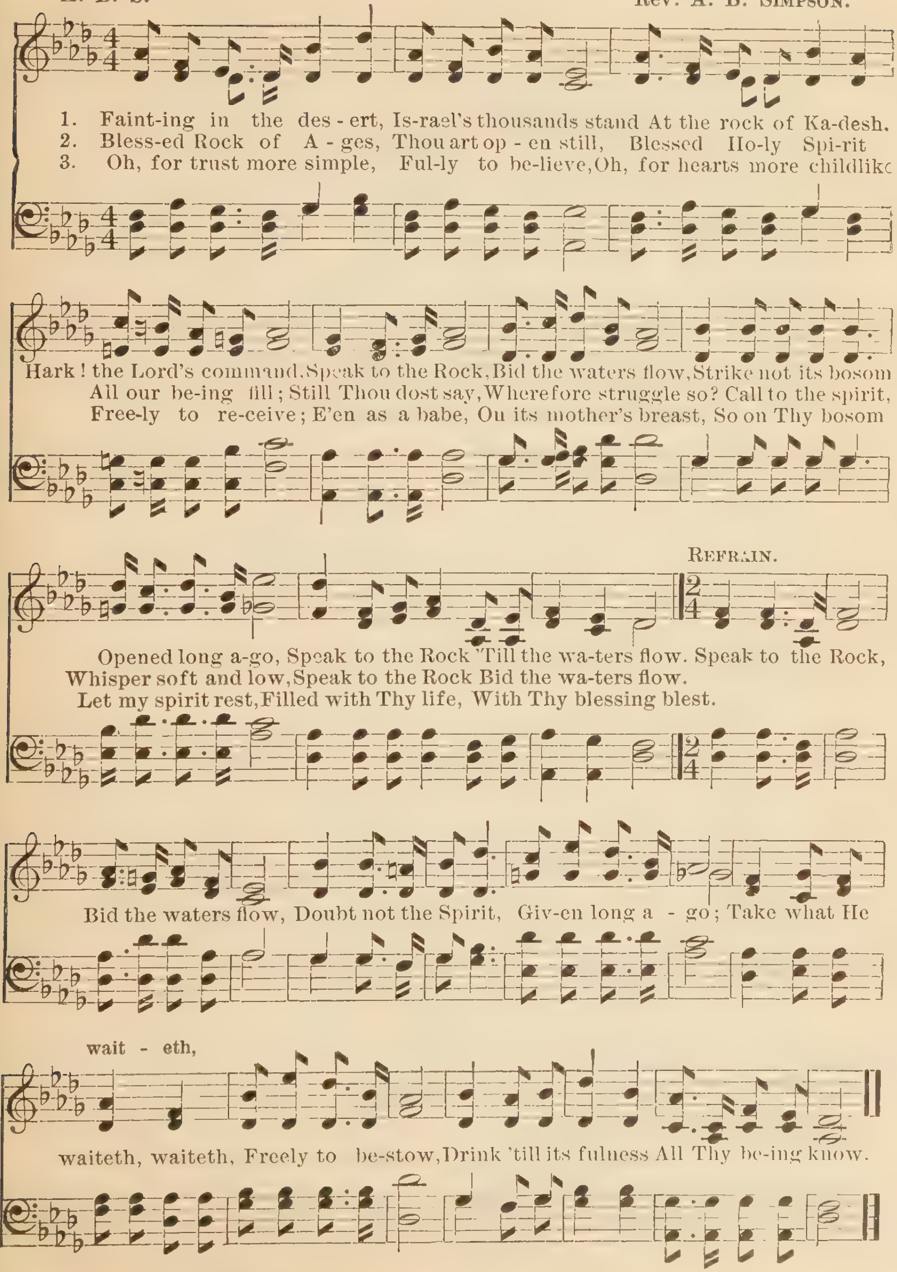
3 Now rend, O Spirit blest,
The veil of my poor heart;
Enter Thy long forbidden rest,
And nevermore depart.

4 Oh, to be filled with Thee!
I ask not aught beside;
For all unholy guests must flee,
If Thou in me abide.

A. J. Gordon, by per.

# Speak to the Rock.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. Faint-ing in the des - ert, Is-rael's thousands stand At the rock of Ka-desh.
2. Bless-ed Rock of A - ges, Thou art op - en still, Blessed Ho-ly Spi-rit
3. Oh, for trust more simple, Ful-ly to be-lieve, Oh, for hearts more childlike
Hark! the Lord's command, Speak to the Rock, Bid the waters flow, Strike not its bosom
All our be-ing fill; Still Thou dost say, Wherefore struggle so? Call to the spirit,
Free-ly to re-ceive; E'en as a babe, On its mother's breast, So on Thy bosom
Opened long a-go, Speak to the Rock 'Till the wa-ters flow.
Whisper soft and low, Speak to the Rock Bid the wa-ters flow.
Let my spirit rest, Filled with Thy life, With Thy blessing blest.
Refrain.
Speak to the Rock,
Bid the waters flow, Doubt not the Spirit, Giv-en long a - go; Take what He
wait - eth,
waiteth, waiteth, Freely to be-stow, Drink 'till its fulness All Thy be-ing know.

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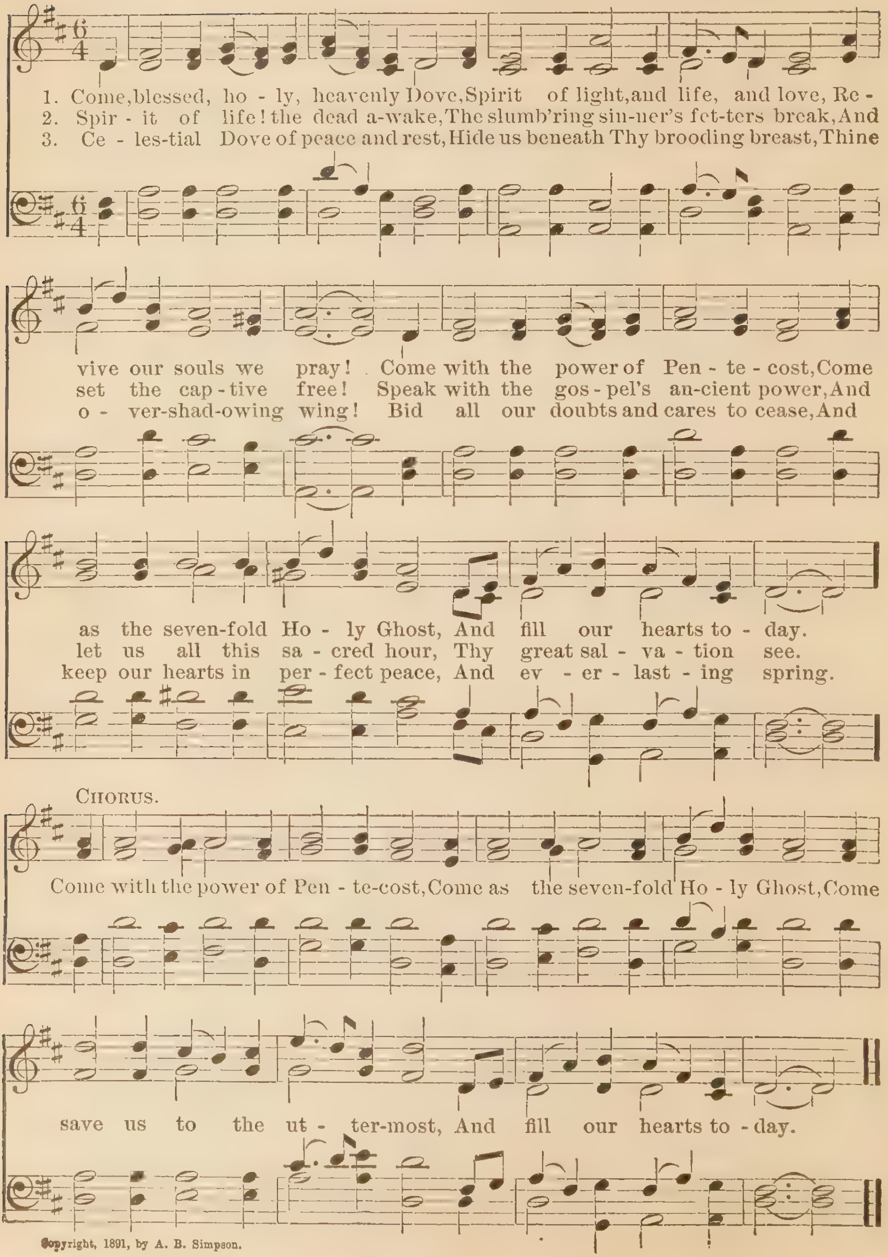
# Come Seven-fold Holy Spirit.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. Come, blessed, ho - ly, heavenly Dove, Spirit of light, and life, and love, Re -
2. Spir - it of life! the dead a-wake, The slumb'ring sin-ner's fet-ters break, And
3. Ce - les-tial Dove of peace and rest, Hide us beneath Thy brooding breast, Thine
vive our souls we pray! Come with the power of Pen - te - cost, Come
set the cap - tive free! Speak with the gos - pel's an-cient power, And
o - ver-shad-owing wing! Bid all our doubts and cares to cease, And
as the seven-fold Ho - ly Ghost, And fill our hearts to - day.
let us all this sa - cred hour, Thy great sal - va - tion see.
keep our hearts in per - fect peace, And ev - er - last - ing spring.
Chorus.
Come with the power of Pen - te-cost, Come as the seven-fold Ho - ly Ghost, Come
save us to the ut - ter-most, And fill our hearts to - day.

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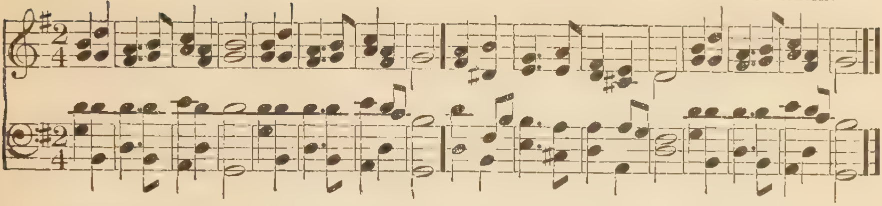
# Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.

IGNACE PLEYEL.



## 61 Gracious Spirit, Love Divine.

*Tune, Pleyel's Hymn.*

1 Gracious Spirit, love divine,
Let Thy light within me shine!
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with Thy heavenly love,

2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me;
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in His precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from Thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever Thine.

J. STOCKER.

## 62 Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.

*Tune, Pleyel's Hymn.*

1 Holy Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

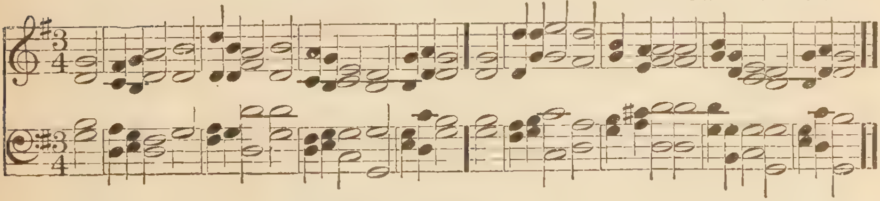
3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme — and reign alone.

A. REED.

# Rockingham. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



*Music on opposite page.*

4 Spirit of Holiness! we pray,
Take every stain of sin away,
And all our being fill;
Baptize us with Thy perfect love,
And let our lives and actions prove
Thy good and perfect will.

5 Spirit of Power! with heavenly fire,
Our souls endue, our tongues inspire,
Stretch forth Thy Mighty Hand;
Thy Pentecostal gifts restore,
The wonders of Thy Power once more,
Display in every land.

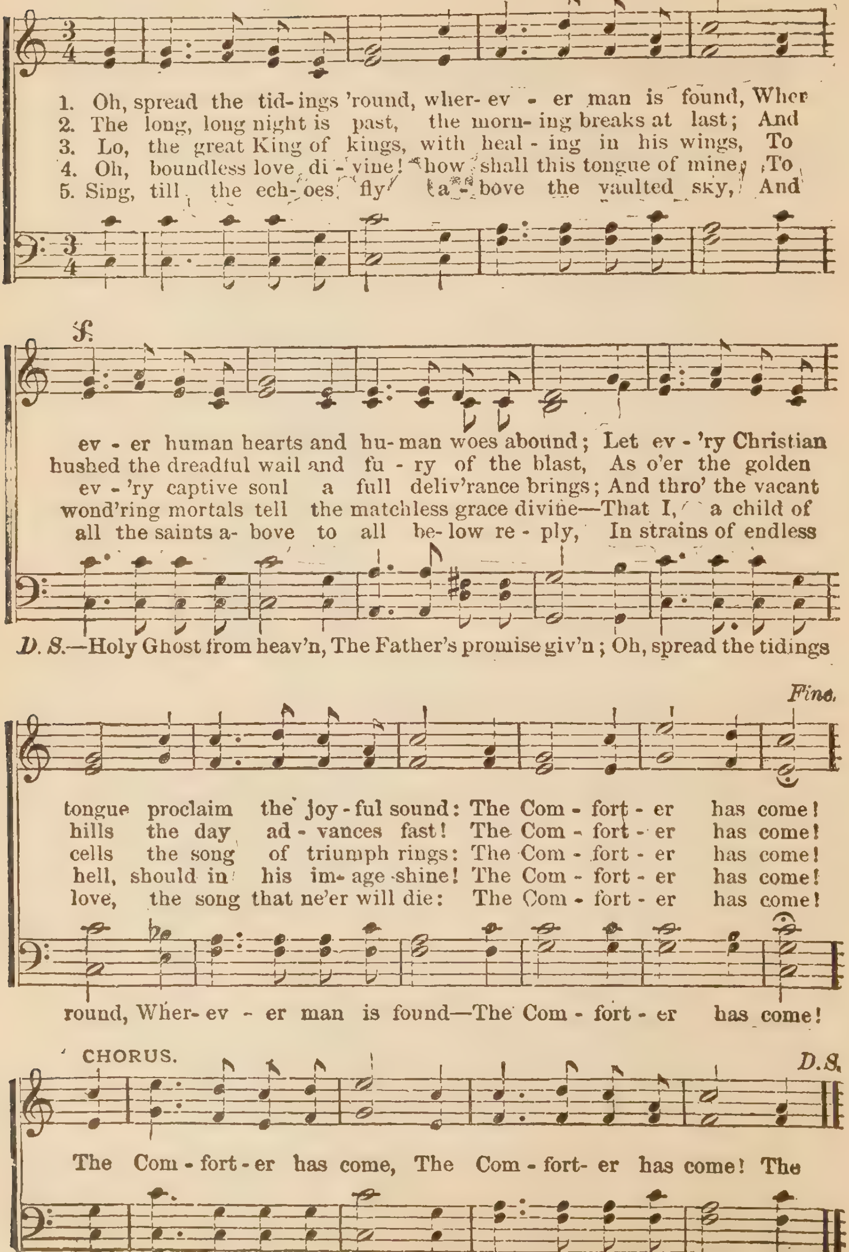
6 Spirit of Love! upon us shed,
The oil that fell on Aaron's head,
And bathed his holy feet:
O let our hearts like censers glow
And love like burning incense flow
In fragrant odors sweet.

7 Spirit of Hope, our vision clear,
For lo! the Bridegroom draweth near,
His star is in the east;
Show us its faintest rising beam,
Wake us with morning's earliest gleam,
And robe us for the feast.

# The Comforter Has Come.

Rev. F. Bottome, D. D.

By per., Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Oh, spread the tid-ings 'round, wher-ev-er man is found, Wher
2. The long, long night is past, the morn-ing breaks at last; And
3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal-ing in his wings, To
4. Oh, boundless love di-vine! how shall this tongue of mine, To
5. Sing, till the ech-oes fly a-bove the vaulted sky, And
ev-er human hearts and hu-man woes abound; Let ev-'ry Christian
hushed the dreadful wail and fu-ry of the blast, As o'er the golden
ev-'ry captive soul a full deliv'rance brings; And thro' the vacant
wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace divine—That I, a child of
all the saints a-bove to all be-low re-ply, In strains of endless
D. S.—Holy Ghost from heav'n, The Father's promise giv'n; Oh, spread the tidings
Fine.
tongue proclaim the joy-ful sound: The Com-fort-er has come!
hills the day ad-vances fast! The Com-fort-er has come!
cells the song of triumph rings: The Com-fort-er has come!
hell, should in his im-age shine! The Com-fort-er has come!
love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com-fort-er has come!
round, Wher-ev-er man is found—The Com-fort-er has come!
CHORUS.
D.S.
The Com-fort-er has come, The Com-fort-er has come! The

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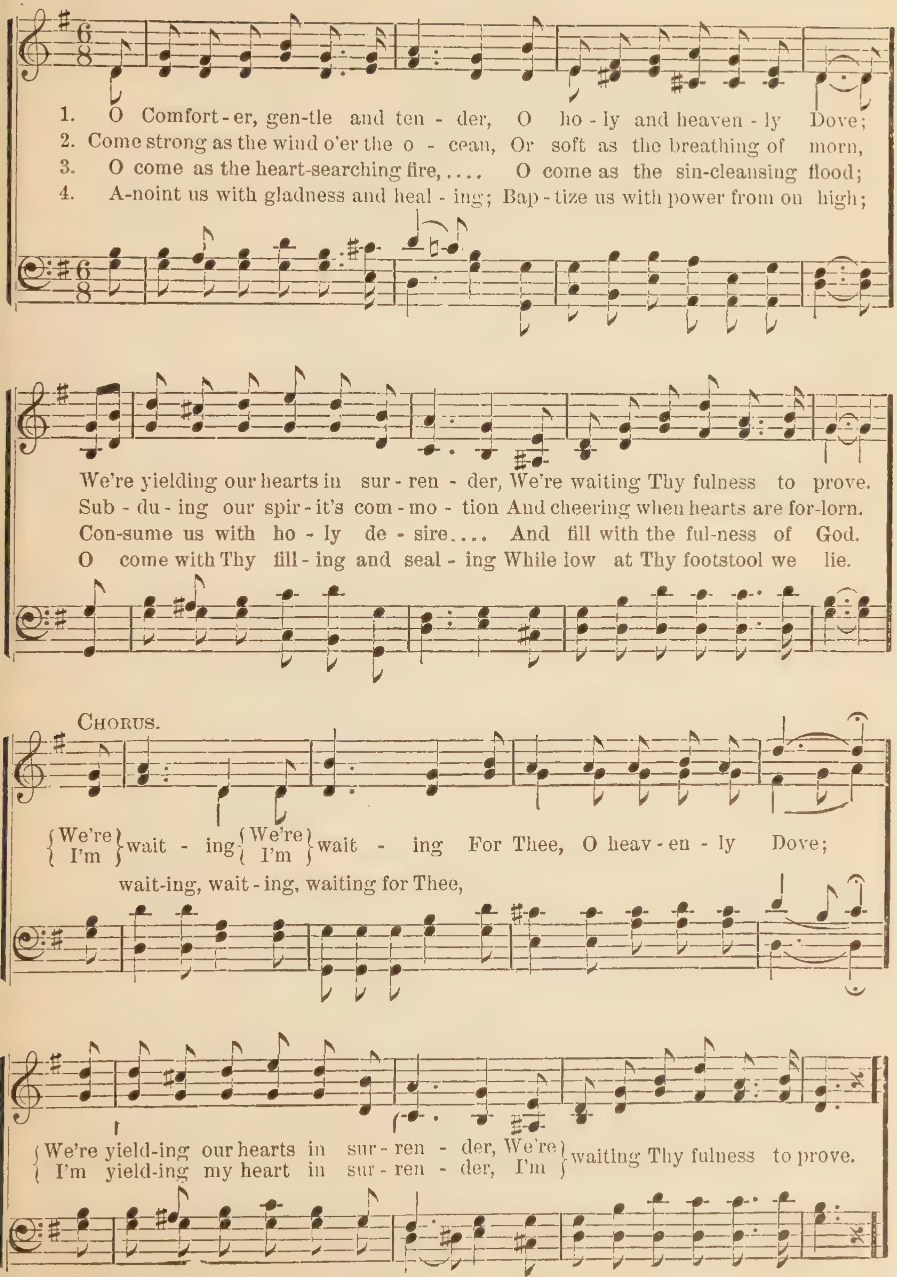
# O Comforter, Gentle and Tender.

A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. O Comfort-er, gen-tle and ten - der, O ho - ly and heaven - ly Dove;
2. Come strong as the wind o'er the o - cean, Or soft as the breathing of morn,
3. O come as the heart-searching fire, .... O come as the sin-cleansing flood;
4. A-noint us with gladness and heal - ing; Bap - tize us with power from on high;
We're yielding our hearts in sur - ren - der, We're waiting Thy fulness to prove.
Sub - du - ing our spir - it's com - mo - tion And cheering when hearts are for-lorn.
Con-sume us with ho - ly de - sire.... And fill with the ful-ness of God.
O come with Thy fill - ing and seal - ing While low at Thy footstool we lie.
Chorus.
{We're / I'm} wait - ing {We're / I'm} wait - ing For Thee, O heav - en - ly Dove;
wait-ing, wait - ing, waiting for Thee,
{We're yield-ing our hearts in sur - ren - der, We're / I'm yield-ing my heart in sur - ren - der, I'm} waiting Thy fulness to prove.

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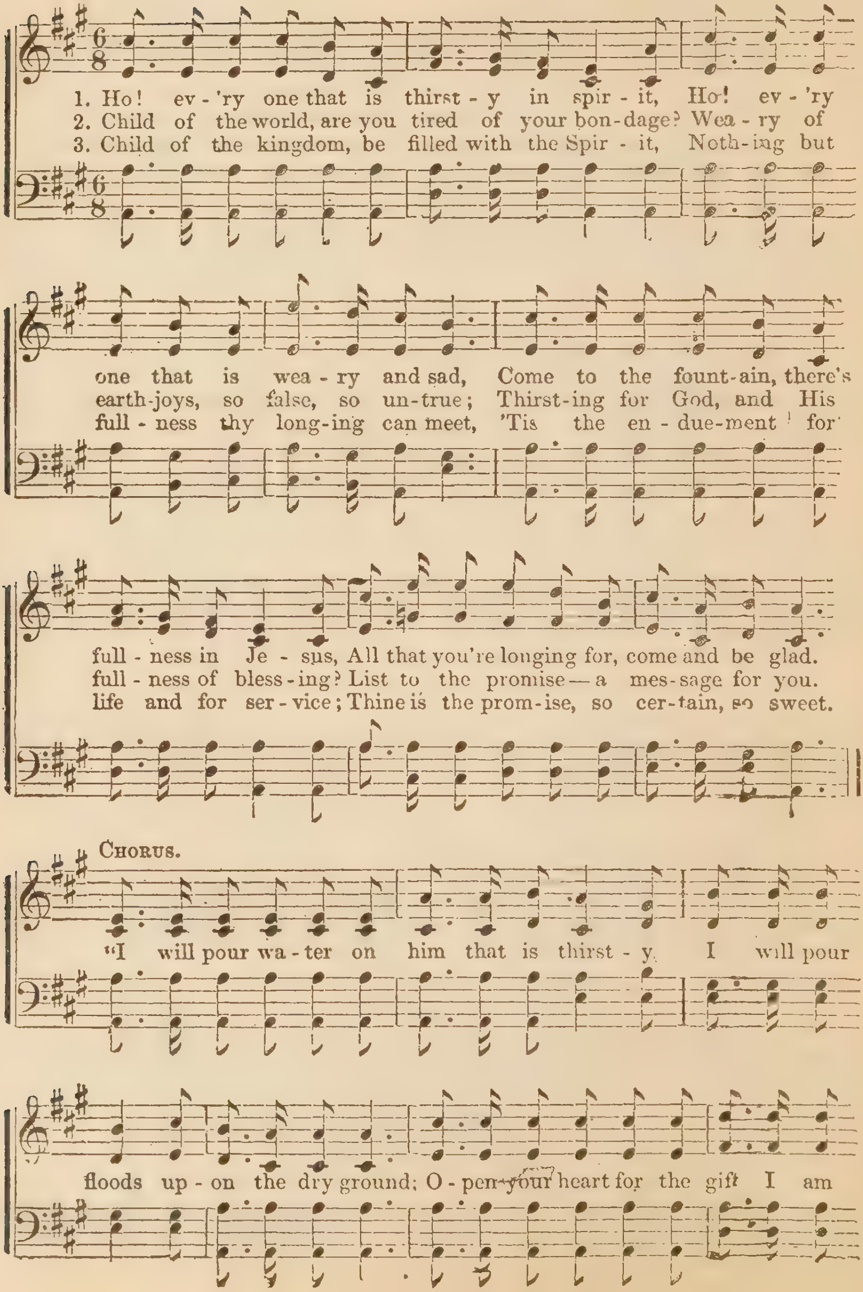
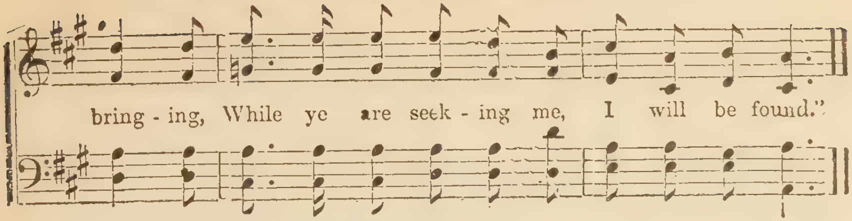
# Ho! Every One that is Thirsty.

L. J. R.

Lucy J. Rider.


1. Ho! ev - 'ry one that is thirst - y in spir - it, Ho! ev - 'ry
2. Child of the world, are you tired of your bon-dage? Wea - ry of
3. Child of the kingdom, be filled with the Spir - it, Noth-ing but
one that is wea - ry and sad, Come to the fount-ain, there's
earth-joys, so false, so un-true; Thirst-ing for God, and His
full - ness thy long-ing can meet, 'Tis the en - due-ment for
full - ness in Je - sus, All that you're longing for, come and be glad.
full - ness of bless - ing? List to the promise — a mes-sage for you.
life and for ser - vice; Thine is the prom-ise, so cer-tain, so sweet.
Chorus.
"I will pour wa - ter on him that is thirst - y, I will pour
floods up - on the dry ground; O - pen your heart for the gift I am
]

## Ho! Every One That is Thirsty. Concluded.

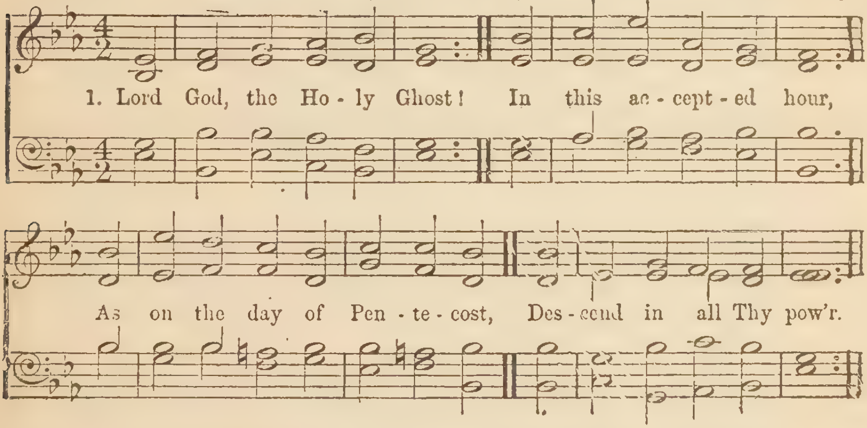

bring - ing, While ye are seek - ing me, I will be found."

By per., E O Excell.

66

## Lord God, the Holy Ghost.

Montgomery. (Franconia. S.M.) Lutheran Melody.


1. Lord God, the Ho - ly Ghost! In this ac - cept - ed hour,
As on the day of Pen - te - cost, Des - cend in all Thy pow'r.

2. We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3. Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul one feeling breathe.

4. The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.

5. Spirit of light! explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre, shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.

67

## The Holy Ghost is Come.

(Dennis S.M.)

The Holy Ghost is come—
We feel His presence here!
Our hearts would now no longer roam,
But bow in filial fear.

This tenderness of love,
This hush of solemn power—
'Tis heaven descending from above
To fill this favored hour!

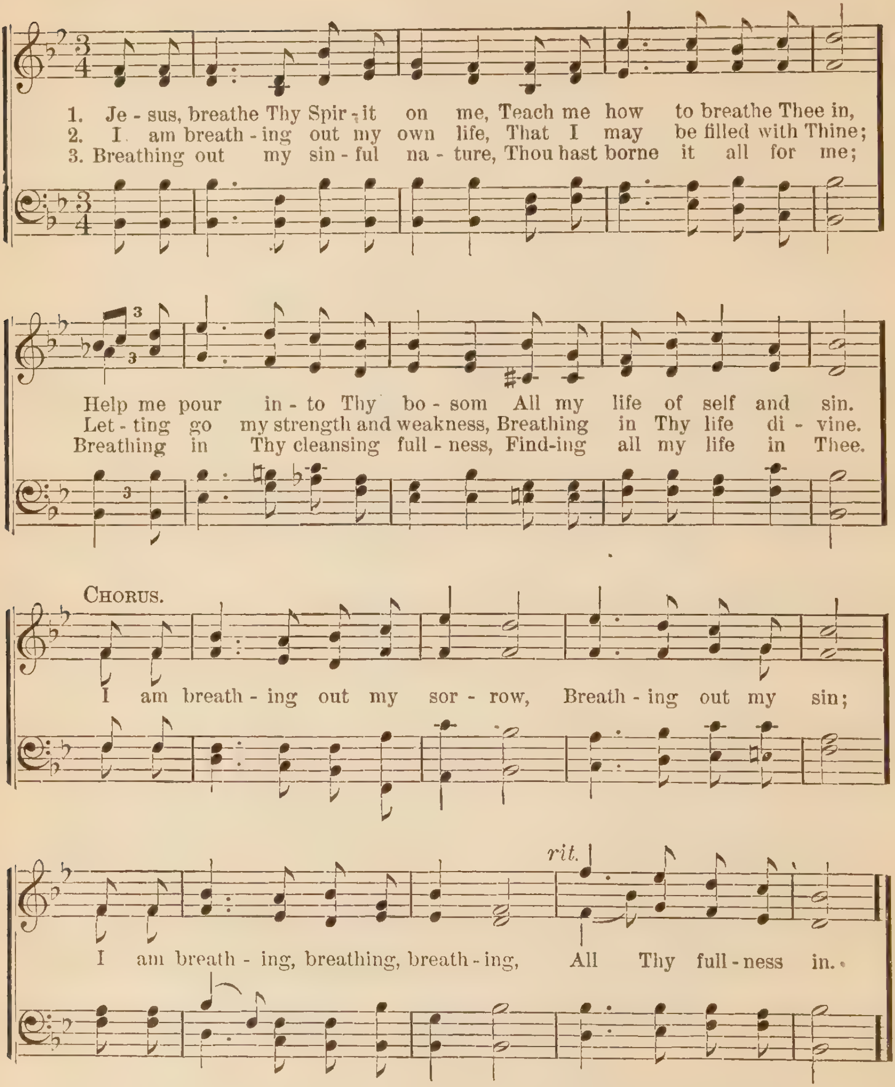
Earth's darkness all has fled,
Heaven's light serenely shines;
And every heart, divinely led,
To holy thought inclines.

No more let sin deceive,
Nor earthly cares betray:
Oh, let us never, never grieve
The Comforter away!

Rev. F. Bottome, D.D

# Breathing Out and Breathing In.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. Je - sus, breathe Thy Spir - it on me, Teach me how to breathe Thee in,
2. I am breath - ing out my own life, That I may be filled with Thine;
3. Breathing out my sin - ful na - ture, Thou hast borne it all for me;
Help me pour in - to Thy bo - som All my life of self and sin.
Let - ting go my strength and weakness, Breathing in Thy life di - vine.
Breathing in Thy cleansing full - ness, Find-ing all my life in Thee.
Chorus.
I am breath - ing out my sor - row, Breath - ing out my sin;
I am breath - ing, breathing, breath - ing, All Thy full - ness in.
rit.
3
3

4 I am breathing out my sorrow,
On Thy kind and gentle breast;
Breathing in Thy joy and comfort,
Breathing in Thy peace and rest.

5 I am breathing out my sickness,
Thou hast borne its burden too;
I am breathing in Thy healing,
Ever promised, ever new.

6 I am breathing out my longings
In Thy listening, loving ear,
I am breathing in Thy answers,
Stilling every doubt and fear.

7 I am breathing every moment,
Drawing all my life from Thee;
Breath by breath I live upon Thee,
Blessed Spirit, breathe in me.

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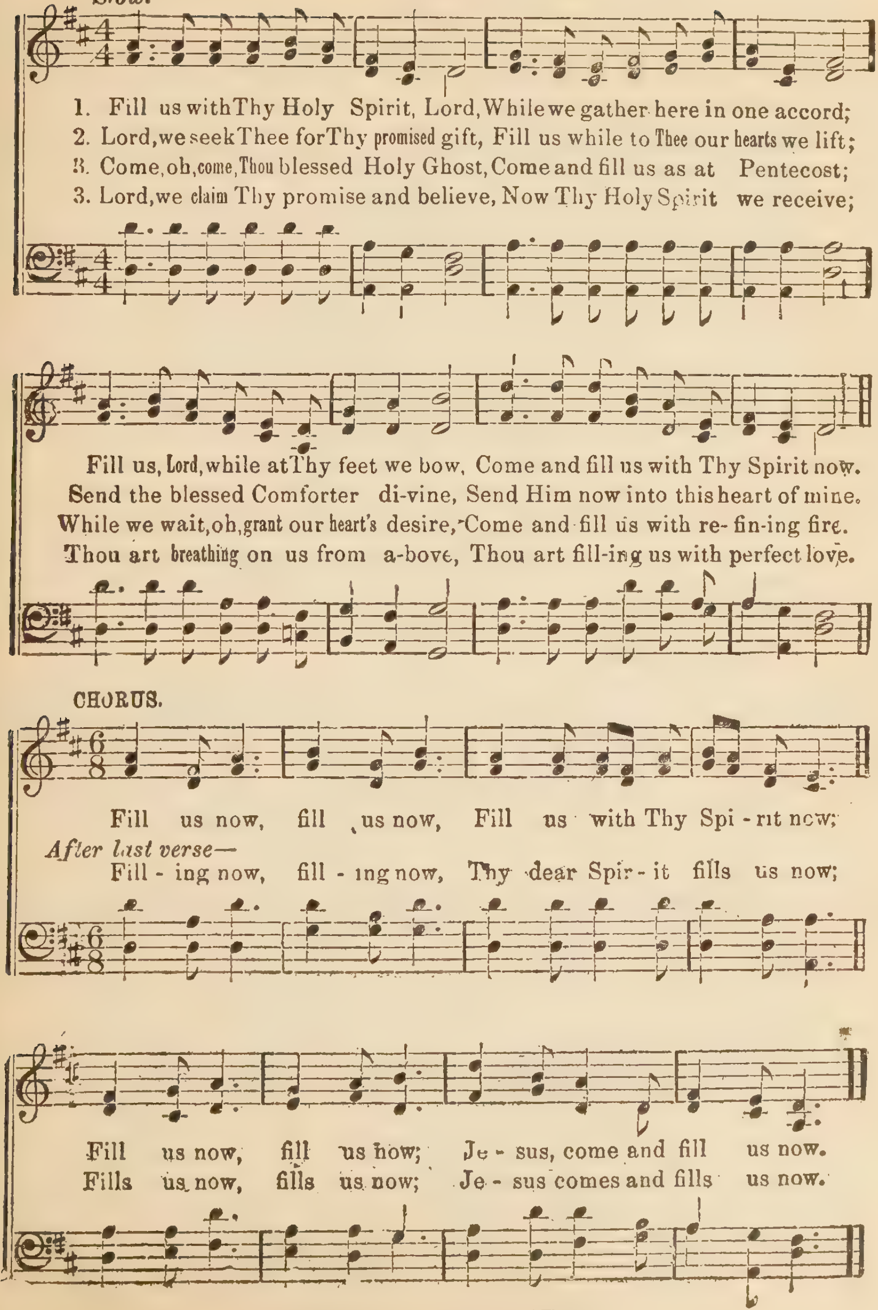
69

# Be Filled With the Spirit.

J. M. K. Eph. v, 18. Jas. M. Kirk.

*Slow.*



1. Fill us with Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, While we gather here in one accord;
Fill us, Lord, while at Thy feet we bow, Come and fill us with Thy Spirit now.

2. Lord, we seek Thee for Thy promised gift, Fill us while to Thee our hearts we lift;
Send the blessed Comforter divine, Send Him now into this heart of mine.

3. Come, oh, come, Thou blessed Holy Ghost, Come and fill us as at Pentecost;
While we wait, oh, grant our heart's desire, Come and fill us with refining fire.

3. Lord, we claim Thy promise and believe, Now Thy Holy Spirit we receive;
Thou art breathing on us from above, Thou art filling us with perfect love.

CHORUS.

Fill us now, fill us now, Fill us with Thy Spirit now;
Fill us now, fill us now; Jesus, come and fill us now.

*After last verse—*

Filling now, filling now, Thy dear Spirit fills us now;
Fills us now, fills us now; Jesus comes and fills us now.

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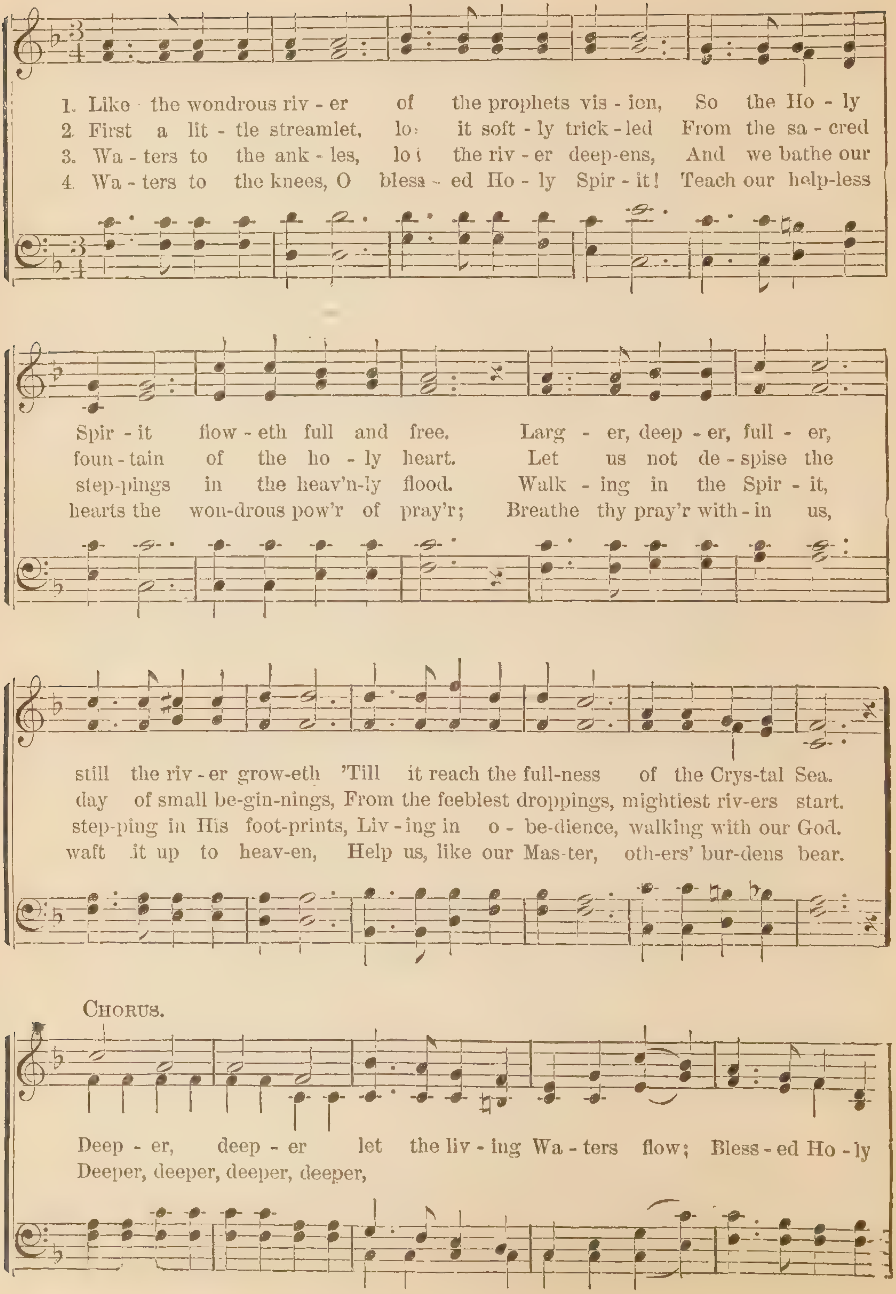
# The Wondrous River.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. Like the wondrous riv - er of the prophets vis - ion, So the Ho - ly
2. First a lit - tle streamlet, lo: it soft - ly trick - led From the sa - cred
3. Wa - ters to the ank - les, lo! the riv - er deep-ens, And we bathe our
4. Wa - ters to the knees, O bless - ed Ho - ly Spir - it! Teach our help-less
Spir - it flow - eth full and free. Larg - er, deep - er, full - er,
foun - tain of the ho - ly heart. Let us not de - spise the
step-pings in the heav'n-ly flood. Walk - ing in the Spir - it,
hearts the won-drous pow'r of pray'r; Breathe thy pray'r with - in us,
still the riv - er grow-eth 'Till it reach the full-ness of the Crys-tal Sea.
day of small be-gin-nings, From the feeblest droppings, mightiest riv-ers start.
step-ping in His foot-prints, Liv - ing in o - be-dience, walking with our God.
waft it up to heav-en, Help us, like our Mas-ter, oth-ers' bur-dens bear.
Chorus.
Deep - er, deep - er let the liv - ing Wa - ters flow; Bless - ed Ho - ly
Deeper, deeper, deeper, deeper,

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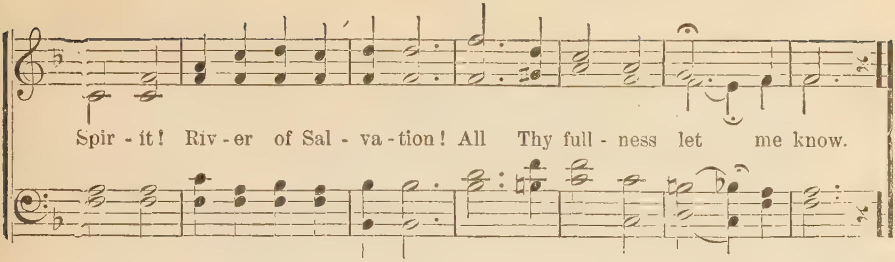

Spir - it! Riv - er of Sal - va - tion! All Thy full - ness let me know.

5 Waters to the loins, we've reached the mighty river,
'Tis the promised baptism of the Holy Ghost.
Plunge into the torrent, let it bear us onward
'Till our lives repeat the days of Pentecost.

6 Bright and beauteous river, on its banks are growing
Trees of bounteous verdure, fruits so rich and rare;
Leaves of life and healing, every joy and blessing,—
All the founts of love and Paradise are there.

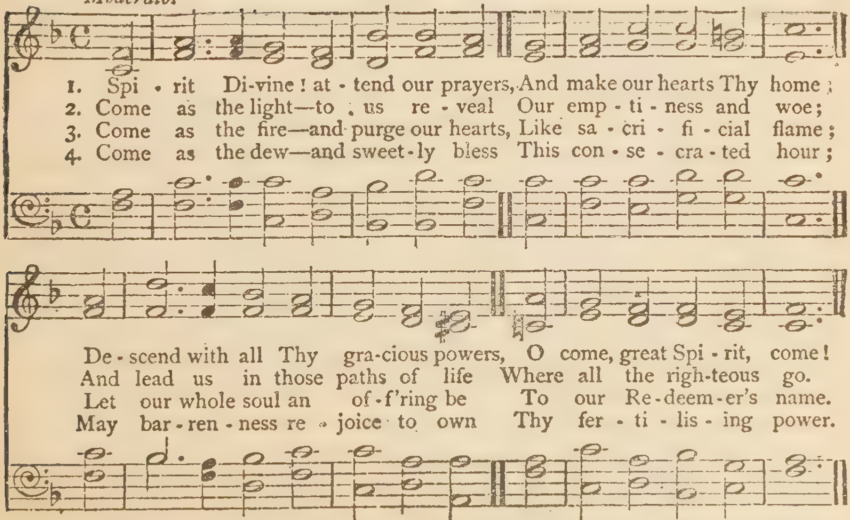
7 Water overhead O blessing vast and boundless!
Spirit without measure, flowing full and free!
Let us know Thy fullness, pour the floods upon us
'Till we lose ourselves, and all our life, in Thee.

## 71

## Spirit Divine.

**Dr. A. Reed.**

*Moderato.*


1. Spi - rit Di-vine! at - tend our prayers, And make our hearts Thy home;
2. Come as the light—to us re - veal Our emp - ti - ness and woe;
3. Come as the fire—and purge our hearts, Like sa - cri - fi - cial flame;
4. Come as the dew—and sweet-ly bless This con - se - cra - ted hour;
De - scend with all Thy gra-cious powers, O come, great Spi - rit, come!
And lead us in those paths of life Where all the righ-teous go.
Let our whole soul an of - f'ring be To our Re - deem - er's name.
May bar - ren - ness re - joice to own Thy fer - ti - lis - ing power.

5 Come as the dove—and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let Thy church on earth become
Blest as the church above.

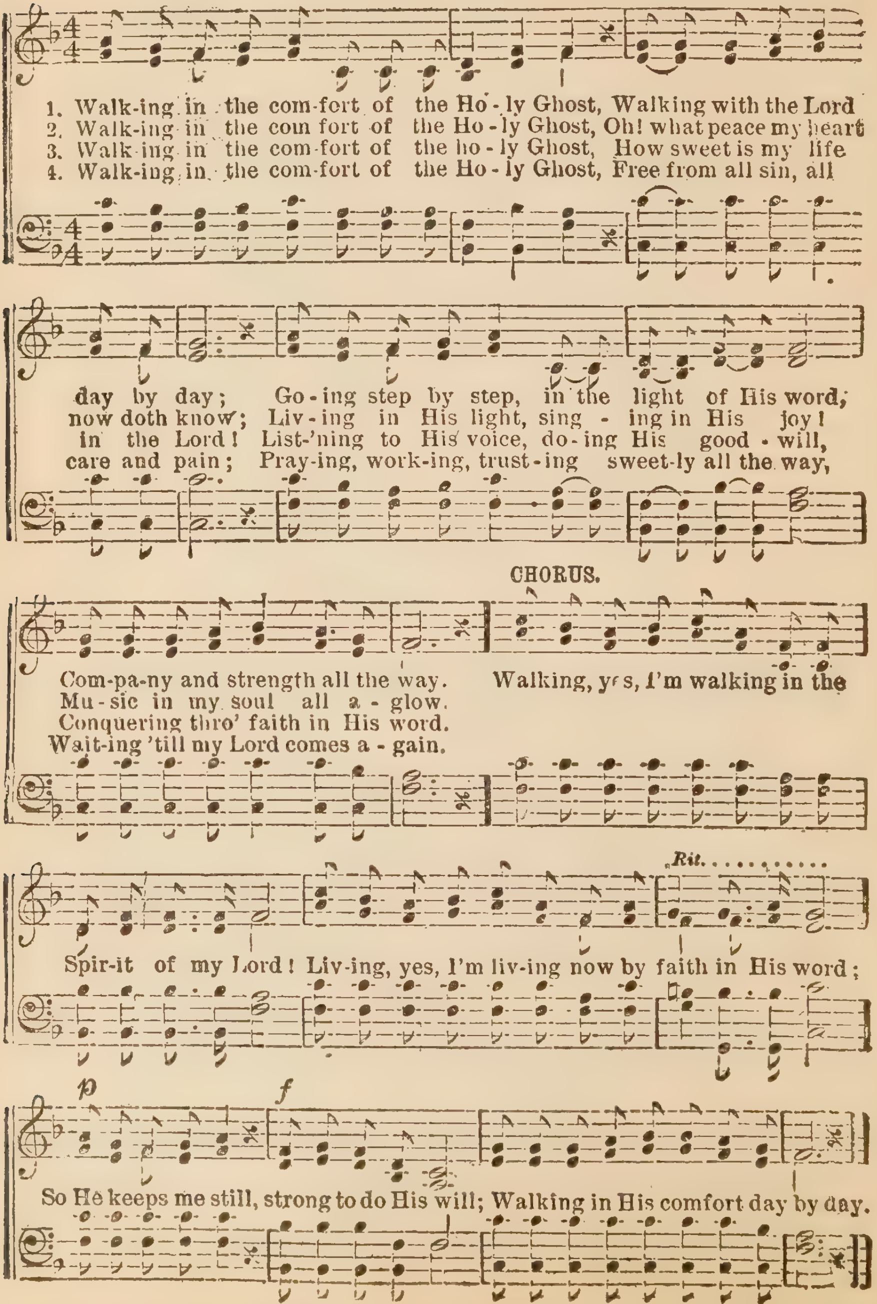
6 Come as the wind—with rushing sound
And Pentecostal grace;
That all of woman born may see
The glory of Thy face.

# The Comfort of the Holy Spirit.

Acts 9: 31

Words by Rev. D. W. Myland.

Music by Mrs. D. W. Myland.
Arranged by Jas. M. Kirk.

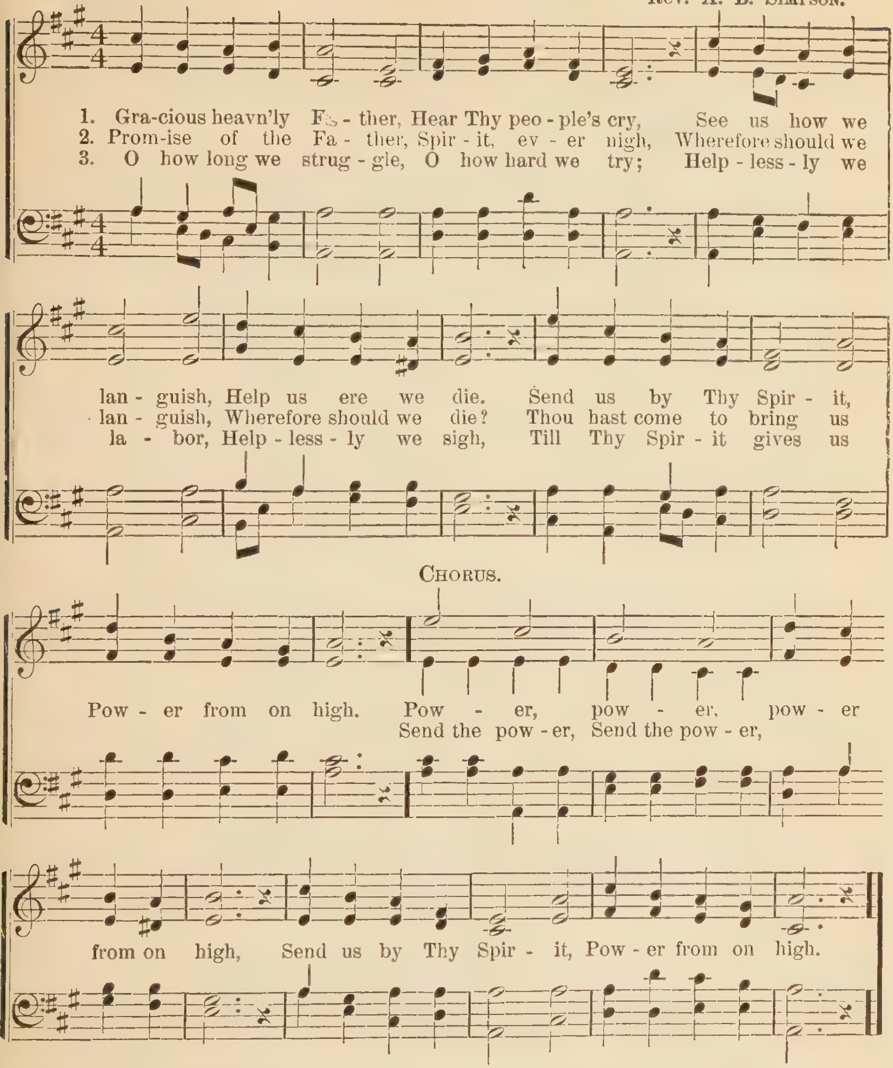

1. Walk-ing in the com-fort of the Ho-ly Ghost, Walking with the Lord day by day; Go-ing step by step, in the light of His word; Com-pa-ny and strength all the way.
2. Walk-ing in the com-fort of the Ho-ly Ghost, Oh! what peace my heart now doth know; Liv-ing in His light, sing-ing in His joy! Mu-sic in my soul all a-glow.
3. Walk-ing in the com-fort of the ho-ly Ghost, How sweet is my life in the Lord! List-'ning to His voice, do-ing His good-will, Conquering thro' faith in His word.
4. Walk-ing in the com-fort of the Ho-ly Ghost, Free from all sin, all care and pain; Pray-ing, work-ing, trust-ing sweet-ly all the way, Wait-ing 'till my Lord comes a-gain.
CHORUS.
Walking, yes, I'm walking in the Spir-it of my Lord! Liv-ing, yes, I'm liv-ing now by faith in His word;
Rit.
p
So He keeps me still, strong to do His will;
f
Walking in His comfort day by day.

Copyrig IYLAND & KIRK.

73

# Power From On High.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. Gra-cious heavn'ly Fa - ther, Hear Thy peo - ple's cry, See us how we lan - guish, Help us ere we die. Send us by Thy Spir - it,
2. Prom-ise of the Fa - ther, Spir - it, ev - er nigh, Wherefore should we lan - guish, Wherefore should we die? Thou hast come to bring us
3. O how long we strug - gle, O how hard we try; Help - less - ly we la - bor, Help - less - ly we sigh, Till Thy Spir - it gives us
Pow - er from on high.
Chorus.
Pow - er, pow - er, pow - er from on high,
Send the pow - er, Send the pow - er,
Send us by Thy Spir - it, Pow - er from on high.

4 Send divine conviction,
Bring salvation nigh;
Crucify and quicken,
Save and sanctify.
Blessed Spirit bring us
Power from on high.

5 As the winds of heaven
O'er the ocean fly,
As the flaming light'nings
Flashing o'er the sky,
Send us, mighty Father,
Power from on high.

6 As the heav'nly sunshine
Bringing summer nigh,
As the showers that water
Deserts parched and dry,
Quick'ning Spirit bring us
Power from on high.

7 Father at Thy footstool,
Low Thy people lie,
Waiting for Thy promise;
Hear our helpless cry;
Send us, Father, send us
Power from on high.

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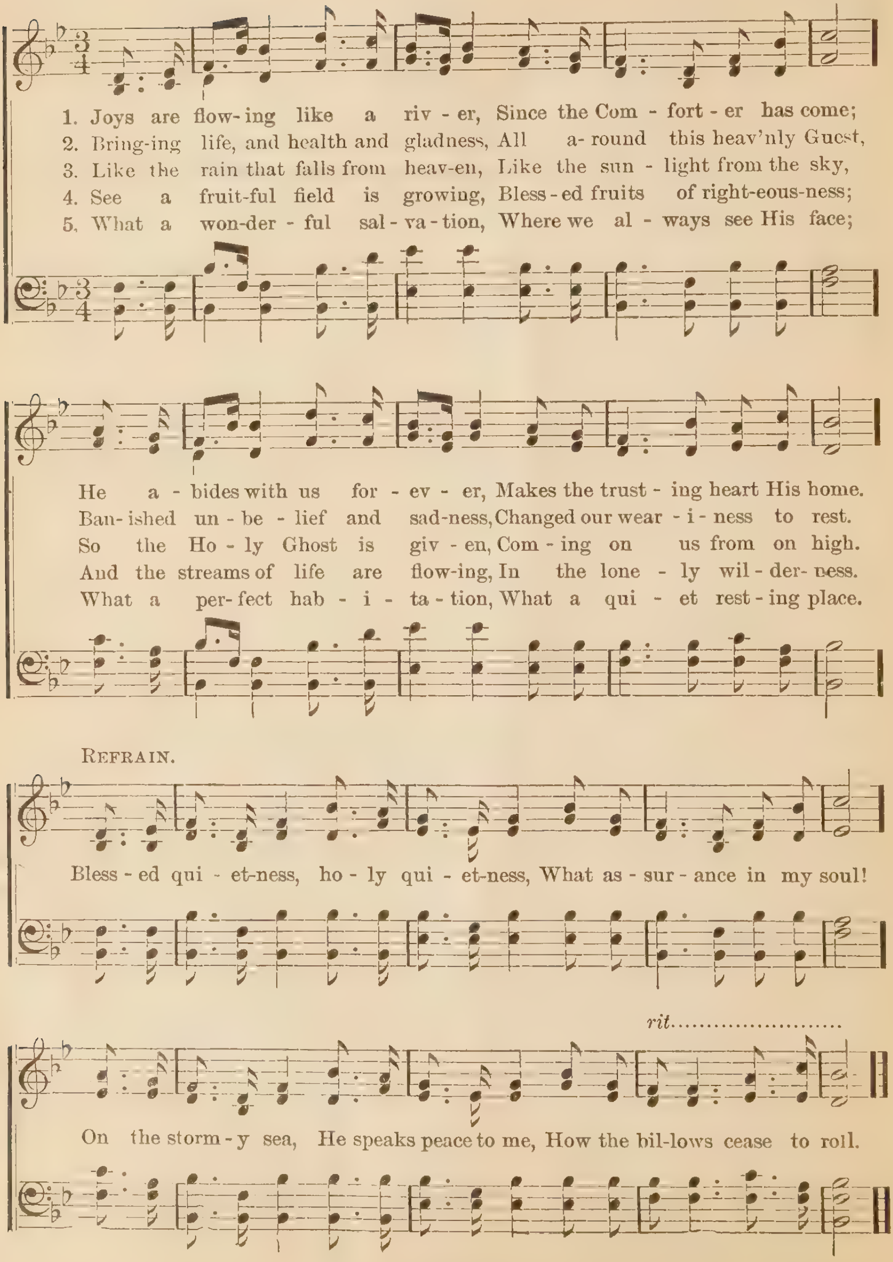
# Blessed Quietness.

W. S. Marshall.
Adapted by James M. Kirk.

Anon.


1. Joys are flow-ing like a riv-er, Since the Com-fort-er has come;
2. Bring-ing life, and health and gladness, All a-round this heav'nly Guest,
3. Like the rain that falls from heav-en, Like the sun-light from the sky,
4. See a fruit-ful field is growing, Bless-ed fruits of right-eous-ness;
5. What a won-der-ful sal-va-tion, Where we al-ways see His face;
He a-bides with us for-ev-er, Makes the trust-ing heart His home.
Ban-ished un-be-lief and sad-ness, Changed our wear-i-ness to rest.
So the Ho-ly Ghost is giv-en, Com-ing on us from on high.
And the streams of life are flow-ing, In the lone-ly wil-der-ness.
What a per-fect hab-i-ta-tion, What a qui-et rest-ing place.
Refrain.
Bless-ed qui-et-ness, ho-ly qui-et-ness, What as-sur-ance in my soul!
rit.
On the storm-y sea, He speaks peace to me, How the bil-lows cease to roll.

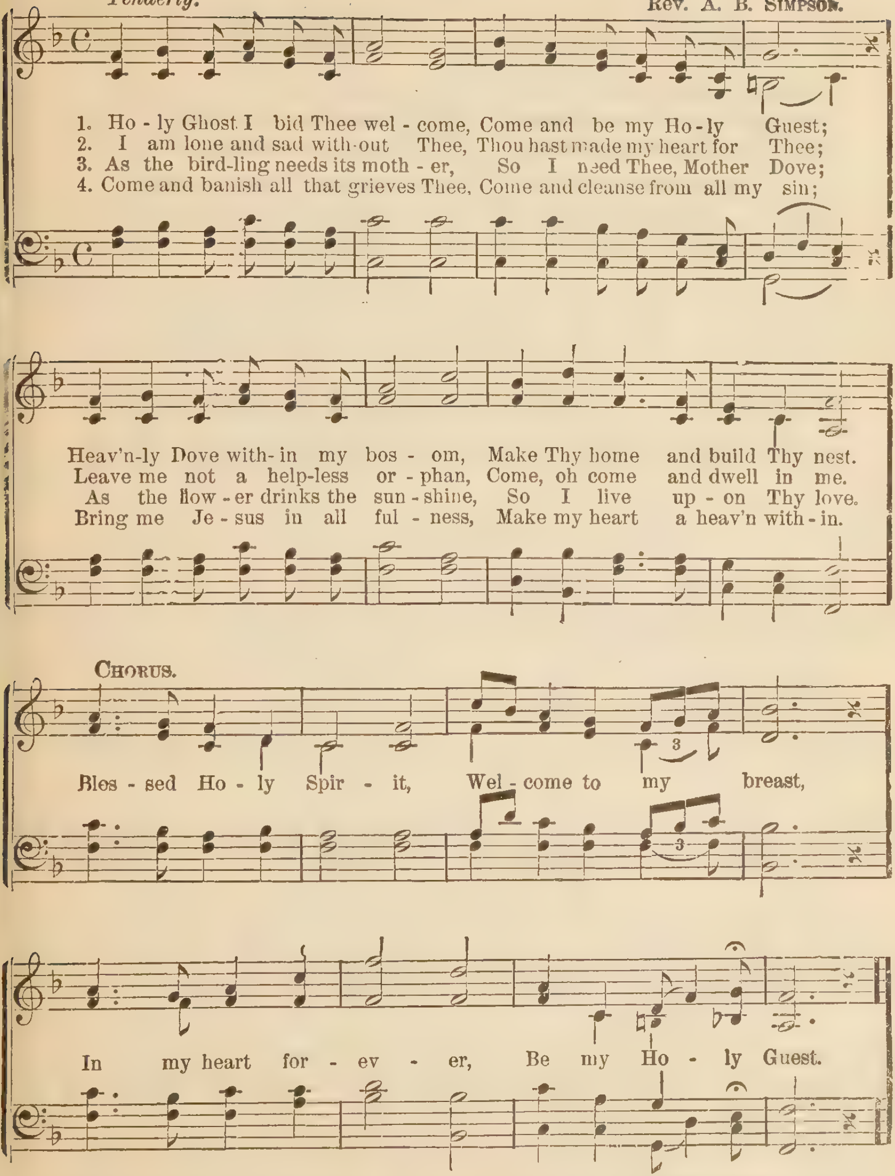
By permission.

# 75 My Holy Guest.

A. B. S.

*Tenderly.*

Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. Ho - ly Ghost I bid Thee wel - come, Come and be my Ho - ly Guest;
2. I am lone and sad with-out Thee, Thou hast made my heart for Thee;
3. As the bird-ling needs its moth - er, So I need Thee, Mother Dove;
4. Come and banish all that grieves Thee, Come and cleanse from all my sin;
Heav'n-ly Dove with-in my bos - om, Make Thy home and build Thy nest.
Leave me not a help-less or - phan, Come, oh come and dwell in me.
As the flow - er drinks the sun - shine, So I live up - on Thy love.
Bring me Je - sus in all ful - ness, Make my heart a heav'n with - in.
Chorus.
Bles - sed Ho - ly Spir - it, Wel - come to my breast,
3
In my heart for - ev - er, Be my Ho - ly Guest.

5 Heal my sick and broken body,
Guide my stumbling steps each hour;
Be my Comforter and teacher,
Fill and use me by Thy power.

6 Lead me on to all Thy fulness,
Bring me to Thy promised Rest:
Holy Ghost I bid Thee welcome,
Be my Holy, heavenly Guest.

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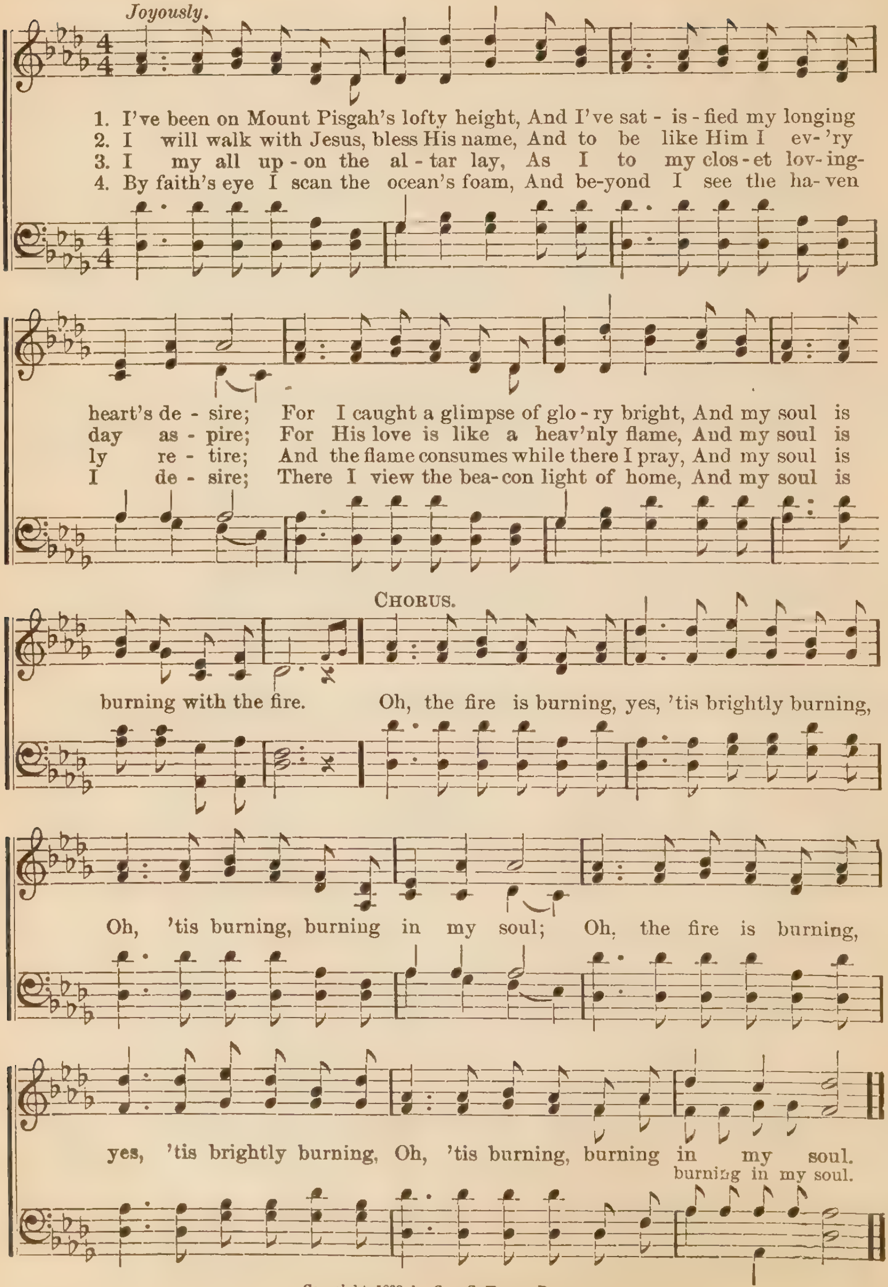
# The Fire is Burning.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

Geo. C. Hugg.


Joyously.
1. I've been on Mount Pisgah's lofty height, And I've sat - is - fied my longing
2. I will walk with Jesus, bless His name, And to be like Him I ev- 'ry
3. I my all up - on the al - tar lay, As I to my clos - et lov - ing-
4. By faith's eye I scan the ocean's foam, And be-yond I see the ha- ven
heart's de - sire; For I caught a glimpse of glo - ry bright, And my soul is
day as - pire; For His love is like a heav'nly flame, And my soul is
ly re - tire; And the flame consumes while there I pray, And my soul is
I de - sire; There I view the bea - con light of home, And my soul is
burning with the fire.
Chorus.
Oh, the fire is burning, yes, 'tis brightly burning,
Oh, 'tis burning, burning in my soul; Oh, the fire is burning,
yes, 'tis brightly burning, Oh, 'tis burning, burning in my soul.
burning in my soul.

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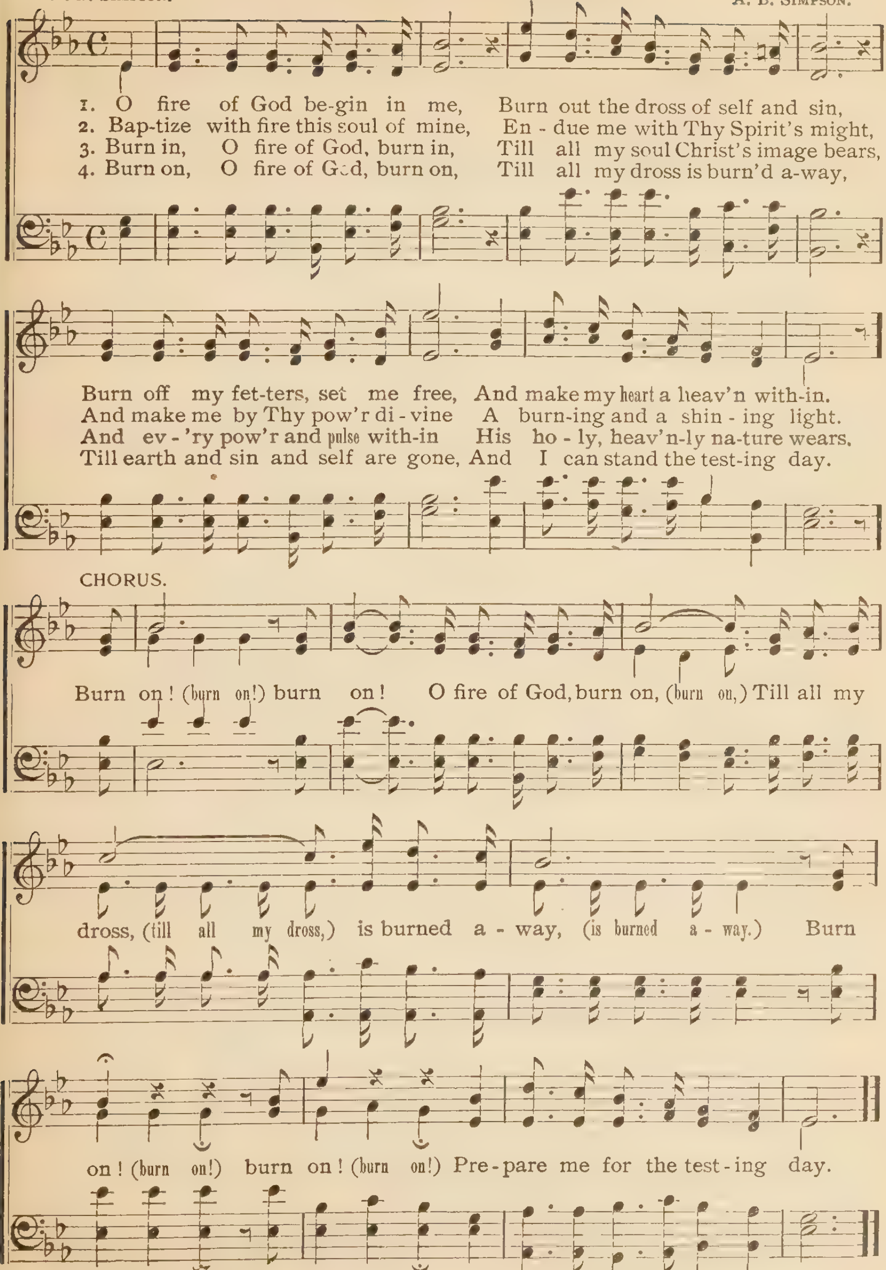
# Burn On!

A. B. Simpson. A. B. Simpson.


1. O fire of God be-gin in me, Burn out the dross of self and sin,
2. Bap-tize with fire this soul of mine, En - due me with Thy Spirit's might,
3. Burn in, O fire of God, burn in, Till all my soul Christ's image bears,
4. Burn on, O fire of God, burn on, Till all my dross is burn'd a-way,
Burn off my fet-ters, set me free, And make my heart a heav'n with-in.
And make me by Thy pow'r di - vine A burn-ing and a shin - ing light.
And ev - 'ry pow'r and pulse with-in His ho - ly, heav'n-ly na-ture wears.
Till earth and sin and self are gone, And I can stand the test-ing day.
CHORUS.
Burn on! (burn on!) burn on! O fire of God, burn on, (burn on,) Till all my
dross, (till all my dross,) is burned a - way, (is burned a - way.) Burn
on! (burn on!) burn on! (burn on!) Pre-pare me for the test-ing day.

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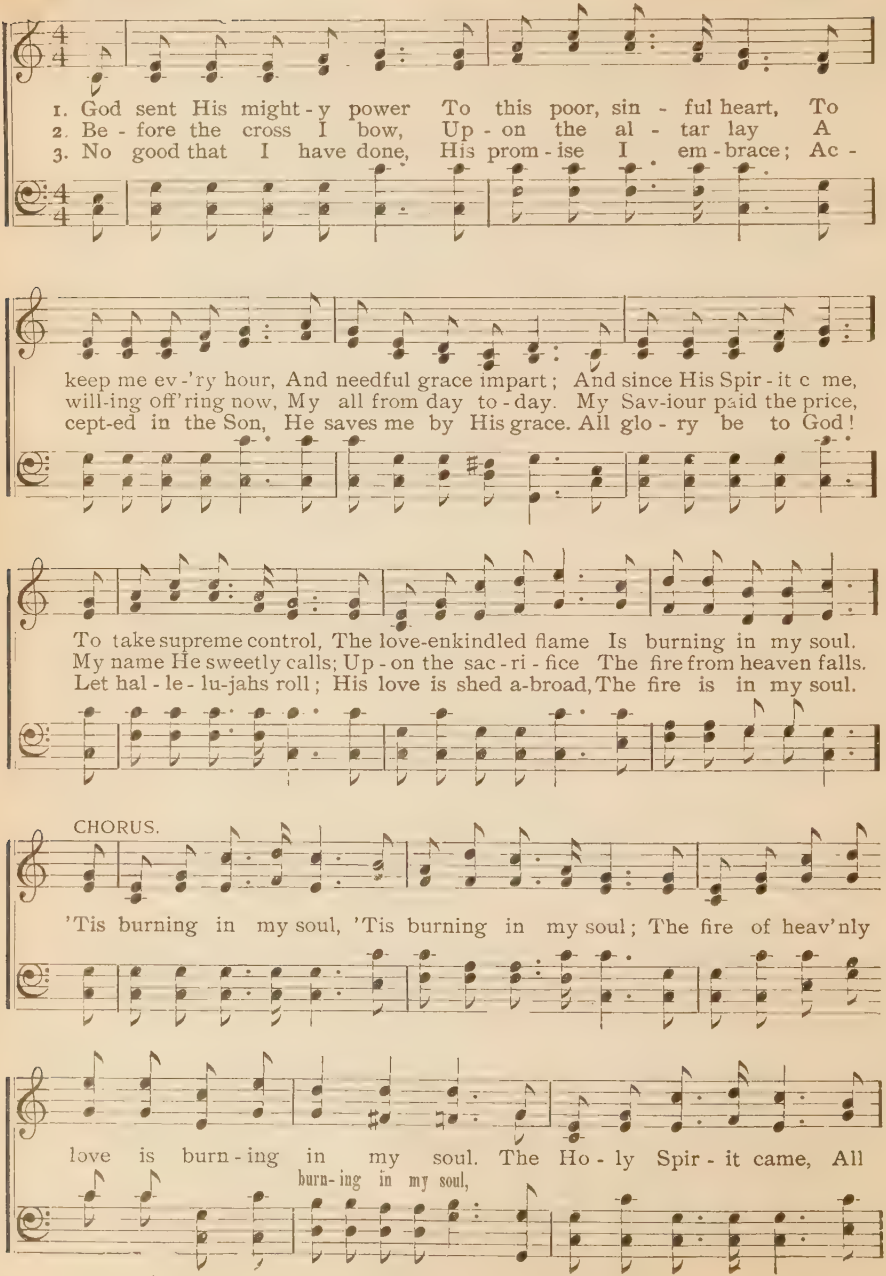
# 'Tis Burning in My Soul.

Delia T. White. — Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


CHORUS.
1. God sent His mighty - y power To this poor, sin - ful heart, To
2. Be - fore the cross I bow, Up - on the al - tar lay A
3. No good that I have done, His prom - ise I em - brace; Ac -
keep me ev-'ry hour, And needful grace impart; And since His Spir - it came,
will-ing off'ring now, My all from day to - day. My Sav-iour paid the price,
cept-ed in the Son, He saves me by His grace. All glo - ry be to God!
To take supreme control, The love-enkindled flame Is burning in my soul.
My name He sweetly calls; Up - on the sac - ri - fice The fire from heaven falls.
Let hal - le - lu-jahs roll; His love is shed a-broad, The fire is in my soul.
'Tis burning in my soul, 'Tis burning in my soul; The fire of heav'nly
love is burn - ing in my soul. The Ho - ly Spir - it came, All
burn - ing in my soul,

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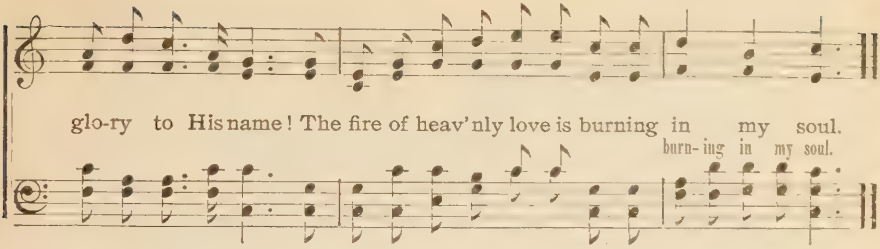
## 'Tis Burning in My Soul.—Concluded.

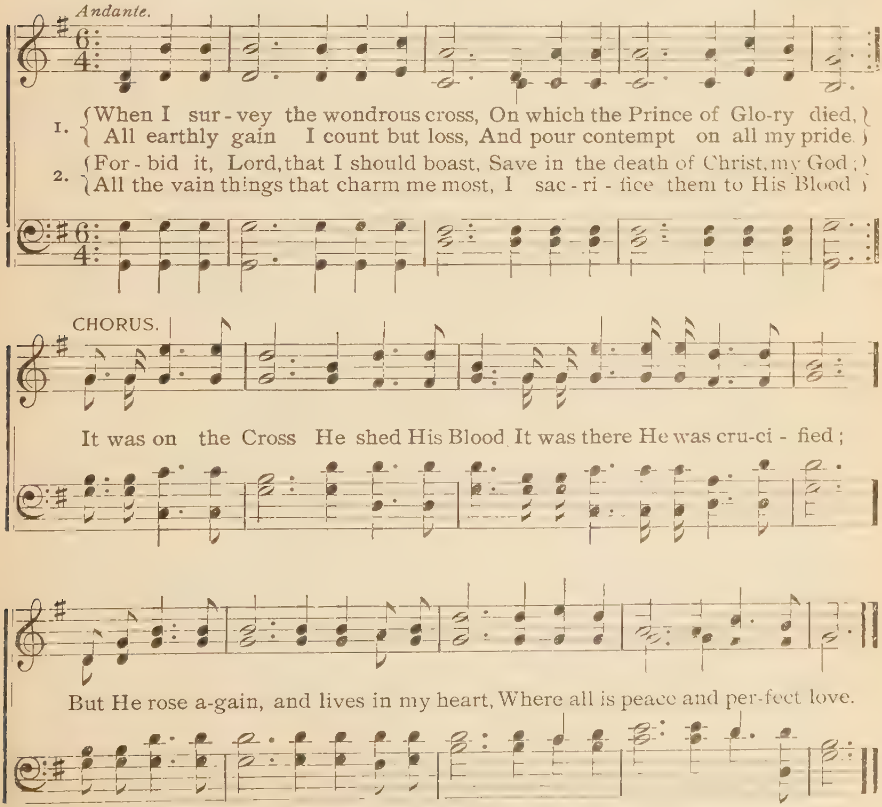

glo-ry to His name! The fire of heav'nly love is burning in my soul.
burn-ing in my soul.

## 79

## When I Survey.

Dr. Watts.

Anon.


Andante.
1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of Glo-ry died,
All earthly gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to His Blood.
CHORUS.
It was on the Cross He shed His Blood It was there He was cru-ci-fied;
But He rose a-gain, and lives in my heart, Where all is peace and per-fect love.

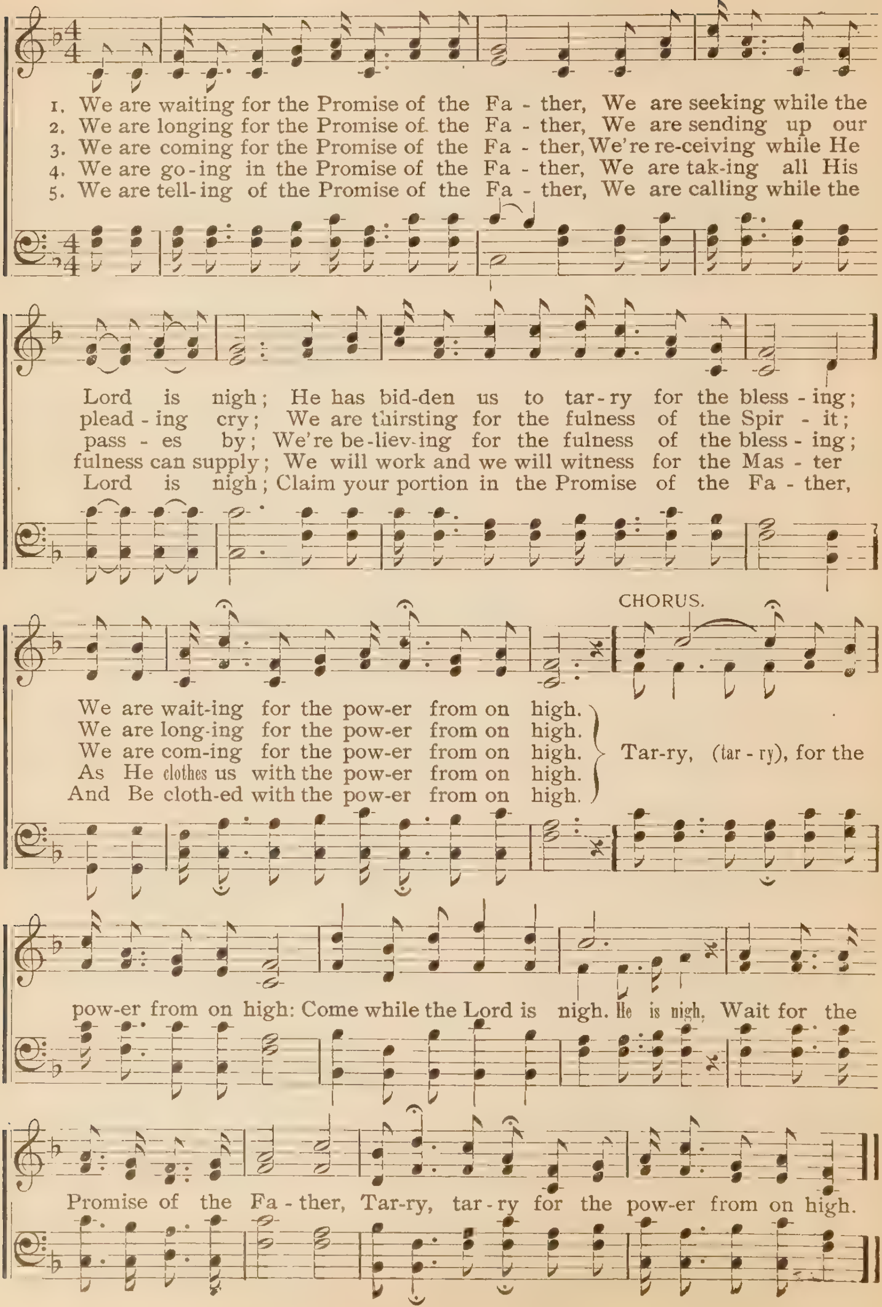
3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Shall have my soul, my life, my all.

# Tarry for the Power.

A. B. Simpson.

A. B. Simpson.


1. We are waiting for the Promise of the Fa - ther, We are seeking while the
2. We are longing for the Promise of the Fa - ther, We are sending up our
3. We are coming for the Promise of the Fa - ther, We're re-ceiving while He
4. We are go-ing in the Promise of the Fa - ther, We are tak-ing all His
5. We are tell-ing of the Promise of the Fa - ther, We are calling while the
Lord is nigh; He has bid-den us to tar-ry for the bless-ing;
plead-ing cry; We are thirsting for the fulness of the Spir - it;
pass - es by; We're be-liev-ing for the fulness of the bless-ing;
fulness can supply; We will work and we will witness for the Mas - ter
Lord is nigh; Claim your portion in the Promise of the Fa - ther,
We are wait-ing for the pow-er from on high.
We are long-ing for the pow-er from on high.
We are com-ing for the pow-er from on high.
As He clothes us with the pow-er from on high.
And Be cloth-ed with the pow-er from on high.
CHORUS.
Tar-ry, (tar - ry), for the
pow-er from on high: Come while the Lord is nigh. He is nigh. Wait for the
Promise of the Fa - ther, Tar-ry, tar - ry for the pow-er from on high.

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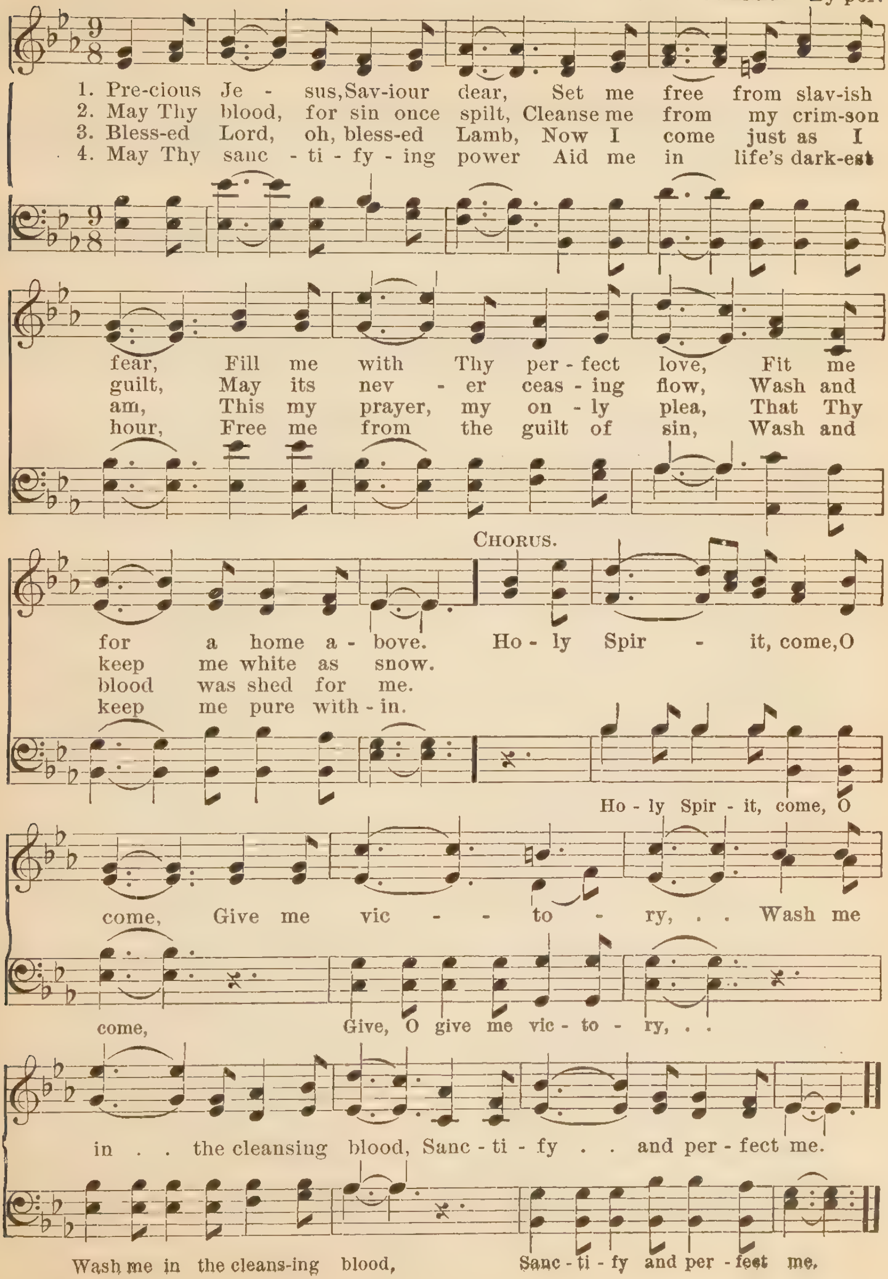
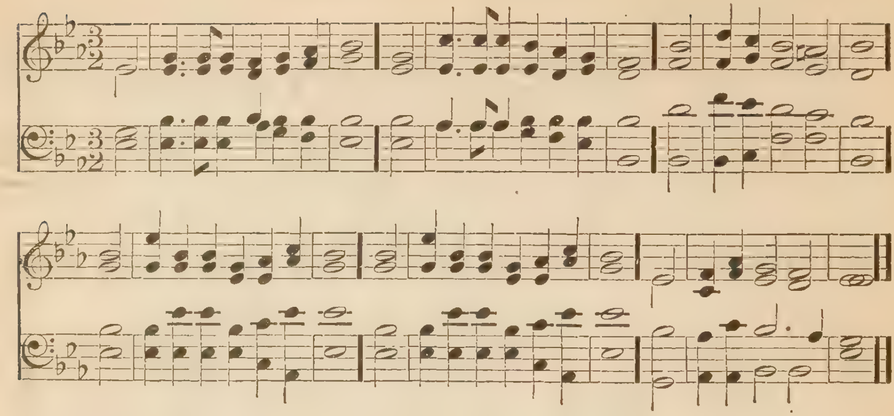
# Holy Spirit, Come.

Alex. M. Carter. Jno. R. Sweney. By per.


1. Pre-cious Je - sus, Sav-iour dear, Set me free from slav-ish
2. May Thy blood, for sin once spilt, Cleanse me from my crim-son
3. Bless-ed Lord, oh, bless-ed Lamb, Now I come just as I
4. May Thy sanc - ti - fy - ing power Aid me in life's dark-est
fear, Fill me with Thy per - fect love, Fit me
guilt, May its nev - er ceas - ing flow, Wash and
am, This my prayer, my on - ly plea, That Thy
hour, Free me from the guilt of sin, Wash and
for a home a - bove.
keep me white as snow.
blood was shed for me.
keep me pure with - in.
Chorus.
Ho - ly Spir - it, come, O
Ho - ly Spir - it, come, O
come, Give me vic - - to - ry, . . Wash me
come, Give, O give me vic - to - ry, . .
in . . the cleansing blood, Sanc - ti - fy . . and per - fect me.
Wash me in the cleans-ing blood, Sanc - ti - fy and per - fect me.

# Meribah. C. M. P.

LOWELL MASON.



## 82 The Holy Spirit.

*Tune, Meribah.*

1 Come, Holy Spirit! from the height
Of heaven send down Thy blessed light;
Come, Father of the pure!
Giver of gifts, and light of hearts,
Come with that unction which imparts
Such comforts, as endure.

2 The soul's refreshment and her guest,
Shelter in heat, in labor, rest,
Sweet solace in our woe!
Come, blissful Light; oh, come and fill,
In all Thy faithful, heart and will,
And make our fervor glow.

3 Where Thou art Lord, there is no ill,
For evil's self Thy flame can kill;
Oh, let that flame now burn! [stains,
Lord, heal our wounds and cleanse our
Fountain of grace! and with Thy rains
O Holy Ghost return.

FREDERICK FABER.

## 83 O Spirit of the Living God.

*Tune, Rockingham.*

1 O Spirit of the living God,
In all Thy plentitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in Thy path; [might;
Souls without strength, inspire with
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

J. MONTGOMERY.

## 84 Descend, Celestial Dove.

*Tune, The Valley of Dry Bones.*

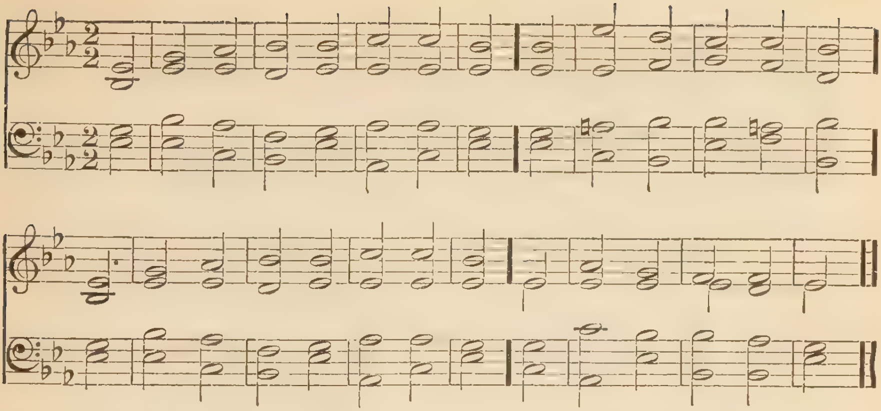
DESCEND from heaven, celestial Dove,
With flames of pure seraphic love
Our ravished breasts inspire.
O Fount of joy, blest Paraclete,
Warm our cold hearts with heavenly heat,
And set our souls on fire.

2 Breathe on these bones, so dry and dead;
Thy sweetest, softest influence shed
In all our hearts abroad.
Point out the place where grace abounds:
Direct us to the bleeding wounds
Of our incarnate God.

3 Conduct, blest Guide, Thy sinner-train
To Calvary, where the Lamb was slain;
And with us there abide.
Let us our loved Redeemer meet,
Weep o'er his pierced hands and feet,
And view His wounded side.

*Joseph Hart*

# Tallis. C. M.



## 85 The Peace of God. C. M.

1 The world knows not the perfect peace
The Lord gives to His own;
He causeth every sob to cease,
He husheth every moan.

2 The world can never take away,
Nor mar its blissful rest;
It shineth as the perfect day;
For those who trust, are blest.

3 The peace of God, it knows no jar,
No discord, no distress;
It stills the clamor of soul-war,
And stays its bitterness.

4 It lays the passions of the heart
And every vague alarm;
It quiets with its magic art
Forebodings, fears of harm.

5 O blessed peace, O holy calm,
The hush of thy repose
Is soothing as the healing balm
Which Gilead's forest knows.

6 Descend, O silver-winged dove,
Descend with heavenly flight,
Diffuse abroad thy perfect love,
And fill the world with light.

F. W. Farr.

## 86 Low at the Cross.

*Tune, The Solid Rock. Key G.*

1 Low at the foot of Calvary's cross,
A waiting, seeking soul I kneel;
Counting all earthly gain but loss,
And longing for Thy Spirit's seal;
Come, Lord, and with Thy touch divine,
Fire with Thy love this heart of mine.

2 I would Thy life reflect below,
And daily in Thine image shine;
For this the Holy Ghost bestow,
Baptize me with a love like Thine;
Exchange my weakness for Thy might,
And flood my soul with heavenly light.

3 Come, Holy Ghost, my heart inspire,
For this my all to Thee I give;
My only joy, my heart's desire,
Henceforth for souls alone to live;
Now, let me prove Thy love divine,
And realize its fulness mine.

## 87 Bathurst.

*Tune, Pentecost.*

1 Eternal Spirit, by whose power
Are burst the bands of death,
On our cold hearts Thy blessings shower,
And stir them with Thy breath.

2 'T is Thine to point the heavenly way,
Each rising fear control,
And with a warm, enlivening ray
To melt the icy soul.

3 'T is Thine to cheer us when distressed,
To raise us when we fall,
To calm the doubting, troubled breast,
And aid when sinners call.

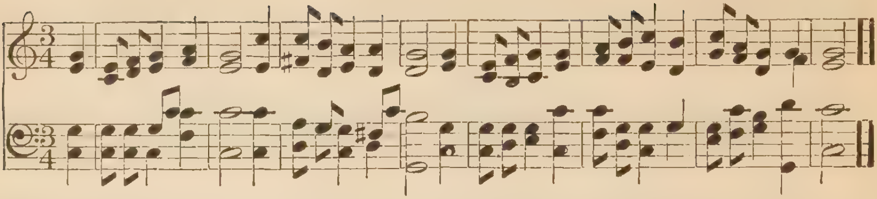
4 'T is Thine to bring God's sacred word,
And write it on our heart;
There its reviving truth record,
And there its peace impart.

5 Almighty Spirit, visit thus
Our hearts, and guide our ways;
Pour down Thy quickening grace on us,
And tune our lips to praise.

Bathurst.

# Boylston.

S. M. LOWELL MASON.



### 88 The Holy Ghost is Here.

THE Holy Ghost is here,
  Where saints in prayer agree;
As Jesus' parting gift,—is near
  Each pleading company.

2 Not far away is He,
  To be by prayer brought nigh,
But here in present majesty
  As in His courts on high.

3 He dwells within our soul,
  An ever welcome guest;
He reigns with absolute control,
  As monarch in the breast.

4 Our bodies are His shrine,
  And He the indwelling Lord;
All hail, thou Comforter divine,
  Be evermore adored!

*Charles H. Spurgeon.*

### 89 Come, Holy Spirit.

*Tune, Rockingham,*

1 Come, Holy Spirit, raise our songs
  To reach the wonders of that day,
When, with Thy fiery, cloven tongues
  Thou didst such glorious scenes display.

2 Lord, we believe to us and ours,
  The apostolic promise given;
We wait the pentecostal powers,
  The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

3 Assembled here with one accord,
  Calmly we wait the promised grace,
The purchase of our dying Lord;
  Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.

4 If every one that asks, may find,
  If still Thou dost on sinners fall,
Come as a mighty, rushing wind;
  Great grace be now upon us all.

5 Oh, leave us not to mourn below,
  Or long for Thy return to pine;
Now, Lord, the Comforter bestow,
  And fix in us the Guest divine.

C. WESLEY.

### 90 Come, Holy Spirit, come.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, come,
  With energy divine,
And on this poor, benighted soul
  With beams of mercy shine.

2 From the celestial hills
  Light, life, and joy dispense;
And may I daily, hourly, feel
  Thy quickening influence.

3 Oh, melt this frozen heart,
  This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
  And form me all anew.

4 The profit will be mine,
  But Thine shall be the praise;
Cheerful to Thee will I devote
  The remnant of my days.

B. BEDDOME.

### 91 I Worship Thee.

1 I worship Thee, O Holy Ghost,
  I love to worship Thee;
My risen Lord for aye were lost
  But for Thy company.

2 I worship Thee, O Holy Ghost,
  I love to worship Thee;
I grieved Thee long, alas! Thou know'st
  It grieves me bitterly.

3 I worship Thee, O Holy Ghost,
  I love to worship Thee;
Thy patient love, at what a cost
  At last it conquered me!

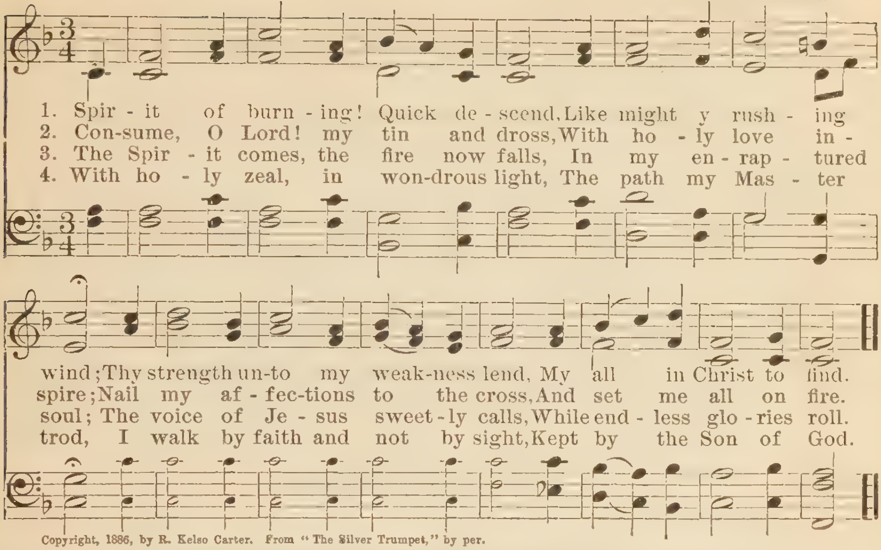
4 I worship Thee, O Holy Ghost,
  I love to worship Thee;
With Thee each day is Pentecost,
  Each night Nativity.

W. F. WARREN.

## Pentecost. C. M.

R. K. C.

R. Kelso Carter.


1. Spir - it of burn - ing! Quick de - scend, Like might y rush - ing wind; Thy strength un-to my weak-ness lend, My all in Christ to find.
2. Con-sume, O Lord! my tin and dross, With ho - ly love in - spire; Nail my af - fec-tions to the cross, And set me all on fire.
3. The Spir - it comes, the fire now falls, In my en - rap - tured soul; The voice of Je - sus sweet - ly calls, While end - less glo - ries roll.
4. With ho - ly zeal, in won-drous light, The path my Mas - ter trod, I walk by faith and not by sight, Kept by the Son of God.

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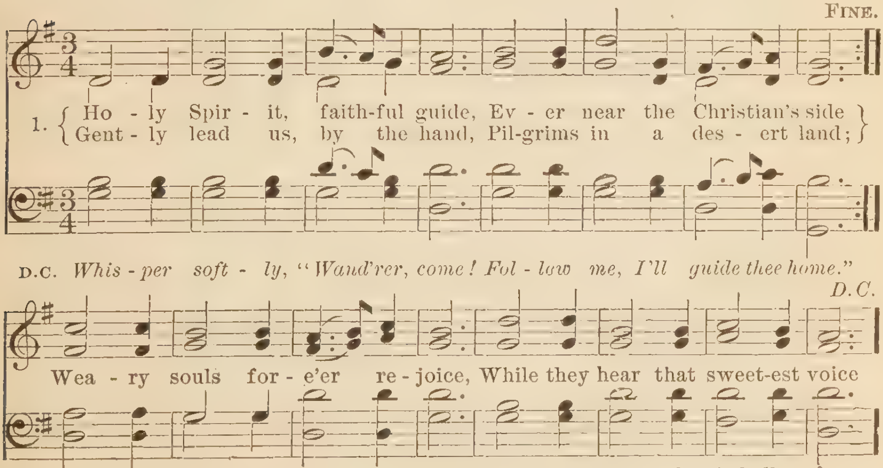
93

## Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide. 7s D.

Marcus M. Wells.

Marcus M. Wells.

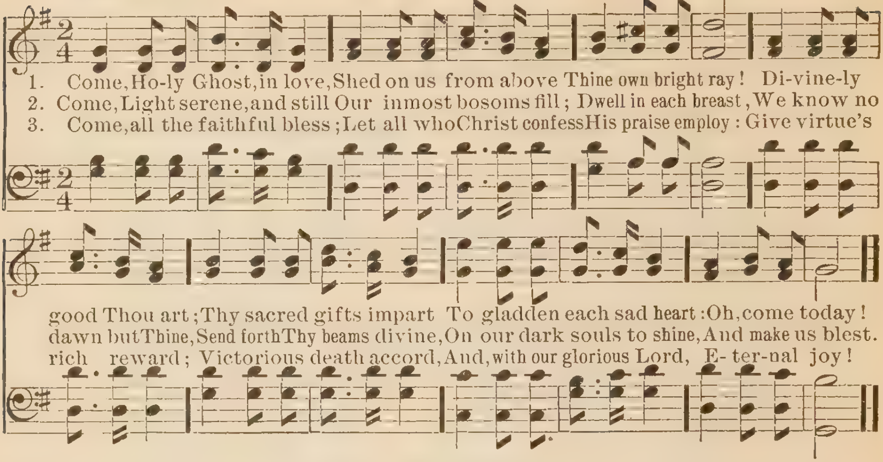

Fine.
1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith-ful guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side
Gent - ly lead us, by the hand, Pil-grims in a des - ert land;
D.C. Whis - per soft - ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."
D.C.
Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet-est voice

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near, Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness here;
When the storms are raging sore
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, "Wand'rer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Trusting that our names are there,
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood,
Whisper softly, "Wand'rer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

## New Haven. 6, 4.

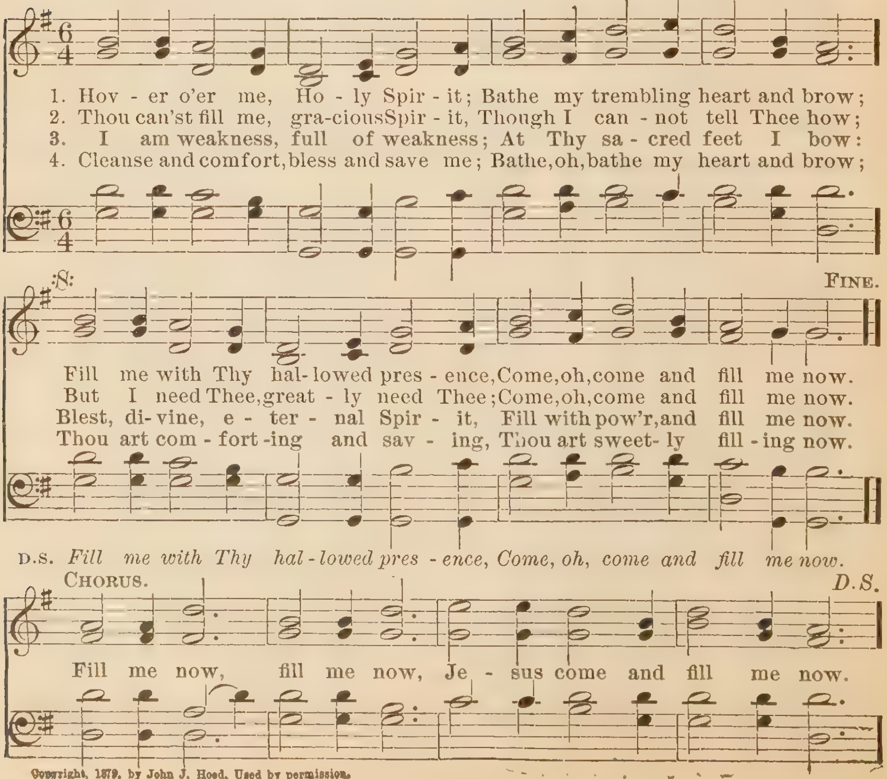
Robert II., King of France. Tr. by R. Palmer. Thomas Hastings.


1. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, in love, Shed on us from above Thine own bright ray! Di-vine-ly
2. Come, Light serene, and still Our inmost bosoms fill; Dwell in each breast, We know no
3. Come, all the faithful bless; Let all who Christ confess His praise employ: Give virtue's
good Thou art; Thy sacred gifts impart To gladden each sad heart: Oh, come today!
dawn but Thine, Send forth Thy beams divine, On our dark souls to shine, And make us blest.
rich reward; Victorious death accord, And, with our glorious Lord, E-ter-nal joy!

## 95

## Fill Me Now.

E. H. Stokes, D. D. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it; Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
2. Thou can'st fill me, gra-cious Spir - it, Though I can - not tell Thee how;
3. I am weakness, full of weakness; At Thy sa - cred feet I bow:
4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me; Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;
𝄋
Fine.
Fill me with Thy hal-lowed pres - ence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
But I need Thee, great - ly need Thee; Come, oh, come and fill me now.
Blest, di-vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with pow'r, and fill me now.
Thou art com - fort-ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet-ly fill-ing now.
D.S. Fill me with Thy hal-lowed pres - ence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
Chorus.
D.S.
Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus come and fill me now.

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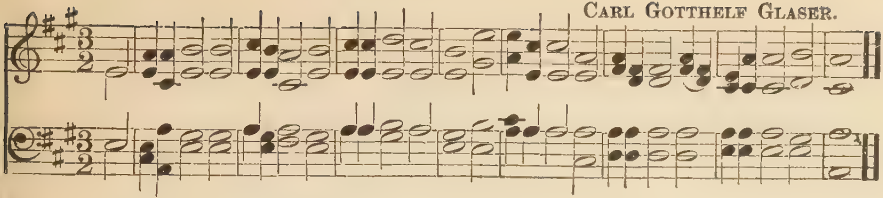
# Azmon. C. M.

CARL GOTTHELF GLASER.



## 96 Enthroned on High.

1 Enthroned on high, almighty Lord,
The Holy Ghost send down;
Fulfil in us Thy faithful word,
And all Thy mercies crown.

2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,—
Thy Spirit in our heart.

3 Spirit of life, and light, and love,
Thy heavenly influence give;
Quicken our souls, our guilt remove,
That we in Christ may live.

4 To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of his grace,
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of His face.

5 His love within us shed abroad,
Life's ever springing well;
Fill God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell.

THOMAS HAWEIS.

## 97 Jesus, Thine All-victorious.

1 Jesus, Thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

2 Oh, that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire
And make the mountains flow!

3 Oh, that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come!

4 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
catter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

5 My steadfast soul from falling free,
Shall then no longer move;
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

CHAS. WESLEY.

## 98 Jesus, My Life.

1 Jesus, my life, Thyself apply,
Thy Holy Spirit breathe;
My vile affections crucify;
Conform me to Thy death.

2 Conqueror of hell and earth and sin,
Still with the rebel strive;
Enter my soul, and work within,
And kill, and make alive.

3 More of Thy life, and more I have,
As the old Adam dies;
Bury me, Saviour, in Thy grave,
That I with Thee may rise.

4 Reign in me, Lord; Thy foes control
Who would not own Thy sway;
Diffuse Thine image through my soul;
Shine to Thy perfect day.

5 Scatter the last remains of sin,
And seal me Thine abode;
Oh, make me glorious all within,
A temple built by God!

CHAS WESLEY.

## 99 Holy Father.

*Tune, Breathe Upon Us,*

1 Holy Father, Thou hast spoken
Words beyond our grasp of thought,
Words of grace and power unbroken,
With mysterious glory fraught.

2 Take us, Lord, oh, take us truly,
Mind and soul, and heart and will;
Empty us and cleanse us throughly,
Then with all Thy fulness fill.

3 Lord, we ask it, hardly knowing
What this wondrous gift may be;
Yet fulfill to overflowing,—
Thy great meaning let us see.

4 Make us in Thy royal palace,
Vessels worthy for the King;
From Thy fullness fill our chalice
From Thy never-failing spring

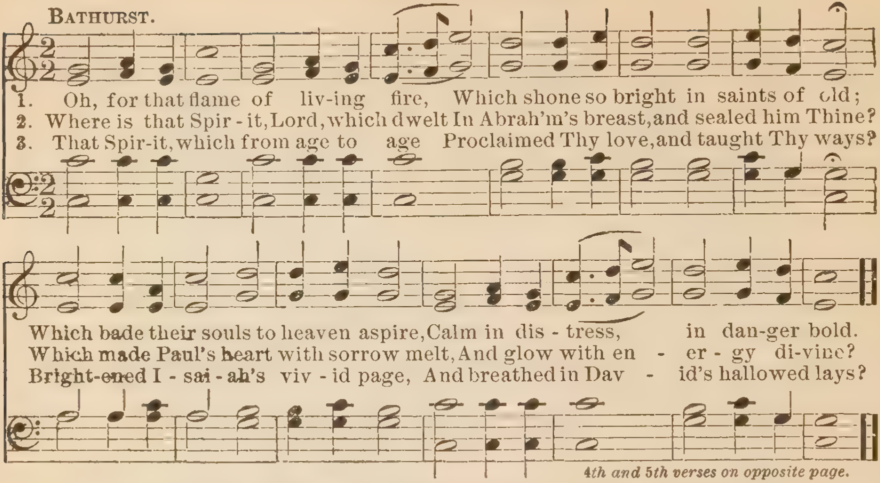
5 Father, by this blessèd filling,
Dwell Thyself in us we pray!
We are waiting, Thou art willing
Fill us with Thyself to-day!

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

## 100 O for that Flame. C. M.

Tune, SESSIONS.

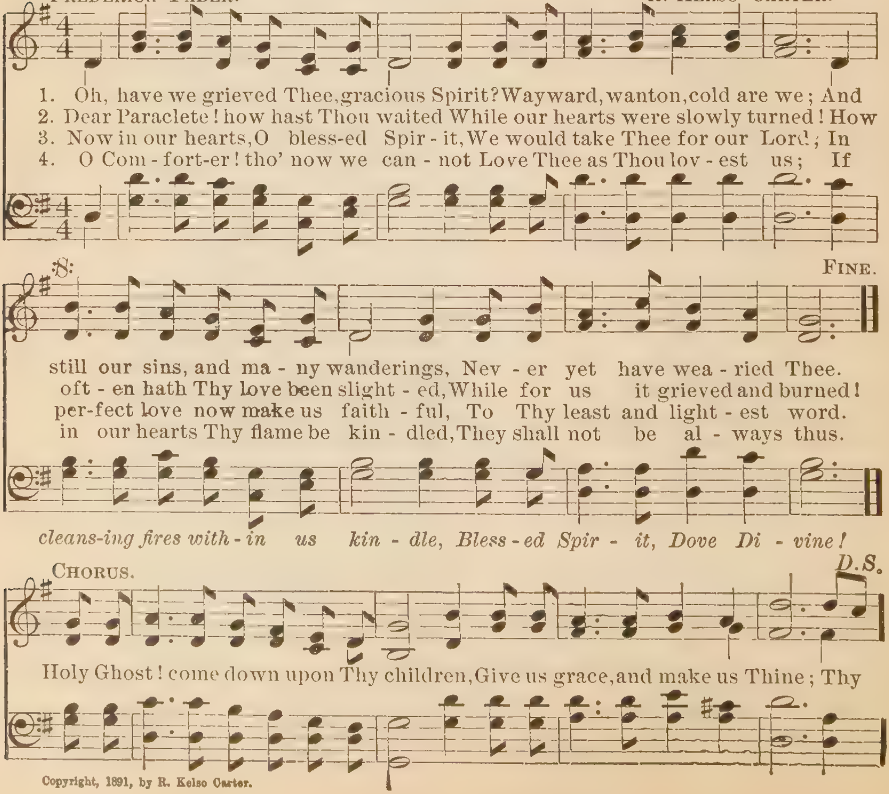
BATHURST.


1. Oh, for that flame of liv-ing fire, Which shone so bright in saints of old;
2. Where is that Spir-it, Lord, which dwelt In Abrah'm's breast, and sealed him Thine?
3. That Spir-it, which from age to age Proclaimed Thy love, and taught Thy ways?
Which bade their souls to heaven aspire, Calm in dis-tress, in dan-ger bold.
Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt, And glow with en-er-gy di-vine?
Bright-ened I-sai-ah's viv-id page, And breathed in Dav-id's hallowed lays?

*4th and 5th verses on opposite page.*

## 101 Oh, Have We Grieved Thee?

FREDERICK FABER. R. KELSO CARTER.


1. Oh, have we grieved Thee, gracious Spirit? Wayward, wanton, cold are we; And
2. Dear Paraclete! how hast Thou waited While our hearts were slowly turned! How
3. Now in our hearts, O bless-ed Spir-it, We would take Thee for our Lord; In
4. O Com-fort-er! tho' now we can-not Love Thee as Thou lov-est us; If
𝄋
FINE.
still our sins, and ma-ny wanderings, Nev-er yet have wea-ried Thee.
oft-en hath Thy love been slight-ed, While for us it grieved and burned!
per-fect love now make us faith-ful, To Thy least and light-est word.
in our hearts Thy flame be kin-dled, They shall not be al-ways thus.
cleans-ing fires with-in us kin-dle, Bless-ed Spir-it, Dove Di-vine!
CHORUS.
D.S.
Holy Ghost! come down upon Thy children, Give us grace, and make us Thine; Thy

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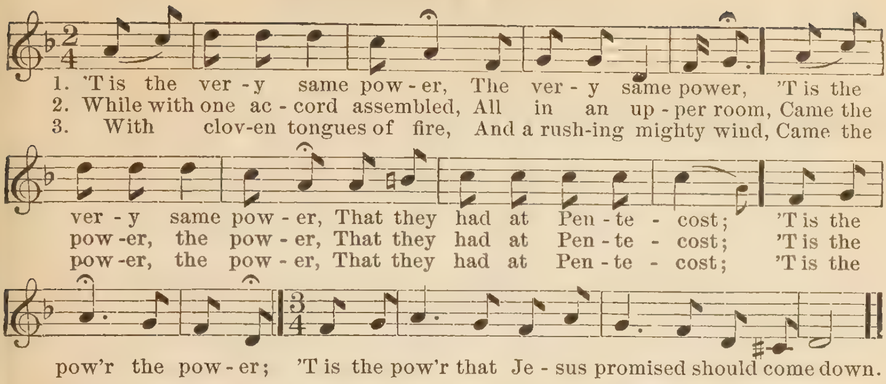
## Pentecostal Power.


1. 'T is the ver - y same pow - er, The ver - y same power, 'T is the ver - y same pow - er, That they had at Pen - te - cost;
2. While with one ac - cord assembled, All in an up - per room, Came the pow - er, the pow - er, That they had at Pen - te - cost;
3. With clov-en tongues of fire, And a rush-ing mighty wind, Came the pow - er, the pow - er, That they had at Pen - te - cost;
'T is the pow'r the pow - er; 'T is the pow'r that Je - sus promised should come down.

4 'T was while they were all praying,
And believing it would come,
Came the power, etc.

5 Some thought they were fanatic,
Or were drunken with new wine;
'T was the power, etc.

6 Three thousand were converted,
And were added to the church,
By the power, etc.

7 The martyrs had this power,
As they triumphed in the flames;
'T was the power, etc.

8 Our fathers had this power,
And we may have it too;
'T is the power, etc.

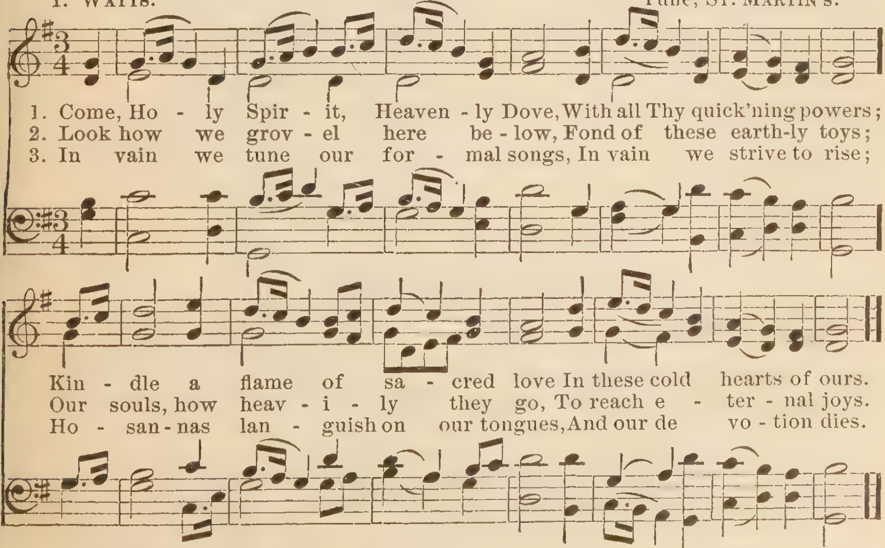
9 'T is the very same power,
For I feel it in my soul;
'T is the power, etc.

103

## Come, Holy Spirit. C. M.

I. WATTS.

TUNE, ST. MARTIN'S.

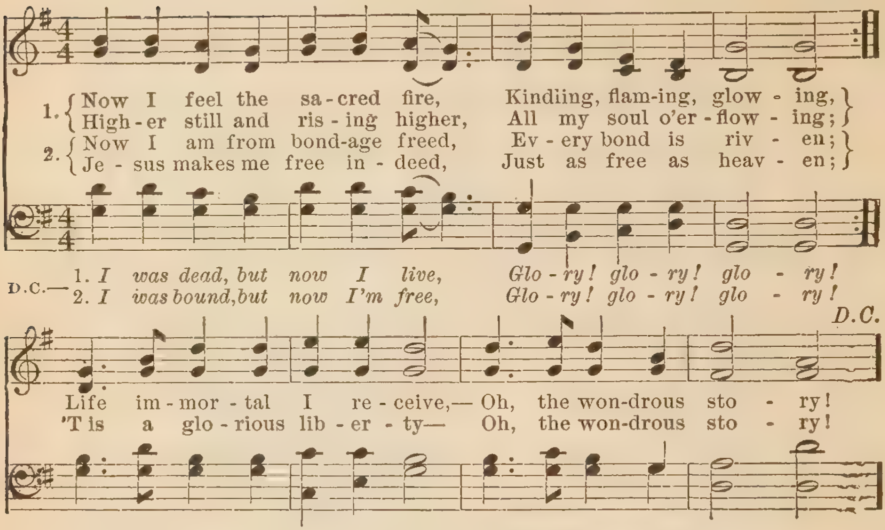

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heaven - ly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning powers; Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
2. Look how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earth-ly toys; Our souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
3. In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In vain we strive to rise; Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de vo - tion dies.

4 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love
And that shall kindle ours.

## 104 Now I Feel the Sacred Fire.

Arr. by R. Kelso Carter.


Fine.
1. { Now I feel the sa-cred fire, Kindling, flam-ing, glow - ing, }
{ High-er still and ris-ing higher, All my soul o'er-flow - ing; }
2. { Now I am from bond-age freed, Ev-ery bond is riv - en; }
{ Je-sus makes me free in-deed, Just as free as heav - en; }
D.C.— 1. I was dead, but now I live, Glo-ry! glo-ry! glo - ry!
2. I was bound, but now I'm free, Glo-ry! glo-ry! glo - ry!
D.C.
Life im-mor-tal I re-ceive,— Oh, the won-drous sto - ry!
'T is a glo-rious lib-er-ty— Oh, the won-drous sto - ry!

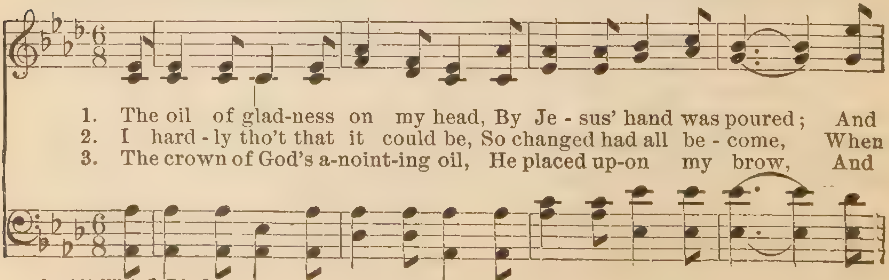
3 Let the testimony roll,
Roll through every nation;
Witnessing from soul to soul,
This immense salvation;
Now I know it 's full and free,
Oh, the wondrous story!
For I feel it saving me,
Glory! glory! glory!

4 Glory be to God on high,
Glory be to Jesus!
He hath brought salvation nigh,
From all sin He frees us;
Let the golden harps of God
Ring the wondrous story;
Let the pilgrim shout aloud,
Glory! glory! glory!

5 Let the trump of jubilee,
The glad tidings thunder;
Jesus sets the captives free,
Bursts their bonds asunder;
Fetters break and dungeons fall,
Oh, the wondrous story!
This salvation 's free to all.
Glory! glory! glory!

## 105 The Oil of Gladness.

Manie Payne Ferguson. R. Kelso Carter.


1. The oil of glad-ness on my head, By Je-sus' hand was poured; And
2. I hard-ly tho't that it could be, So changed had all be-come, When
3. The crown of God's a-noint-ing oil, He placed up-on my brow, And

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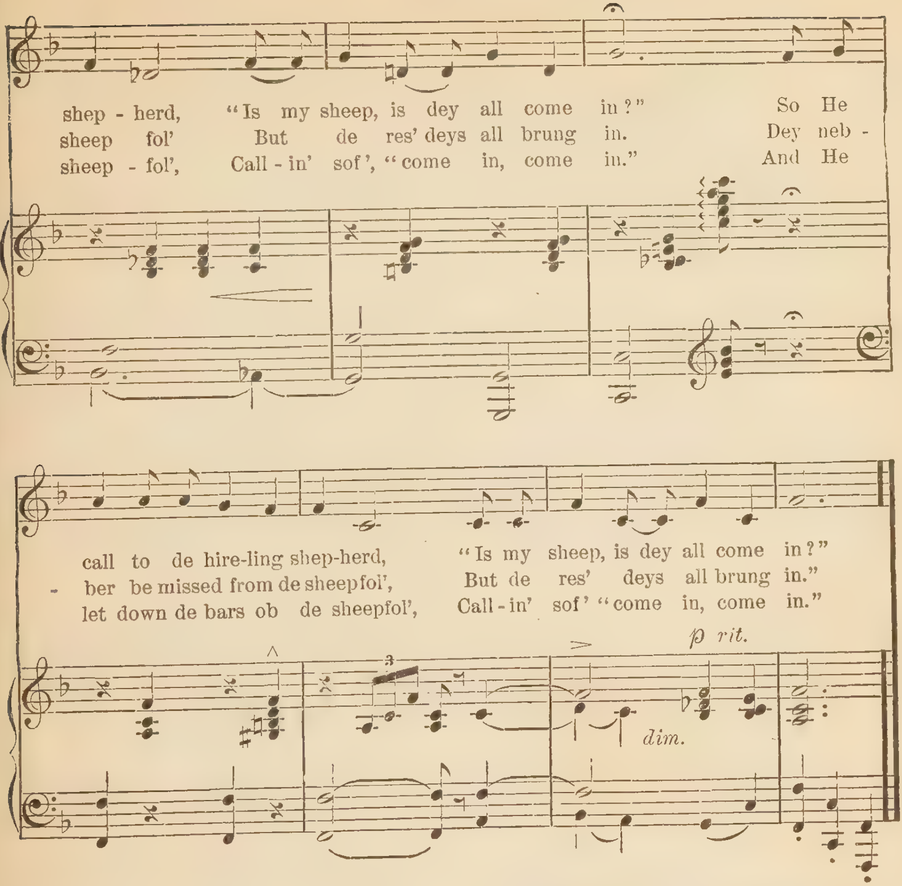
# De Massa ob de Sheepfol'. Concluded.


shep - herd, "Is my sheep, is dey all come in?" So He
sheep fol' But de res' deys all brung in. Dey neb -
sheep - fol', Call - in' sof', "come in, come in." And He
call to de hire-ling shep-herd, "Is my sheep, is dey all come in?"
- ber be missed from de sheepfol', But de res' deys all brung in."
let down de bars ob de sheepfol', Call - in' sof' "come in, come in."
p rit.
dim.
3

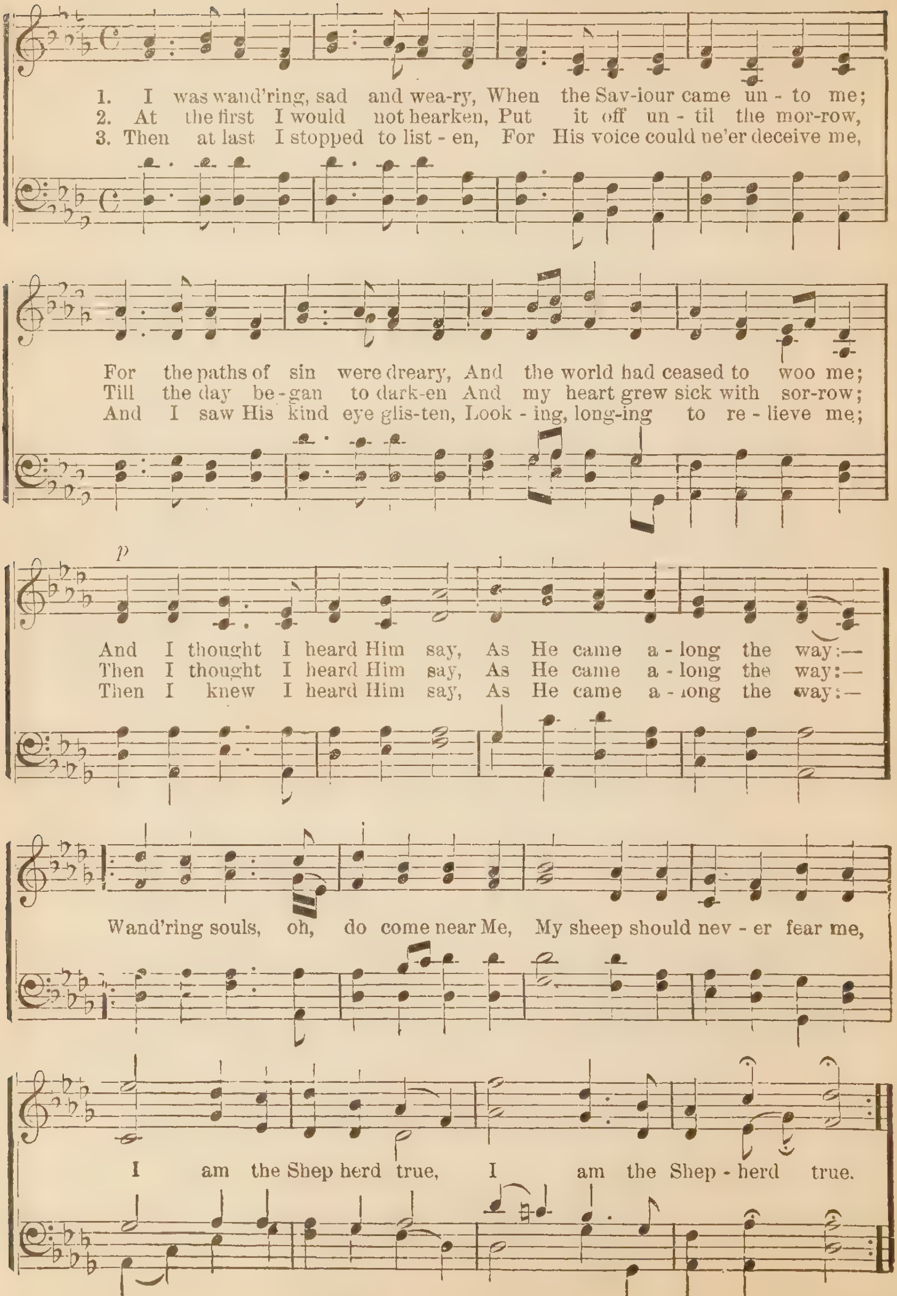
4 Den up thro' de gloomerin' meadows,
  In de cool night rain and win',
And up thro' de slippery rain paf,
  Whar de sleet falls piercin' thin;
De poo' lost sheep ob de sheepfol',
  Dey all comes gadderin' in:
De poo' lost sheep ob de sheepfol'
  Dey all comes gadderin' in.

5 Would you know de blessed Massa?
  Who keeps de sheepfol' bin
On de cross He died to save us,
  An' cleanse our poo' hearts from sin.
He has left de bars wide open,
  An' is callin' sof', "come in:"
He has left de bars wide open,
  An' is callin' sof', "come in."

6 Dere is none too old an' worfless,
  Dere is none too poo' and thin,
To fin' a smile an' a welcome,
  At de gate ob de sheepfol' bin;
Can't you see de Massa standin'?
  An' He's callin' sof' "come in;"
Can't you see de Massa standin'?
  An' He's callin' sof', "come in."

# The Shepherd True.

Anon
Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. I was wand'ring, sad and wea-ry, When the Sav-iour came un - to me;
2. At the first I would not hearken, Put it off un - til the mor-row,
3. Then at last I stopped to list - en, For His voice could ne'er deceive me,
For the paths of sin were dreary, And the world had ceased to woo me;
Till the day be-gan to dark-en And my heart grew sick with sor-row;
And I saw His kind eye glis-ten, Look - ing, long-ing to re - lieve me;
p
And I thought I heard Him say, As He came a - long the way:—
Then I thought I heard Him say, As He came a - long the way:—
Then I knew I heard Him say, As He came a - long the way:—
Wand'ring souls, oh, do come near Me, My sheep should nev - er fear me,
I am the Shep herd true, I am the Shep - herd true.

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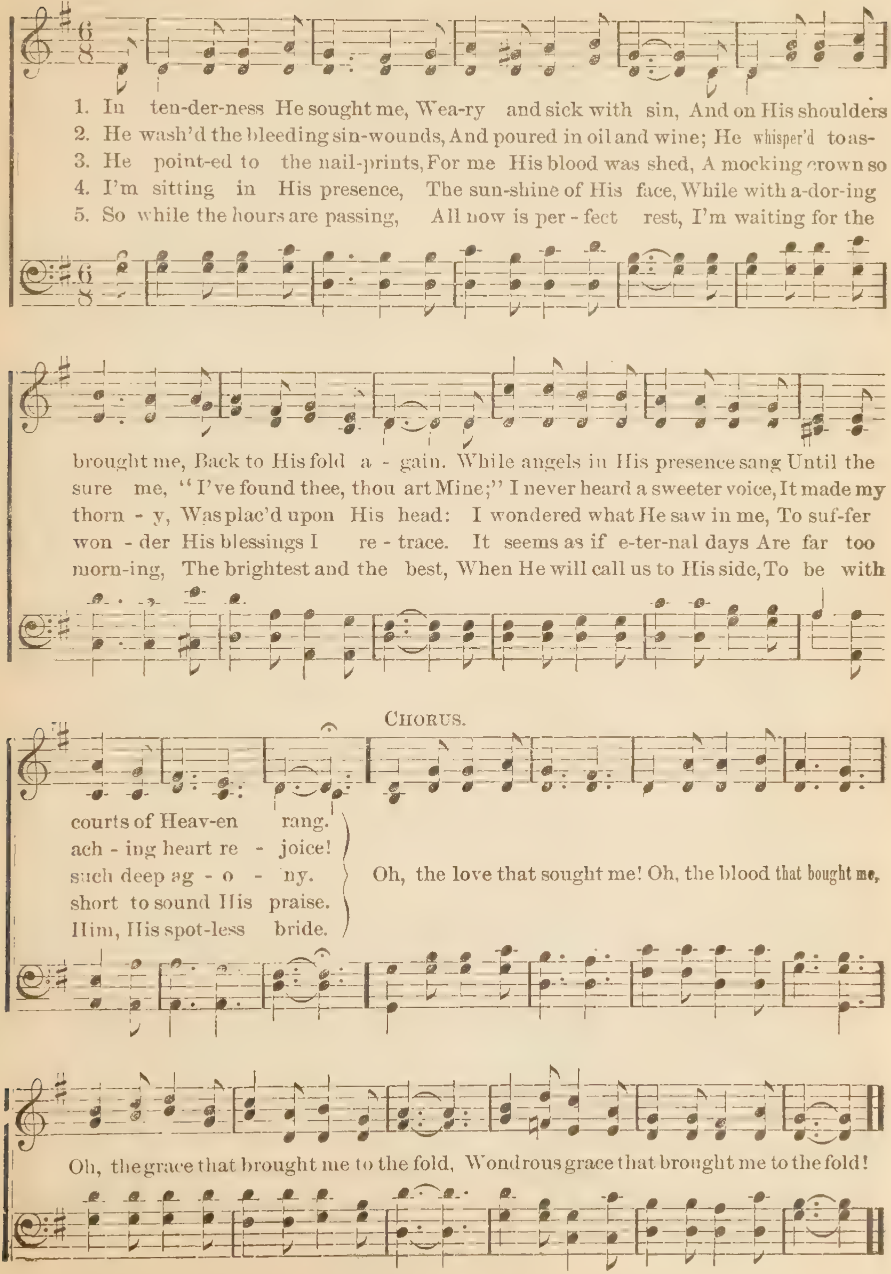
# In Tenderness He Sought Me.

W. SPENCER WALTON. By per. A. J. GORDON.


1. In ten-der-ness He sought me, Wea-ry and sick with sin, And on His shoulders
2. He wash'd the bleeding sin-wounds, And poured in oil and wine; He whisper'd to as-
3. He point-ed to the nail-prints, For me His blood was shed, A mocking crown so
4. I'm sitting in His presence, The sun-shine of His face, While with a-dor-ing
5. So while the hours are passing, All now is per - fect rest, I'm waiting for the
brought me, Back to His fold a - gain. While angels in His presence sang Until the
sure me, "I've found thee, thou art Mine;" I never heard a sweeter voice, It made my
thorn - y, Was plac'd upon His head: I wondered what He saw in me, To suf-fer
won - der His blessings I re - trace. It seems as if e-ter-nal days Are far too
morn-ing, The brightest and the best, When He will call us to His side, To be with
CHORUS.
courts of Heav-en rang.
ach - ing heart re - joice!
such deep ag - o - ny.
short to sound His praise.
Him, His spot-less bride.
Oh, the love that sought me! Oh, the blood that bought me,
Oh, the grace that brought me to the fold, Wondrous grace that brought me to the fold!

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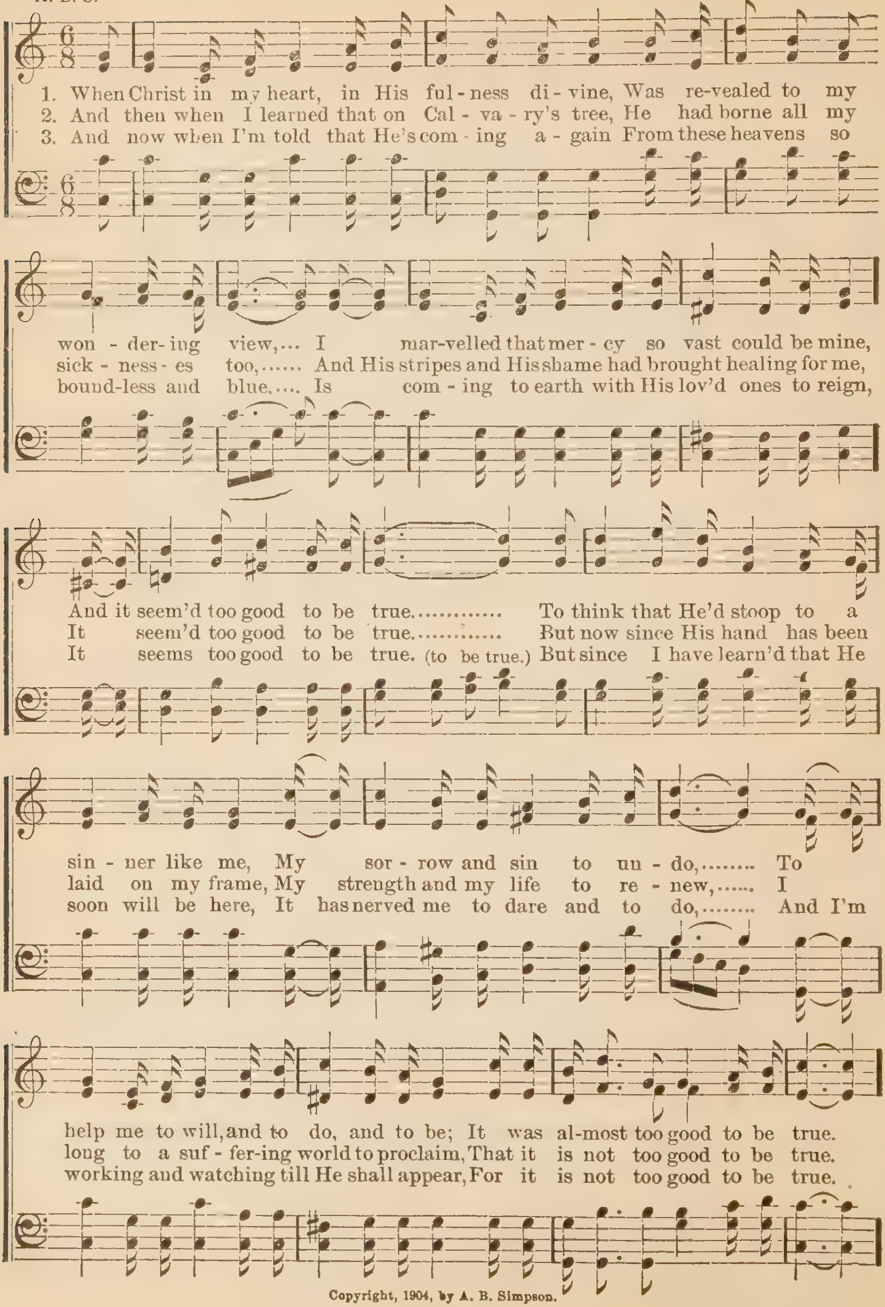
# It Seems Too Good to Be True.

A. B. S.  MARGARET M. SIMPSON.


1. When Christ in my heart, in His ful-ness di-vine, Was re-vealed to my
2. And then when I learned that on Cal-va-ry's tree, He had borne all my
3. And now when I'm told that He's com-ing a-gain From these heavens so
won-der-ing view,... I mar-velled that mer-cy so vast could be mine,
sick-ness-es too,...... And His stripes and His shame had brought healing for me,
bound-less and blue,.... Is com-ing to earth with His lov'd ones to reign,
And it seem'd too good to be true............ To think that He'd stoop to a
It seem'd too good to be true............ But now since His hand has been
It seems too good to be true. (to be true.) But since I have learn'd that He
sin-ner like me, My sor-row and sin to un-do,........ To
laid on my frame, My strength and my life to re-new,...... I
soon will be here, It has nerved me to dare and to do,........ And I'm
help me to will, and to do, and to be; It was al-most too good to be true.
long to a suf-fer-ing world to proclaim, That it is not too good to be true.
working and watching till He shall appear, For it is not too good to be true.

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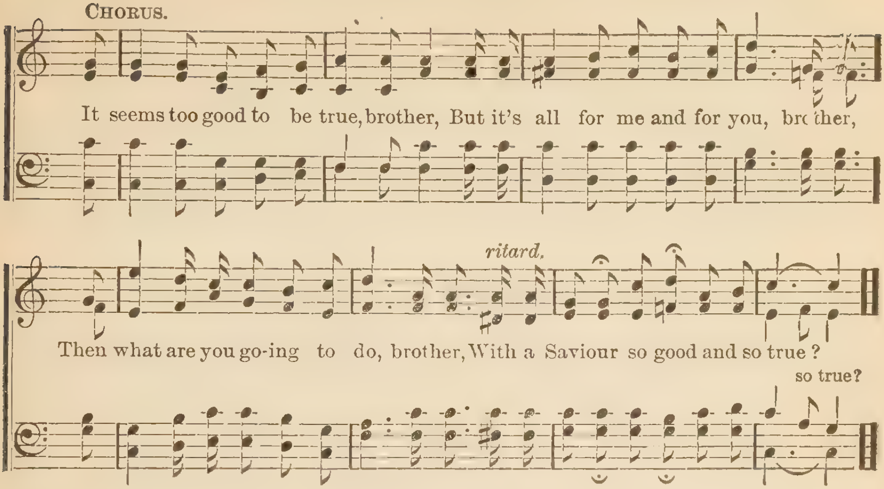
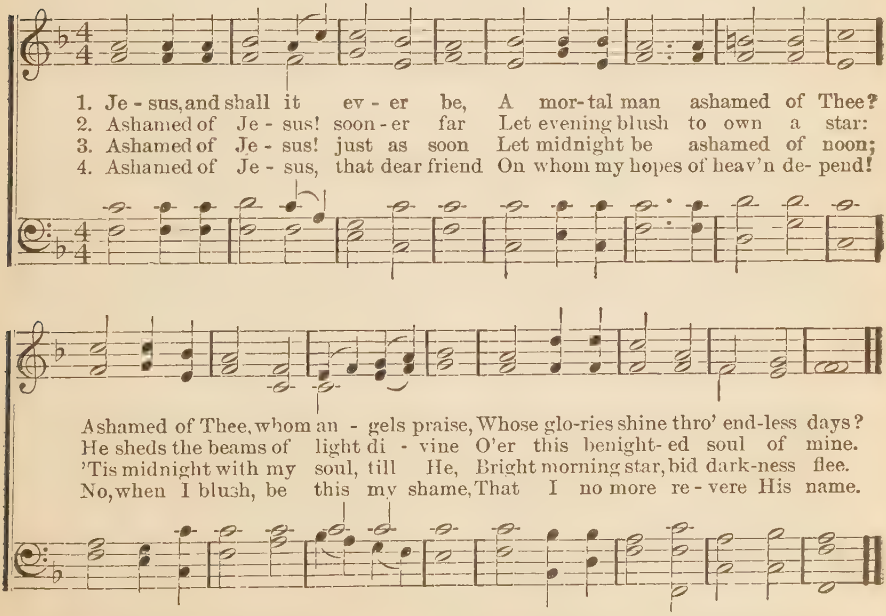
# It Seems Too Good to Be True.—Concluded.


CHORUS.
It seems too good to be true, brother, But it's all for me and for you, brother,
Then what are you go-ing to do, brother, With a Saviour so good and so true?
so true?
ritard.

# Jesus, and Shall it Ever Be?

J. GRIGG.

H. K. OLIVER.


1. Je-sus, and shall it ev-er be, A mor-tal man ashamed of Thee?
2. Ashamed of Je-sus! soon-er far Let evening blush to own a star:
3. Ashamed of Je-sus! just as soon Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
4. Ashamed of Je-sus, that dear friend On whom my hopes of heav'n de-pend!
Ashamed of Thee, whom an-gels praise, Whose glo-ries shine thro' end-less days?
He sheds the beams of light di-vine O'er this benight-ed soul of mine.
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He, Bright morning star, bid dark-ness flee.
No, when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re-vere His name.

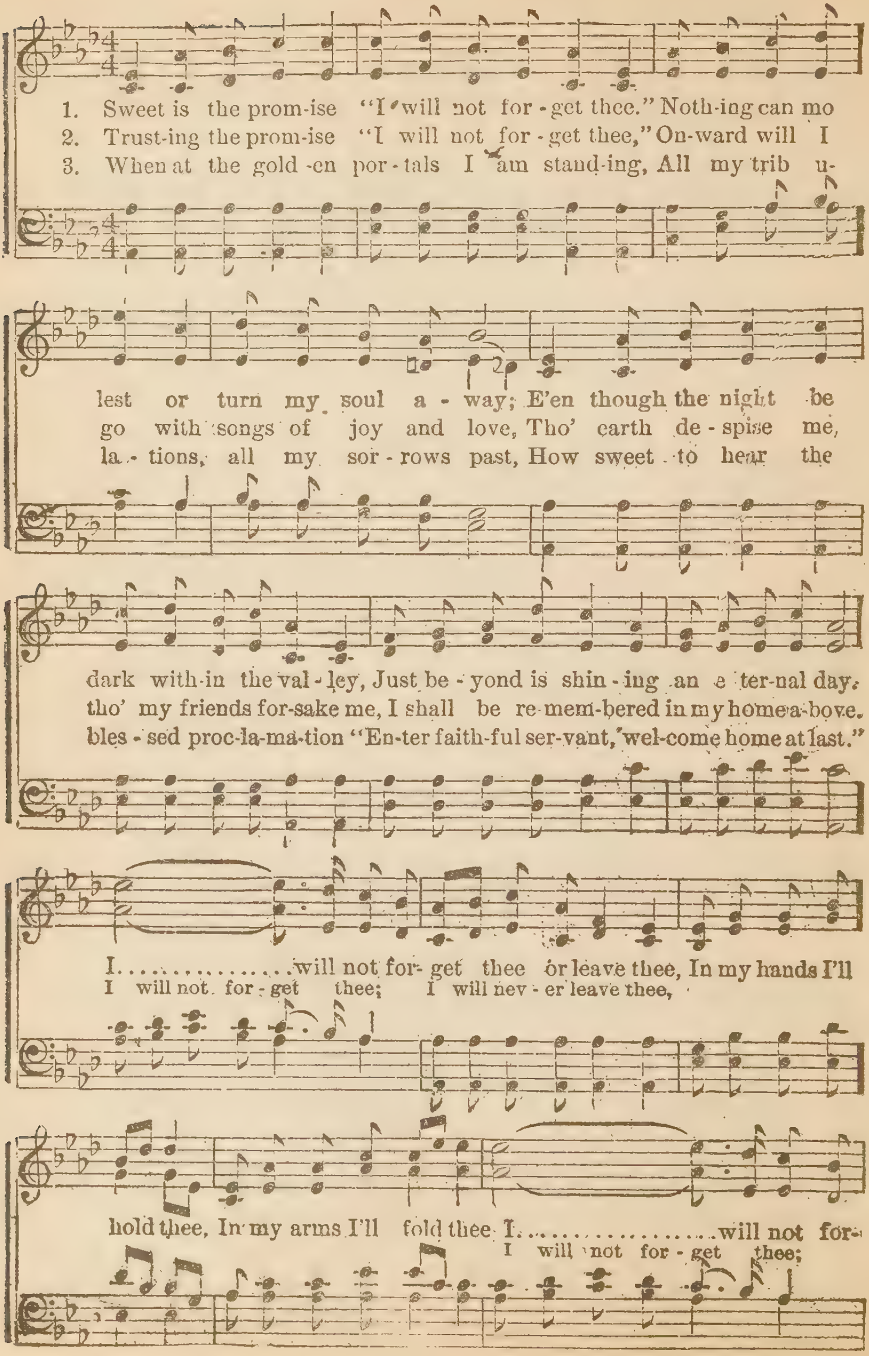
5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

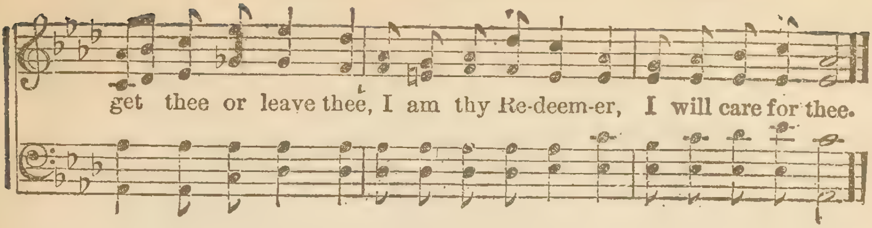
131

# I Will Not Forget Thee.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

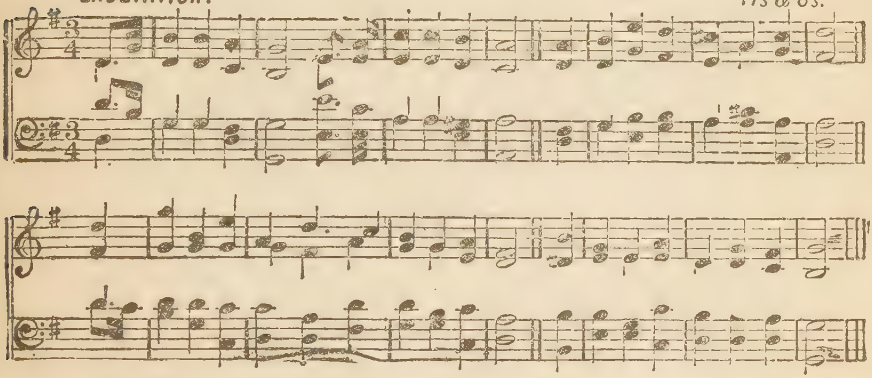

1. Sweet is the prom-ise "I will not for-get thee." Noth-ing can mo
2. Trust-ing the prom-ise "I will not for-get thee," On-ward will I
3. When at the gold-en por-tals I am stand-ing, All my trib u-
lest or turn my soul a-way; E'en though the night be
go with songs of joy and love, Tho' earth de-spise me,
la-tions, all my sor-rows past, How sweet to hear the
dark with-in the val-ley, Just be-yond is shin-ing an e-ter-nal day.
tho' my friends for-sake me, I shall be re-mem-bered in my home a-bove.
bles-sed proc-la-ma-tion "En-ter faith-ful ser-vant, wel-come home at last."
I................will not for-get thee or leave thee, In my hands I'll
I will not for-get thee; I will nev-er leave thee,
hold thee, In my arms I'll fold thee. I....................will not for-
I will not for-get thee;

# "I Will Not Forget Thee," Concluded.


get thee or leave thee, I am thy Re-deem-er, I will care for thee.

## 132 They Sang of Redemption.

*EXULTATION.* 11s & 8s.



They sang of the break of redemption's glad morn,
The Holy had longed to behold;
They sang of a Saviour in Bethlehem born,
So long by the prophets foretold;

They sang of good-will from our God unto men,
Of peace to a valley of tears;
They sang of salvation from death and from sin,
A balm from our sorrows and fears.

"Then glory to God in the highest!" I'll sing,
For I am a sinner on earth;
I'll welcome the tidings of mercy that bring
The news of Emmanuel's birth.

I'll go to His cross, though a sinner defiled,
And wash in the fountain of blood;
I'll pray for the grace that can strengthen a child,
And bring Him at last to his God.

UNKNOWN, CIR. 1875 ?

## 133 To Him That Loved.

To Him that loved the souls of men,
And washed us in His blood,
To royal honors raised our head,
And made us priests to God;—

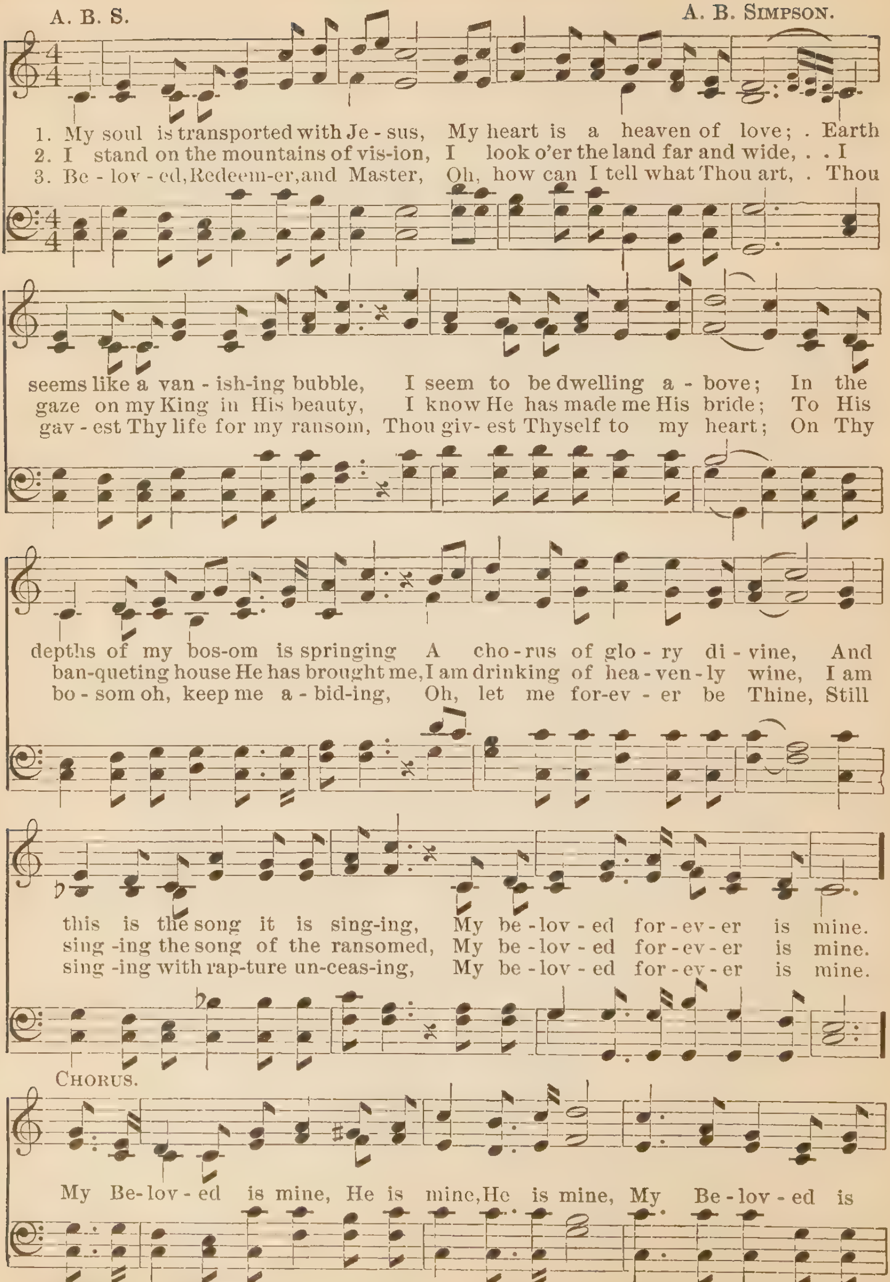
To Him let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love!
All grateful honors paid on earth,
And nobler songs above!

Behold, on flying clouds He comes!
His saints shall bless the day;
While they that pierced Him sadly mourn
In anguish and dismay.

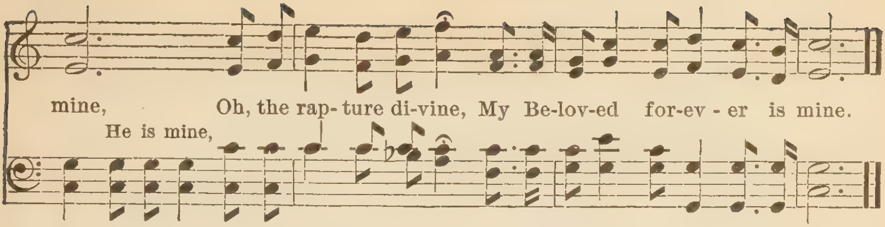
Thou art the first, and Thou the last;
Time centres all in Thee,
The Almighty God, who was, and is,
And evermore shall be.

# My Beloved is Mine.

A. B. S. A. B. SIMPSON.


1. My soul is transported with Je - sus, My heart is a heaven of love; . Earth
2. I stand on the mountains of vis-ion, I look o'er the land far and wide, . . I
3. Be - lov - ed, Redeem-er, and Master, Oh, how can I tell what Thou art, . Thou
seems like a van - ish-ing bubble, I seem to be dwelling a - bove; In the
gaze on my King in His beauty, I know He has made me His bride; To His
gav - est Thy life for my ransom, Thou giv- est Thyself to my heart; On Thy
depths of my bos-om is springing A cho-rus of glo - ry di - vine, And
ban-queting house He has brought me, I am drinking of hea - ven - ly wine, I am
bo - som oh, keep me a - bid-ing, Oh, let me for-ev - er be Thine, Still
this is the song it is sing-ing, My be - lov - ed for - ev - er is mine.
sing -ing the song of the ransomed, My be - lov - ed for - ev - er is mine.
sing -ing with rap-ture un-ceas-ing, My be - lov - ed for - ev - er is mine.
CHORUS.
My Be- lov - ed is mine, He is mine, He is mine, My Be - lov - ed is

Copyright, 1891, by A. B. Simpson.

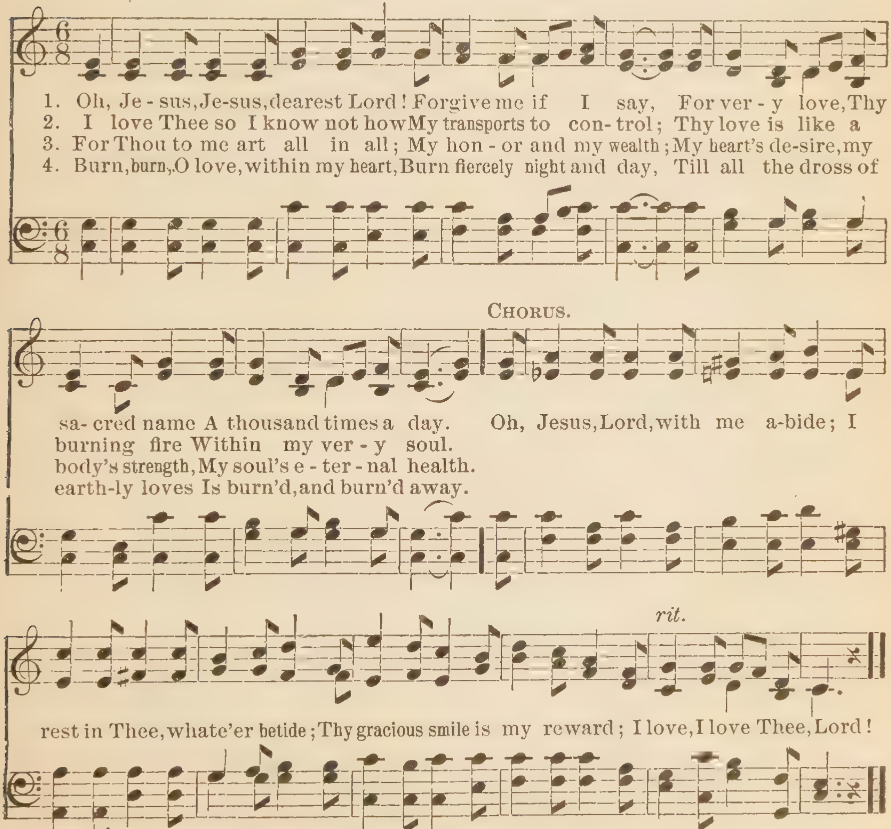

mine, Oh, the rap- ture di-vine, My Be-lov-ed for-ev - er is mine.
He is mine,

# 135

## Oh, Jesus, Jesus.

Rev. F. W. Faber,
Chorus by R. K. C.

Arr. from Taubert by
R. Kelso Carter.


1. Oh, Je - sus, Je-sus, dearest Lord! Forgive me if I say, For ver - y love, Thy sa- cred name A thousand times a day.
2. I love Thee so I know not how My transports to con- trol; Thy love is like a burning fire Within my ver - y soul.
3. For Thou to me art all in all; My hon - or and my wealth; My heart's de-sire, my body's strength, My soul's e - ter - nal health.
4. Burn, burn, O love, within my heart, Burn fiercely night and day, Till all the dross of earth-ly loves Is burn'd, and burn'd away.
Chorus.
Oh, Jesus, Lord, with me a-bide; I rest in Thee, whate'er betide; Thy gracious smile is my reward; I love, I love Thee, Lord!
rit.

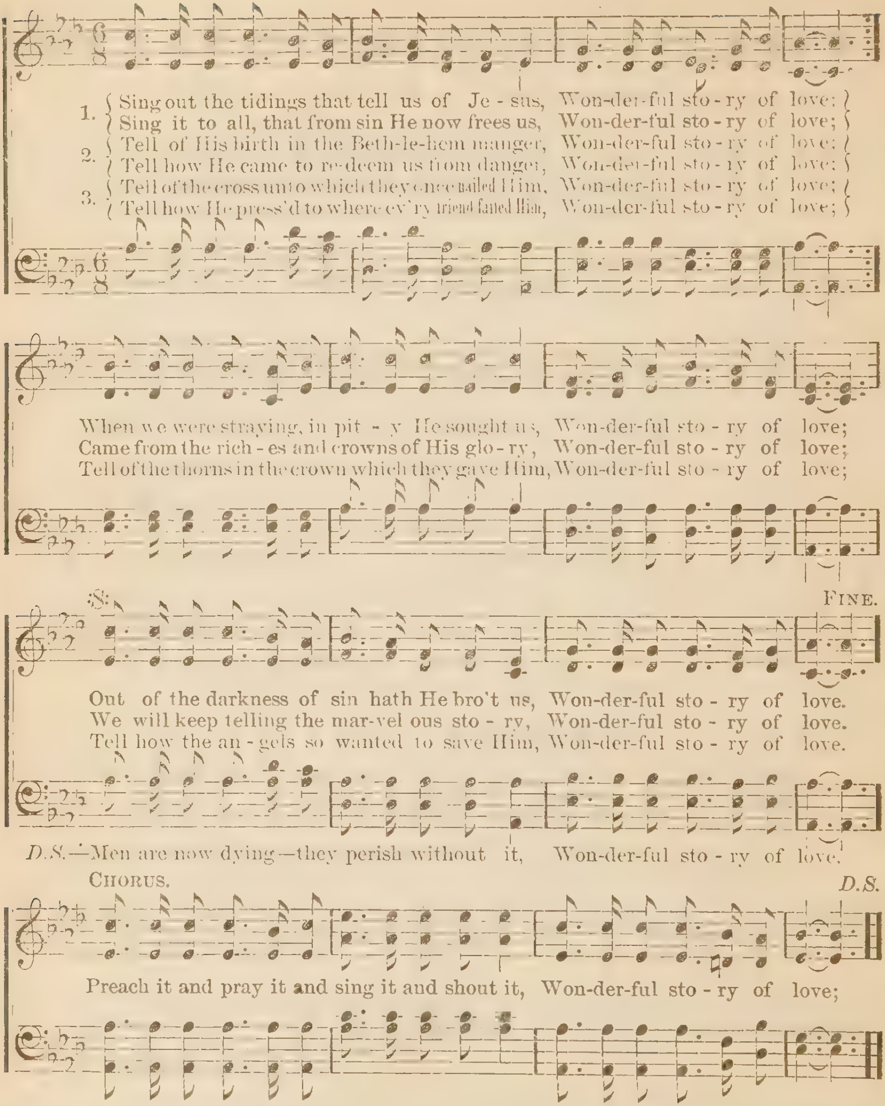
Copyright, 1886, by John J. Hood. From "Songs of Perfect Love," by per.

5 O light in darkness, joy in grief
O heaven begun on earth;
Jesus, my love, my treasure, who
Can tell what Thou art worth?

6 What limit is there to this love?
Thy flight, where wilt Thou stay?
On, on! our Lord is sweeter far
To-day than yesterday.

# Wonderful Story of Love.

L. L. P. L. L. PICKETT.


1. Sing out the tidings that tell us of Je - sus, Won-der-ful sto - ry of love;
Sing it to all, that from sin He now frees us, Won-der-ful sto - ry of love;
2. Tell of His birth in the Beth-le-hem manger, Won-der-ful sto - ry of love;
Tell how He came to re-deem us from danger, Won-der-ful sto - ry of love;
3. Tell of the cross unto which they once nailed Him, Won-der-ful sto - ry of love;
Tell how He press'd to where ev'ry friend failed Him, Won-der-ful sto - ry of love;
When we were straying, in pit - y He sought us, Won-der-ful sto - ry of love;
Came from the rich - es and crowns of His glo - ry, Won-der-ful sto - ry of love;
Tell of the thorns in the crown which they gave Him, Won-der-ful sto - ry of love;
Out of the darkness of sin hath He bro't us, Won-der-ful sto - ry of love.
We will keep telling the mar-vel ous sto - ry, Won-der-ful sto - ry of love.
Tell how the an - gels so wanted to save Him, Won-der-ful sto - ry of love.
D.S.—Men are now dying—they perish without it, Won-der-ful sto - ry of love.
FINE.
CHORUS.
Preach it and pray it and sing it and shout it, Won-der-ful sto - ry of love;
D.S.

4 Tell of the tree upon which He did languish,
Wonderful story of love,
How for poor sinners He suffered in anguish,
Wonderful story of love;
Tell of the tomb of the rich where they laid Him,
Wonderful story of love,
Tell it till all have received and obeyed Him,
Wonderful story of love.

5 Tell how He rose from the grave and ascended,
Wonderful story of love,
Rose in great triumph, His sorrows all ended,
Wonderful story of love;
Soon He is coming in glory and power,
Wonderful story of love,
Robed and rejoicing, we hail the glad hour,
Wonderful story of love.

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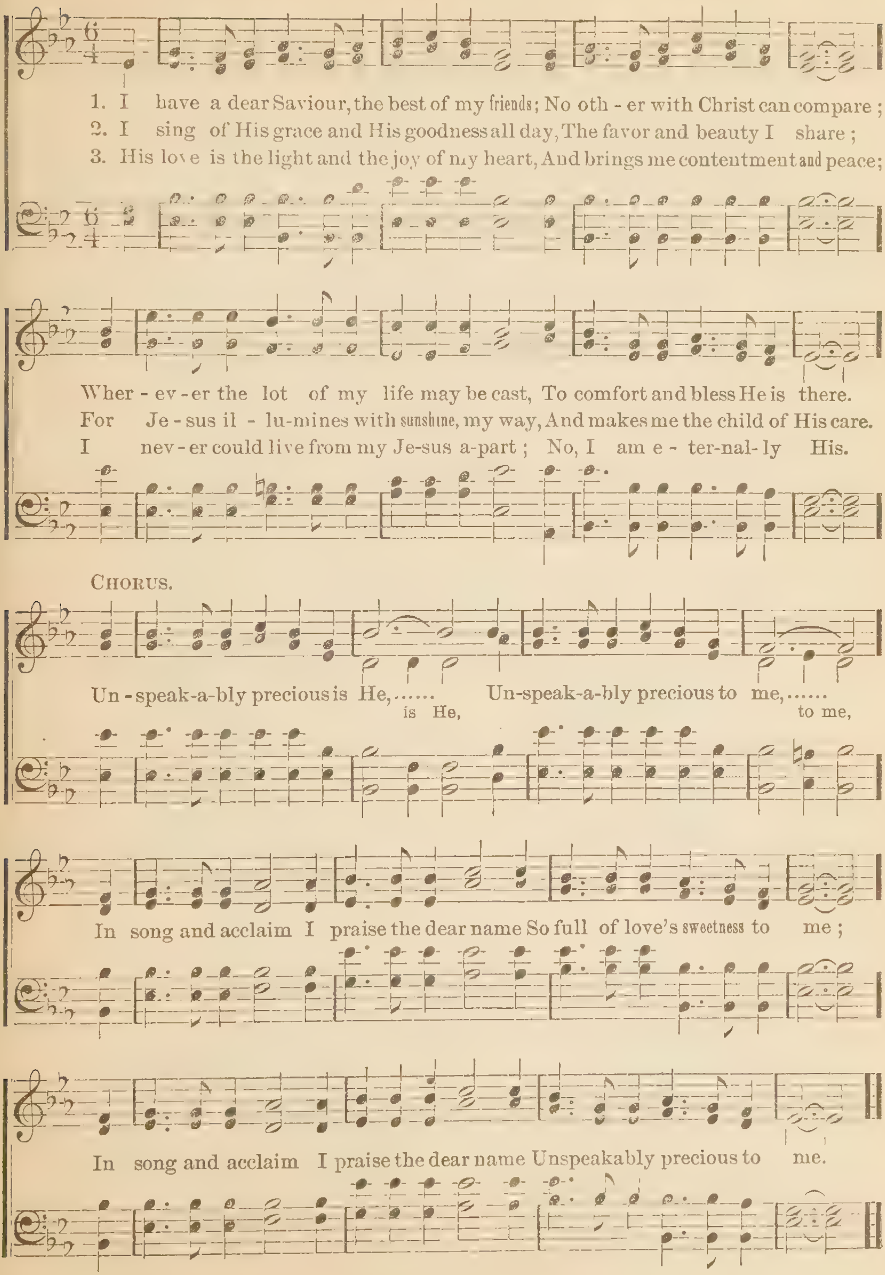
137

# Unspeakably Precious is He.

E. A. H.

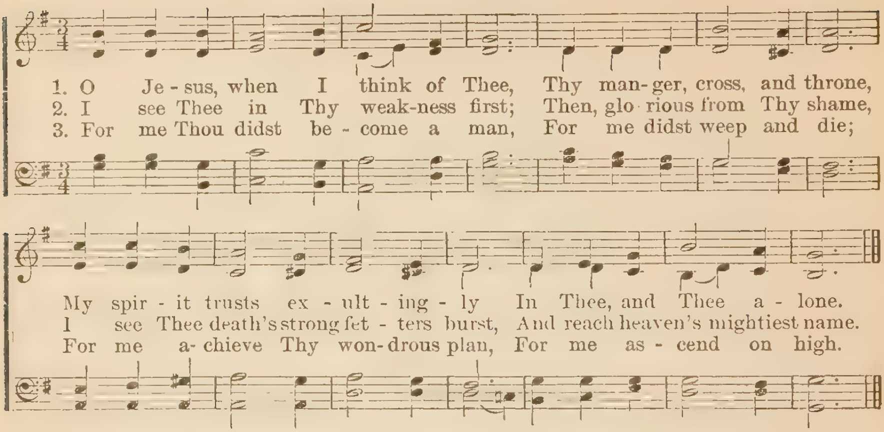
ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.


1. I have a dear Saviour, the best of my friends; No oth - er with Christ can compare ;
2. I sing of His grace and His goodness all day, The favor and beauty I share ;
3. His love is the light and the joy of my heart, And brings me contentment and peace;
Wher - ev - er the lot of my life may be cast, To comfort and bless He is there.
For Je - sus il - lu-mines with sunshine, my way, And makes me the child of His care.
I nev - er could live from my Je-sus a-part ; No, I am e - ter-nal- ly His.
CHORUS.
Un - speak-a-bly precious is He,......
is He,
Un-speak-a-bly precious to me,......
to me,
In song and acclaim I praise the dear name So full of love's sweetness to me ;
In song and acclaim I praise the dear name Unspeakably precious to me.

Copyright, 1898, by Henry Date. By per.

## 138 O Jesus, When I Think of Thee.

G. W. Bethune. J. B. Dykes.


1. O Je-sus, when I think of Thee, Thy man-ger, cross, and throne,
2. I see Thee in Thy weak-ness first; Then, glo-rious from Thy shame,
3. For me Thou didst be-come a man, For me didst weep and die;
My spir-it trusts ex-ult-ing-ly In Thee, and Thee a-lone.
I see Thee death's strong fet-ters burst, And reach heaven's mightiest name.
For me a-chieve Thy won-drous plan, For me as-cend on high.

4 O let me share Thy holy birth,
Thy faith, Thy death to sin,
And, strong amidst the toils of earth,
My heavenly life begin.

5 Then shall I know what means the strain
Triumphant of Saint Paul:
"To live is Christ, to die is gain;"
"Christ is my all in all."

---

## 139 Jesus, These Eyes Have Never Seen.

(*Tune above.*)

1 Jesus, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine!

2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with Thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love Thee, dearest Lord,—and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal
All glorious as Thou art.

—*R. Palmer.*

---

## 140 To our Redeemer's Name.

(*Tune above.*)

1 To our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song;
Oh, may His love, immortal flame,
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach,
What mortal tongue display;
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 Let wonder still with love unite,
And gratitude, and joy;
Be Jesus our supreme delight,
His praise our best employ.

4 Dear Lord, while we, adoring, pay
Our humble thanks to Thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
The Saviour died for me.

5 Oh, may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love Thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

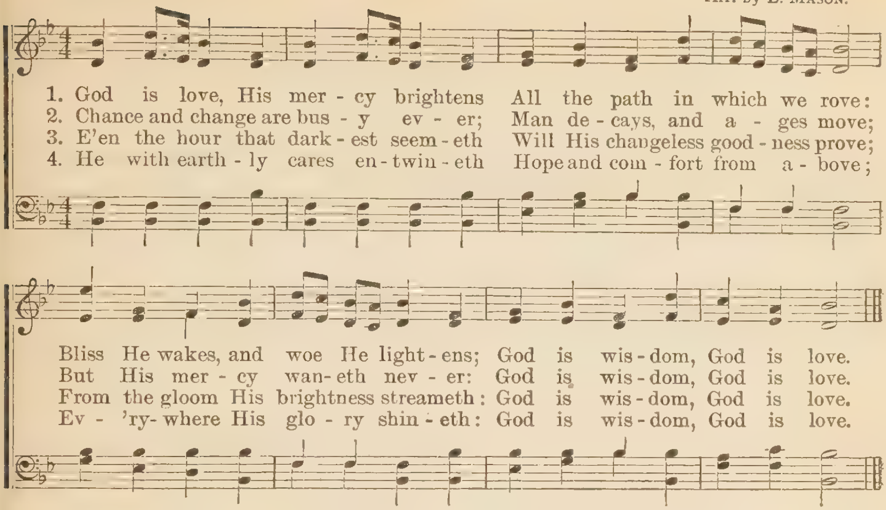
—*A. Steele.*

## 141

# God is Wisdom, God is Love.

J. Bowring.

Arr. by L. Mason.


1. God is love, His mer - cy brightens All the path in which we rove:
2. Chance and change are bus - y ev - er; Man de - cays, and a - ges move;
3. E'en the hour that dark - est seem - eth Will His changeless good - ness prove;
4. He with earth - ly cares en - twin - eth Hope and com - fort from a - bove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He light - ens; God is wis - dom, God is love.
But His mer - cy wan - eth nev - er: God is wis - dom, God is love.
From the gloom His brightness streameth: God is wis - dom, God is love.
Ev - 'ry - where His glo - ry shin - eth: God is wis - dom, God is love.

---

## 142

# Sweet the Moments.

(*Tune above.*)

1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Here I rest, forever viewing
Mercy's stream in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessèd is this station,
Low before His Cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Pleading in His languid eye.

4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Love I much? I've much forgiven,—
I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Lord, in loving contemplation
Fix my heart and eyes on Thee,
Till I taste Thy full salvation,
And Thine unveiled glories see.

—*W. Shirley.*

---

## 143

# Yes, for Me He Careth.

(*Tune above.*)

1 Yes, for me, for me He careth
With a brother's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me He shareth
Every burden, every fear.

2 Yes, o'er me, o'er me He watcheth,
Ceaseless watcheth, night and day;
Yes, e'en me, e'en me He snatcheth
From the perils of the way.

3 Yes, for me He standeth pleading
At the mercy-seat above;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.

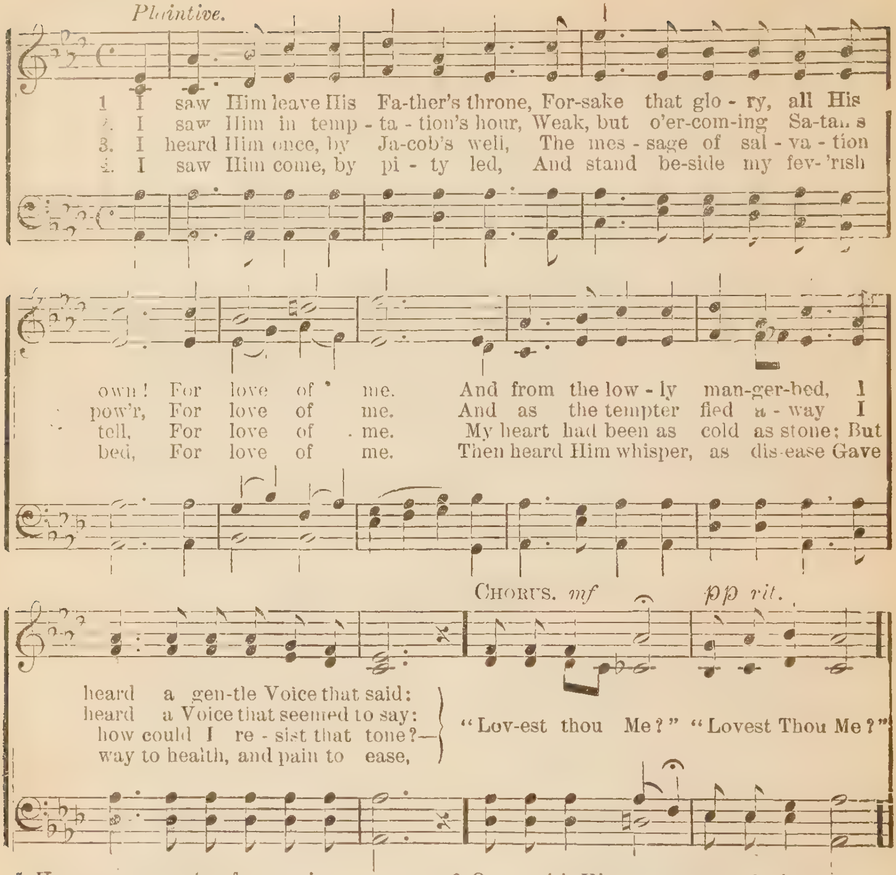
4 Yes, in me, in me He dwelleth;
I in Him, and He in me!
And my empty soul He filleth,
Here and through eternity.

5 Thus I wait for His returning,
Singing all the way to heaven;
Such the joyful song of morning,
Such the tranquil song of even.

—*H. Bonar.*

# Lovest Thou Me?

Kate Hankey. Louise Shepard.


Plaintive.
1 I saw Him leave His Fa-ther's throne, For-sake that glo - ry, all His
2. I saw Him in temp - ta - tion's hour, Weak, but o'er-com-ing Sa-tan's
3. I heard Him once, by Ja-cob's well, The mes - sage of sal - va - tion
4. I saw Him come, by pi - ty led, And stand be-side my fev-'rish
own! For love of me. And from the low - ly man-ger-bed, I
pow'r, For love of me. And as the tempter fled a - way I
tell, For love of me. My heart had been as cold as stone; But
bed, For love of me. Then heard Him whisper, as dis-ease Gave
heard a gen-tle Voice that said:
heard a Voice that seemed to say:
how could I re - sist that tone?—
way to health, and pain to ease,
Chorus. mf pp rit.
"Lov-est thou Me?" "Lovest Thou Me?"

5 He saw me weeping for my sin,
And turned to breathe His peace within,
For love of me.
Oh, may it never lose its power,
His voice in that sweet pardoning hour,
"Lovest Thou Me?"

6 Once, with His own outstretched arm,
He turned the storm into a calm,
For love of me:
Then came and took me by the hand,
And said, as we approached the land,
"Lovest Thou Me?"

## 145 Through All The Changing Scenes.

Thro' all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

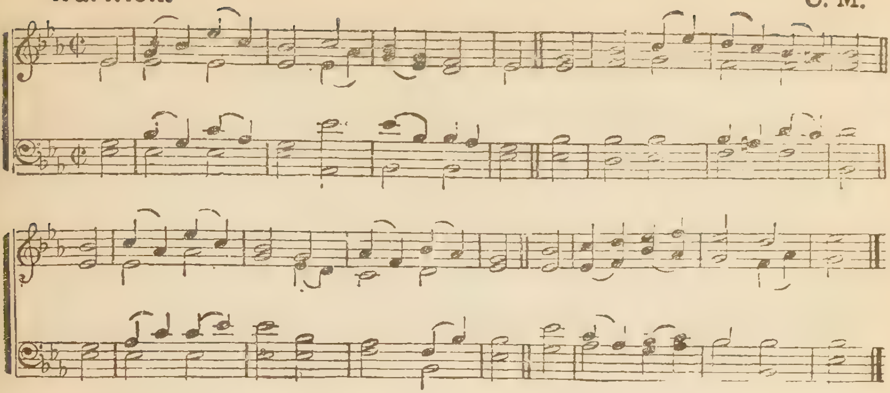
The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succor trust.

Oh, make but trial of His love!
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight;
He'll make your wants His care.

# As Helpless as a Child.

**Warwick.** C. M.



As helpless as a child who clings
  Fast to his father's arm,
And casts his weakness on the strength
  That keeps him safe from harm;

So I, my Father, cling to Thee,
  And thus I every hour
Would link my earthly feebleness
  To Thine almighty power.

As trustful as a child who looks
  Up in his mother's face,
And all his little griefs and fears
  Forgets in her embrace.

So I, to Thee, my Saviour look,
  And in Thy face Divine,
Can read the love that will sustain
  As weak a faith as mine.

As loving as a child who sits
  Close by his parent's knee,
And knows no want while he can have
  That sweet society;

So sitting at Thy feet, my heart
  Would all its love outpour,
And pray that Thou wouldst teach me, Lord,
  To love Thee more and more.

J. D. Burns.

## 147

# Thy Sheltering Wing.

Father, beneath Thy sheltering wing,
  In sweet security I rest;
And fear no evil earth can bring;
  In life, in death, supremely blest.

For life is good whose tidal flow
  The motion of Thy will obeys;
And death is good, that makes us know
  The Love Divine that all things sways.

And good it is to bear the cross,
  And so Thy perfect peace to win;
And naught is ill, nor brings me loss,
  Nor works me harm, save only sin!

Redeemed from sin I ask no more,
  But trust the love that saves to guide;
The grace that yields so rich a store
  Will grant me all I need beside.

## 148

# His Peace.

I hear the words of love,
  I gaze upon the blood:
I see the mighty sacrifice,
  And I have peace with God.

'Tis everlasting peace,
  Sure as Jehovah's name;
'Tis stable as His steadfast throne,
  For evermore the same.

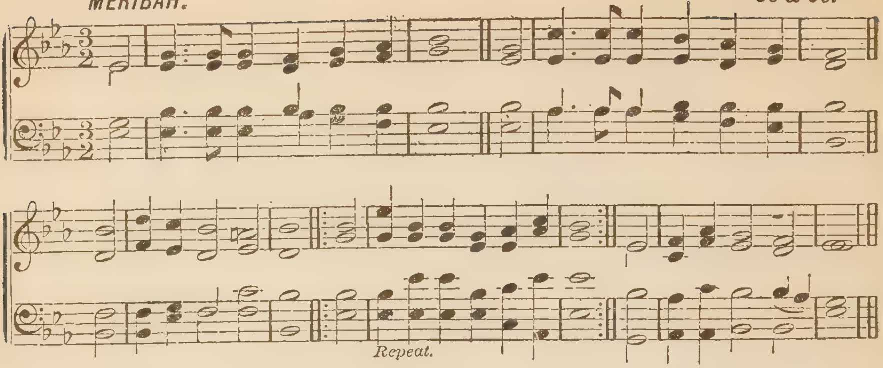
The clouds may go and come,
  And storms may sweep my sky,
This blood-sealed friendship changes not,
  The cross is ever nigh.

I change He changes not,
  The Christ can never die;
His love, not mine, the resting place,
  His truth, not mine, the tie.

H. Bonar.

# O Lord, How Happy.

MERIBAH. 8s & 6s.



O, Lord, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest;
And feel at heart that One above
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

How far from this our daily life,
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms;
O could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props and simply fall
On Thine Almighty arms!

Could we but kneel and cast our load,
Even while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer;
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear.

## 150

## O Love Divine.

1 O love divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger His love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born Sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, the height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart;
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

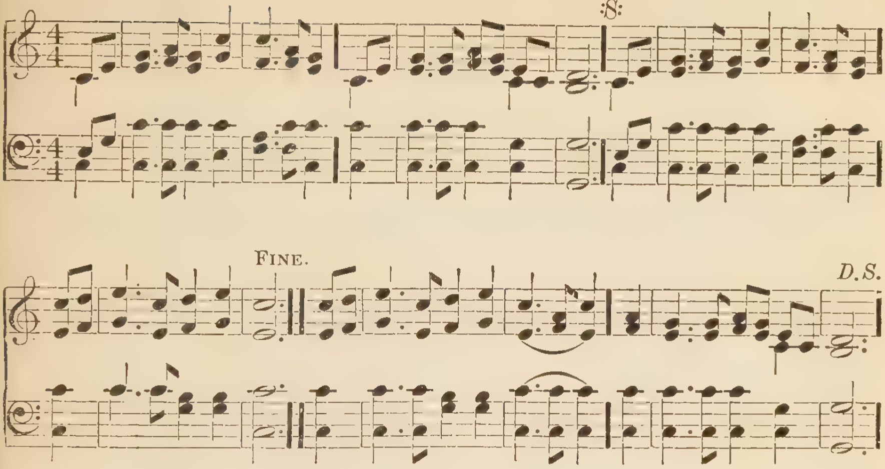
4 O that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

5 O that I could, with favored John
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast!
From care and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in Thee
My everlasting rest.

*C. Wesley.*

# The Lord is My Shepherd.

Unknown, cir., 1800



## 151 The Lord is My Shepherd.

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ev'n for his own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy, all my life,
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

*Francis Rous.*

## 152 Do not I Love Thee.

Do not I love Thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn the dearest idol out
That dares to rival Thee.

2 Is not Thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?

3 Hast thou a lamb in all Thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast Thou a foe, before whose face
I fear Thy cause to plead?

4 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of Thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the immortal flame?

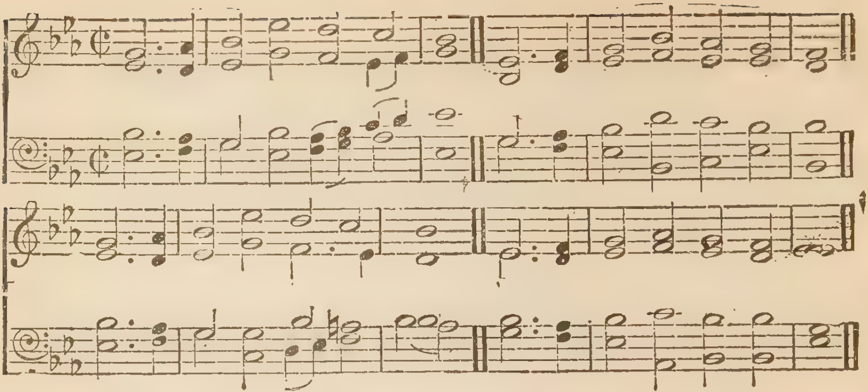
5 Thou knowest that I love Thee, Lord;
But, oh, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love Thee more.

*Philip Doddridge.*

153

## Hark my Soul.

7s.



Hark my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour,—hear his word:
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee;
"Say poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

"I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right
Turned thy darkness into light.

"Can a mother's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

"Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful strong as death.

"Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

Lord it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint,
Yet I love thee and adore:
Oh, for grace to love thee more.

154

## Wake the Song.

7s.

Wake the song of jubilee;
Let it echo oer the sea:
Now is come the promised hour,
Jesus reigns with glorious power.

All ye nations, join and sing,
Prase your Saviour, praise your King;
Let it sound from shore to shore,
" Jesus reigns for evermore."

Hark! the desert lands rejoice;
And the islands join their voice:
Joy the whole creation sings,
"Jesus is the King of kings!"

Wake the song of jubilee;
Let it echo oer the sea:
Now is come the promised hour,
Jesus reigns with glorious power.

LEONARD BACON.

155

## Faint Not.

7s.

Faint not, Christian though within
There's a heart so prone to sin;
Christ the Lord, is over all,
He'll not suffer thee to fall.

Faint not Christian! Jesus near,
Soon in glory shall appear;
And His love will then bestow
Power to conquer every foe.

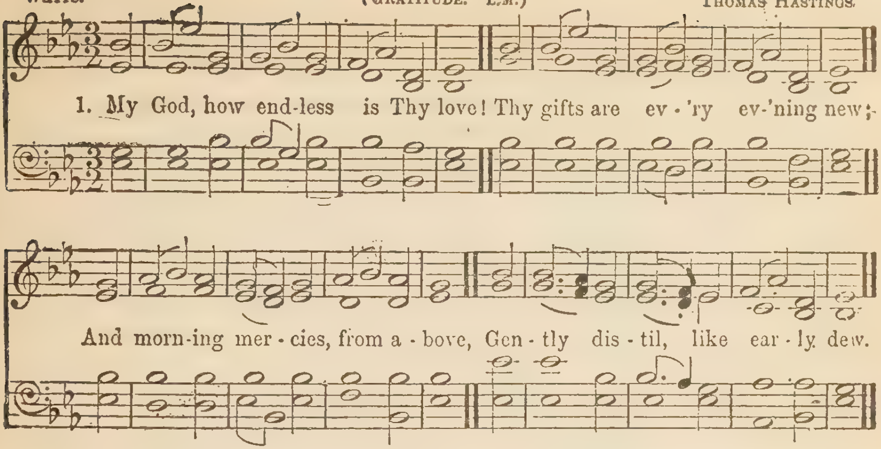
Faint not Christian! though the world
Hath its hostile flag unfurled:
Hold the cross of Jesus fast;
Thou shalt overcome at last.

Faint not Christian! look on high;
See the harpers in the sky:
Patient wait, and thou wilt join—
Chant with them of love divine.

JAMES H. EVANS, 1833.

# 156 My God, How Endless.

WATTS. (GRATITUDE. L.M.) THOMAS HASTINGS.


1. My God, how end-less is Thy love! Thy gifts are ev-'ry ev-'ning new;
And morn-ing mer-cies, from a-bove, Gen-tly dis-til, like ear-ly dew.

Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

I yield my powers to Thy command,
To Thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

# 157 When Sins and Fears.

WHEN sins and fears, prevailing, rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
To Thee, O Lord, I lift my eyes;
To Thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2 Art Thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die?
'Tis fixed on Thine almighty word—
That word which built the earth and sky.

3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here may I build and rest secure.

4 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;
If Jesus is for ever mine,
Not death itself—that last of foes—
Shall break a union so divine.

*Anne Steele.*

# 158 Thy Father's House.

Thy Father's house! thine own bright home!
And hast Thou there a place for me!
Though yet an exile here I roam,
That distant home by faith I see.

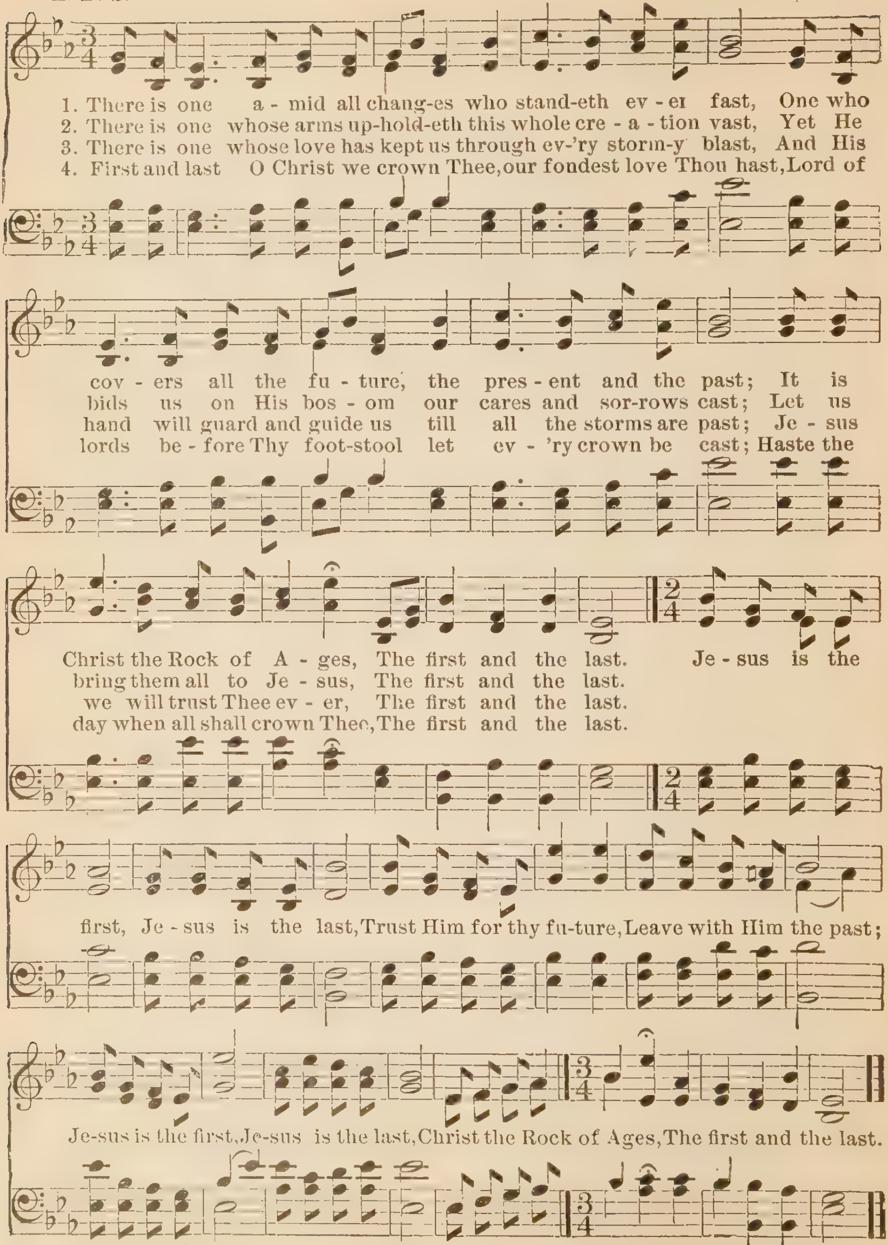
I see its domes' resplendent glow,
Where beams of God's own glory fall;
And trees of life immortal grow,
Whose fruits o'erhang the jasper wall.

I know that Thou, who on the tree
Didst deign our mortal guilt to bear
Wilt bring Thine own to dwell with Thee,
And waitest to receive me there.

Thy love will there array my soul
In Thine own robe of spotless hue,
And I shall gaze, while ages roll,
On Thee, with raptures ever new.

# The First and the Last.

A. B. S. A. B. Simpson.


1. There is one a - mid all chang-es who stand-eth ev - er fast, One who
2. There is one whose arms up-hold-eth this whole cre - a - tion vast, Yet He
3. There is one whose love has kept us through ev-'ry storm-y blast, And His
4. First and last O Christ we crown Thee, our fondest love Thou hast, Lord of
cov - ers all the fu - ture, the pres - ent and the past; It is
bids us on His bos - om our cares and sor-rows cast; Let us
hand will guard and guide us till all the storms are past; Je - sus
lords be - fore Thy foot-stool let ev - 'ry crown be cast; Haste the
Christ the Rock of A - ges, The first and the last.
bring them all to Je - sus, The first and the last.
we will trust Thee ev - er, The first and the last.
day when all shall crown Thee, The first and the last.
Je - sus is the first, Je - sus is the last, Trust Him for thy fu-ture, Leave with Him the past;
Je-sus is the first, Je-sus is the last, Christ the Rock of Ages, The first and the last.

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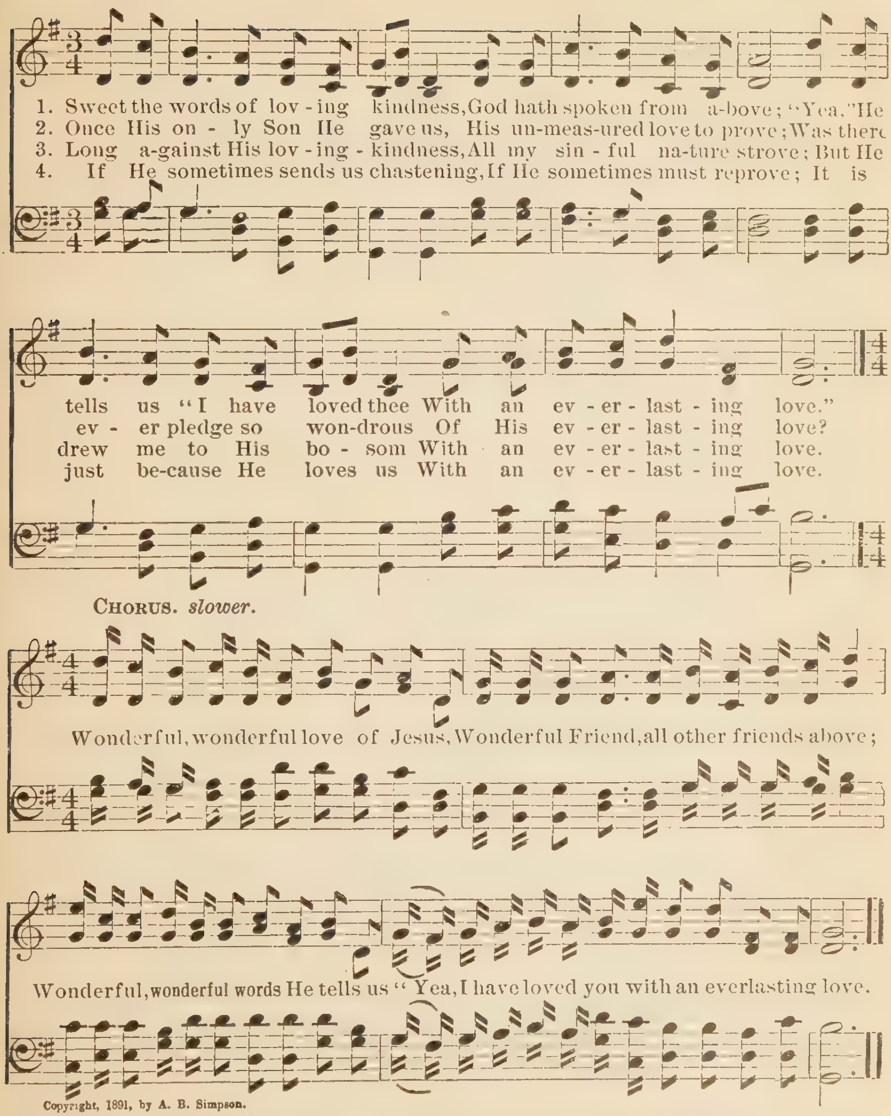
# Everlasting Love.

A. B. S. A. B. SIMPSON.


1. Sweet the words of lov - ing kindness, God hath spoken from a-bove; "Yea," He
2. Once His on - ly Son He gave us, His un-meas-ured love to prove; Was there
3. Long a-gainst His lov - ing - kindness, All my sin - ful na-ture strove; But He
4. If He sometimes sends us chastening, If He sometimes must reprove; It is
tells us "I have loved thee With an ev - er - last - ing love."
ev - er pledge so won-drous Of His ev - er - last - ing love?
drew me to His bo - som With an ev - er - last - ing love.
just be-cause He loves us With an ev - er - last - ing love.
CHORUS. slower.
Wonderful, wonderful love of Jesus, Wonderful Friend, all other friends above;
Wonderful, wonderful words He tells us "Yea, I have loved you with an everlasting love.

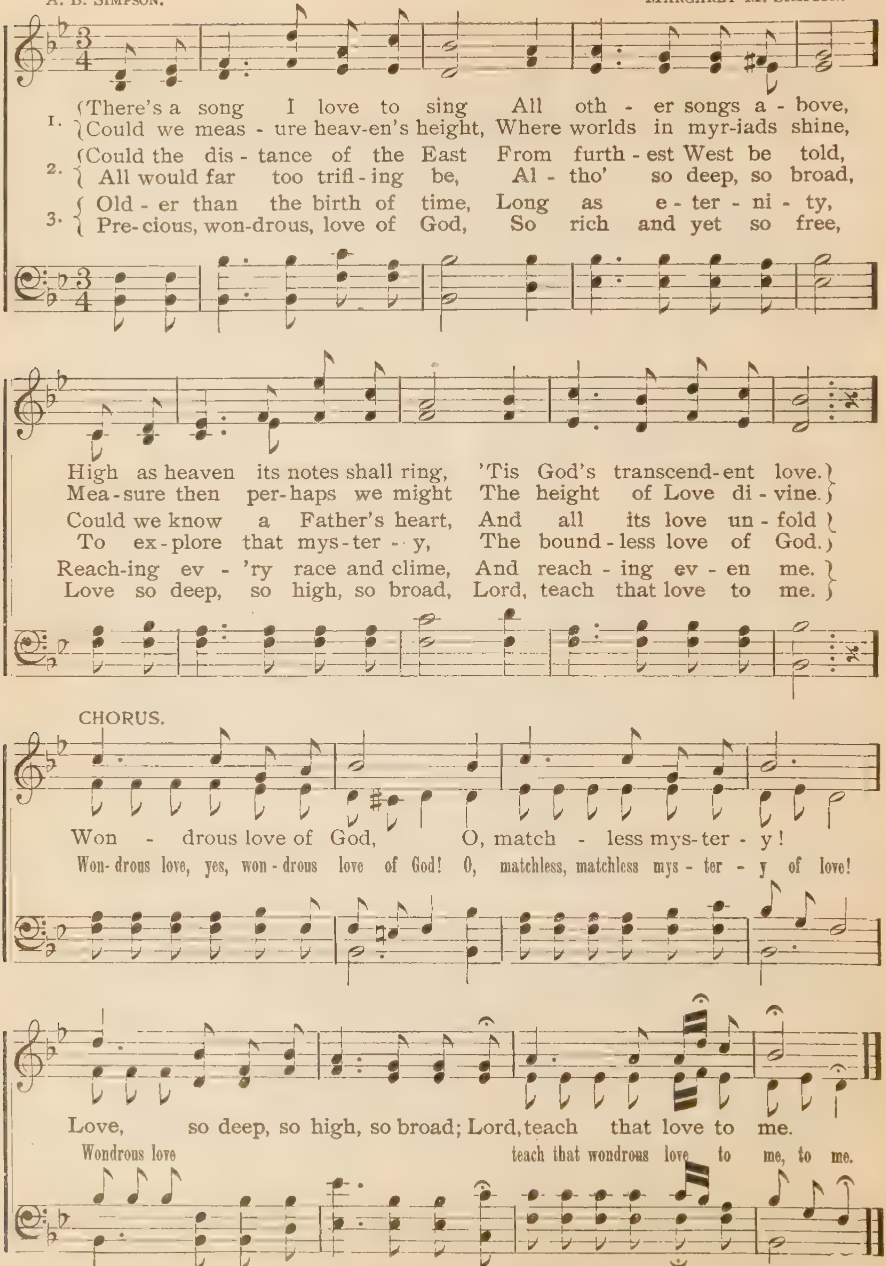
Copyright, 1891, by A. B. Simpson.

5 Like a web of loving-kindness
All our life His mercy wove;
Every thread and fibre telling
Of His everlasting love.

6 Though the everlasting mountains,
And the earth itself remove,
Naught can change His loving-kindness
Or His everlasting love.

# 161 God's Transcendent Love.

A. B. SIMPSON. MARGARET M. SIMPSON.


1. {There's a song I love to sing All oth - er songs a - bove, High as heaven its notes shall ring, 'Tis God's transcend-ent love.}
{Could we meas - ure heav-en's height, Where worlds in myr-iads shine, Mea-sure then per-haps we might The height of Love di - vine.}
2. {Could the dis - tance of the East From furth - est West be told, Could we know a Father's heart, And all its love un - fold}
{All would far too trifl - ing be, Al - tho' so deep, so broad, To ex-plore that mys-ter - y, The bound - less love of God.}
3. {Old - er than the birth of time, Long as e - ter - ni - ty, Reach-ing ev - 'ry race and clime, And reach - ing ev - en me.}
{Pre-cious, won-drous, love of God, So rich and yet so free, Love so deep, so high, so broad, Lord, teach that love to me.}
CHORUS.
Won - drous love of God, O, match - less mys-ter - y!
Won-drous love, yes, won - drous love of God! O, matchless, matchless mys - ter - y of love!
Love, so deep, so high, so broad; Lord, teach that love to me.
Wondrous love teach that wondrous love to me, to me.

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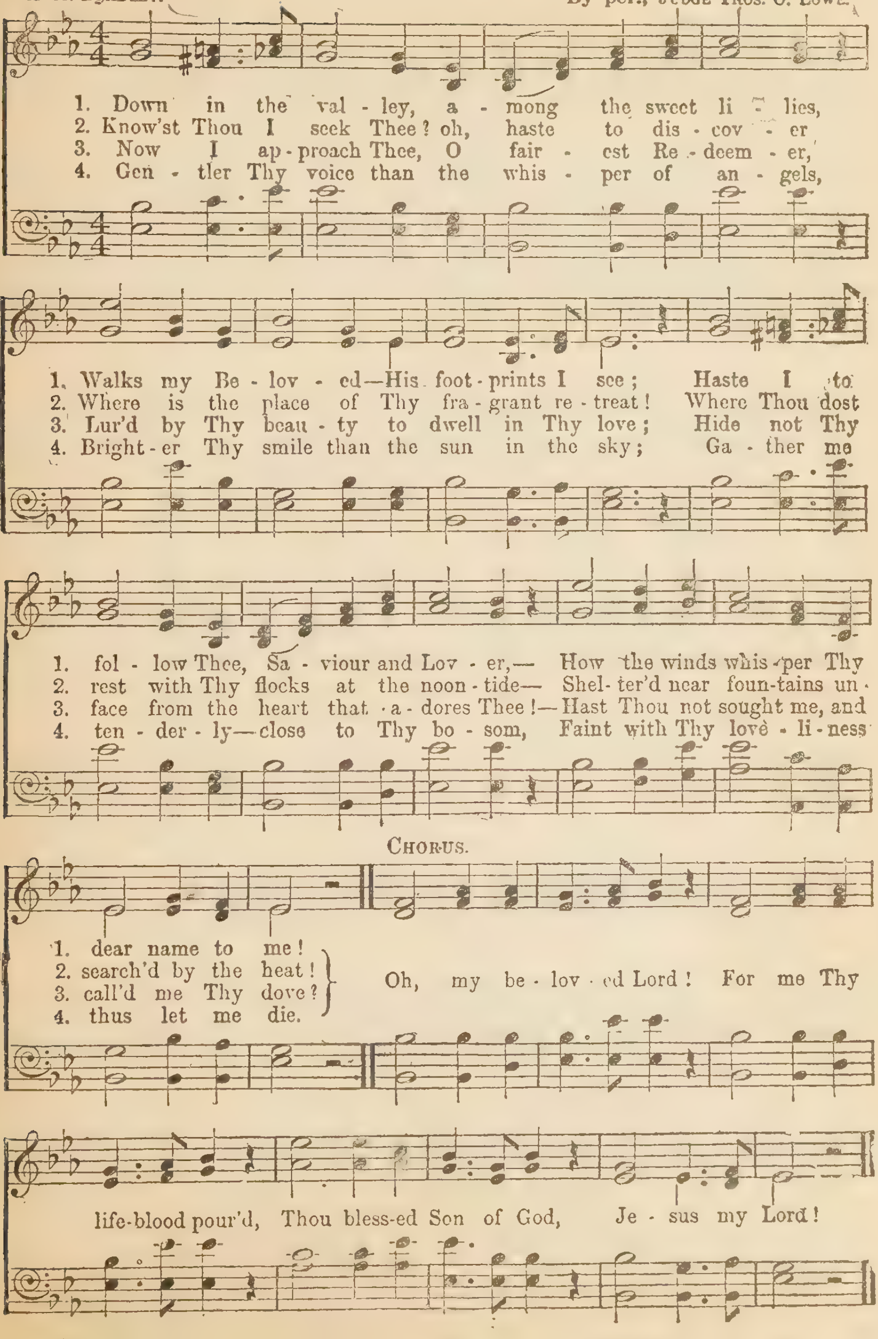
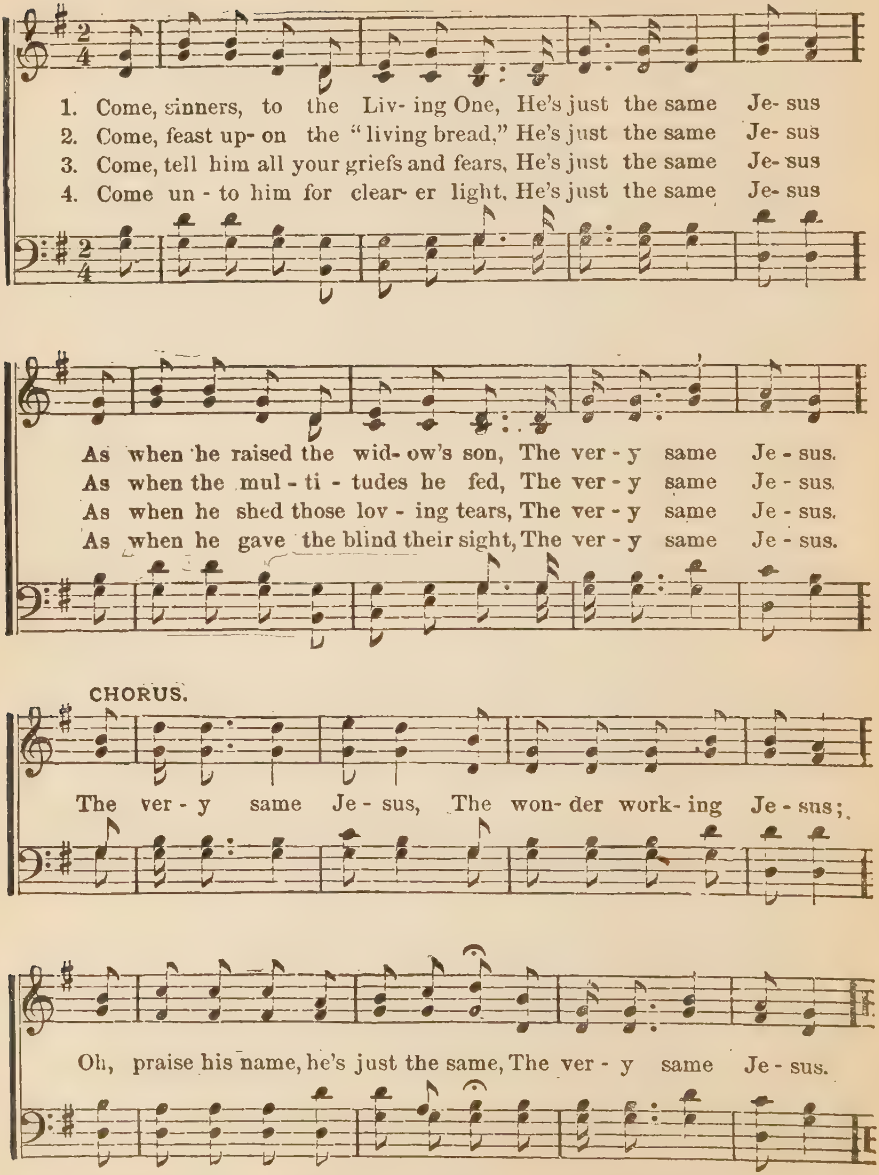
# My Beloved Lord!

H. M. Bradley. By per., Judge Thos. O. Lowe.


1. Down in the val - ley, a - mong the sweet li - lies,
2. Know'st Thou I seek Thee? oh, haste to dis - cov - er
3. Now I ap - proach Thee, O fair - est Re - deem - er,
4. Gen - tler Thy voice than the whis - per of an - gels,
1. Walks my Be - lov - ed—His foot - prints I see; Haste I to
2. Where is the place of Thy fra - grant re - treat! Where Thou dost
3. Lur'd by Thy beau - ty to dwell in Thy love; Hide not Thy
4. Bright - er Thy smile than the sun in the sky; Ga - ther me
1. fol - low Thee, Sa - viour and Lov - er,— How the winds whis - per Thy
2. rest with Thy flocks at the noon - tide— Shel - ter'd near foun - tains un -
3. face from the heart that a - dores Thee!— Hast Thou not sought me, and
4. ten - der - ly—close to Thy bo - som, Faint with Thy love - li - ness
1. dear name to me!
2. search'd by the heat!
3. call'd me Thy dove?
4. thus let me die.
CHORUS.
Oh, my be - lov - ed Lord! For me Thy
life-blood pour'd, Thou bless-ed Son of God, Je - sus my Lord!

# The Very Same Jesus.

L. H. EDMUNDS. By per., WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Come, sinners, to the Liv- ing One, He's just the same Je- sus
2. Come, feast up- on the "living bread," He's just the same Je- sus
3. Come, tell him all your griefs and fears, He's just the same Je- sus
4. Come un - to him for clear- er light, He's just the same Je- sus
As when he raised the wid- ow's son, The ver - y same Je - sus.
As when the mul - ti - tudes he fed, The ver - y same Je - sus.
As when he shed those lov - ing tears, The ver - y same Je - sus.
As when he gave the blind their sight, The ver - y same Je - sus.
CHORUS.
The ver - y same Je - sus, The won- der work- ing Je - sus;
Oh, praise his name, he's just the same, The ver - y same Je - sus.

5 Calm 'midst the waves of trouble be,
He's just the same Jesus
As when he hushed the raging sea,
The very same Jesus.

6 Some day our raptured eyes shall see
He's just the same Jesus;
Oh, blessed day for you and me!
The very same Jesus.

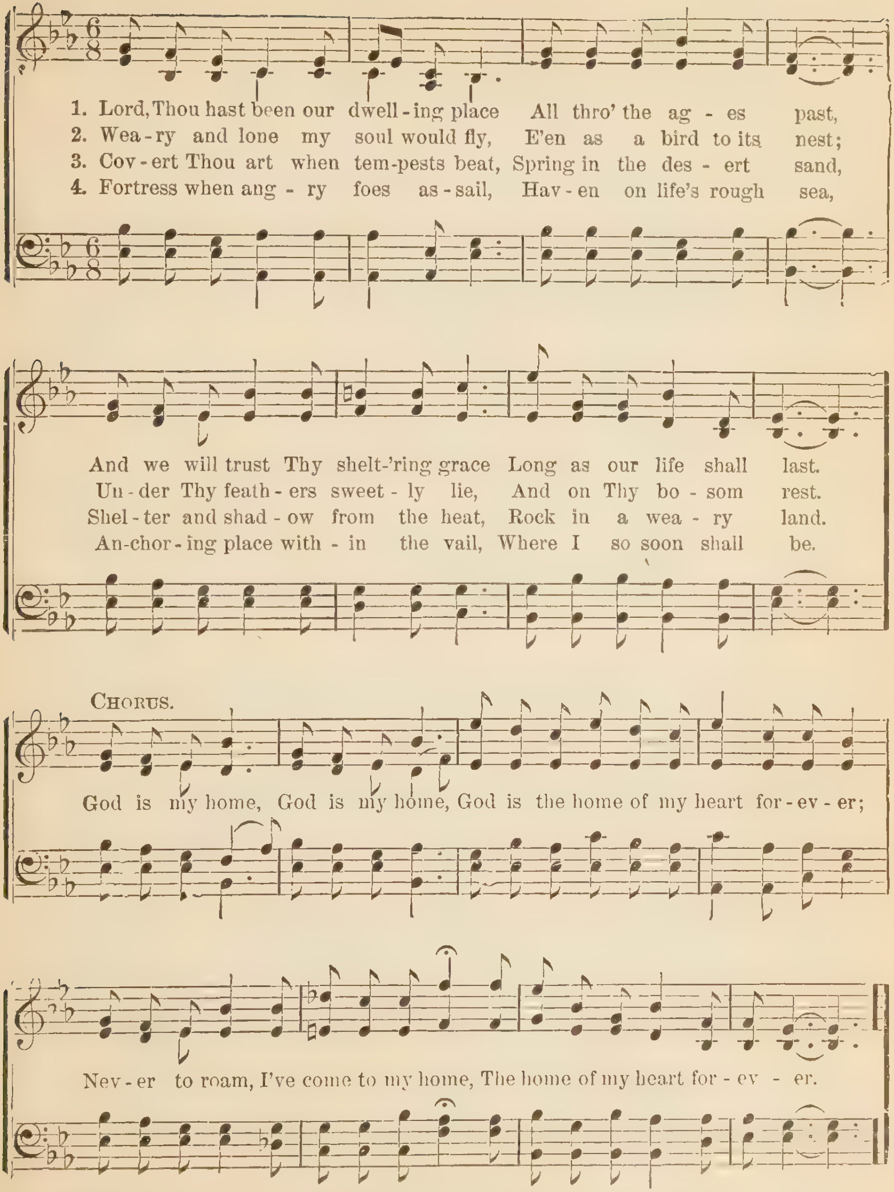
Copyright [illegible] by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

164.

# God Is My Home.

A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. Lord, Thou hast been our dwell-ing place All thro' the ag - es past,
2. Wea-ry and lone my soul would fly, E'en as a bird to its nest;
3. Cov-ert Thou art when tem-pests beat, Spring in the des - ert sand,
4. Fortress when ang - ry foes as-sail, Hav-en on life's rough sea,
And we will trust Thy shelt-'ring grace Long as our life shall last.
Un-der Thy feath-ers sweet - ly lie, And on Thy bo - som rest.
Shel-ter and shad - ow from the heat, Rock in a wea - ry land.
An-chor-ing place with - in the vail, Where I so soon shall be.
CHORUS.
God is my home, God is my home, God is the home of my heart for-ev-er;
Nev-er to roam, I've come to my home, The home of my heart for - ev - er.

5 Weary and tempest-tossed no more.
All of my wanderings past,
Doubting and strife and grief are o'er,
And I am home at last.

6 Wandering one, why wilt thou roam,
Far from thy Father's face?
Prodigal child, come home, come home
God is thy dwelling place.

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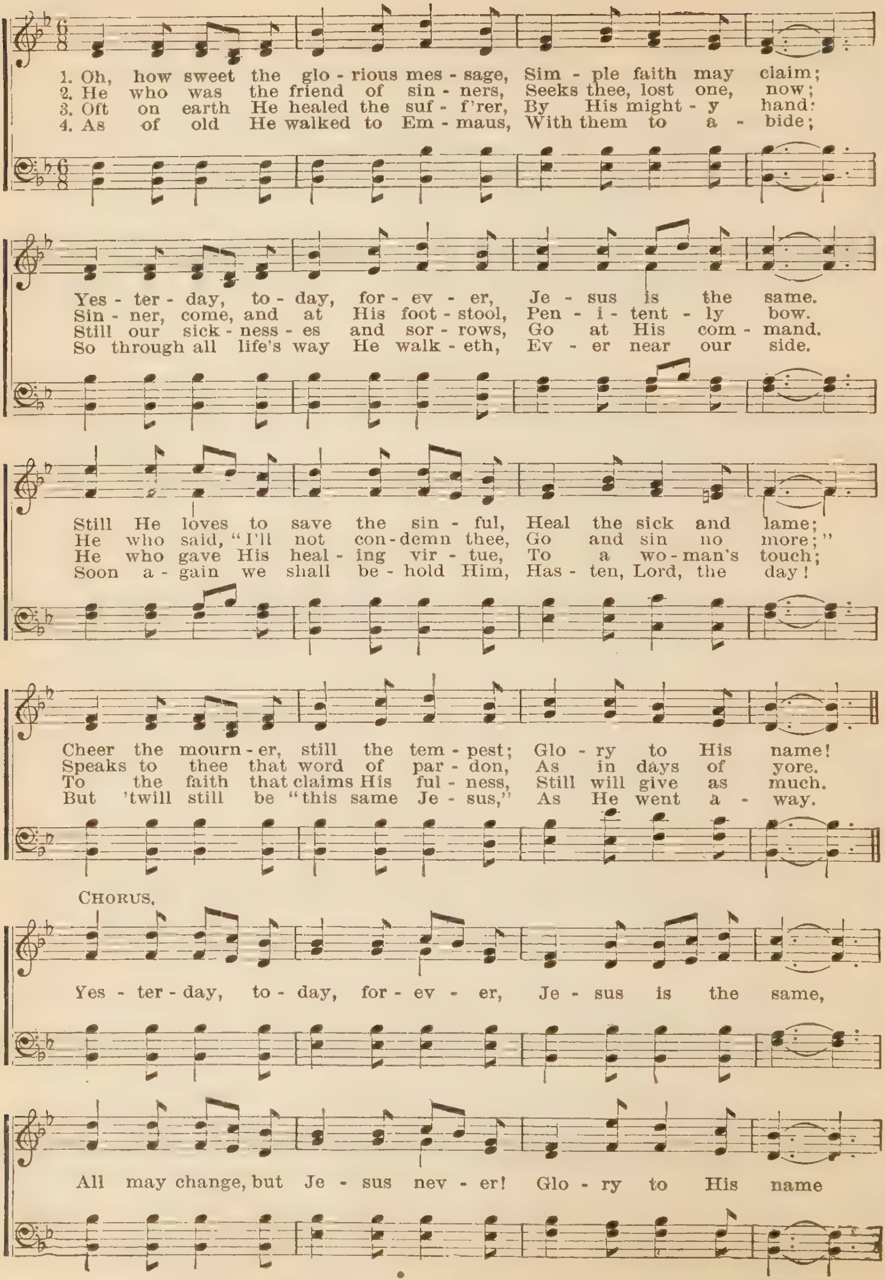
# Yesterday, To-day, Forever.

Rev. A. B. Simpson. J. H. Burke.


1. Oh, how sweet the glo - rious mes - sage, Sim - ple faith may claim;
2. He who was the friend of sin - ners, Seeks thee, lost one, now;
3. Oft on earth He healed the suf - f'rer, By His might - y hand:
4. As of old He walked to Em - maus, With them to a - bide;
Yes - ter - day, to - day, for - ev - er, Je - sus is the same.
Sin - ner, come, and at His foot - stool, Pen - i - tent - ly bow.
Still our sick - ness - es and sor - rows, Go at His com - mand.
So through all life's way He walk - eth, Ev - er near our side.
Still He loves to save the sin - ful, Heal the sick and lame;
He who said, "I'll not con - demn thee, Go and sin no more;"
He who gave His heal - ing vir - tue, To a wo - man's touch;
Soon a - gain we shall be - hold Him, Has - ten, Lord, the day!
Cheer the mourn - er, still the tem - pest; Glo - ry to His name!
Speaks to thee that word of par - don, As in days of yore.
To the faith that claims His ful - ness, Still will give as much.
But 'twill still be "this same Je - sus," As He went a - way.
Chorus.
Yes - ter - day, to - day, for - ev - er, Je - sus is the same,
All may change, but Je - sus nev - er! Glo - ry to His name

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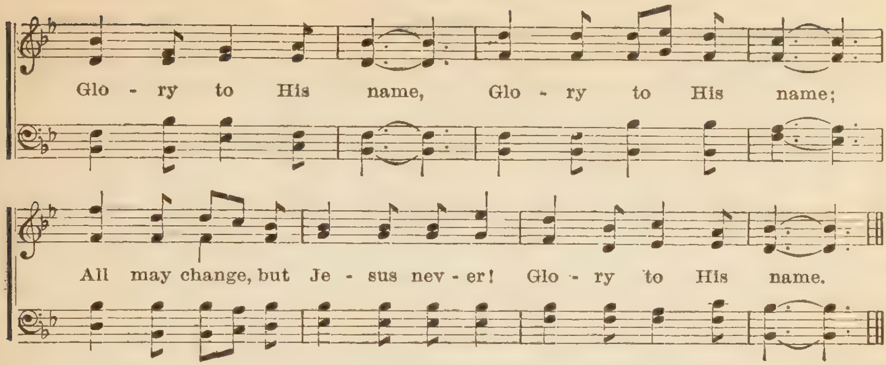
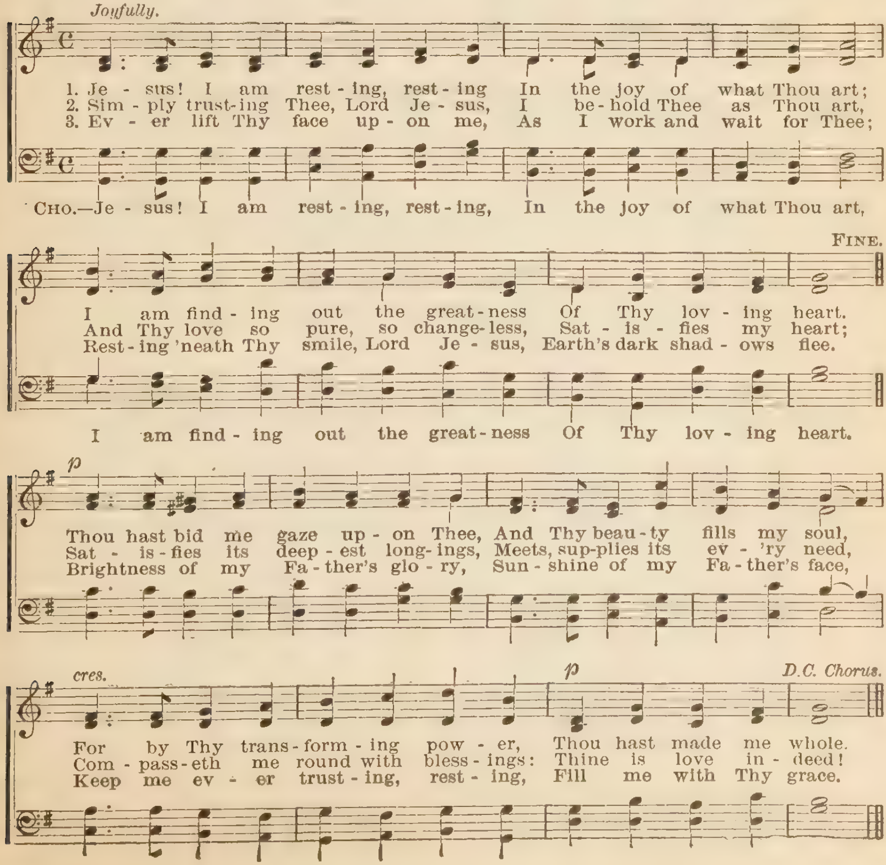
## Yesterday, To-day, Forever.—Concluded.


Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name;
All may change, but Je - sus nev - er! Glo - ry to His name.

## 166 Jesus, I'm Resting, Resting.

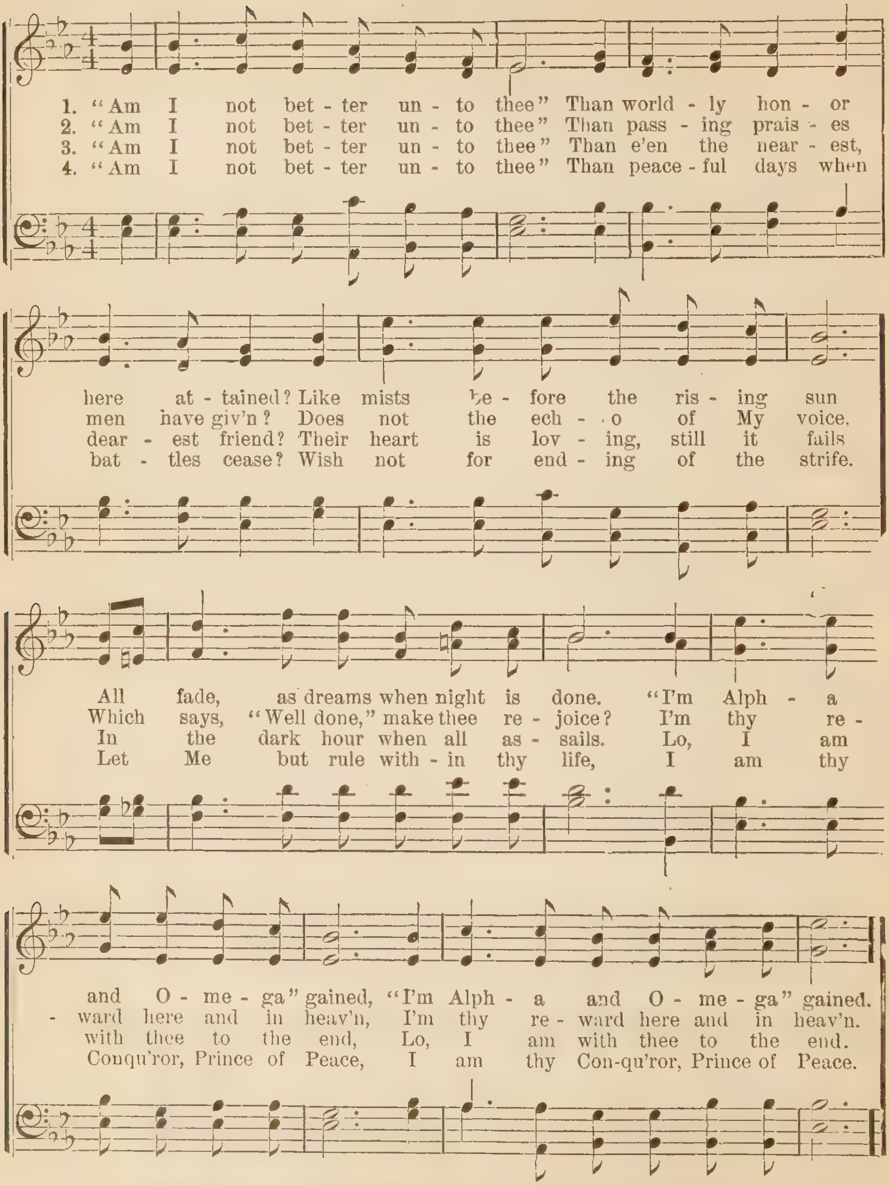
JEAN SOPHIA PIGOTT.
J. MOUNTAIN.


Joyfully.
1. Je - sus! I am rest - ing, rest - ing In the joy of what Thou art;
2. Sim - ply trust-ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, I be - hold Thee as Thou art,
3. Ev - er lift Thy face up - on me, As I work and wait for Thee;
CHO.—Je - sus! I am rest - ing, rest - ing, In the joy of what Thou art,
FINE.
I am find - ing out the great - ness Of Thy lov - ing heart.
And Thy love so pure, so change - less, Sat - is - fies my heart;
Rest - ing 'neath Thy smile, Lord Je - sus, Earth's dark shad - ows flee.
I am find - ing out the great - ness Of Thy lov - ing heart.
p
Thou hast bid me gaze up - on Thee, And Thy beau - ty fills my soul,
Sat - is - fies its deep - est long - ings, Meets, sup - plies its ev - 'ry need,
Brightness of my Fa - ther's glo - ry, Sun - shine of my Fa - ther's face,
cres.
p
D.C. Chorus.
For by Thy trans - form - ing pow - er, Thou hast made me whole.
Com - pass - eth me round with bless - ings: Thine is love in - deed!
Keep me ev - er trust - ing, rest - ing, Fill me with Thy grace.

167

# Am I Not Better Unto Thee?

**Louise Shepard.** 1 Sam. 1: 8. **Dr. J. Steiner.**


1. "Am I not bet - ter un - to thee" Than world - ly hon - or here at - tained? Like mists be - fore the ris - ing sun All fade, as dreams when night is done. "I'm Alph - a and O - me - ga" gained, "I'm Alph - a and O - me - ga" gained.
2. "Am I not bet - ter un - to thee" Than pass - ing prais - es men have giv'n? Does not the ech - o of My voice, Which says, "Well done," make thee re - joice? I'm thy re - ward here and in heav'n, I'm thy re - ward here and in heav'n.
3. "Am I not bet - ter un - to thee" Than e'en the near - est, dear - est friend? Their heart is lov - ing, still it fails In the dark hour when all as - sails. Lo, I am with thee to the end, Lo, I am with thee to the end.
4. "Am I not bet - ter un - to thee" Than peace - ful days when bat - tles cease? Wish not for end - ing of the strife. Let Me but rule with - in thy life, I am thy Conqu'ror, Prince of Peace, I am thy Con - qu'ror, Prince of Peace.

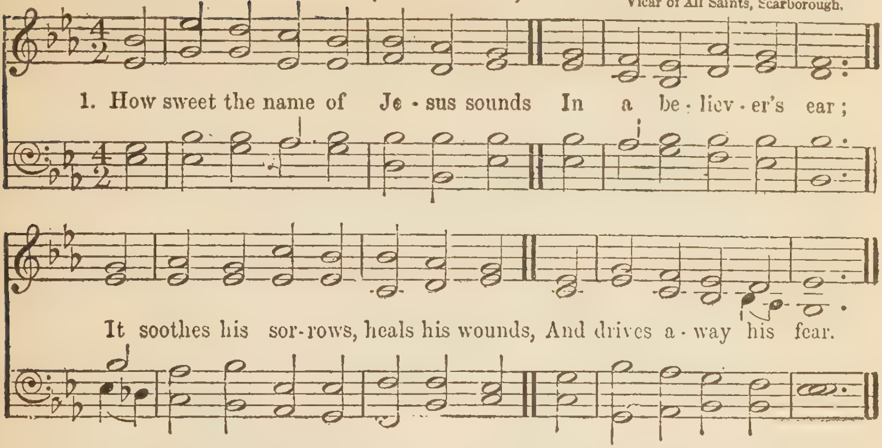
5 "Am I not better unto thee" than any gift
received from Me?
Is not My presence at thy side
Enough to make thee satisfied?
"Abide in Me and I in Thee."

6 "Am I not better unto thee" than hopes of
coming morn afar?
'Tis heaven come down below to rest,
When I am dwelling in thy breast.
"I am thy bright and morning star."

Copyright, 1897, by Louise Shepard.

# 168 How Sweet The Name.

JOHN NEWTON. (ST. PETER. C.M.) A. R. REINAGLE.
*By per.* The REV. R. BROWN-BORTHWICK,
Vicar of All Saints, Scarborough.


1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear;
It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End
Accept the praise I bring.

I would Thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

---

## 169 When The Blind.

WHEN the blind and sick of old
Came Thy help to pray,
Didst Thou ever, harsh and cold,
Turn Thyself away?

2 We, Lord, sick and blind with sin,
Throng Thee in our pain;
Shall we fail Thy heart to win?
Shall we beg in vain?

3 Lo, we come! Thy promise stands
Firm as heaven above;
Touch us with Thy healing hands,
O, Incarnate Love!

—*Wade Robinson.*

## 170 With Jesus.

WITH Jesus in the midst,
We gather round the board;
Though many, we are one in Christ,
One body in the Lord.

2 Our sins were laid on Him,
When bruised on Calvary;
With Christ we died and rose again,
And sit with Him on high.

3 Soon shall the night be gone,
The Morning Star appear,
Soon shall the day of glory dawn
Our longing hearts to cheer.

—*Bristol Hymns,* 1870.

## 171 As Pants the Hart.

As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

2 For Thee, my God—the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh, when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

3 I sigh to think of happier days,
When Thou, O Lord! wast nigh;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still; and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

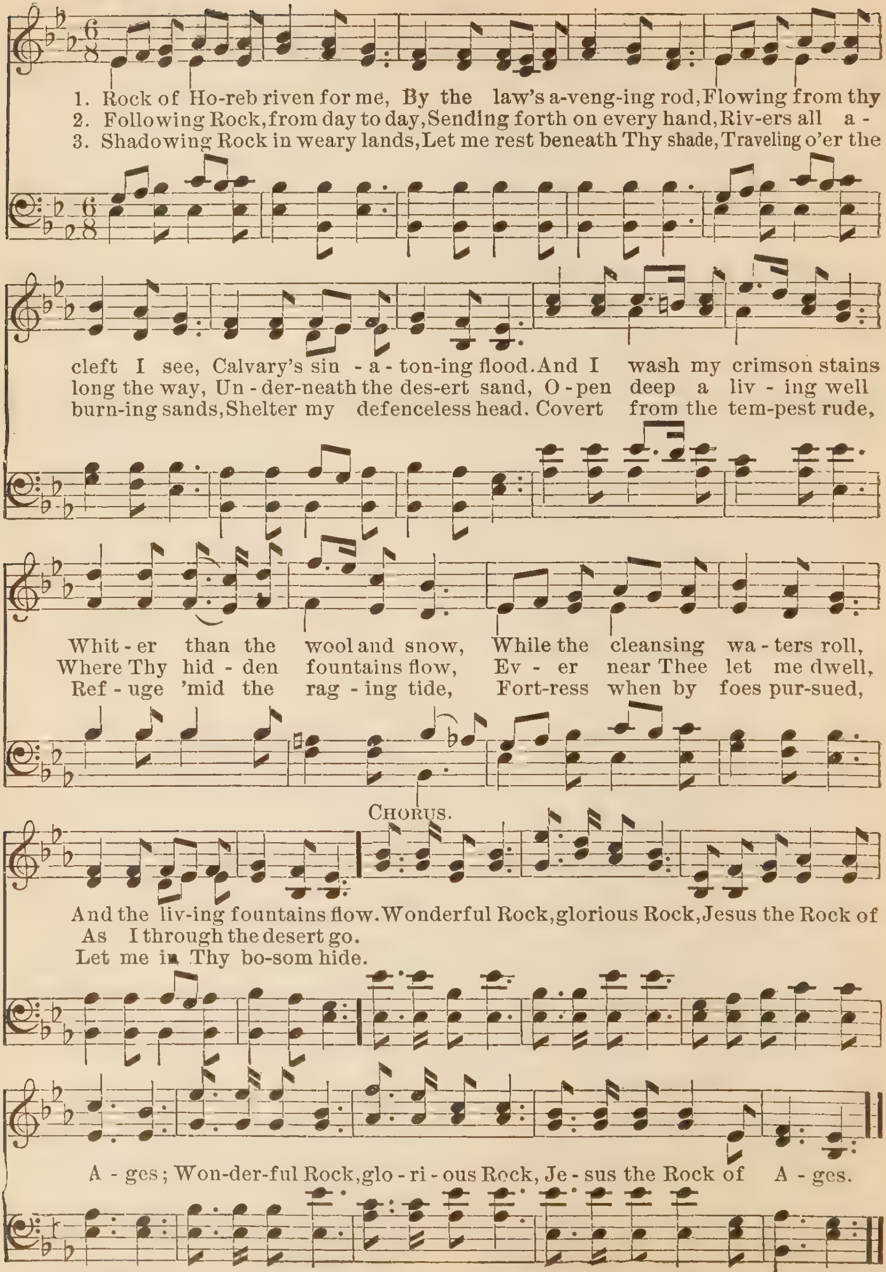
—*Henry F. Lyte.*

172

# Jesus the Rock of Ages.

A. B. S.

A. B. Simpson.


1. Rock of Ho-reb riven for me, By the law's a-veng-ing rod, Flowing from thy
2. Following Rock, from day to day, Sending forth on every hand, Riv-ers all a -
3. Shadowing Rock in weary lands, Let me rest beneath Thy shade, Traveling o'er the
cleft I see, Calvary's sin - a - ton-ing flood. And I wash my crimson stains
long the way, Un - der-neath the des-ert sand, O - pen deep a liv - ing well
burn-ing sands, Shelter my defenceless head. Covert from the tem-pest rude,
Whit - er than the wool and snow, While the cleansing wa - ters roll,
Where Thy hid - den fountains flow, Ev - er near Thee let me dwell,
Ref - uge 'mid the rag - ing tide, Fort-ress when by foes pur-sued,
CHORUS.
And the liv-ing fountains flow. Wonderful Rock, glorious Rock, Jesus the Rock of
As I through the desert go.
Let me in Thy bo-som hide.
A - ges; Won-der-ful Rock, glo - ri - ous Rock, Je - sus the Rock of A - ges.

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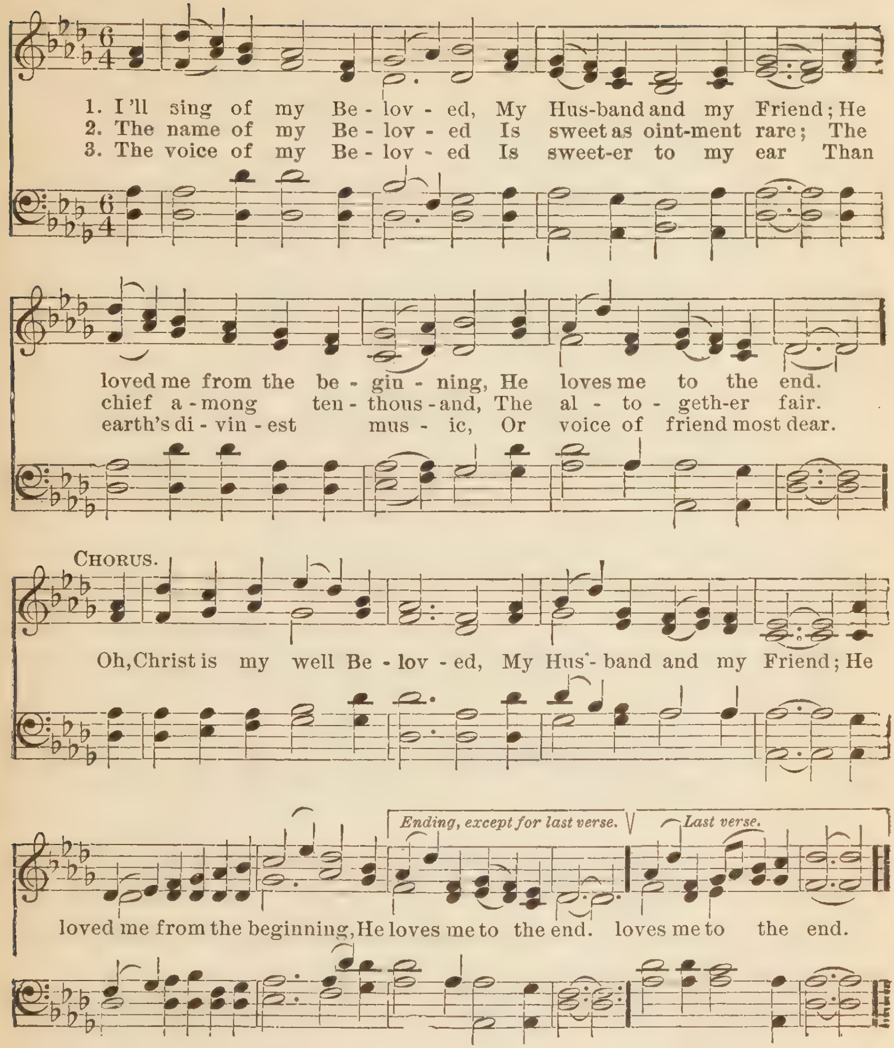
173

# My Beloved.

A. B. S.
A. B. SIMPSON.


1. I'll sing of my Be-lov-ed, My Hus-band and my Friend; He loved me from the be-gin-ning, He loves me to the end.
2. The name of my Be-lov-ed Is sweet as oint-ment rare; The chief a-mong ten-thous-and, The al-to-geth-er fair.
3. The voice of my Be-lov-ed Is sweet-er to my ear Than earth's di-vin-est mus-ic, Or voice of friend most dear.
CHORUS.
Oh, Christ is my well Be-lov-ed, My Hus-band and my Friend; He loved me from the beginning, He loves me to the end.
Ending, except for last verse.
Last verse.
loves me to the end.

4 The heart of my Beloved
Is dearer far to me
Than love's most fond affection
Or sweetest ecstasy.

5 The hand of my Beloved
Is ever clasped in mine;
It leads me, heals me, holds me,
With love and strength divine.

6 The home of my Beloved
Is the palace of the King,
His chariot soon is coming
His waiting bride to bring.

7 But He, my well Beloved
Is more than all to me,
Himself my joy, my portion,
Himself my song shall be.

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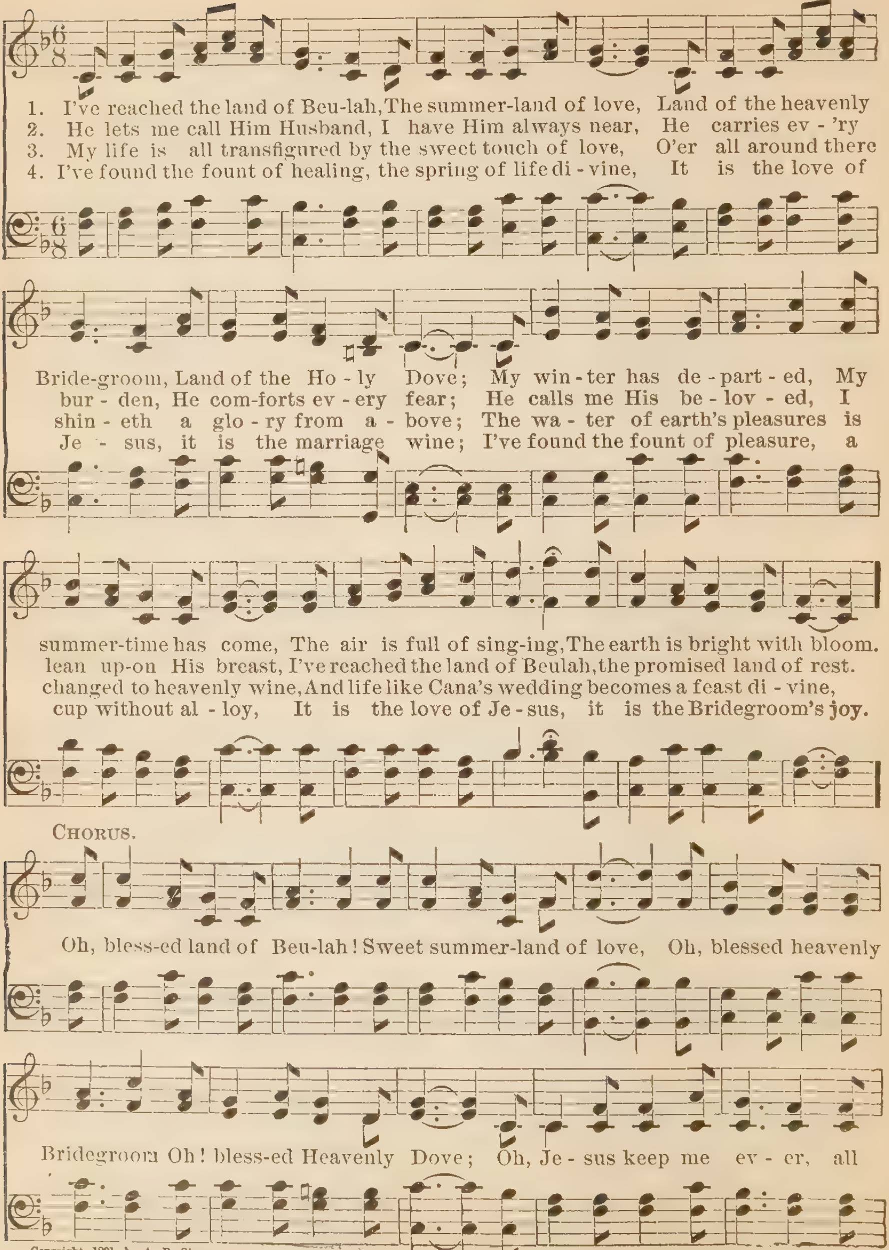
# The Summer-Land of Love.

A. B. S. A. B. SIMPSON.


1. I've reached the land of Beu-lah, The summer-land of love, Land of the heavenly
2. He lets me call Him Husband, I have Him always near, He carries ev - 'ry
3. My life is all transfigured by the sweet touch of love, O'er all around there
4. I've found the fount of healing, the spring of life di - vine, It is the love of
Bride-groom, Land of the Ho - ly Dove; My win - ter has de - part - ed, My
bur - den, He com-forts ev - ery fear; He calls me His be - lov - ed, I
shin - eth a glo - ry from a - bove; The wa - ter of earth's pleasures is
Je - sus, it is the marriage wine; I've found the fount of pleasure, a
summer-time has come, The air is full of sing-ing, The earth is bright with bloom.
lean up-on His breast, I've reached the land of Beulah, the promised land of rest.
changed to heavenly wine, And life like Cana's wedding becomes a feast di - vine,
cup without al - loy, It is the love of Je - sus, it is the Bridegroom's joy.
CHORUS.
Oh, bless-ed land of Beu-lah! Sweet summer-land of love, Oh, blessed heavenly
Bridegroom Oh! bless-ed Heavenly Dove; Oh, Je - sus keep me ev - er, all

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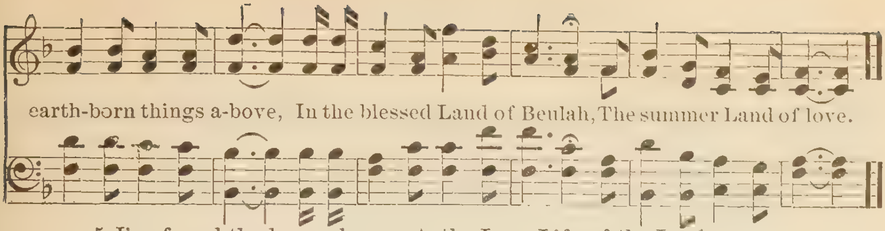
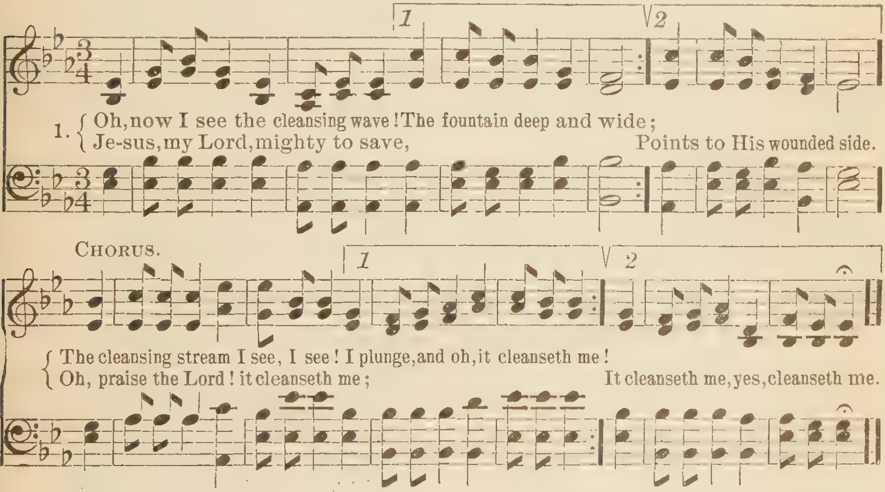

earth-born things a-bove, In the blessed Land of Beulah, The summer Land of love.

5 I've found the heavenly secret, the Love Life of the Lord,
The Golden Chain that bindeth the story of His Word.
Christ is the Heavenly Bridegroom, to seek His Bride He came,
This is the consummation, the Marriage of the Lamb.

Soon will He come in glory to claim His waiting Bride,
But I will know the Bridegroom, He walketh by my side,
He'll know me when He cometh, He'll call me by my name,
And take me to the marriage, the marriage of the Lamb.

## 175 Cleansing Wave.

Mrs. PHŒBE PALMER. Mrs. J. F. KNAPP. per.


1
2
1. { Oh, now I see the cleansing wave! The fountain deep and wide;
Je-sus, my Lord, mighty to save, Points to His wounded side.
CHORUS.
1
2
{ The cleansing stream I see, I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!
Oh, praise the Lord! it cleanseth me; It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me.

2 I rise to walk in Heaven's own light,
Above the world of sin,
With heart made pure and garments white,
And Christ enthroned within.

3 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus, know,
My Jesus crucified.

## 176 With Christ. 8s & 7s.

*Tune, Rathburn. Key C.*

1 On the cross of Christ I've suffered,
God imputes His death to me,
For redemption full He offered,
Which receiving I am free.

2 In the grave with Christ I'm lying
Dead to earth and dead to sin,
Vanquished every foe, when dying
Gates of Heaven, He entered in.

3 On the throne with Christ I'm reigning
As He is, so now am I,
Saved and sanctified, obtaining
Grace and glory from on high.

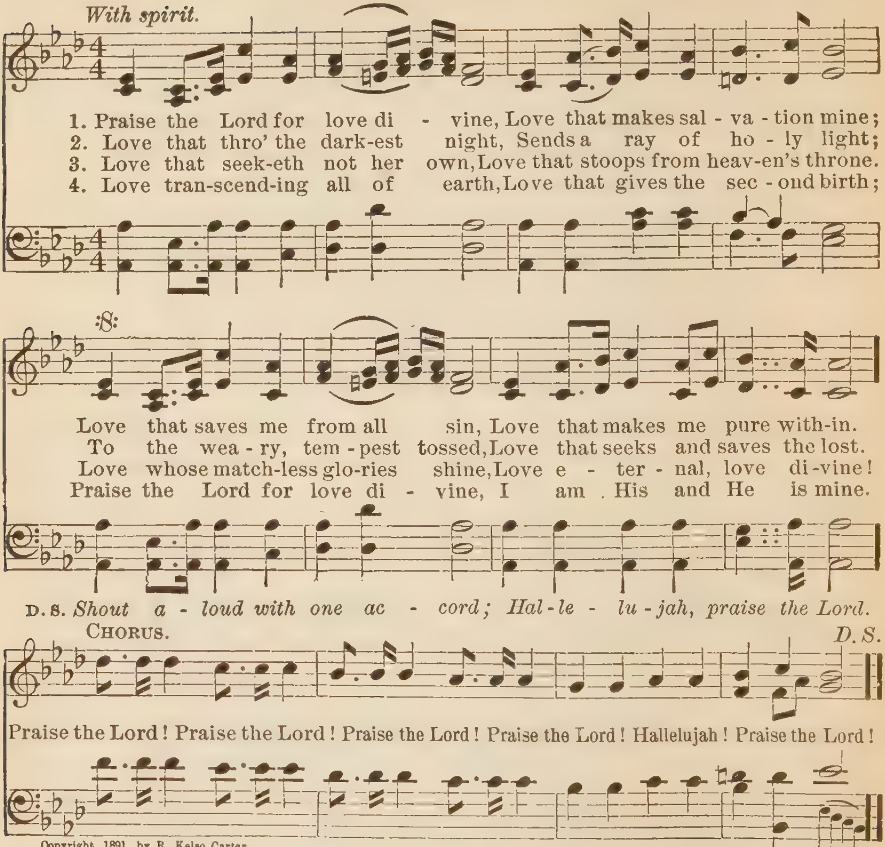
4 In the heavenly places seated
With the Lord upon His throne
Death and hell shall be defeated
Since He claims me for His own.

Rev. F. W. FARR.

# 177 Praise for Love Divine.

K. K. C.

K. Kelso Carter.


With spirit.
1. Praise the Lord for love di - vine, Love that makes sal - va - tion mine;
2. Love that thro' the dark-est night, Sends a ray of ho - ly light;
3. Love that seek-eth not her own, Love that stoops from heav-en's throne.
4. Love tran-scend-ing all of earth, Love that gives the sec - ond birth;
Love that saves me from all sin, Love that makes me pure with-in.
To the wea - ry, tem - pest tossed, Love that seeks and saves the lost.
Love whose match-less glo-ries shine, Love e - ter - nal, love di-vine!
Praise the Lord for love di - vine, I am His and He is mine.
D. S. Shout a - loud with one ac - cord; Hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord.
Chorus.
D. S.
Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

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## 178 The Heavenly King.

Children of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are traveling home to God,
In the way our Father's trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banished seed, be glad;
Christ our Advocate is made:
Us to save our flesh assumes,
Brother to our soul becomes.

4 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light;
Zion's city is in sight;
There our endless home shall be;
There our Lord we soon shall see.
—John Kennick.

## 179 Wait, My Soul.

Wait, my soul, upon the Lord,
To His gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon His word
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

2 If the sorrows of thy case,
Seem peculiar still to Thee,
God has promised needful grace
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

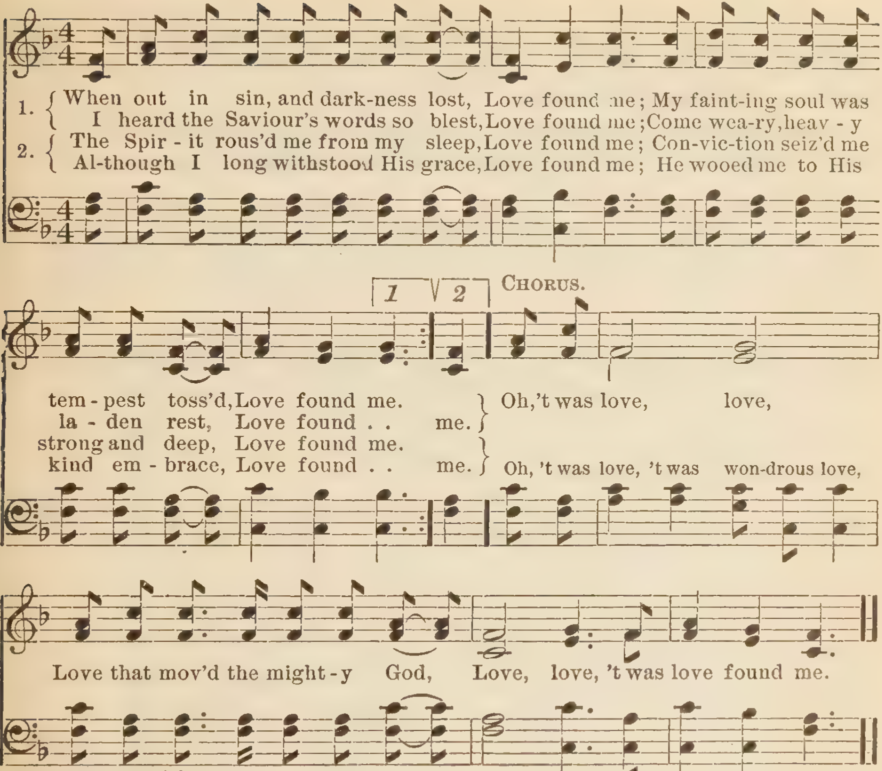
3 Days of trial, days of grief
In succession thou may'st see,
This is still thy sweet relief
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure,
With Thy promise full and free,
Faithful, positive, and sure—
"As thy days thy strength shall be."
—Wm. F. Lloyd.

# 180 Love Found Me.

John iii: 16.

H. L. GILMOUR. Arranged by H. L. G., by per.


1. When out in sin, and dark-ness lost, Love found me; My faint-ing soul was tem-pest toss'd, Love found me.
I heard the Saviour's words so blest, Love found me; Come wea-ry, heav-y la-den rest, Love found . . me.
2. The Spir-it rous'd me from my sleep, Love found me; Con-vic-tion seiz'd me strong and deep, Love found me.
Al-though I long withstood His grace, Love found me; He wooed me to His kind em-brace, Love found . . me.
1 2
CHORUS.
Oh, 't was love, love,
Oh, 't was love, 't was won-drous love,
Love that mov'd the might-y God, Love, love, 't was love found me.

Copyright, 1890, by H. L. Gilmour.

3 I'll praise Him while He gives me breath,
Love found me;
For saving from an endless death,
Love found me;
Christ is my advocate above,
Love found me;
I'm yoked to Him in perfect love,
Love found me.

4 And when I reach the gold-paved street,
Love found me;
I'll sit adoring at His feet,
Love found me;
And sing hosannas round the throne,
Love found me;
Where I shall know as I am known,
Love found me.

## 181 Marching to Zion.

*Key G.*

1 Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

CHORUS.
We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion;
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

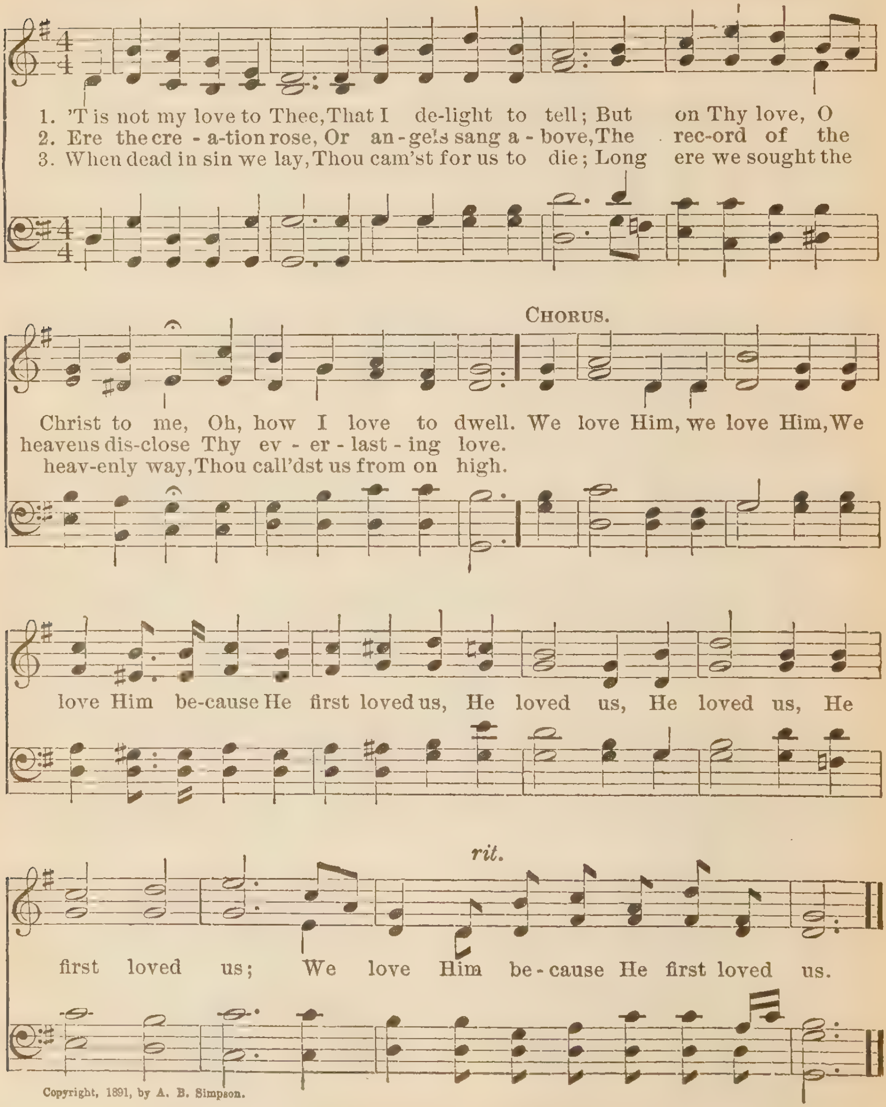
2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 Then let our song abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

I. WATTS.

# 182 We Love Him, Because He First Loved Us.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. 'T is not my love to Thee, That I de-light to tell; But on Thy love, O
2. Ere the cre - a-tion rose, Or an-gels sang a - bove, The rec-ord of the
3. When dead in sin we lay, Thou cam'st for us to die; Long ere we sought the
Christ to me, Oh, how I love to dwell.
heavens dis-close Thy ev - er - last - ing love.
heav-enly way, Thou call'dst us from on high.
Chorus.
We love Him, we love Him, We love Him be-cause He first loved us, He loved us, He loved us, He first loved us; We love Him be-cause He first loved us.
rit.

Copyright, 1891, by A. B. Simpson.

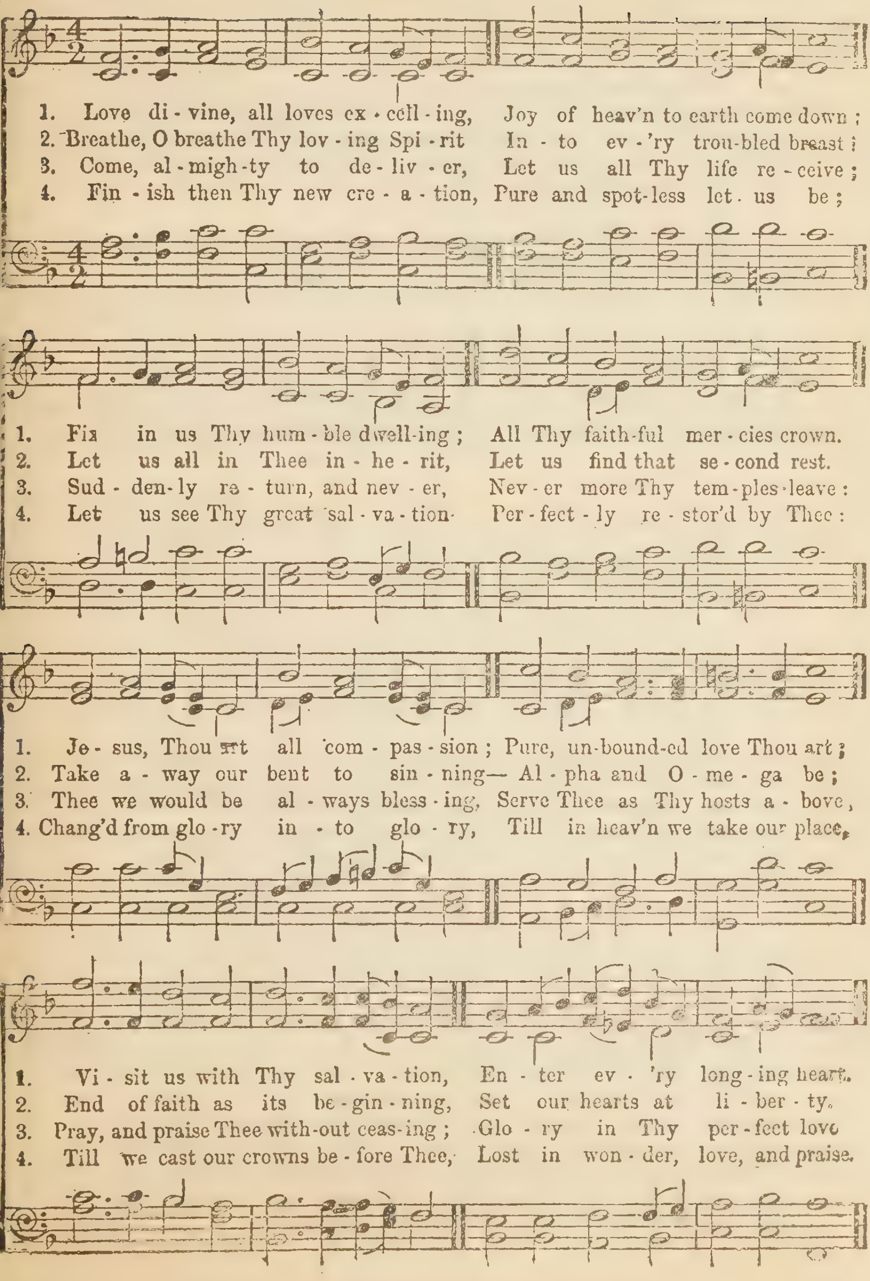
4 No life can be too lost
Thy loving heart to move;
The soul that costs Thy heart the most,
Most richly shares Thy love

5 Lord, help me to believe
Thy wondrous love to me;
Then shall my heart most fully give
Thine own love back to Thee.

183

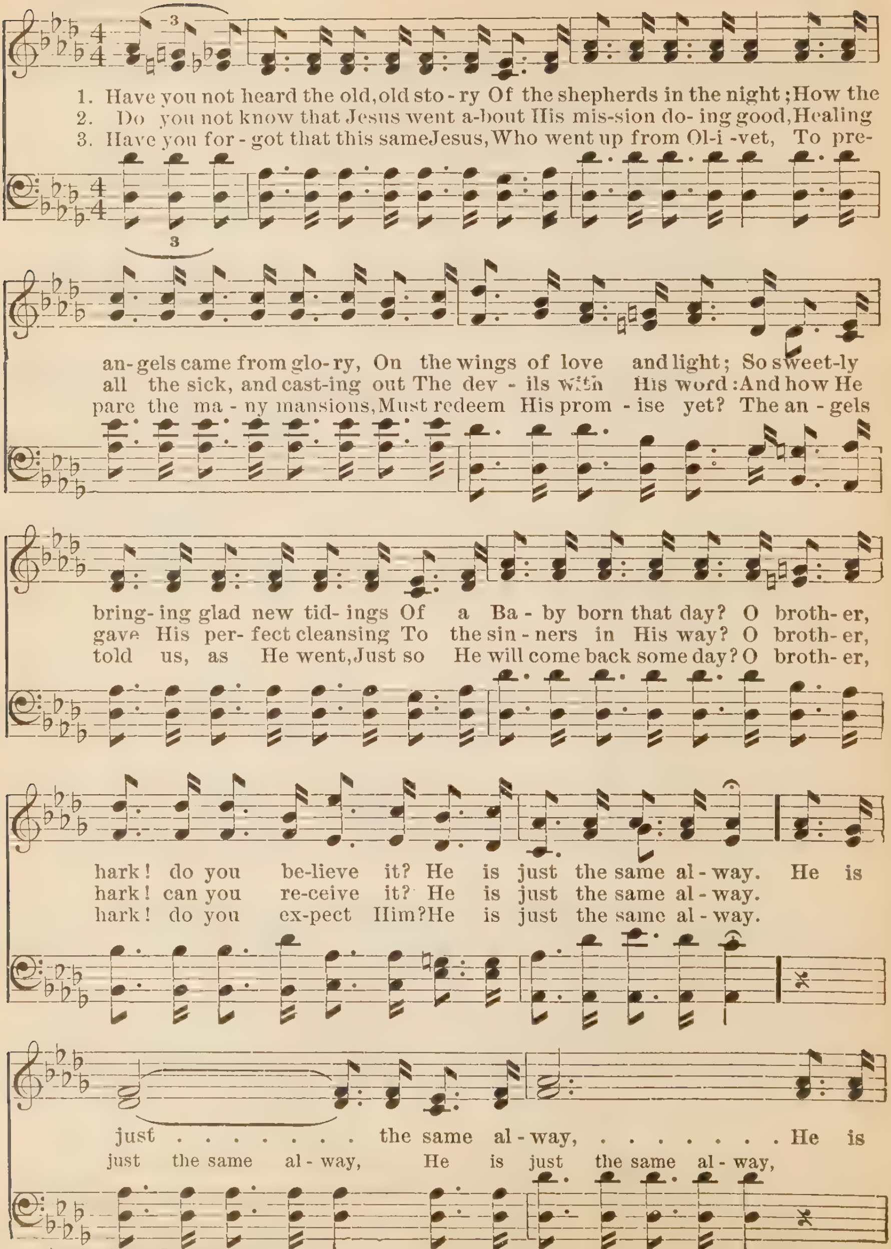
# Love Divine.

C. Wesley. (Austria. 8.7.8.7. d.) J. Haydn.


1. Love di - vine, all loves ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n to earth come down;
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing Spi - rit In - to ev - 'ry trou-bled breast;
3. Come, al - migh-ty to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy life re - ceive;
4. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion, Pure and spot-less let us be;
1. Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell-ing; All Thy faith-ful mer - cies crown.
2. Let us all in Thee in - he - rit, Let us find that se - cond rest.
3. Sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er more Thy tem-ples leave:
4. Let us see Thy great sal - va - tion Per - fect - ly re - stor'd by Thee:
1. Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion; Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;
2. Take a - way our bent to sin - ning— Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
3. Thee we would be al - ways bless - ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove,
4. Chang'd from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,
1. Vi - sit us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry long - ing heart.
2. End of faith as its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at li - ber - ty.
3. Pray, and praise Thee with-out ceas-ing; Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love.
4. Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.

# Just the Same Alway.

R. K. C.　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　R. Kelso Carter.


3
1. Have you not heard the old, old sto - ry Of the shepherds in the night; How the
2. Do you not know that Jesus went a-bout His mis-sion do- ing good, Healing
3. Have you for - got that this same Jesus, Who went up from Ol-i -vet, To pre-
3
an-gels came from glo-ry, On the wings of love and light; So sweet-ly
all the sick, and cast-ing out The dev - ils with His word: And how He
pare the ma - ny mansions, Must redeem His prom - ise yet? The an - gels
bring-ing glad new tid- ings Of a Ba - by born that day? O broth- er,
gave His per- fect cleansing To the sin - ners in His way? O broth- er,
told us, as He went, Just so He will come back some day? O broth- er,
hark! do you be-lieve it? He is just the same al - way. He is
hark! can you re-ceive it? He is just the same al - way.
hark! do you ex-pect Him? He is just the same al - way.
just . . . . . . . . the same al - way, . . . . . . . . He is
just the same al - way, He is just the same al - way,

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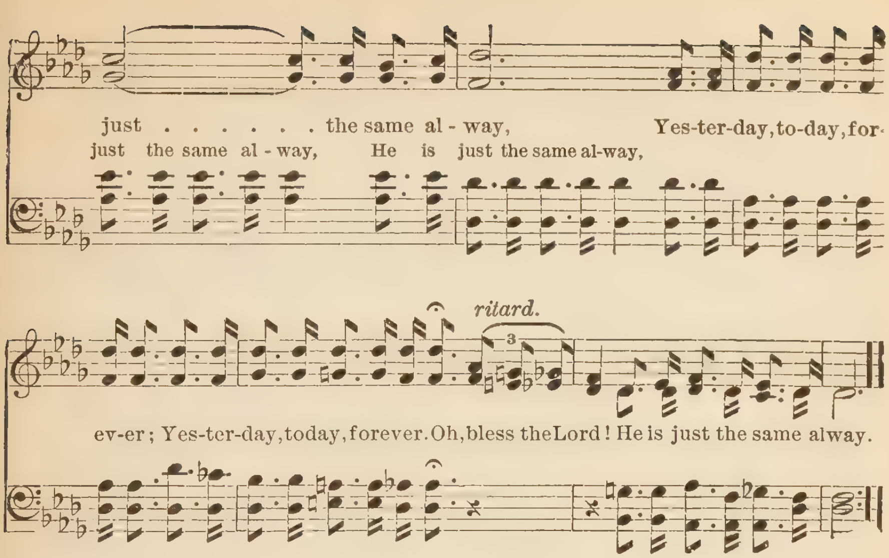
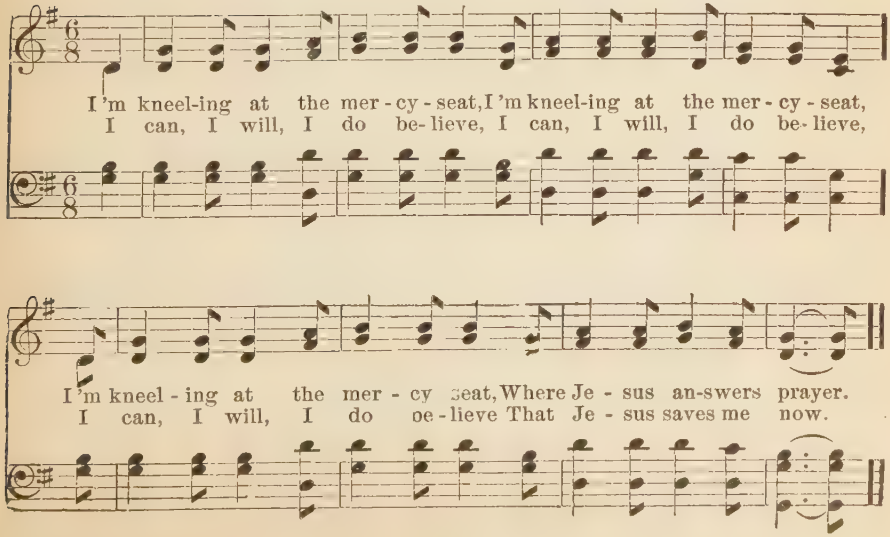

just . . . . . . . the same al - way, Yes-ter-day, to-day, for-
just the same al - way, He is just the same al-way,
ritard.
ev-er; Yes-ter-day, today, forever. Oh, bless the Lord! He is just the same alway.

## 185 I'm Kneeling at the Mercy-seat.

*(Use any Common Metre Hymn with this Chorus.)*

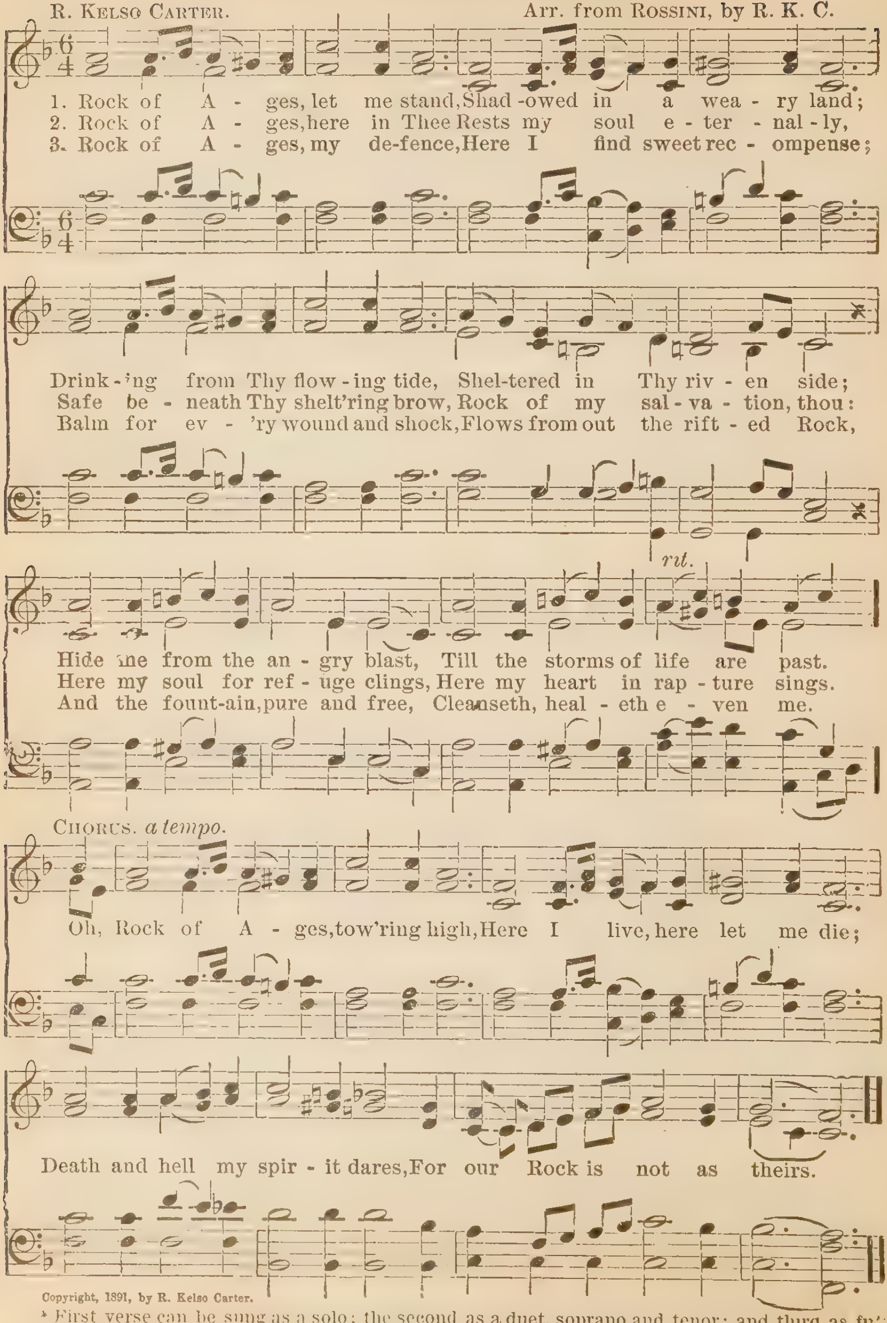

I'm kneel-ing at the mer - cy - seat, I'm kneel-ing at the mer - cy - seat,
I can, I will, I do be- lieve, I can, I will, I do be- lieve,
I'm kneel - ing at the mer - cy seat, Where Je - sus an-swers prayer.
I can, I will, I do be - lieve That Je - sus saves me now.

# *Our Rock.

*"For their rock is not as our Rock."* DEUT. xxxii: 31.

R. KELSO CARTER.

ARR. from ROSSINI, by R. K. C.


1. Rock of A - ges, let me stand, Shad - owed in a wea - ry land;
2. Rock of A - ges, here in Thee Rests my soul e - ter - nal - ly,
3. Rock of A - ges, my de-fence, Here I find sweet rec - ompense;
Drink - ing from Thy flow - ing tide, Shel-tered in Thy riv - en side;
Safe be - neath Thy shelt'ring brow, Rock of my sal - va - tion, thou:
Balm for ev - 'ry wound and shock, Flows from out the rift - ed Rock,
rit.
Hide me from the an - gry blast, Till the storms of life are past.
Here my soul for ref - uge clings, Here my heart in rap - ture sings.
And the fount-ain, pure and free, Cleanseth, heal - eth e - ven me.
CHORUS. a tempo.
Oh, Rock of A - ges, tow'ring high, Here I live, here let me die;
Death and hell my spir - it dares, For our Rock is not as theirs.

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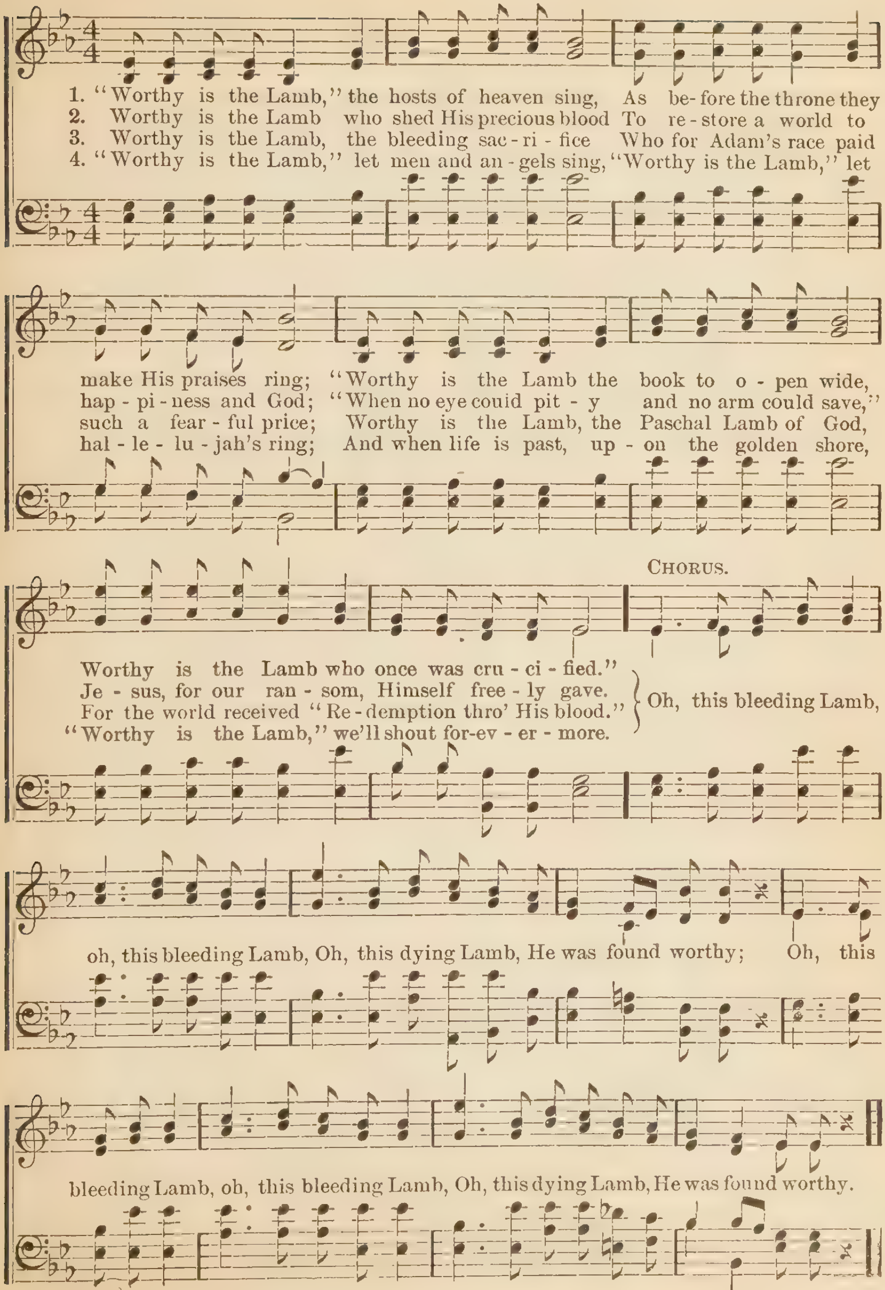
* First verse can be sung as a solo; the second as a duet, soprano and tenor; and third as fr horus. Issued i usic, as full anthem, by S. T. GORDON & SON, New York.

# Worthy the Lamb.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

Geo. C. Hugg.


1. "Worthy is the Lamb," the hosts of heaven sing, As be-fore the throne they
2. Worthy is the Lamb who shed His precious blood To re-store a world to
3. Worthy is the Lamb, the bleeding sac-ri-fice Who for Adam's race paid
4. "Worthy is the Lamb," let men and an-gels sing, "Worthy is the Lamb," let
make His praises ring; "Worthy is the Lamb the book to o-pen wide,
hap-pi-ness and God; "When no eye could pit-y and no arm could save,"
such a fear-ful price; Worthy is the Lamb, the Paschal Lamb of God,
hal-le-lu-jah's ring; And when life is past, up-on the golden shore,
Worthy is the Lamb who once was cru-ci-fied."
Je-sus, for our ran-som, Himself free-ly gave.
For the world received "Re-demption thro' His blood."
"Worthy is the Lamb," we'll shout for-ev-er-more.
CHORUS.
Oh, this bleeding Lamb,
oh, this bleeding Lamb, Oh, this dying Lamb, He was found worthy; Oh, this
bleeding Lamb, oh, this bleeding Lamb, Oh, this dying Lamb, He was found worthy.

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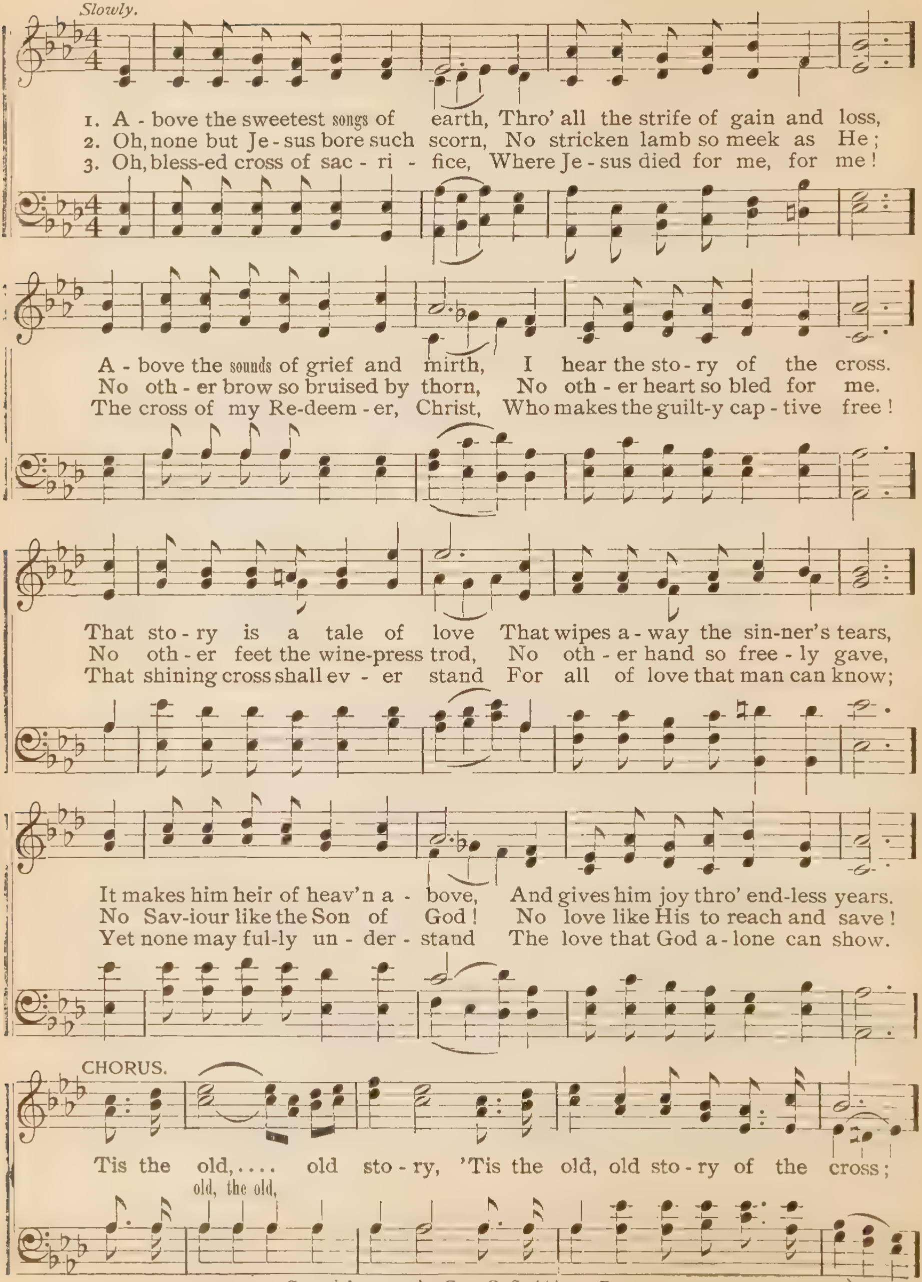
# The Story of the Cross.

**Carrie E. Breck.** **Geo. C. Stebbins.**


Slowly.
1. A - bove the sweetest songs of earth, Thro' all the strife of gain and loss,
2. Oh, none but Je - sus bore such scorn, No stricken lamb so meek as He;
3. Oh, bless-ed cross of sac - ri - fice, Where Je - sus died for me, for me!
A - bove the sounds of grief and mirth, I hear the sto - ry of the cross.
No oth - er brow so bruised by thorn, No oth - er heart so bled for me.
The cross of my Re-deem - er, Christ, Who makes the guilt-y cap - tive free!
That sto - ry is a tale of love That wipes a - way the sin-ner's tears,
No oth - er feet the wine-press trod, No oth - er hand so free - ly gave,
That shining cross shall ev - er stand For all of love that man can know;
It makes him heir of heav'n a - bove, And gives him joy thro' end-less years.
No Sav-iour like the Son of God! No love like His to reach and save!
Yet none may ful-ly un - der - stand The love that God a - lone can show.
CHORUS.
'Tis the old,.... old sto - ry, 'Tis the old, old sto - ry of the cross;
old, the old,

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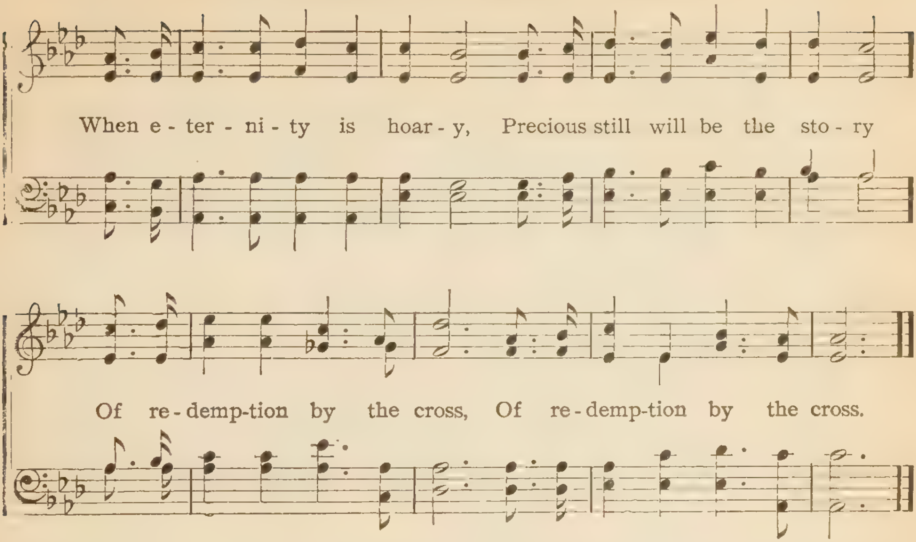
## The Story of the Cross.—Concluded.

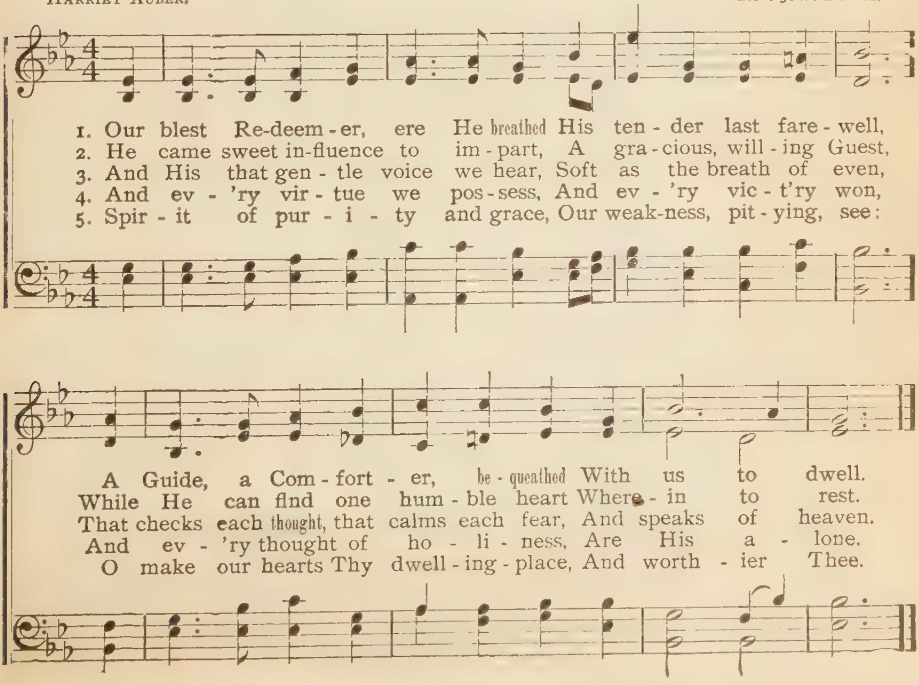

When e-ter-ni-ty is hoar-y, Precious still will be the sto-ry
Of re-demp-tion by the cross, Of re-demp-tion by the cross.

## 189

## Our Blest Redeemer.

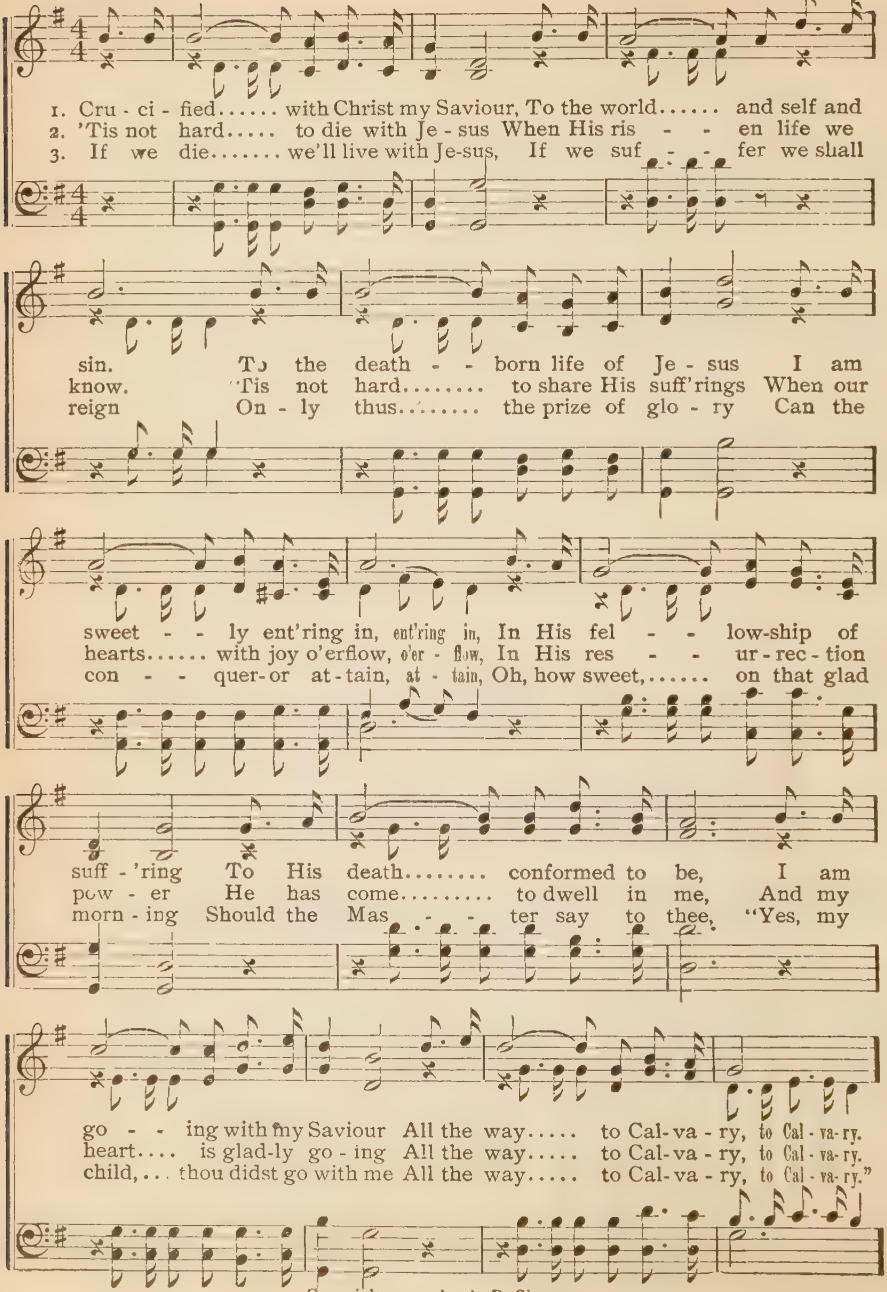
Harriet Auber.

Rev. J. B. Dykes.


1. Our blest Re-deem-er, ere He breathed His ten-der last fare-well,
2. He came sweet in-fluence to im-part, A gra-cious, will-ing Guest,
3. And His that gen-tle voice we hear, Soft as the breath of even,
4. And ev-'ry vir-tue we pos-sess, And ev-'ry vic-t'ry won,
5. Spir-it of pur-i-ty and grace, Our weak-ness, pit-ying, see:
A Guide, a Com-fort-er, be-queathed With us to dwell.
While He can find one hum-ble heart Where-in to rest.
That checks each thought, that calms each fear, And speaks of heaven.
And ev-'ry thought of ho-li-ness, Are His a-lone.
O make our hearts Thy dwell-ing-place, And worth-ier Thee.

# All the Way to Calvary.

A. B. Simpson. Margaret M. Simpson.


1. Cru - ci - fied...... with Christ my Saviour, To the world...... and self and
2. 'Tis not hard..... to die with Je - sus When His ris - - en life we
3. If we die....... we'll live with Je-sus, If we suf - - fer we shall
sin. To the death - - born life of Je - sus I am
know. 'Tis not hard........ to share His suff'rings When our
reign On - ly thus......... the prize of glo - ry Can the
sweet - - ly ent'ring in, ent'ring in, In His fel - - low-ship of
hearts...... with joy o'erflow, o'er - flow, In His res - - ur - rec - tion
con - - quer- or at - tain, at - tain, Oh, how sweet,...... on that glad
suff - 'ring To His death........ conformed to be, I am
pow - er He has come......... to dwell in me, And my
morn - ing Should the Mas - - ter say to thee, "Yes, my
go - - ing with my Saviour All the way..... to Cal- va - ry, to Cal - va - ry.
heart.... is glad-ly go - ing All the way..... to Cal- va - ry, to Cal - va - ry.
child,... thou didst go with me All the way..... to Cal- va - ry, to Cal - va - ry."

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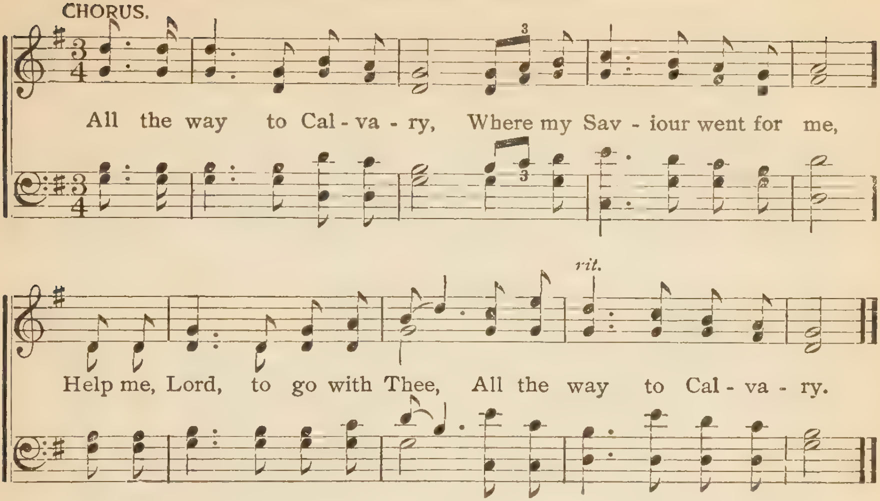
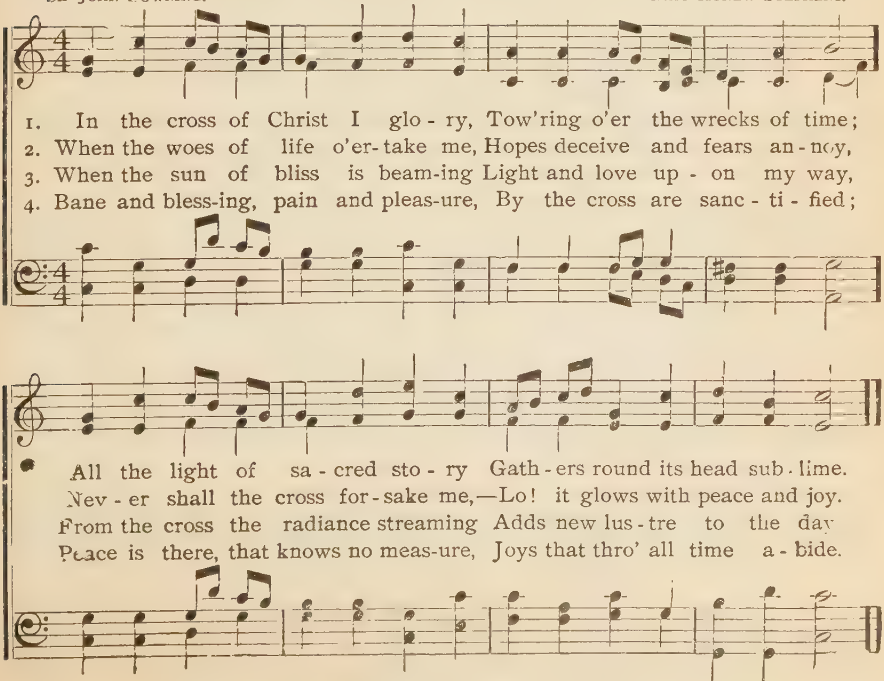
# All the Way to Calvary.—Concluded.


CHORUS.
All the way to Cal-va-ry, Where my Sav-iour went for me,
Help me, Lord, to go with Thee, All the way to Cal-va-ry.
rit.

## 191 In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

Sir JOHN BOWRING. MAY AGNEW STEPHENS.


1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes deceive and fears an-noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up-on my way,
4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleas-ure, By the cross are sanc-ti-fied;
All the light of sa-cred sto-ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
Nev-er shall the cross for-sake me,—Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the radiance streaming Adds new lus-tre to the day.
Peace is there, that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a-bide.

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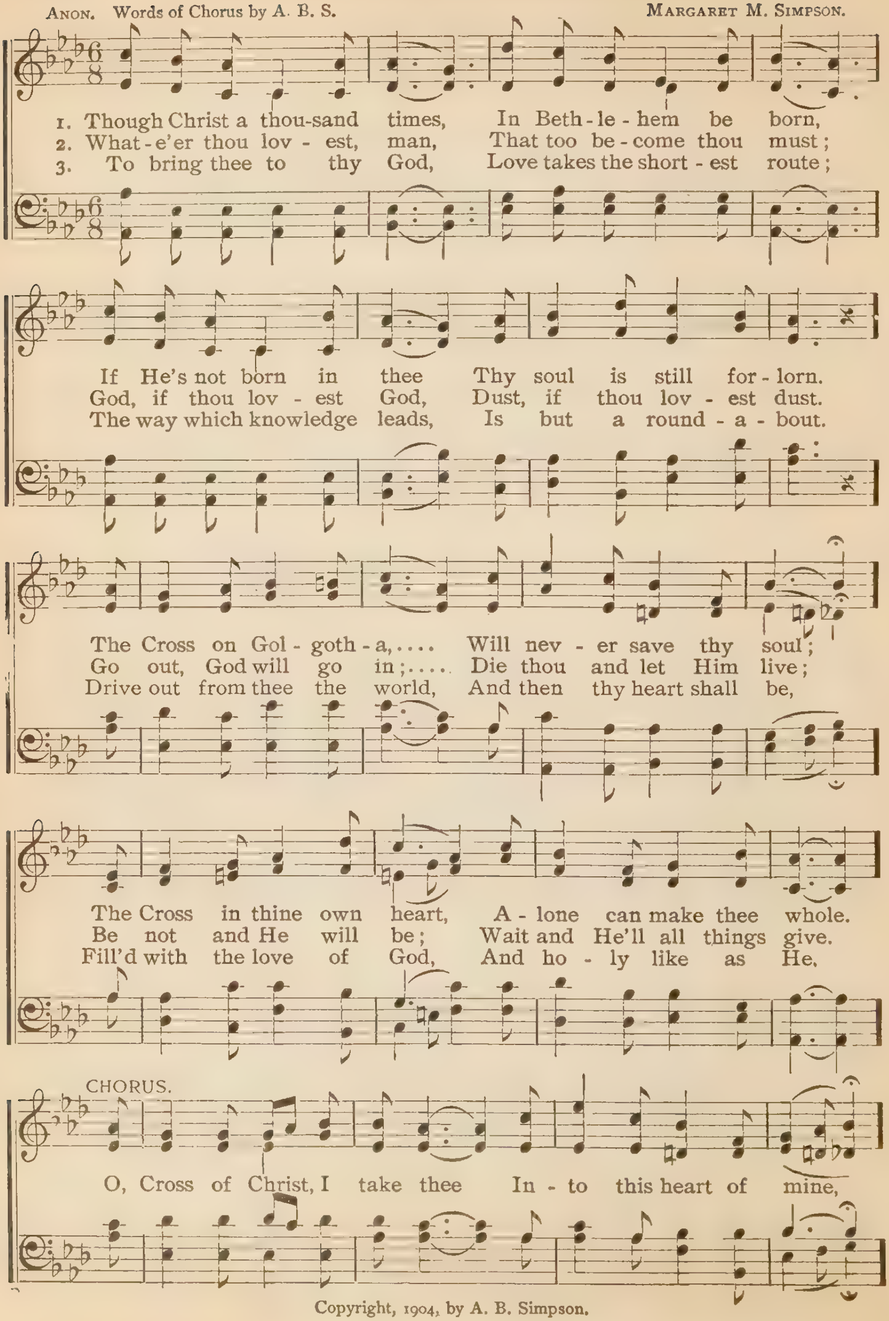
# 192 O Cross of Christ.

Anon. Words of Chorus by A. B. S. — Margaret M. Simpson.


1. Though Christ a thou-sand times, In Beth-le-hem be born,
2. What-e'er thou lov-est, man, That too be-come thou must;
3. To bring thee to thy God, Love takes the short-est route;
If He's not born in thee Thy soul is still for-lorn.
God, if thou lov-est God, Dust, if thou lov-est dust.
The way which knowledge leads, Is but a round-a-bout.
The Cross on Gol-goth-a, .... Will nev-er save thy soul;
Go out, God will go in; .... Die thou and let Him live;
Drive out from thee the world, And then thy heart shall be,
The Cross in thine own heart, A-lone can make thee whole.
Be not and He will be; Wait and He'll all things give.
Fill'd with the love of God, And ho-ly like as He.
CHORUS.
O, Cross of Christ, I take thee In-to this heart of mine,

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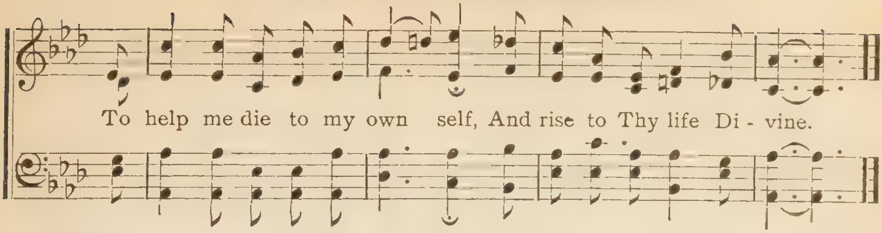
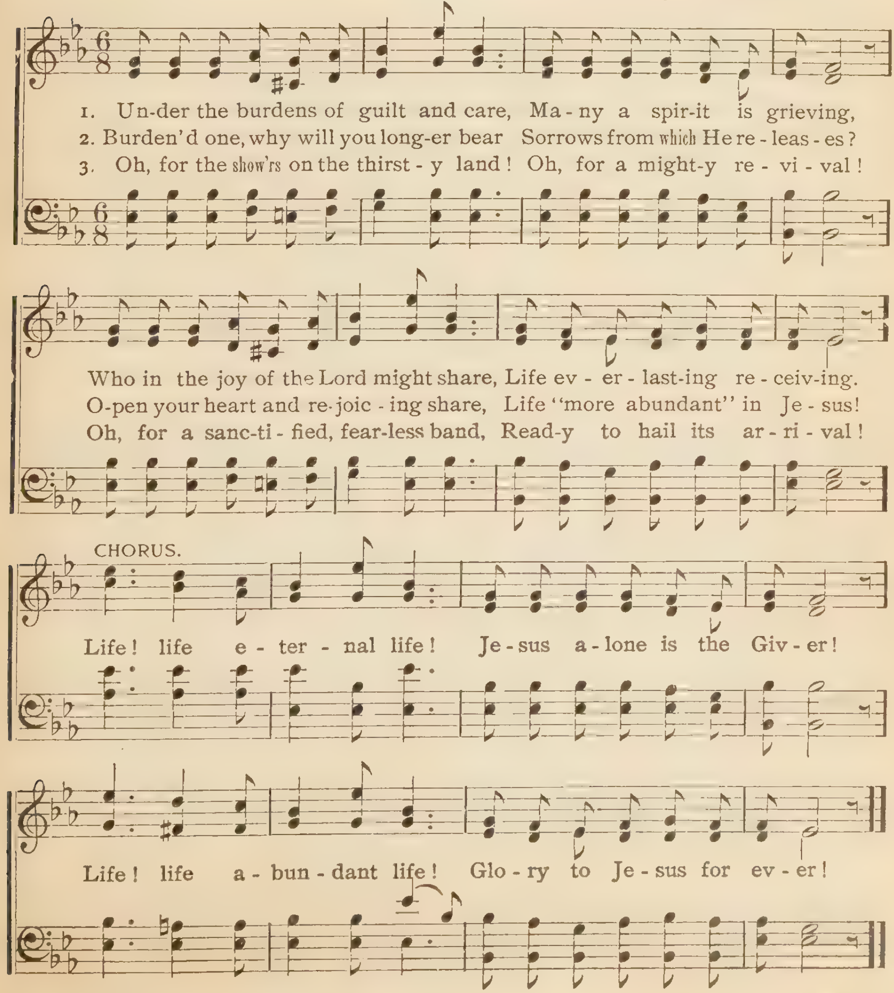

To help me die to my own self, And rise to Thy life Di - vine.

## 193

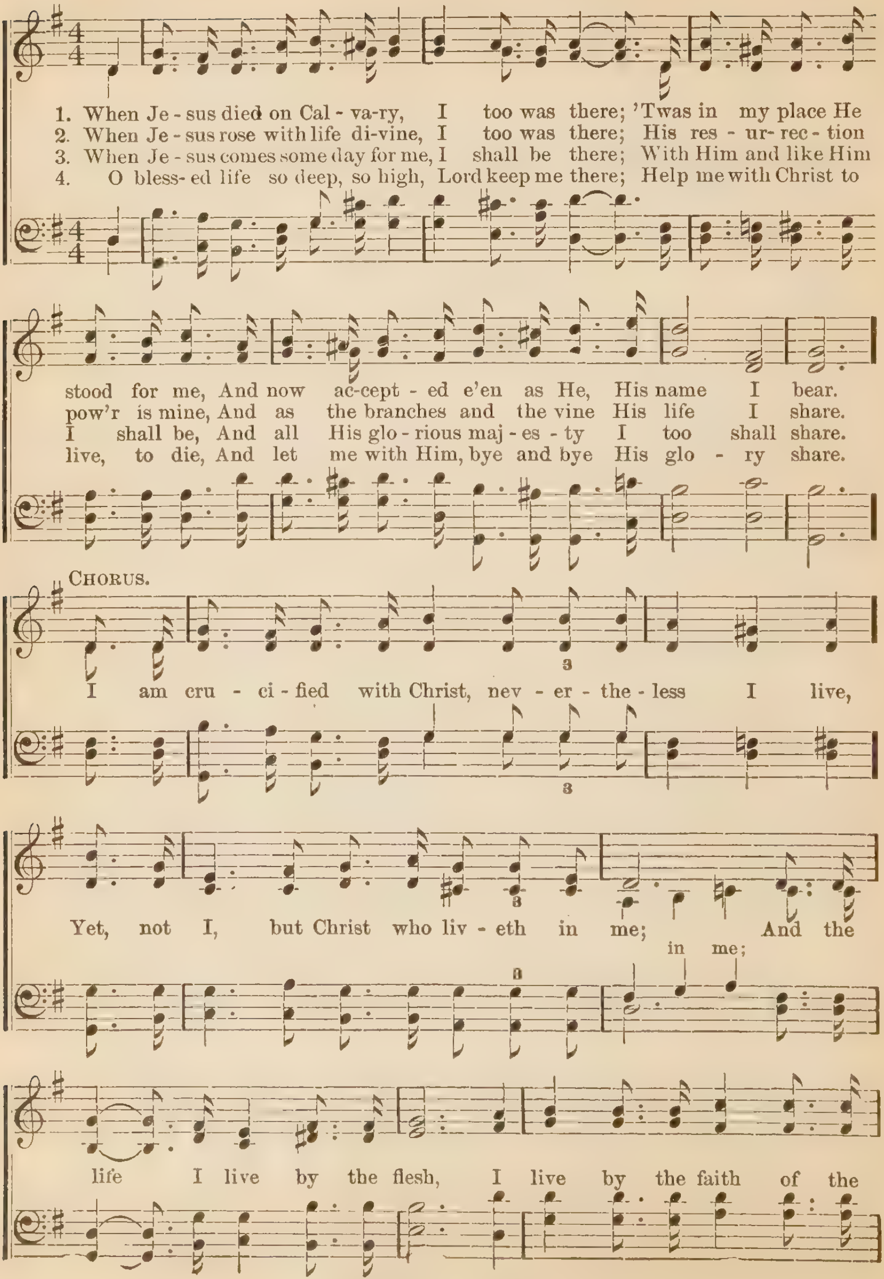
## Abundant Life.

W. Leslie. Arr. by Chas. Mc W. Bonnar.


1. Un-der the burdens of guilt and care, Ma - ny a spir-it is grieving,
2. Burden'd one, why will you long-er bear Sorrows from which He re - leas - es?
3. Oh, for the show'rs on the thirst - y land! Oh, for a might-y re - vi - val!
Who in the joy of the Lord might share, Life ev - er - last-ing re - ceiv-ing.
O-pen your heart and re-joic - ing share, Life "more abundant" in Je - sus!
Oh, for a sanc-ti - fied, fear-less band, Read-y to hail its ar - ri - val!
CHORUS.
Life! life e - ter - nal life! Je - sus a - lone is the Giv - er!
Life! life a - bun - dant life! Glo - ry to Je - sus for ev - er!

# 194 I am Crucified with Christ.

A. B. S. A. B. Simpson.


1. When Je-sus died on Cal-va-ry, I too was there; 'Twas in my place He stood for me, And now ac-cept-ed e'en as He, His name I bear.
2. When Je-sus rose with life di-vine, I too was there; His res-ur-rec-tion pow'r is mine, And as the branches and the vine His life I share.
3. When Je-sus comes some day for me, I shall be there; With Him and like Him I shall be, And all His glo-rious maj-es-ty I too shall share.
4. O bless-ed life so deep, so high, Lord keep me there; Help me with Christ to live, to die, And let me with Him, bye and bye His glo-ry share.
Chorus.
I am cru-ci-fied with Christ, nev-er-the-less I live,
Yet, not I, but Christ who liv-eth in me; in me; And the
life I live by the flesh, I live by the faith of the
3
3
3
3

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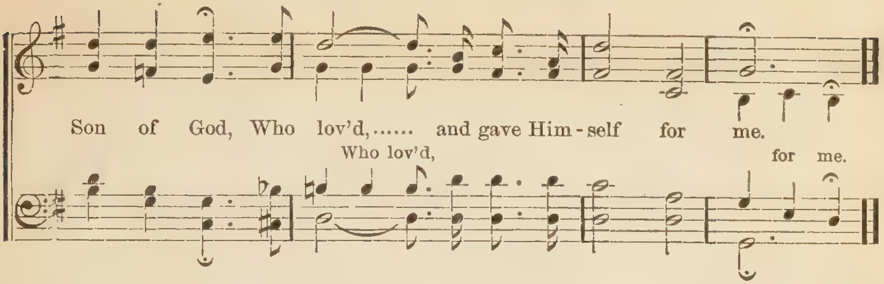
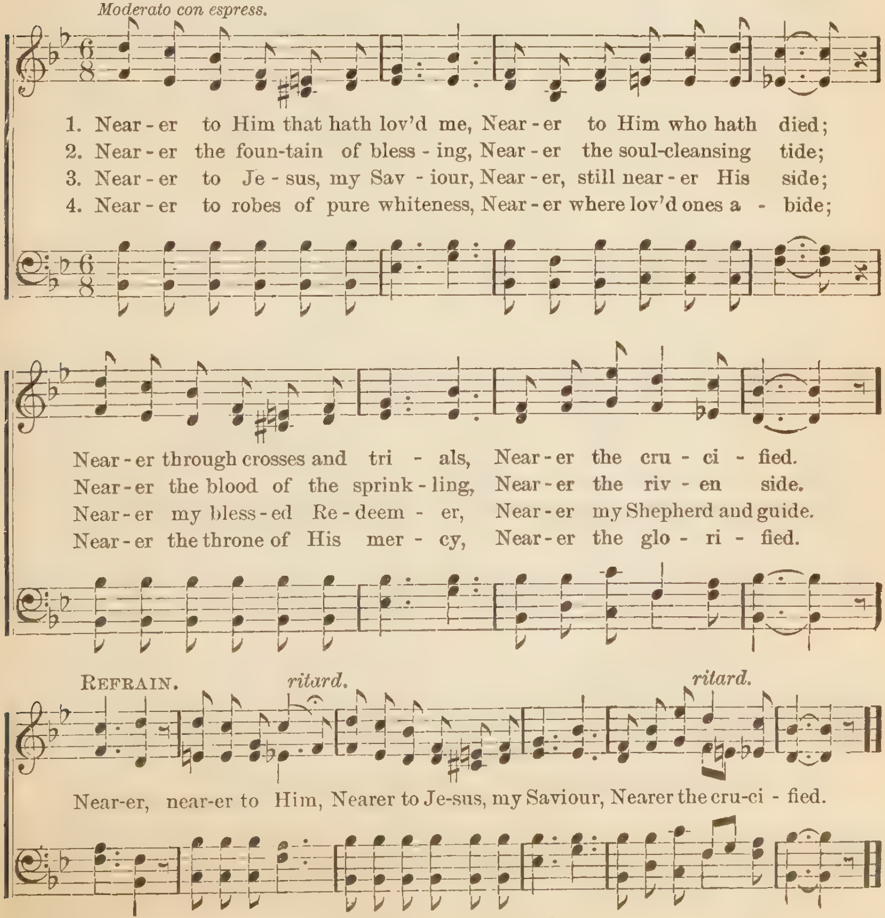
## I am Crucified with Christ.—Concluded.


Son of God, Who lov'd,...... and gave Him-self for me.
Who lov'd, for me.

## 195 Nearer.

Rev. R. B. Lockwood.
F. E. Rimanoczy.


Moderato con espress.
1. Near-er to Him that hath lov'd me, Near-er to Him who hath died;
2. Near-er the foun-tain of bless-ing, Near-er the soul-cleansing tide;
3. Near-er to Je-sus, my Sav-iour, Near-er, still near-er His side;
4. Near-er to robes of pure whiteness, Near-er where lov'd ones a-bide;
Near-er through crosses and tri-als, Near-er the cru-ci-fied.
Near-er the blood of the sprink-ling, Near-er the riv-en side.
Near-er my bless-ed Re-deem-er, Near-er my Shepherd and guide.
Near-er the throne of His mer-cy, Near-er the glo-ri-fied.
Refrain.
ritard.
ritard.
Near-er, near-er to Him, Nearer to Je-sus, my Saviour, Nearer the cru-ci-fied.

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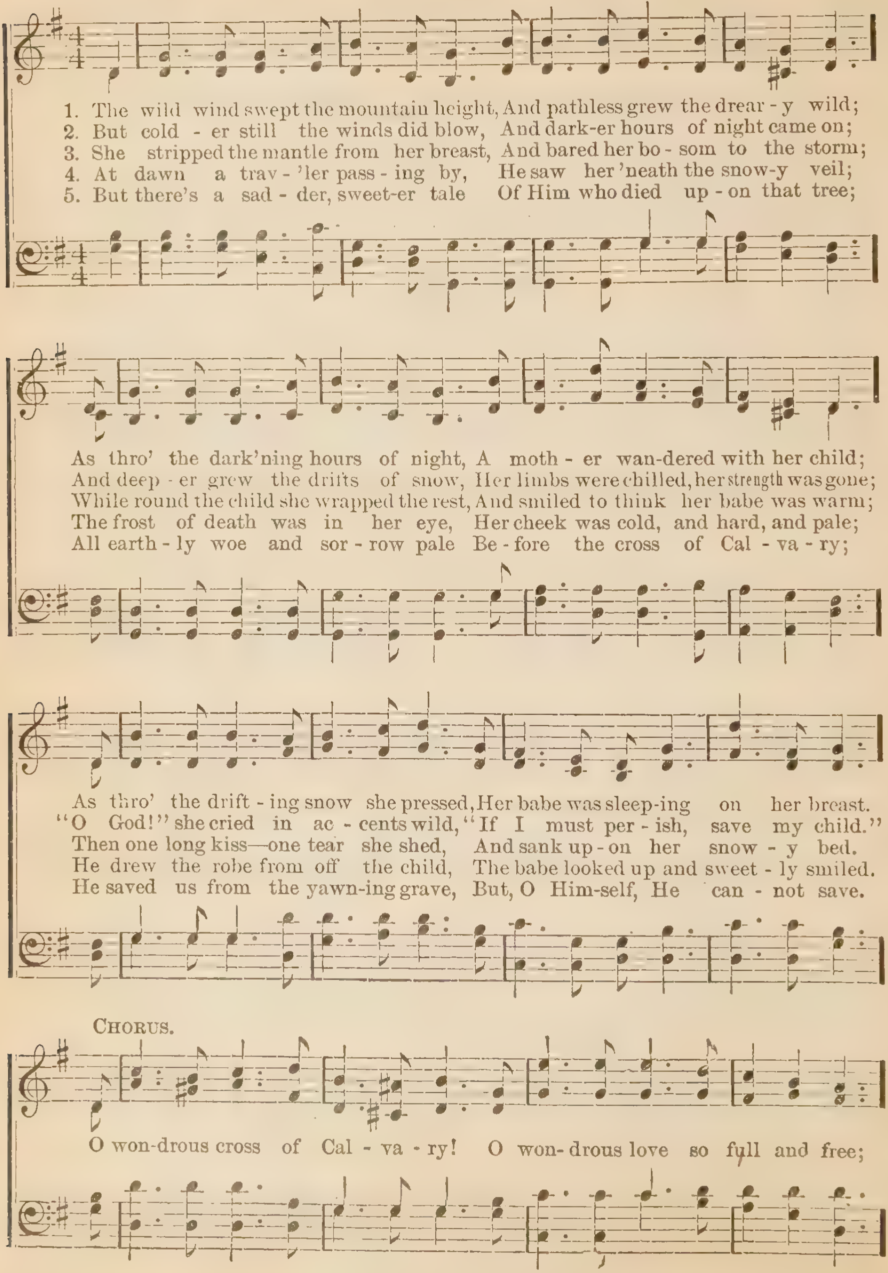
# Himself, He Could not Save.

Old Ballad. Adapted A. B. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.


1. The wild wind swept the mountain height, And pathless grew the drear - y wild;
2. But cold - er still the winds did blow, And dark-er hours of night came on;
3. She stripped the mantle from her breast, And bared her bo - som to the storm;
4. At dawn a trav - 'ler pass - ing by, He saw her 'neath the snow-y veil;
5. But there's a sad - der, sweet-er tale Of Him who died up - on that tree;
As thro' the dark'ning hours of night, A moth - er wan-dered with her child;
And deep - er grew the drifts of snow, Her limbs were chilled, her strength was gone;
While round the child she wrapped the rest, And smiled to think her babe was warm;
The frost of death was in her eye, Her cheek was cold, and hard, and pale;
All earth - ly woe and sor - row pale Be - fore the cross of Cal - va - ry;
As thro' the drift - ing snow she pressed, Her babe was sleep-ing on her breast.
"O God!" she cried in ac - cents wild, "If I must per - ish, save my child."
Then one long kiss—one tear she shed, And sank up - on her snow - y bed.
He drew the robe from off the child, The babe looked up and sweet - ly smiled.
He saved us from the yawn-ing grave, But, O Him-self, He can - not save.
CHORUS.
O won-drous cross of Cal - va - ry! O won- drous love so full and free;

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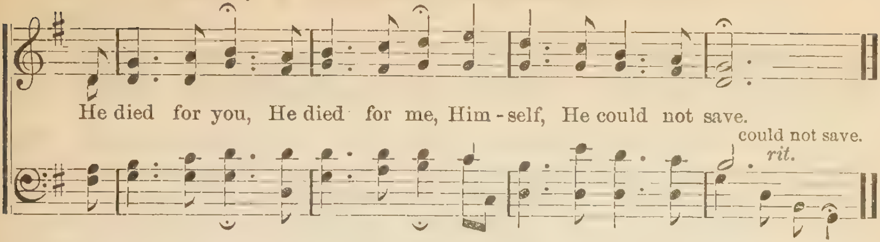
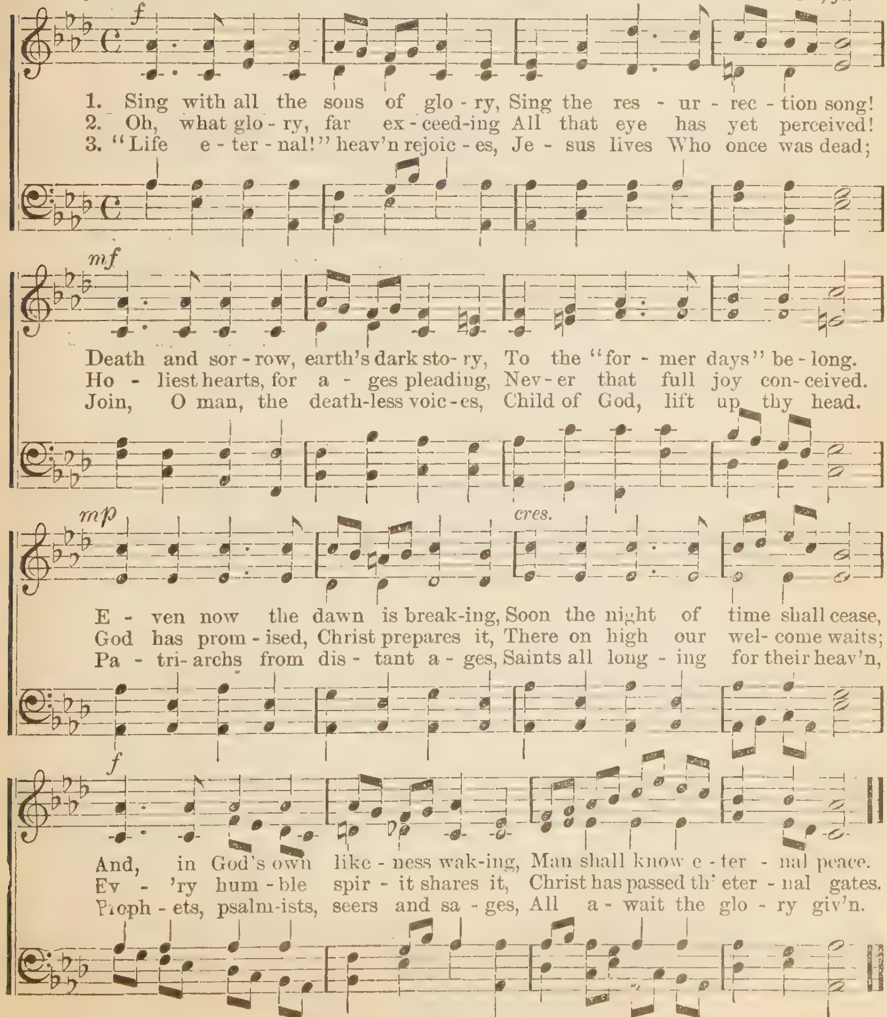
## Himself, He Could not Save.—Concluded.


He died for you, He died for me, Him - self, He could not save.
could not save.
rit.

## 197 Sing with All the Sons of Glory.

Wm. J. Irons

Rev. K. Mackenzie, Jr.


f
1. Sing with all the sons of glo - ry, Sing the res - ur - rec - tion song!
2. Oh, what glo - ry, far ex - ceed-ing All that eye has yet perceived!
3. "Life e - ter - nal!" heav'n rejoic - es, Je - sus lives Who once was dead;
mf
Death and sor - row, earth's dark sto - ry, To the "for - mer days" be - long.
Ho - liest hearts, for a - ges pleading, Nev - er that full joy con - ceived.
Join, O man, the death-less voic - es, Child of God, lift up thy head.
mp
cres.
E - ven now the dawn is break-ing, Soon the night of time shall cease,
God has prom - ised, Christ prepares it, There on high our wel- come waits;
Pa - tri- archs from dis - tant a - ges, Saints all long - ing for their heav'n,
f
And, in God's own like - ness wak-ing, Man shall know e - ter - nal peace.
Ev - 'ry hum - ble spir - it shares it, Christ has passed th' eter - nal gates.
Proph - ets, psalm-ists, seers and sa - ges, All a - wait the glo - ry giv'n.

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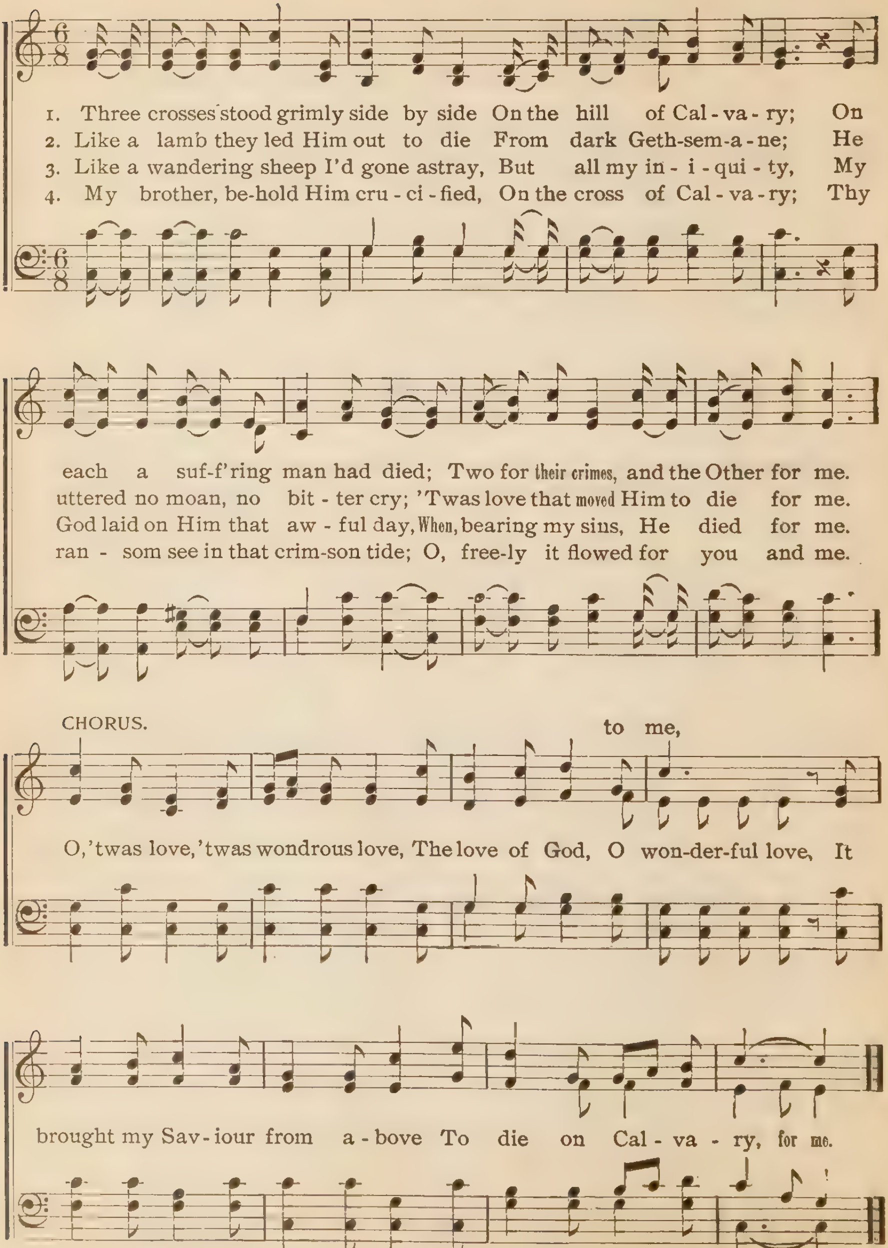
# Three Crosses.

ANON. MARGARET M. SIMPSON.


1. Three crosses stood grimly side by side On the hill of Cal-va-ry; On each a suf-f'ring man had died; Two for their crimes, and the Other for me.
2. Like a lamb they led Him out to die From dark Geth-sem-a-ne; He uttered no moan, no bit-ter cry; 'Twas love that moved Him to die for me.
3. Like a wandering sheep I'd gone astray, But all my in-i-qui-ty, My God laid on Him that aw-ful day, When, bearing my sins, He died for me.
4. My brother, be-hold Him cru-ci-fied, On the cross of Cal-va-ry; Thy ran-som see in that crim-son tide; O, free-ly it flowed for you and me.
CHORUS.
O, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love, The love of God, O won-der-ful love, It brought my Sav-iour from a-bove To die on Cal-va-ry, for me.
to me,

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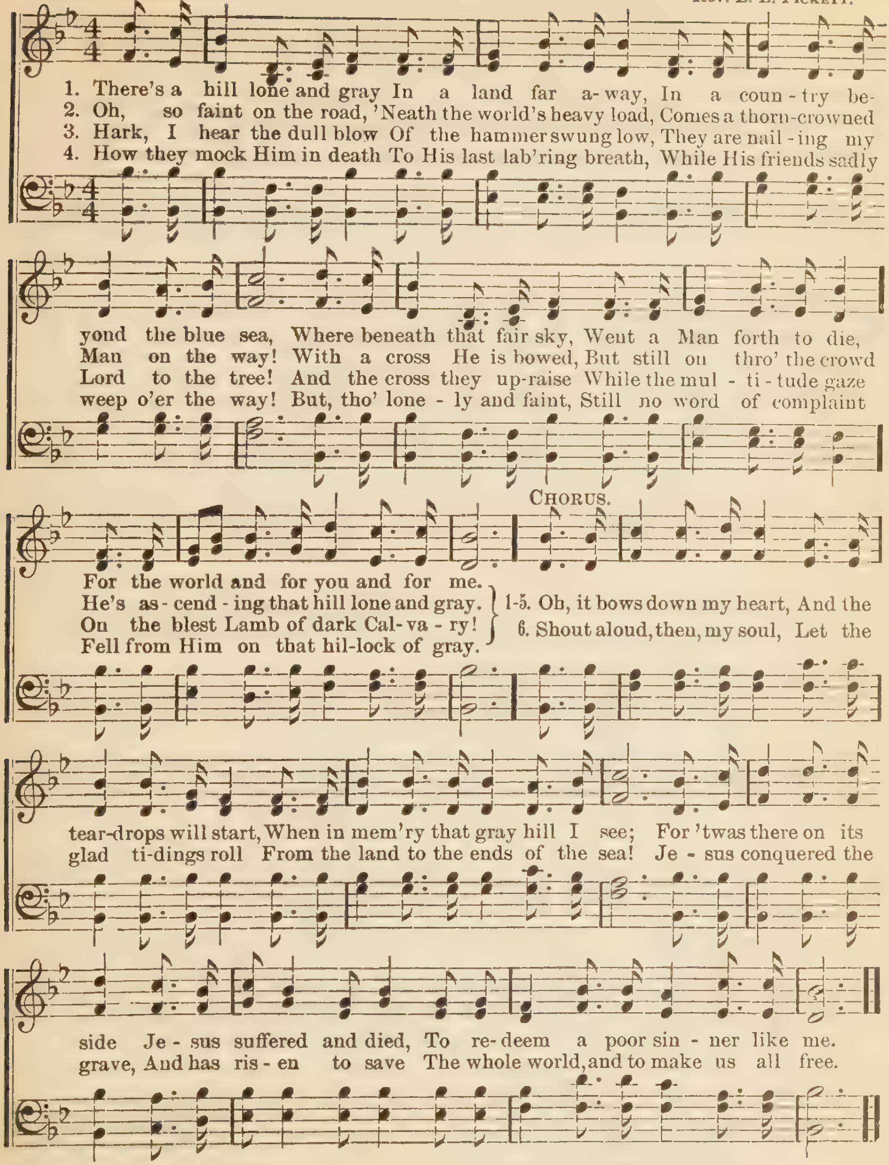
# Calvary.

Rev. B. Carradine.

Rev. L. L. Pickett.


1. There's a hill lone and gray In a land far a-way, In a coun - try be-
2. Oh, so faint on the road, 'Neath the world's heavy load, Comes a thorn-crowned
3. Hark, I hear the dull blow Of the hammer swung low, They are nail - ing my
4. How they mock Him in death To His last lab'ring breath, While His friends sadly
yond the blue sea, Where beneath that fair sky, Went a Man forth to die,
Man on the way! With a cross He is bowed, But still on thro' the crowd
Lord to the tree! And the cross they up-raise While the mul - ti - tude gaze
weep o'er the way! But, tho' lone - ly and faint, Still no word of complaint
For the world and for you and for me.
He's as - cend - ing that hill lone and gray.
On the blest Lamb of dark Cal - va - ry!
Fell from Him on that hil-lock of gray.
CHORUS.
1-5. Oh, it bows down my heart, And the
6. Shout aloud, then, my soul, Let the
tear-drops will start, When in mem'ry that gray hill I see; For 'twas there on its
glad ti-dings roll From the land to the ends of the sea! Je - sus conquered the
side Je - sus suffered and died, To re-deem a poor sin - ner like me.
grave, And has ris - en to save The whole world, and to make us all free.

5 Then the darkness came down,
And the rocks rent around,
And a cry pierced the sad-laden air!
'Twas the voice of our King,
Who received death's dark sting,
All to save us from endless despair.

6 Let the sun hide its face,
Let the earth reel apace,
Over men who their Saviour have slain,
But, behold! from the sod
Comes the blessed Lamb of God,
Who was slain, but is risen again.

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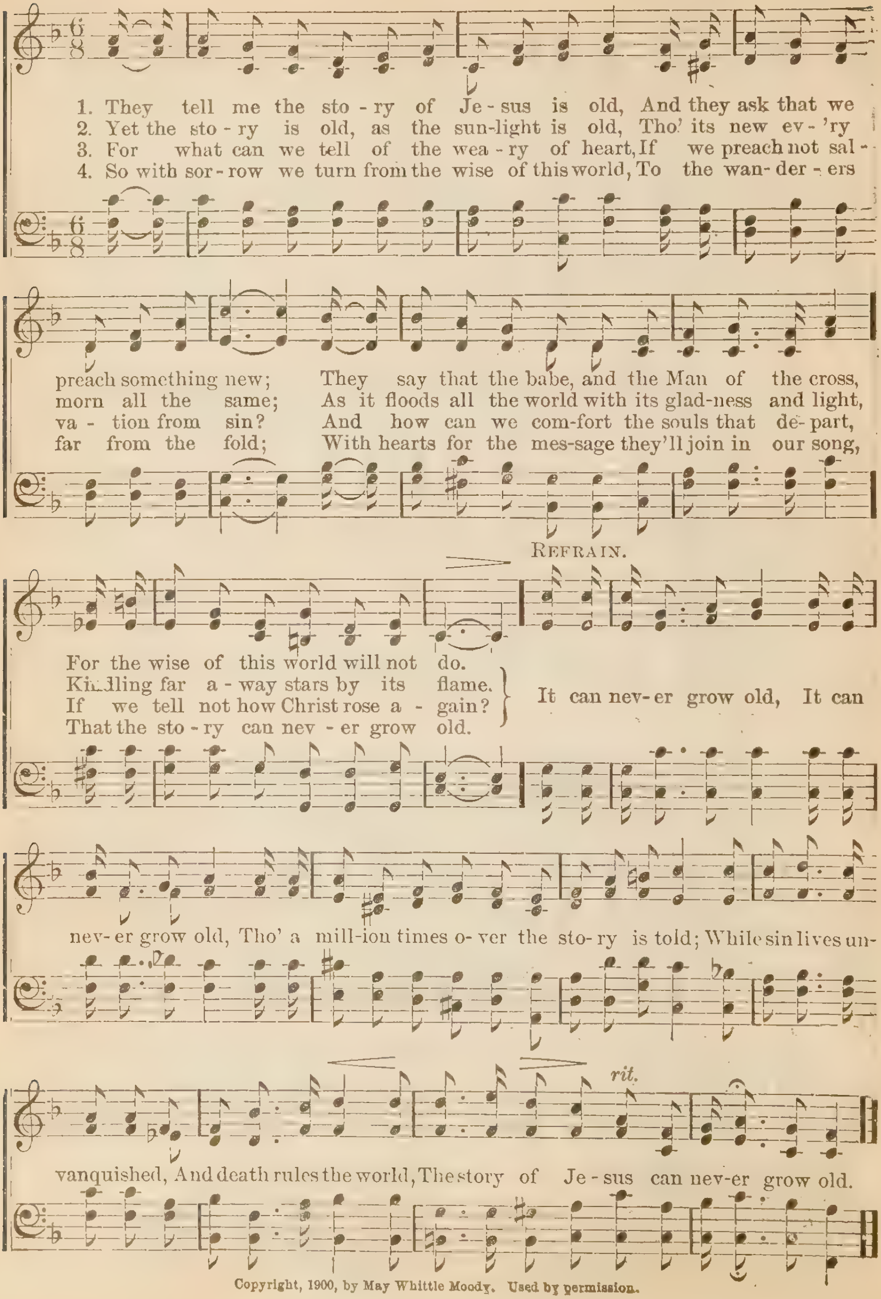
# 200 The Story of Jesus can Never Grow Old.

Maj. D. W. Whittle. May Whittle Moody.


1. They tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus is old, And they ask that we
2. Yet the sto - ry is old, as the sun-light is old, Tho' its new ev - 'ry
3. For what can we tell of the wea - ry of heart, If we preach not sal -
4. So with sor - row we turn from the wise of this world, To the wan - der - ers
preach something new; They say that the babe, and the Man of the cross,
morn all the same; As it floods all the world with its glad-ness and light,
va - tion from sin? And how can we com-fort the souls that de-part,
far from the fold; With hearts for the mes-sage they'll join in our song,
For the wise of this world will not do.
Kindling far a - way stars by its flame.
If we tell not how Christ rose a - gain?
That the sto - ry can nev - er grow old.
Refrain.
It can nev - er grow old, It can
nev - er grow old, Tho' a mill-ion times o - ver the sto - ry is told; While sin lives un -
vanquished, And death rules the world, The story of Je - sus can nev-er grow old.
rit.

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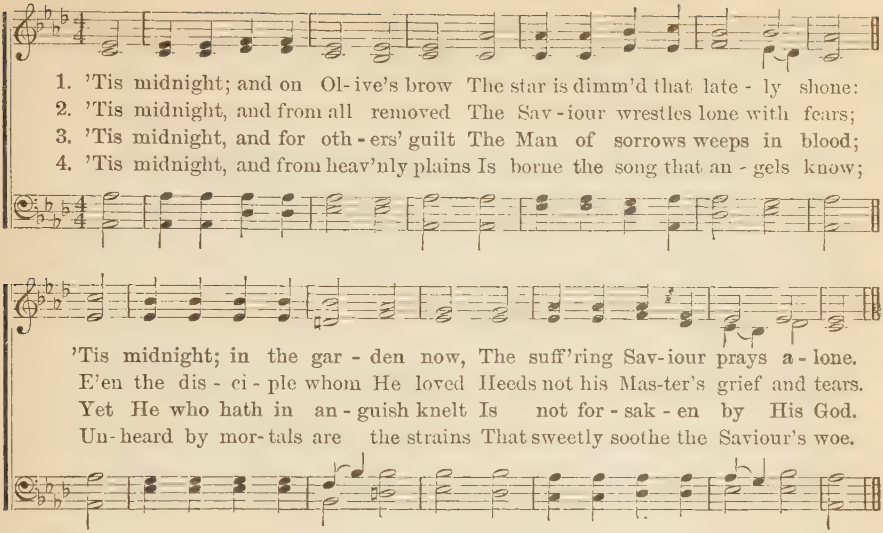
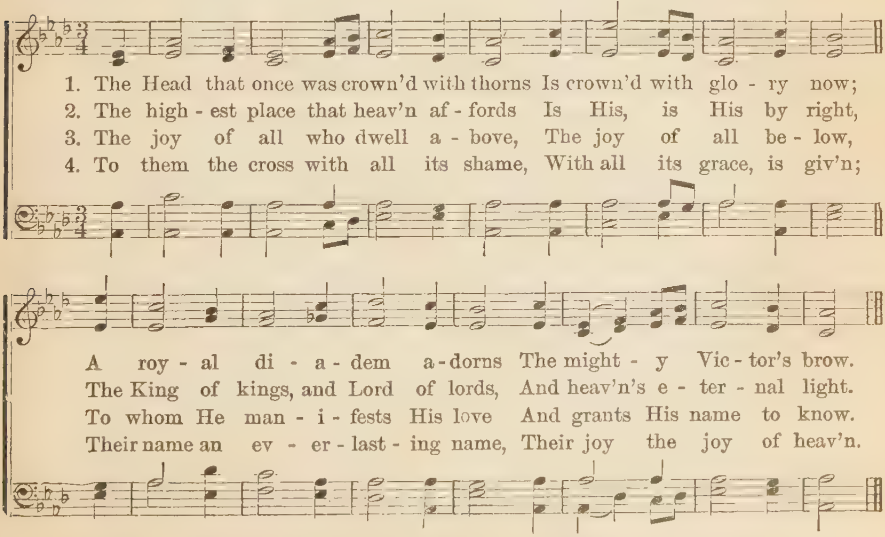
## 201 'Tis Midnight.

W. B. Tappan. W. B. Bradbury.


1. 'Tis midnight; and on Ol-ive's brow The star is dimm'd that late-ly shone:
2. 'Tis midnight, and from all removed The Sav-iour wrestles lone with fears;
3. 'Tis midnight, and for oth-ers' guilt The Man of sorrows weeps in blood;
4. 'Tis midnight, and from heav'nly plains Is borne the song that an-gels know;
'Tis midnight; in the gar-den now, The suff'ring Sav-iour prays a-lone.
E'en the dis-ci-ple whom He loved Heeds not his Mas-ter's grief and tears.
Yet He who hath in an-guish knelt Is not for-sak-en by His God.
Un-heard by mor-tals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

## 202 The Head that Once was Crowned.

T. Kelly. Hugh Wilson.


1. The Head that once was crown'd with thorns Is crown'd with glo-ry now;
2. The high-est place that heav'n af-fords Is His, is His by right,
3. The joy of all who dwell a-bove, The joy of all be-low,
4. To them the cross with all its shame, With all its grace, is giv'n;
A roy-al di-a-dem a-dorns The might-y Vic-tor's brow.
The King of kings, and Lord of lords, And heav'n's e-ter-nal light.
To whom He man-i-fests His love And grants His name to know.
Their name an ev-er-last-ing name, Their joy the joy of heav'n.

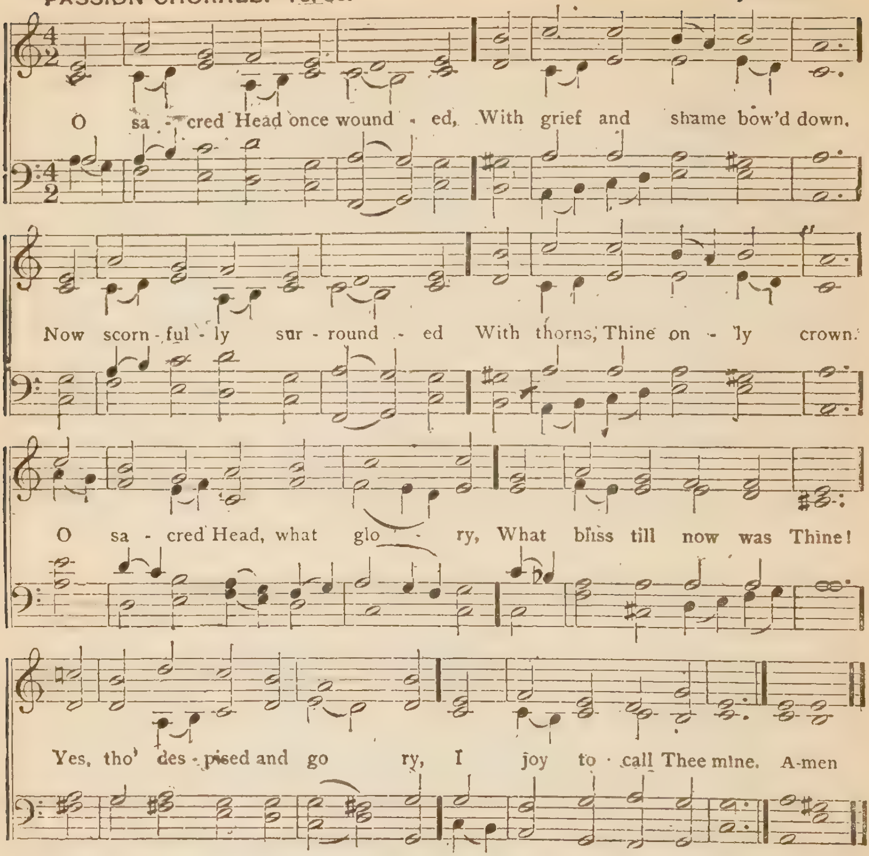
5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

6 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him:
His people's hopes, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

203

# O Sacred Head.

PASSION CHORALE. 7s, 6s. J. S. BACH.


O sa - cred Head once wound - ed, With grief and shame bow'd down,
Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown:
O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss till now was Thine!
Yes, tho' des - pised and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine.
A-men

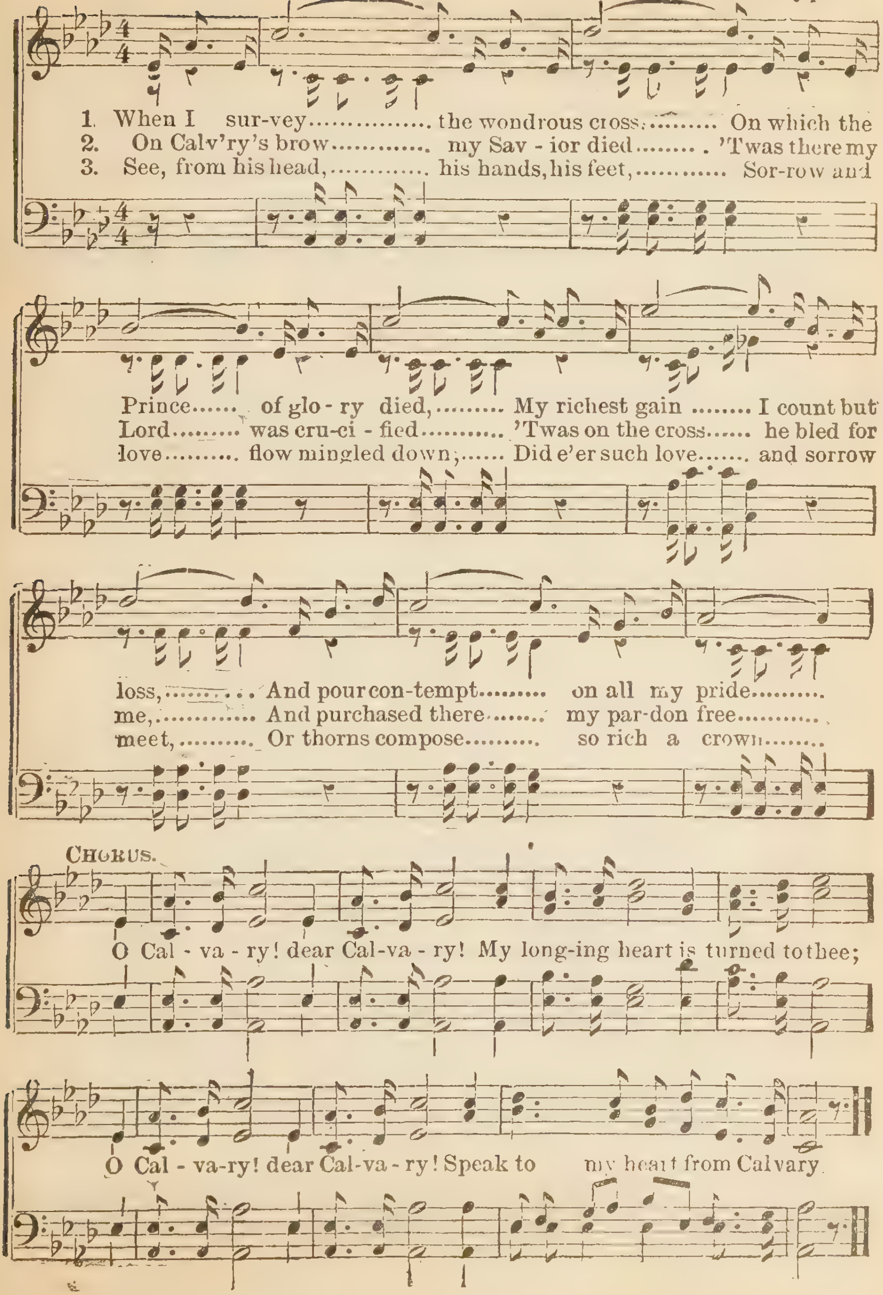
What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered,
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain:
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine for ever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love for Thee.

Be near me when I'm dying,
O show Thy cross to me;
And to my succor flying
Come, Lord, and set me free.
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he, who dies believing,
Dies safely through Thy love.

# Calvary! Dear Calvary.

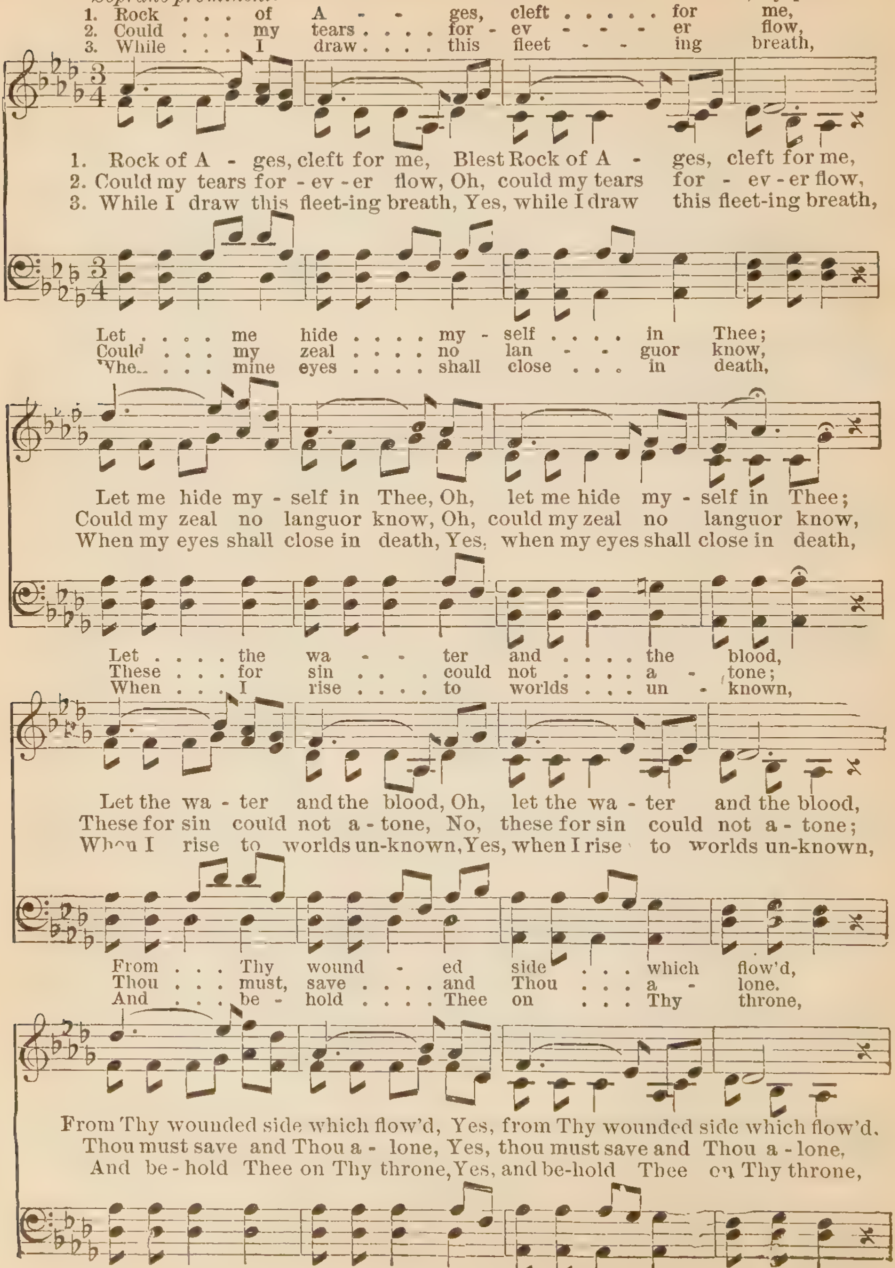
H. R. PALMER. By per.


1. When I sur-vey............... the wondrous cross.......... On which the
2. On Calv'ry's brow............ my Sav - ior died........ . 'Twas there my
3. See, from his head,............ his hands, his feet,............ Sor-row and
Prince...... of glo - ry died,......... My richest gain ........ I count but
Lord........ was cru-ci - fied........... 'Twas on the cross...... he bled for
love.......... flow mingled down,...... Did e'er such love....... and sorrow
loss,............ And pour con-tempt......... on all my pride..........
me,............ And purchased there........ my par-don free...........
meet,.......... Or thorns compose.......... so rich a crown........
CHORUS.
O Cal - va - ry! dear Cal-va - ry! My long-ing heart is turned to thee;
O Cal - va-ry! dear Cal-va - ry! Speak to my heart from Calvary.

# Rock of Ages.

*Soprano prominent.*

E. O. EXCELL, by per.


1. Rock . . . of A - - ges, cleft . . . . . for me,
2. Could . . . my tears . . . . for - ev - - - - er flow,
3. While . . . I draw . . . . this fleet - - ing breath,
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Blest Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Oh, could my tears for - ev - er flow,
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, Yes, while I draw this fleet-ing breath,
Let . . . . me hide . . . . my - self . . . . in Thee;
Could . . . my zeal . . . . no lan - - guor know,
When . . . mine eyes . . . . shall close . . . in death,
Let me hide my - self in Thee, Oh, let me hide my - self in Thee;
Could my zeal no languor know, Oh, could my zeal no languor know,
When my eyes shall close in death, Yes, when my eyes shall close in death,
Let . . . . the wa - - ter and . . . . the blood,
These . . . for sin . . . could not . . . . a - tone;
When . . . I rise . . . . to worlds . . . un - known,
Let the wa - ter and the blood, Oh, let the wa - ter and the blood,
These for sin could not a - tone, No, these for sin could not a - tone;
When I rise to worlds un-known, Yes, when I rise to worlds un-known,
From . . . Thy wound - ed side . . . which flow'd,
Thou . . . must, save . . . . and Thou . . . a - lone.
And . . . be - hold . . . . Thee on . . . Thy throne,
From Thy wounded side which flow'd, Yes, from Thy wounded side which flow'd.
Thou must save and Thou a - lone, Yes, thou must save and Thou a - lone,
And be - hold Thee on Thy throne, Yes, and be-hold Thee on Thy throne,

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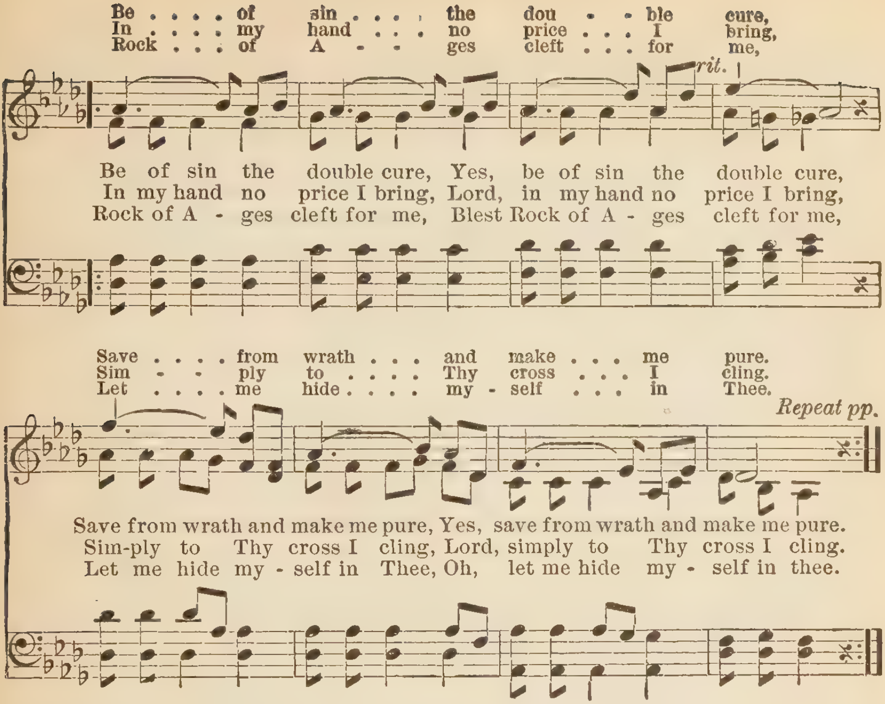
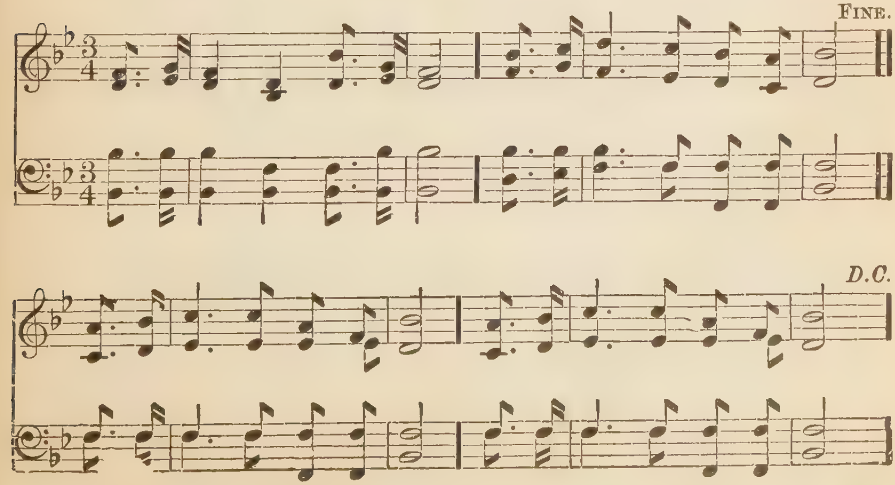

Be . . . . of sin . . . . the dou - - ble cure,
In . . . . my hand . . . no price . . . I bring,
Rock . . . of A - - ges cleft . . . for me,
rit.
Be of sin the double cure, Yes, be of sin the double cure,
In my hand no price I bring, Lord, in my hand no price I bring,
Rock of A - ges cleft for me, Blest Rock of A - ges cleft for me,
Save . . . . from wrath . . . and make . . . me pure.
Sim - - ply to . . . . Thy cross . . . I cling.
Let . . . . me hide . . . . my - self . . . in Thee.
Repeat pp.
Save from wrath and make me pure, Yes, save from wrath and make me pure.
Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling, Lord, simply to Thy cross I cling.
Let me hide my - self in Thee, Oh, let me hide my - self in thee.

## 206 Rock of Ages. 6 lines, 7s.

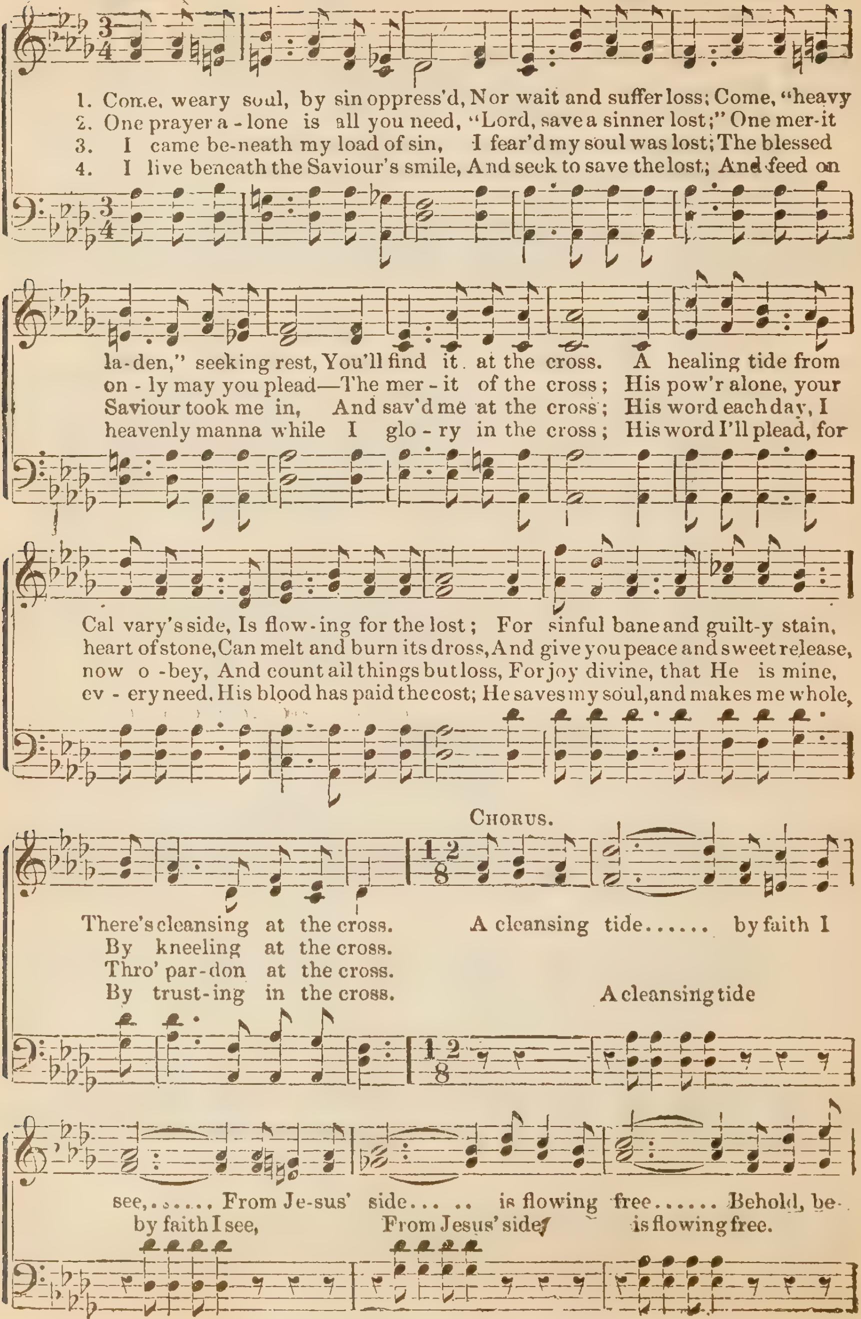
A. TOPLADY. SECOND TUNE. Tune, TOPLADY.



207

# Life at the Cross.

A. M. Druel. By per., D. C. Wright.


1. Come, weary soul, by sin oppress'd, Nor wait and suffer loss; Come, "heavy
2. One prayer a - lone is all you need, "Lord, save a sinner lost;" One mer-it
3. I came be-neath my load of sin, I fear'd my soul was lost; The blessed
4. I live beneath the Saviour's smile, And seek to save the lost; And feed on
la-den," seeking rest, You'll find it at the cross. A healing tide from
on - ly may you plead—The mer - it of the cross; His pow'r alone, your
Saviour took me in, And sav'd me at the cross; His word each day, I
heavenly manna while I glo - ry in the cross; His word I'll plead, for
Cal vary's side, Is flow-ing for the lost; For sinful bane and guilt-y stain,
heart of stone, Can melt and burn its dross, And give you peace and sweet release,
now o -bey, And count all things but loss, For joy divine, that He is mine,
ev - ery need, His blood has paid the cost; He saves my soul, and makes me whole,
There's cleansing at the cross.
By kneeling at the cross.
Thro' par-don at the cross.
By trust-ing in the cross.
CHORUS.
A cleansing tide...... by faith I
A cleansing tide
see,...... From Je-sus' side... .. is flowing free...... Behold, be-
by faith I see, From Jesus' side is flowing free.

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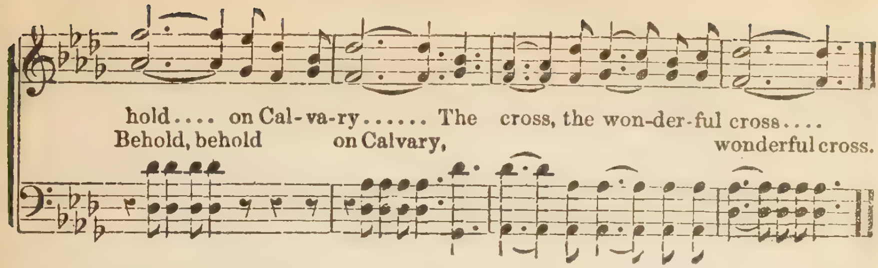
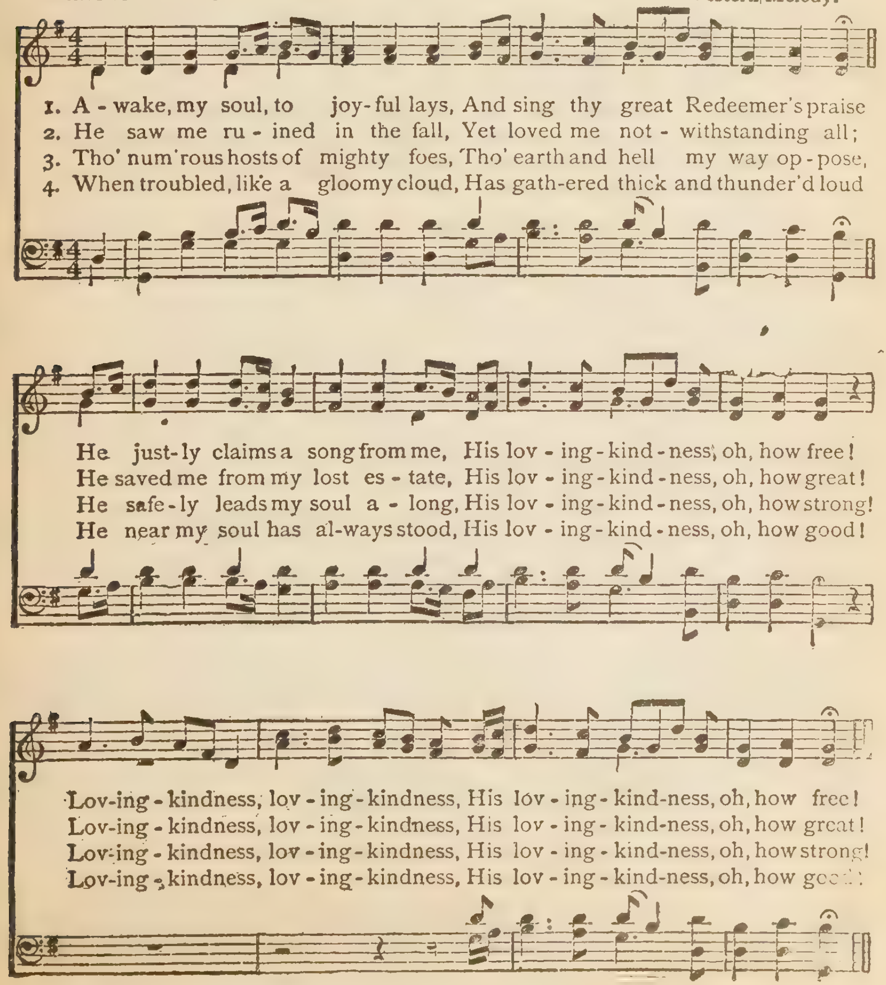
## Life at The Cross. Concluded.


hold.... on Cal-va-ry...... The cross, the won-der-ful cross....
Behold, behold on Calvary, wonderful cross.

208

## Loving Kindness.

**Samuel Medley.** Western Melody.

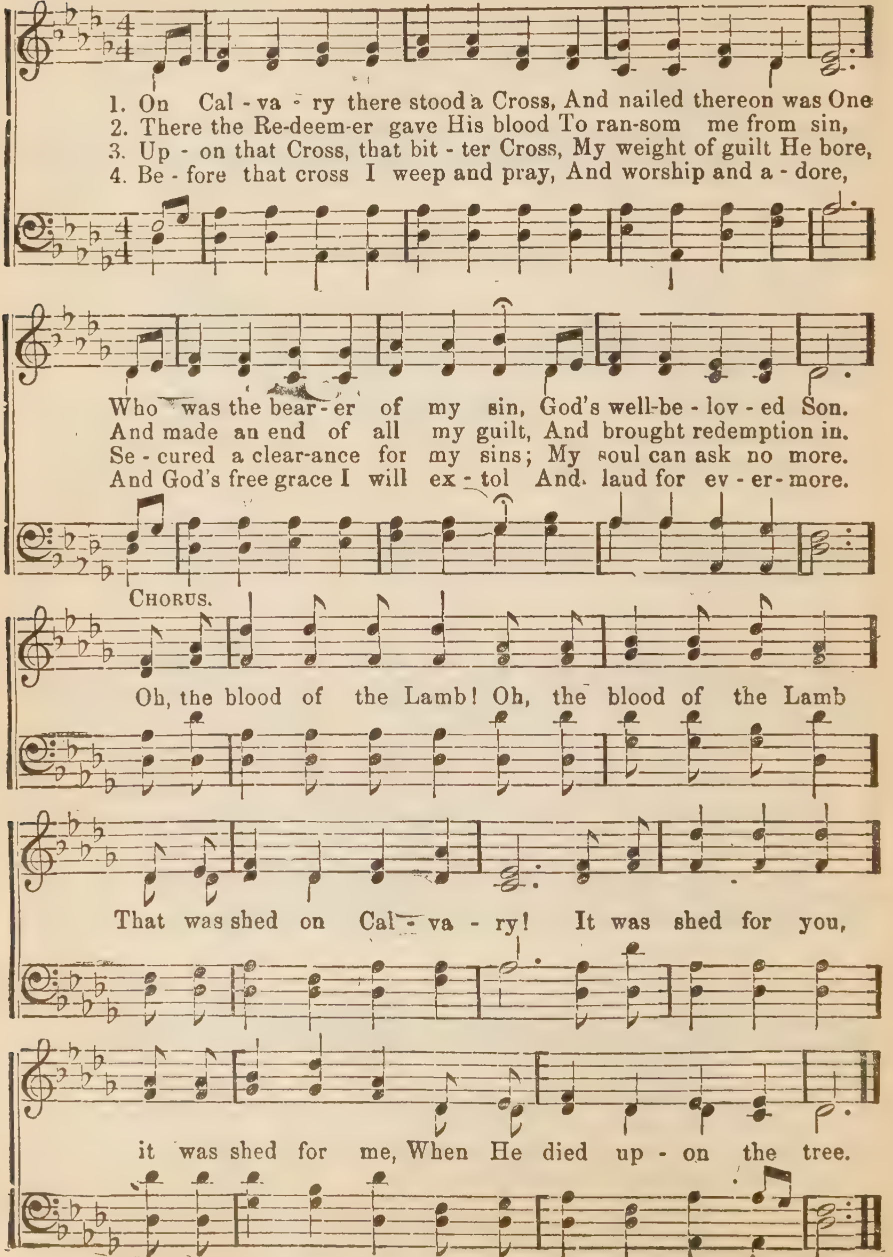

1. A-wake, my soul, to joy-ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise
2. He saw me ru-ined in the fall, Yet loved me not-withstanding all;
3. Tho' num'rous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op-pose,
4. When troubled, like a gloomy cloud, Has gath-ered thick and thunder'd loud
He just-ly claims a song from me, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how free!
He saved me from my lost es-tate, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how great!
He safe-ly leads my soul a-long, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how strong!
He near my soul has al-ways stood, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how good!
Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how free!
Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how great!
Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how strong!
Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how good!

# On Calvary there Stood a Cross.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. By per.

Rev. J. H. Welch.

*Slow.*


1. On Cal - va - ry there stood a Cross, And nailed thereon was One
2. There the Re-deem-er gave His blood To ran-som me from sin,
3. Up - on that Cross, that bit - ter Cross, My weight of guilt He bore,
4. Be - fore that cross I weep and pray, And worship and a - dore,
Who was the bear - er of my sin, God's well-be - lov - ed Son.
And made an end of all my guilt, And brought redemption in.
Se - cured a clear-ance for my sins; My soul can ask no more.
And God's free grace I will ex - tol And laud for ev - er - more.
Chorus.
Oh, the blood of the Lamb! Oh, the blood of the Lamb
That was shed on Cal - va - ry! It was shed for you,
it was shed for me, When He died up - on the tree.

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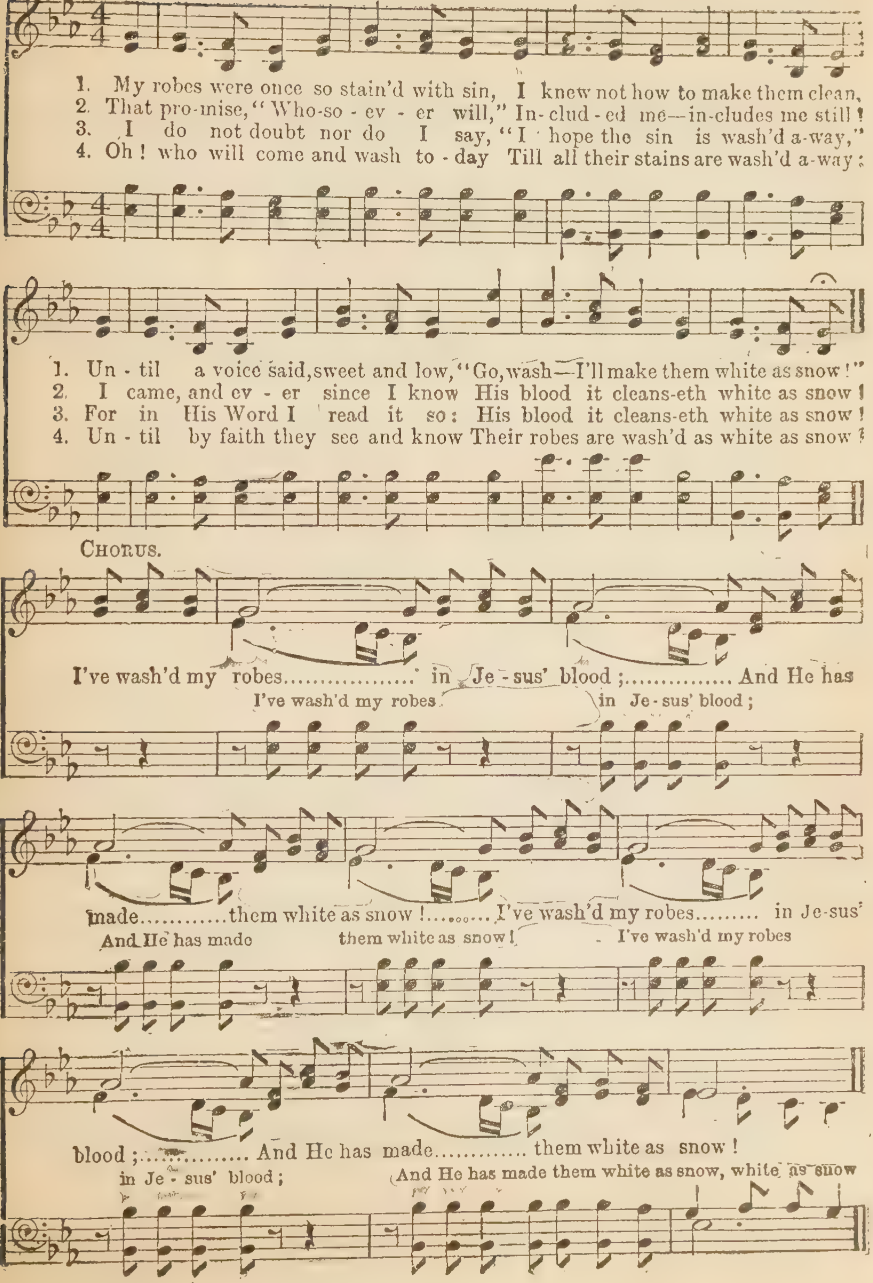
# I've Washed My Robes.

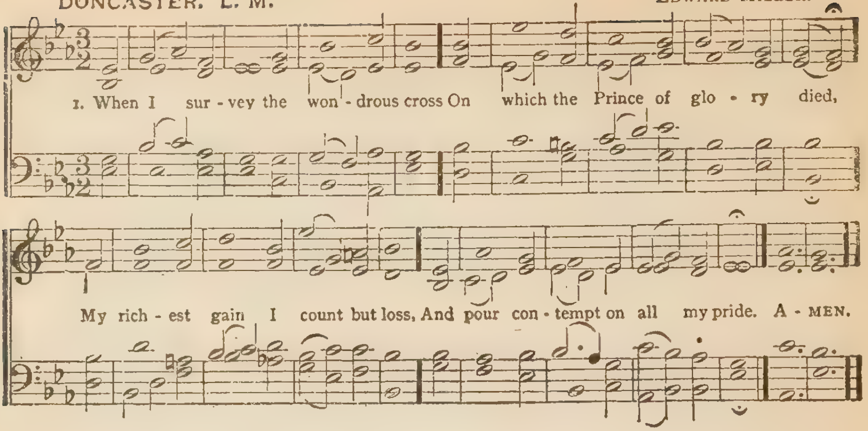
E. O. E.

By per., E. O. Excell.


1. My robes were once so stain'd with sin, I knew not how to make them clean,
2. That pro-mise, "Who-so - ev - er will," In-clud - ed me—in-cludes me still!
3. I do not doubt nor do I say, "I hope the sin is wash'd a-way,"
4. Oh! who will come and wash to - day Till all their stains are wash'd a-way;
1. Un - til a voice said, sweet and low, "Go, wash—I'll make them white as snow!"
2. I came, and ev - er since I know His blood it cleans-eth white as snow!
3. For in His Word I read it so: His blood it cleans-eth white as snow!
4. Un - til by faith they see and know Their robes are wash'd as white as snow!
CHORUS.
I've wash'd my robes.................. in Je - sus' blood;............... And He has
I've wash'd my robes in Je - sus' blood;
made............them white as snow!......... I've wash'd my robes......... in Je-sus'
And He has made them white as snow! I've wash'd my robes
blood;............... And He has made............ them white as snow!
in Je - sus' blood; And He has made them white as snow, white as snow

## 211 When I Survey.

DONCASTER. L. M. EDWARD MILLER.


1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride. A - MEN.

2 Forbid it, Lord! that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood,

3 See! from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

## 212 Stand Up.

L. M.

Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the Gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy, [gone.
Where thy great Captain Saviour's

What though thine inward lusts rebel;
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.

Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign, [wait.
And glittering robes for conquerors

There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in Almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

ISAAC WATTS, AB., 1709.

## 213 Never Further.

7s.

Never further than Thy cross;
Never higher than Thy feet;
Here earth's precious things seem dross;
Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.

Gazing thus our sins we see,
Learn Thy love while gazing thus—
Sin, which laid the cross on Thee,
Love, which bore the cross for us.

Here we learn to serve and give,
And, rejoicing, self deny;
Here we gather love to live,
Here we gather faith to die.

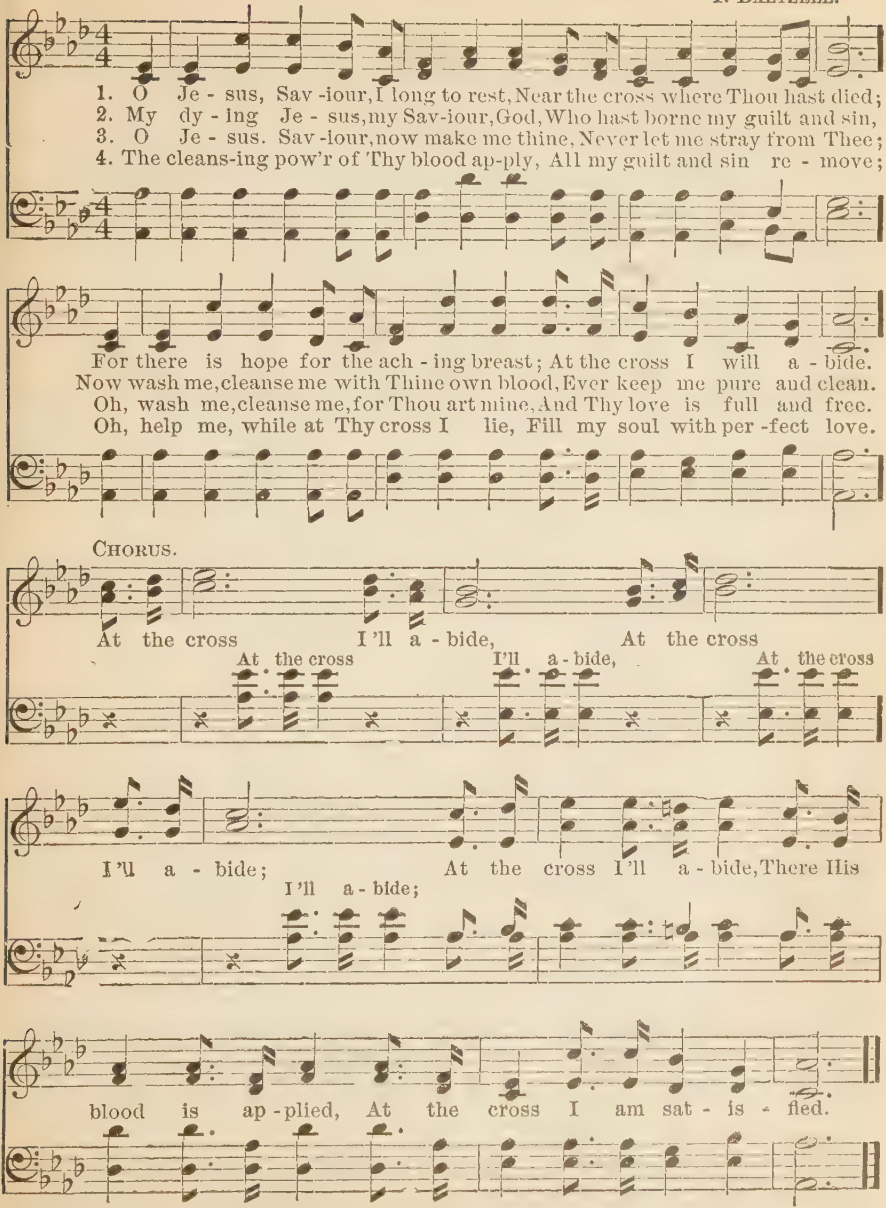
Till amid the Hosts of light,
We in Thee redeemed complete,
Through Thy cross made pure and white
Cast our crowns before Thy feet.

MRS. CHA

# At the Cross I'll Abide.

I. B.

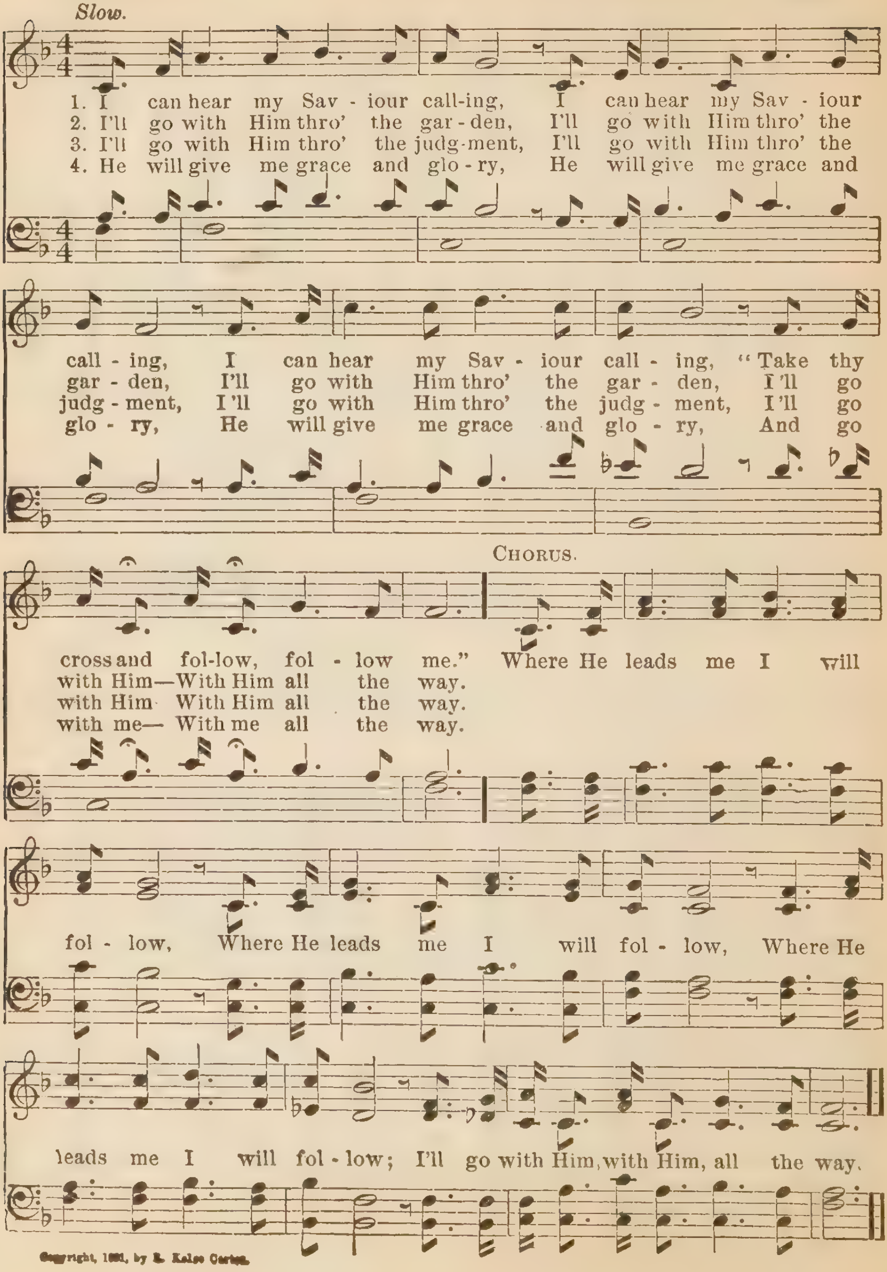
I. BALTZELL.


1. O Je - sus, Sav -iour, I long to rest, Near the cross where Thou hast died;
2. My dy - ing Je - sus, my Sav-iour, God, Who hast borne my guilt and sin,
3. O Je - sus. Sav -iour, now make me thine, Never let me stray from Thee;
4. The cleans-ing pow'r of Thy blood ap-ply, All my guilt and sin re - move;
For there is hope for the ach - ing breast; At the cross I will a - bide.
Now wash me, cleanse me with Thine own blood, Ever keep me pure and clean.
Oh, wash me, cleanse me, for Thou art mine, And Thy love is full and free.
Oh, help me, while at Thy cross I lie, Fill my soul with per -fect love.
CHORUS.
At the cross I'll a - bide, At the cross
At the cross
I'll a - bide,
At the cross
I'll a - bide;
At the cross I'll a - bide, There His
I'll a - bide;
blood is ap - plied, At the cross I am sat - is - fied.

From "Gates of Praise," by permission.

# The Way of the Cross.

E. W. Blandy. Arr. by Rev. J. S. Norris and R. K. Carter.


Slow.
1. I can hear my Sav - iour call-ing, I can hear my Sav - iour
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him thro' the
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and
call - ing, I can hear my Sav - iour call - ing, "Take thy
gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go
judg - ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment, I'll go
glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go
cross and fol-low, fol - low me."
with Him—With Him all the way.
with Him With Him all the way.
with me— With me all the way.
Chorus.
Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He
leads me I will fol - low; I'll go with Him, with Him, all the way.

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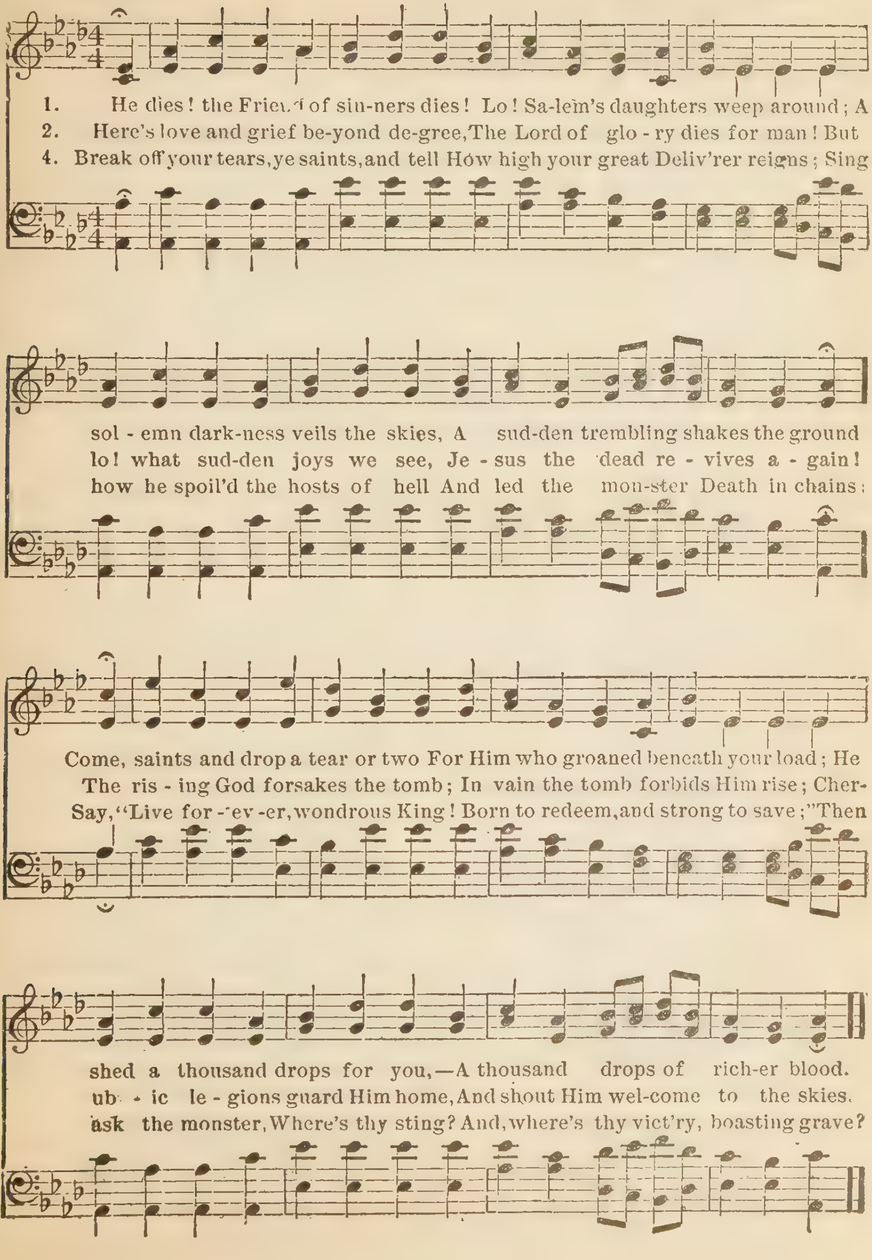
# He Dies! The Friend. L. M. D.

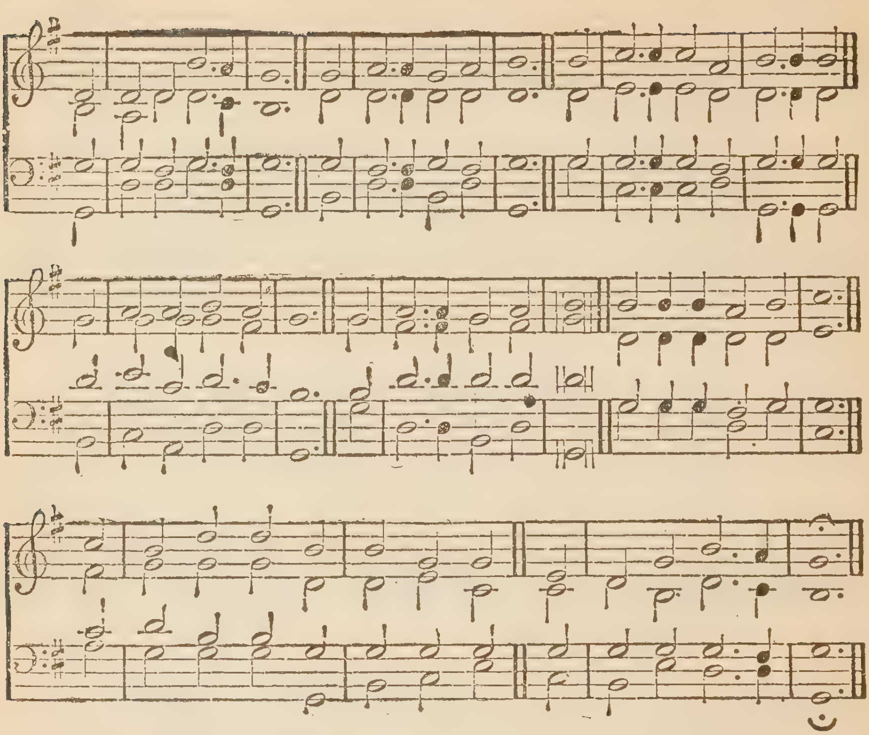
Isaac Watts.

Tune, Duane Street.


1. He dies! the Friend of sin-ners dies! Lo! Sa-lem's daughters weep around; A
2. Here's love and grief be-yond de-gree, The Lord of glo - ry dies for man! But
4. Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell How high your great Deliv'rer reigns; Sing
sol - emn dark-ness veils the skies, A sud-den trembling shakes the ground
lo! what sud-den joys we see, Je - sus the dead re - vives a - gain!
how he spoil'd the hosts of hell And led the mon-ster Death in chains:
Come, saints and drop a tear or two For Him who groaned beneath your load; He
The ris - ing God forsakes the tomb; In vain the tomb forbids Him rise; Cher-
Say, "Live for - ev - er, wondrous King! Born to redeem, and strong to save;" Then
shed a thousand drops for you,—A thousand drops of rich-er blood.
ub - ic le - gions guard Him home, And shout Him wel-come to the skies.
ask the monster, Where's thy sting? And, where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?

# Forever With The Lord.

D. S. M.



FOR ever with the Lord!
Amen; so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

For ever with the Lord!
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil.
Be thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold thou me, and I shall stand;
Fight, and I must prevail.

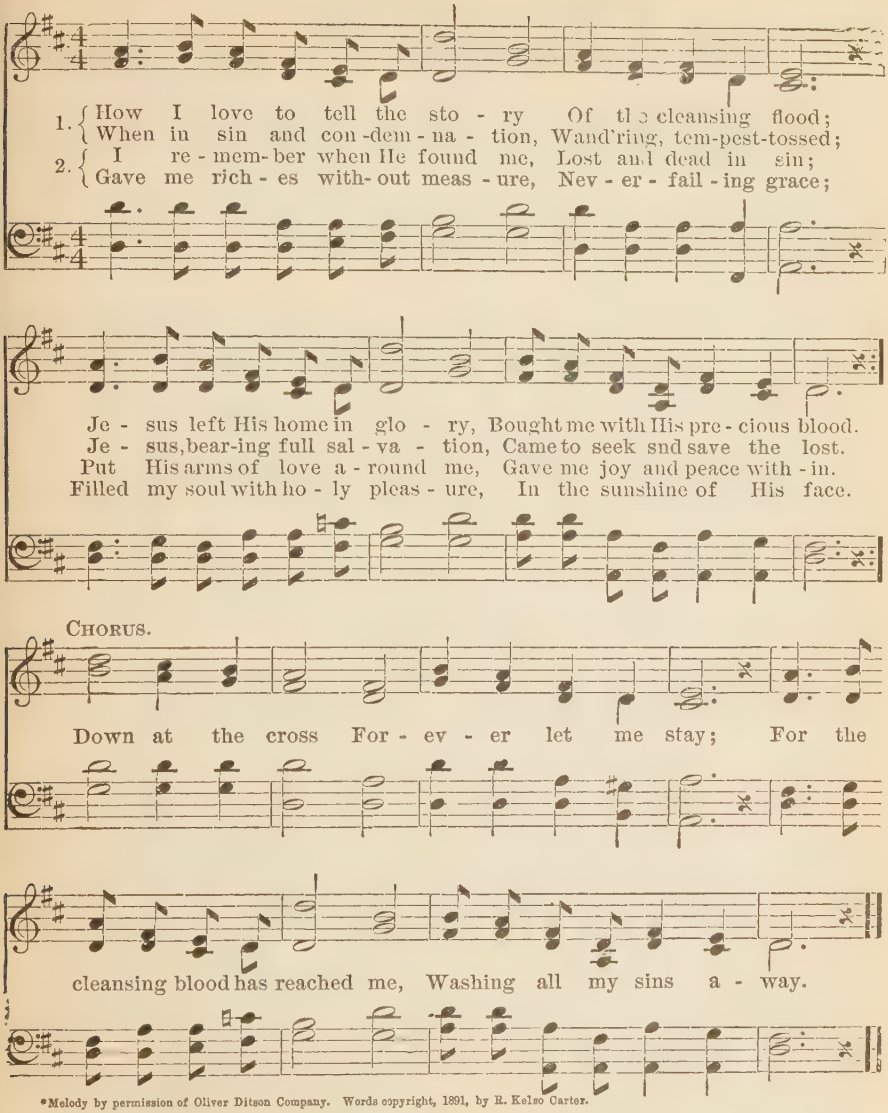
So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord!"

The trump of final doom
Will speak the self-same word,
And heaven's voice thunder through the tomb,
"For ever with the Lord!"
The tomb shall echo deep
That death-awakening sound;
The saints shall hear it in their sleep,
And answer from the ground.

Then, upward as they fly,
That resurrection-word
Shall be their shout of victory,
"For ever with the Lord!"
That resurrection-word,
That shout of victory,
Once more,—"For ever with the Lord!"
Amen; so let it be!

# How I Love to Tell the Story.

R. KELSO CARTER. S. C. FOSTER.* Arr. by R. K. C.


1. { How I love to tell the sto - ry Of the cleansing flood;
{ When in sin and con-dem-na - tion, Wand'ring, tem-pest-tossed;
2. { I re-mem-ber when He found me, Lost and dead in sin;
{ Gave me rich - es with-out meas - ure, Nev - er - fail - ing grace;
Je - sus left His home in glo - ry, Bought me with His pre - cious blood.
Je - sus, bear-ing full sal - va - tion, Came to seek snd save the lost.
Put His arms of love a - round me, Gave me joy and peace with - in.
Filled my soul with ho - ly pleas - ure, In the sunshine of His face.
CHORUS.
Down at the cross For - ev - er let me stay; For the
cleansing blood has reached me, Washing all my sins a - way.

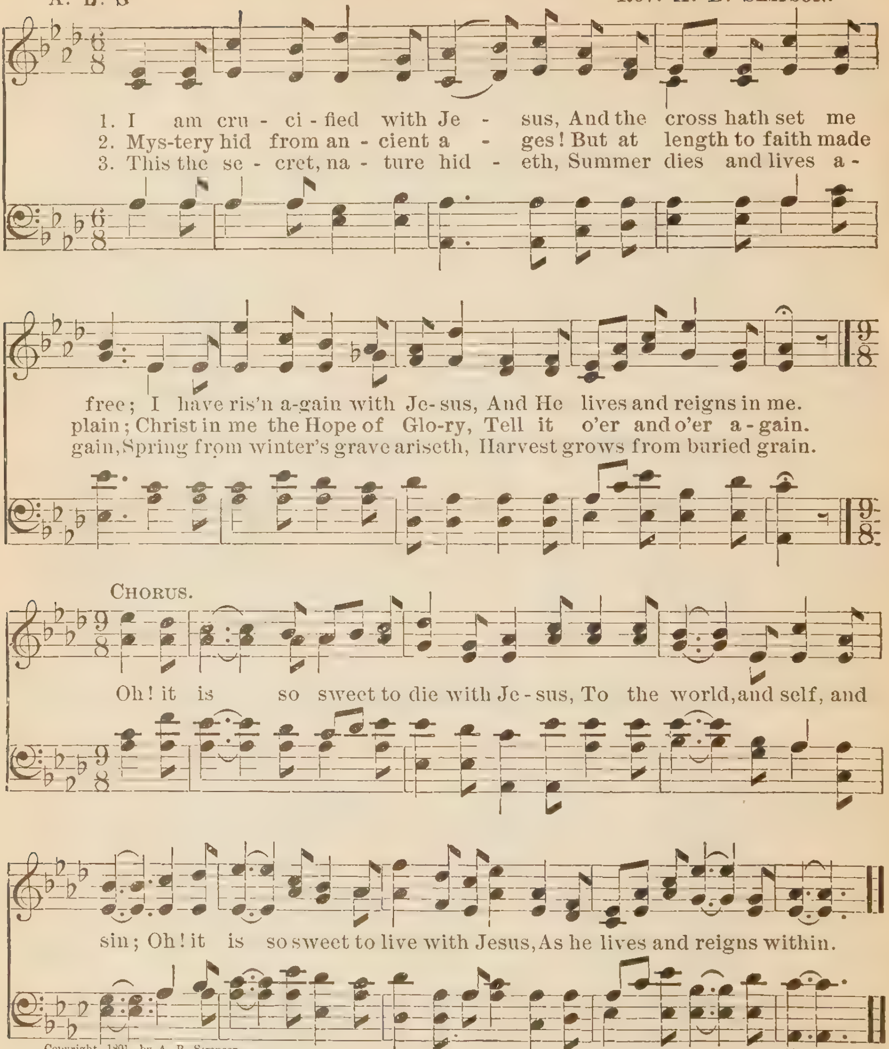
*Melody by permission of Oliver Ditson Company. Words copyright, 1891, by R. Kelso Carter.

3 Close to Jesus I'm abiding,
Walking in the light;
In His shadow I am hiding,
Guided by His grace aright;
From His presence parted never,
In the realms above,
With the ransomed hosts forever.
I'll tell of His redeeming love.

# Through Death to Life.

A. B. S

Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. I am cru - ci - fied with Je - sus, And the cross hath set me
2. Mys-tery hid from an - cient a - ges! But at length to faith made
3. This the se - cret, na - ture hid - eth, Summer dies and lives a -
free; I have ris'n a-gain with Je-sus, And He lives and reigns in me.
plain; Christ in me the Hope of Glo-ry, Tell it o'er and o'er a - gain.
gain, Spring from winter's grave ariseth, Harvest grows from buried grain.
Chorus.
Oh! it is so sweet to die with Je - sus, To the world, and self, and
sin; Oh! it is so sweet to live with Jesus, As he lives and reigns within.

Copyright, 1891, by A. B. Simpson.

4 This the secret of the holy,
Not our holiness, but Him;
Jesus! empty us and fill us,
With Thy fullness to the brim.

5 This the balm for pain and sickness,
Just to all our strength to die,
And to find His life and fullness,
All our beings need supply.

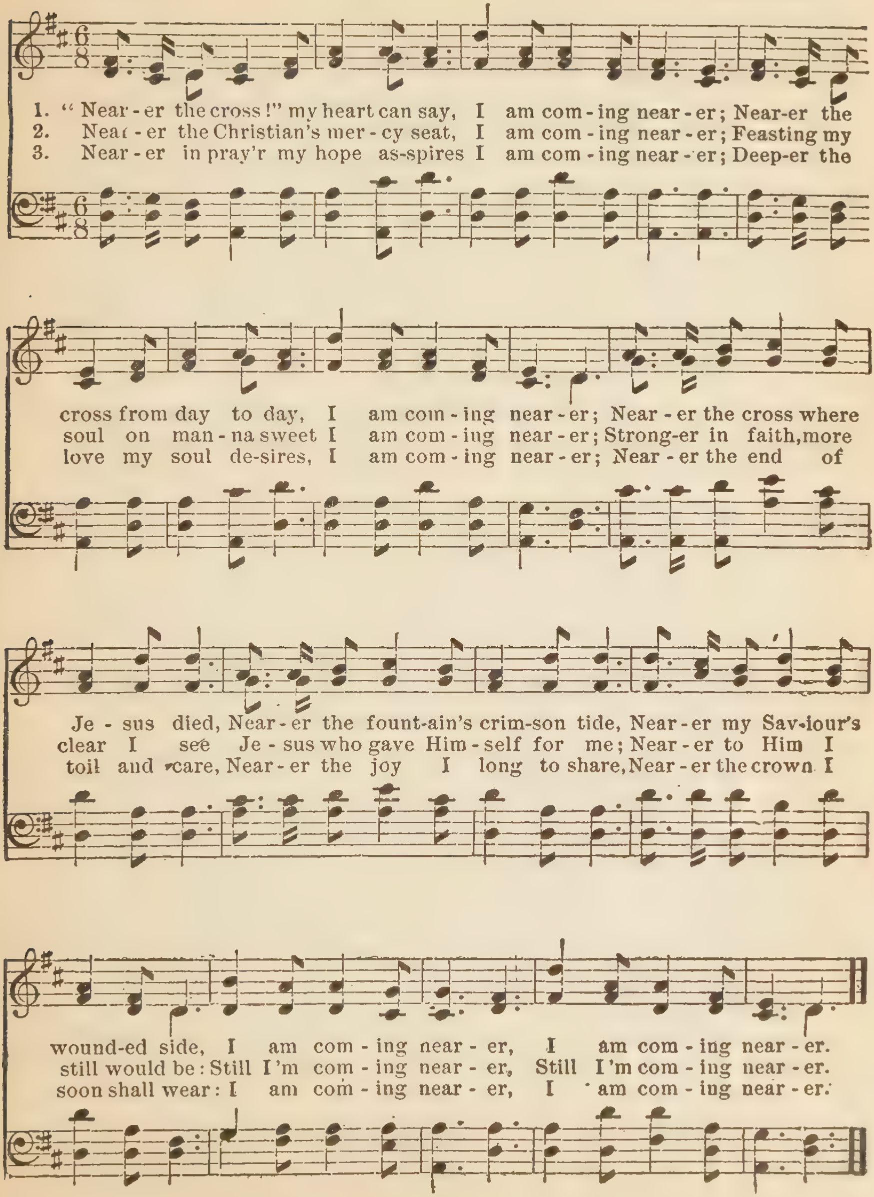
6 This the story of the Master, [Throne,
Through the Cross, He reached the
And like Him our path to glory,
Ever leads through death alone.

7 It may be our dust shall moulder,
In the tomb where Jesus lay,
But we'll rise in all His glory
On the resurrection day.

# Nearer the Cross.

*"The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."* Galatians vi: 14.

F. J. Crosby. Mrs. J. F. Knapp, by per.

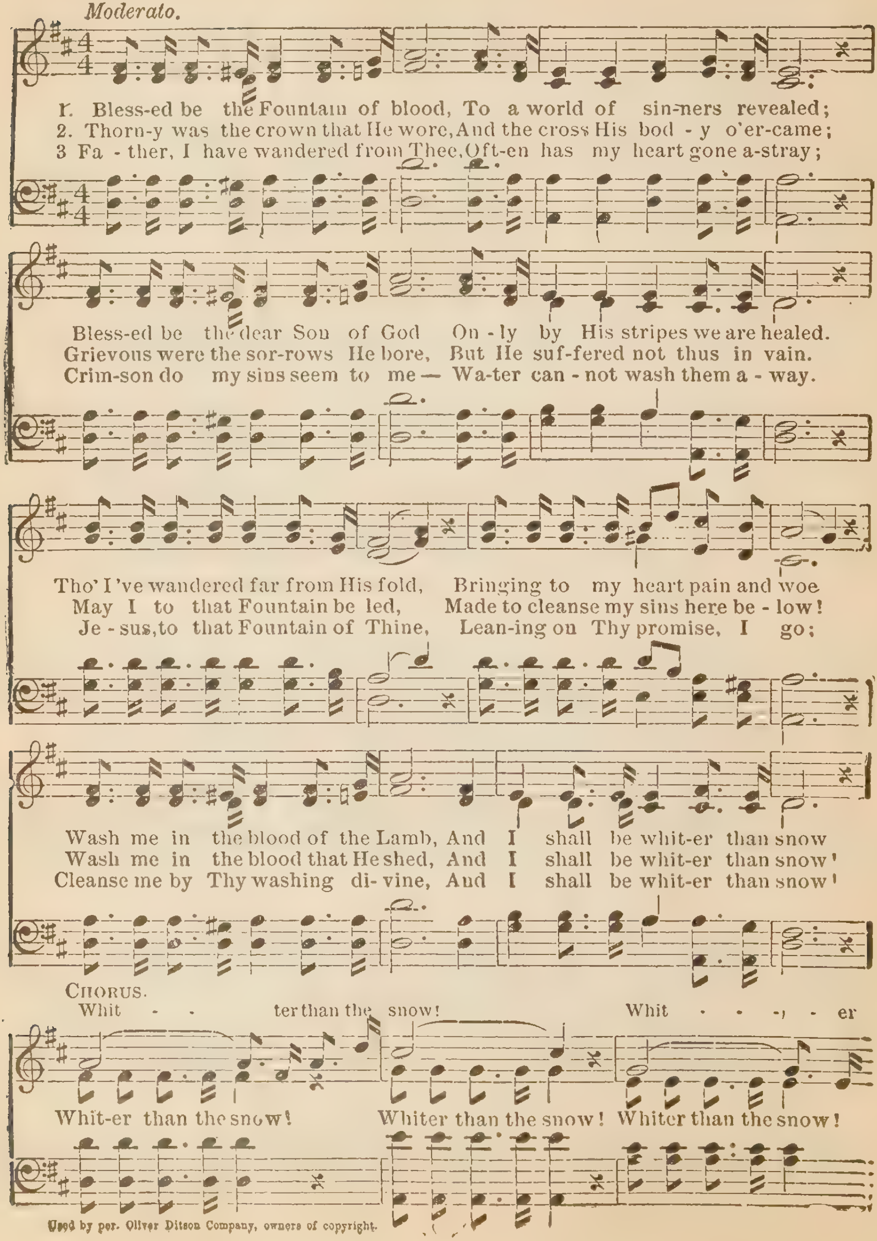

1. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the cross from day to day, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the cross where Je-sus died, Near-er the fount-ain's crim-son tide, Near-er my Sav-iour's wound-ed side, I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.
2. Near-er the Christian's mer-cy seat, I am com-ing near-er; Feasting my soul on man-na sweet I am com-ing near-er; Strong-er in faith, more clear I see Je-sus who gave Him-self for me; Near-er to Him I still would be: Still I'm com-ing near-er, Still I'm com-ing near-er.
3. Near-er in pray'r my hope as-spires I am com-ing near-er; Deep-er the love my soul de-sires, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the end of toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share, Near-er the crown I soon shall wear: I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.

# Blessed be the Fountain.

*Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.* PSALM li: 7.

E. R. LATTA.
H. S. PERKINS

*Moderato.*


1. Bless-ed be the Fountain of blood, To a world of sin-ners revealed;
2. Thorn-y was the crown that He wore, And the cross His bod - y o'er-came;
3 Fa - ther, I have wandered from Thee, Oft-en has my heart gone a-stray;
Bless-ed be the dear Son of God On - ly by His stripes we are healed.
Grievous were the sor-rows He bore, But He suf-fered not thus in vain.
Crim-son do my sins seem to me — Wa-ter can - not wash them a - way.
Tho' I've wandered far from His fold, Bringing to my heart pain and woe
May I to that Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here be - low!
Je - sus, to that Fountain of Thine, Lean-ing on Thy promise, I go;
Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than snow
Wash me in the blood that He shed, And I shall be whit-er than snow!
Cleanse me by Thy washing di- vine, And I shall be whit-er than snow!
CHORUS.
Whit - - ter than the snow! Whit - - - - er
Whit-er than the snow! Whiter than the snow! Whiter than the snow!

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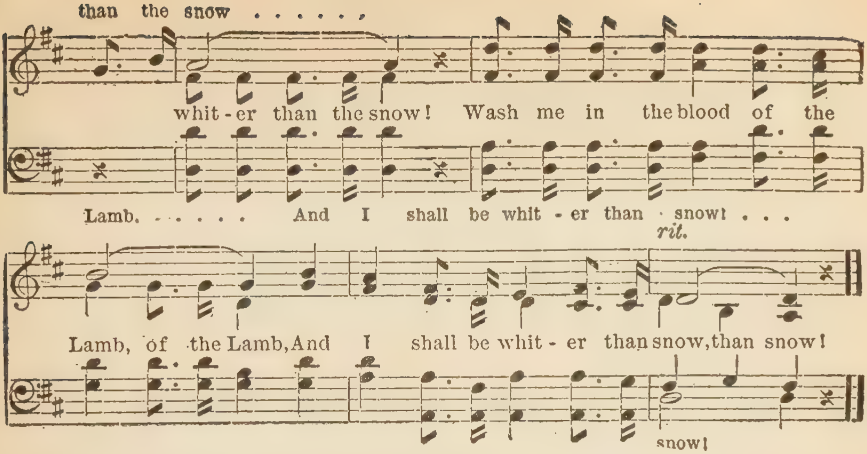
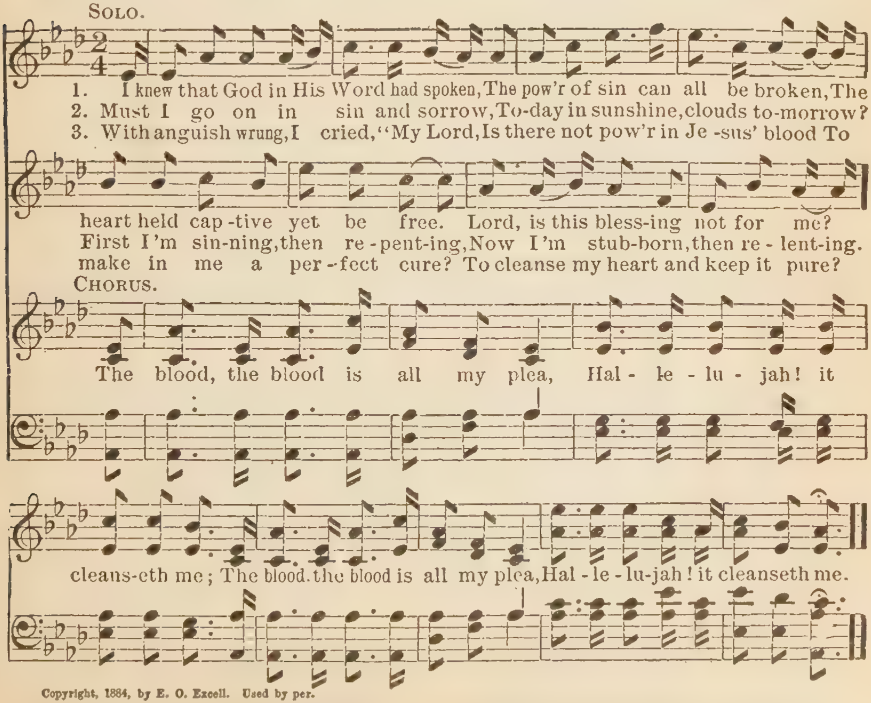

than the snow . . . . . . ,
whit - er than the snow! Wash me in the blood of the
Lamb. . . . . . . And I shall be whit - er than snow! . . .
rit.
Lamb, of the Lamb, And I shall be whit - er than snow, than snow!
snow!

## 222 The Blood is All My Plea.

Rev. F. C. Baker.
E. F. Miller.


Solo.
1. I knew that God in His Word had spoken, The pow'r of sin can all be broken, The
2. Must I go on in sin and sorrow, To-day in sunshine, clouds to-morrow?
3. With anguish wrung, I cried, "My Lord, Is there not pow'r in Je - sus' blood To
heart held cap - tive yet be free. Lord, is this bless-ing not for me?
First I'm sin-ning, then re - pent-ing, Now I'm stub-born, then re - lent-ing.
make in me a per - fect cure? To cleanse my heart and keep it pure?
Chorus.
The blood, the blood is all my plea, Hal - le - lu - jah! it
cleans-eth me; The blood, the blood is all my plea, Hal - le - lu-jah! it cleanseth me.

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4 Oh, yes, my love will take you in,
The blood will cleanse you from all sin,
Will wash away your guilty stains,
And cleanse, till not one spot remains.

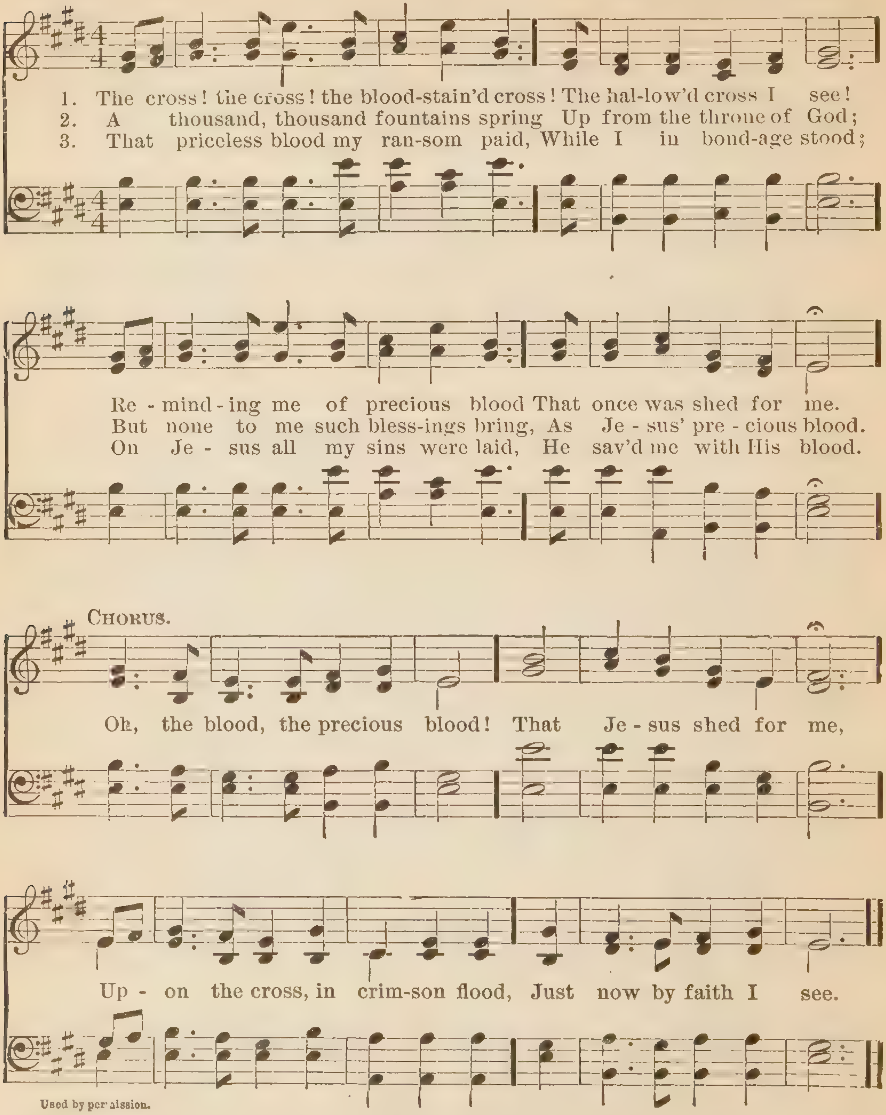
5 And there I stand this very hour,
Kept by Almighty keeping pow'r,
Temptations come, the blood's my plea,
The precious blood now cleanses me.

223

# The Precious Blood.

Words, except 1st verse, by
Rev. W. McDonald.

Music and chorus by
Rev. J. H. Stockton.


1. The cross! the cross! the blood-stain'd cross! The hal-low'd cross I see!
2. A thousand, thousand fountains spring Up from the throne of God;
3. That priceless blood my ran-som paid, While I in bond-age stood;
Re - mind - ing me of precious blood That once was shed for me.
But none to me such bless-ings bring, As Je - sus' pre - cious blood.
On Je - sus all my sins were laid, He sav'd me with His blood.
Chorus.
Oh, the blood, the precious blood! That Je - sus shed for me,
Up - on the cross, in crim-son flood, Just now by faith I see.

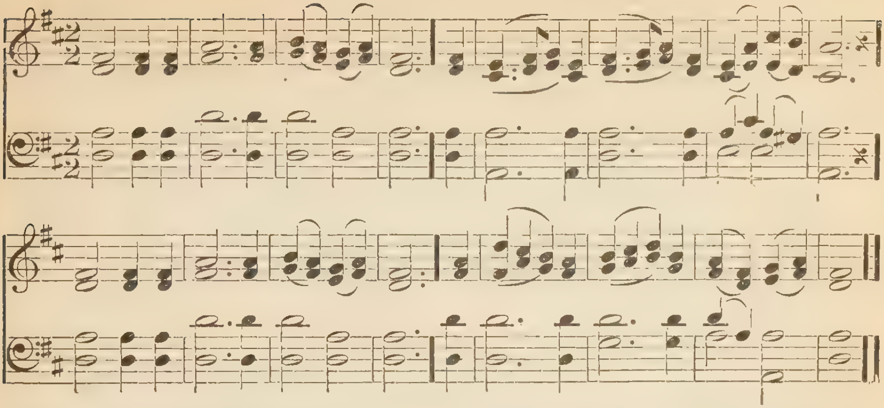
Used by permission.

4 By faith that blood now sweeps away
My sins, as like a flood;
Nor lets one guilty blemish stay:
All praise to Jesus' blood.—Cho.

5 This wondrous theme will best employ
My harp before my God,
And make all heaven resound with joy,
For Jesus' cleansing blood.—Cho.

# Eucharist. L. M.

ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.



*J*ESUS, thy Blood and Righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,—
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
For ever doth for sinners plead,—
For me, ev'n for my soul, was shed.

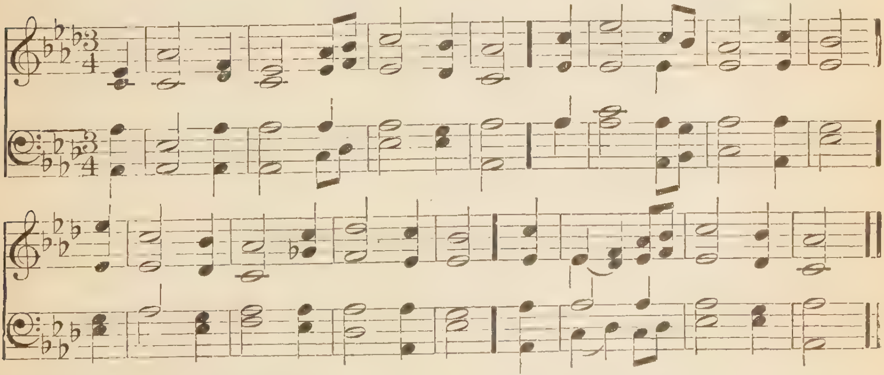
3 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Christ is ever new.

4 Oh, let the dead now hear Thy voice;
Bid, Lord, Thy mourning ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness.

*John Wesley,* tr.

# Avon. C. M.

HUGH WILSON.



## 225

## Forever Here

1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side;
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with Thy Blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me and make me thus Thine own;
Wash me and mine Thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,—
My hands, my head, my heart.

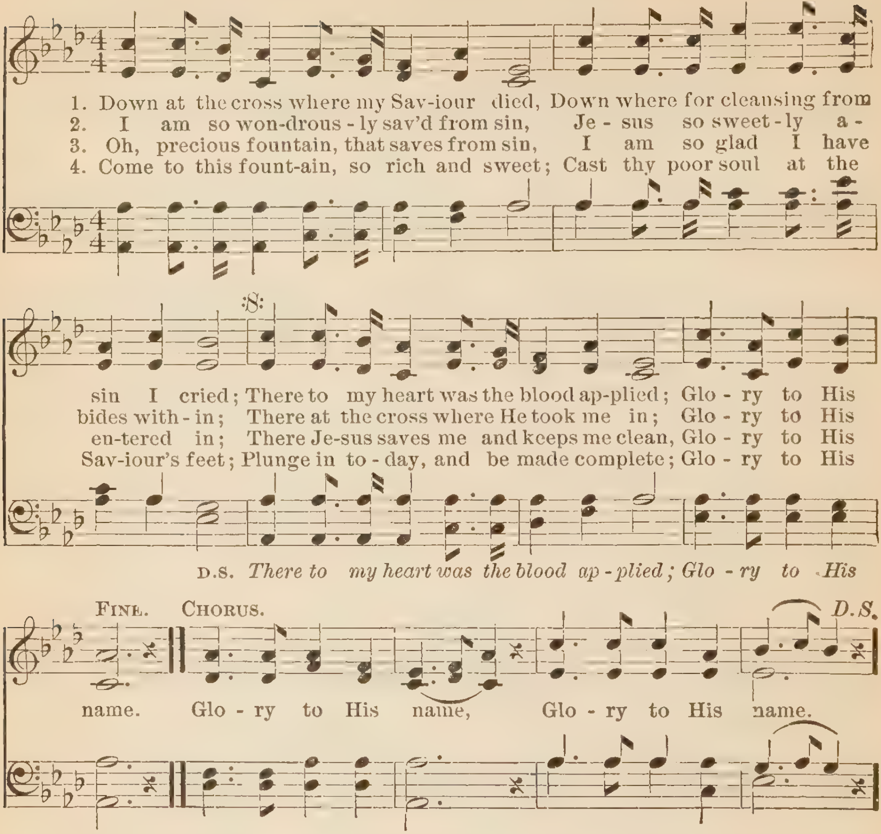
4 Th' atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

CHAS. WESLEY.

# Glory to His Name.

*"I will glorify thy name forever more."*

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton.


1. Down at the cross where my Sav-iour died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo - ry to His name.
2. I am so won-drous - ly sav'd from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a - bides with - in; There at the cross where He took me in; Glo - ry to His name.
3. Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have en-tered in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean, Glo - ry to His name.
4. Come to this fount-ain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the Sav-iour's feet; Plunge in to - day, and be made complete; Glo - ry to His name.
D.S. There to my heart was the blood ap - plied; Glo - ry to His
Fine.
Chorus.
Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name.
D.S.

By permission.

## 227

# There is a Green Hill.

*Tune Avon.*

There is a green hill far away,
  Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
  Who died to save us all.
We may not know, we cannot tell
  What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
  He hung and suffered there.

2 He died that we might be forgiven,
  He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
  Saved by His precious blood.
There was no other good enough
  To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
  Of heaven, and let us in.

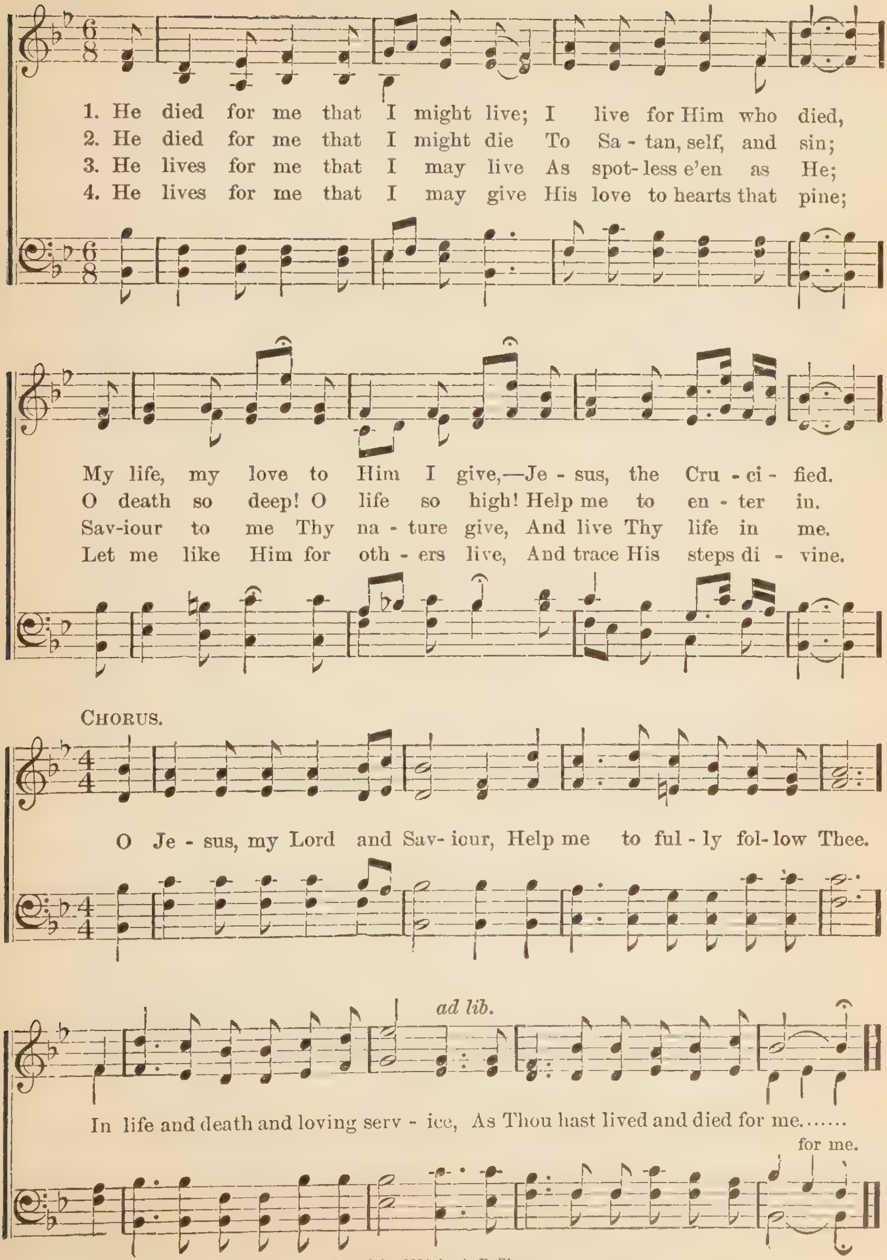
3 Oh, dearly, dearly, has He loved,
  And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood
  And try His works to do.
For there's a green hill far away
  Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
  Who died to save us all.

*Mrs. C. F. Alexander.*

# He Died for Me.

A. B. S.

Margaret M. Simpson.


1. He died for me that I might live; I live for Him who died,
2. He died for me that I might die To Sa - tan, self, and sin;
3. He lives for me that I may live As spot- less e'en as He;
4. He lives for me that I may give His love to hearts that pine;
My life, my love to Him I give,—Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied.
O death so deep! O life so high! Help me to en - ter in.
Sav-iour to me Thy na - ture give, And live Thy life in me.
Let me like Him for oth - ers live, And trace His steps di - vine.
Chorus.
O Je - sus, my Lord and Sav- iour, Help me to ful - ly fol- low Thee.
ad lib.
In life and death and loving serv - ice, As Thou hast lived and died for me.......
for me.

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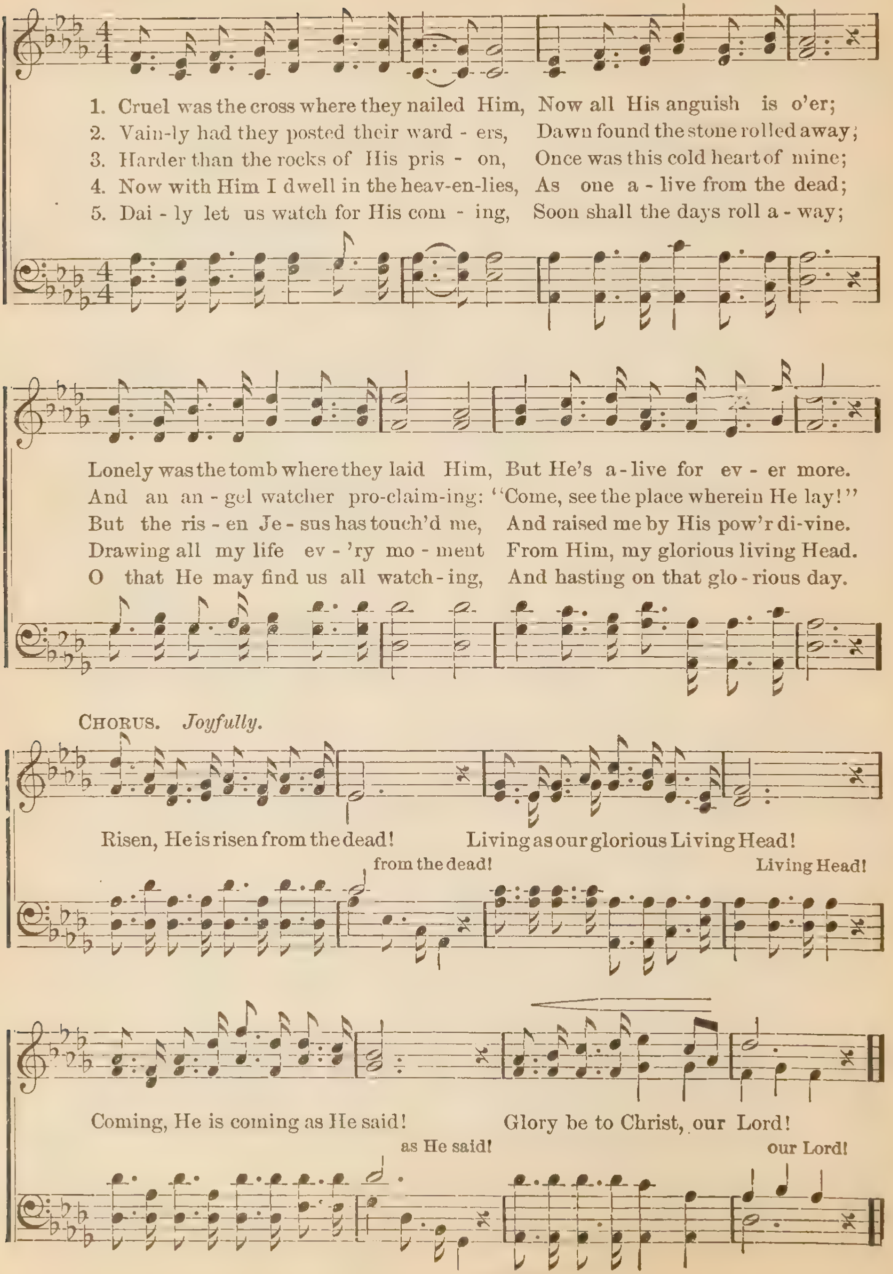
# The Risen One.

A. B. Simpson. Margaret M. Simpson.


1. Cruel was the cross where they nailed Him, Now all His anguish is o'er;
2. Vain-ly had they posted their ward - ers, Dawn found the stone rolled away;
3. Harder than the rocks of His pris - on, Once was this cold heart of mine;
4. Now with Him I dwell in the heav-en-lies, As one a - live from the dead;
5. Dai - ly let us watch for His com - ing, Soon shall the days roll a - way;
Lonely was the tomb where they laid Him, But He's a - live for ev - er more.
And an an - gel watcher pro-claim-ing: "Come, see the place wherein He lay!"
But the ris - en Je - sus has touch'd me, And raised me by His pow'r di-vine.
Drawing all my life ev - 'ry mo - ment From Him, my glorious living Head.
O that He may find us all watch - ing, And hasting on that glo - rious day.
Chorus. Joyfully.
Risen, He is risen from the dead! Living as our glorious Living Head!
from the dead!
Living Head!
Coming, He is coming as He said! Glory be to Christ, our Lord!
as He said!
our Lord!

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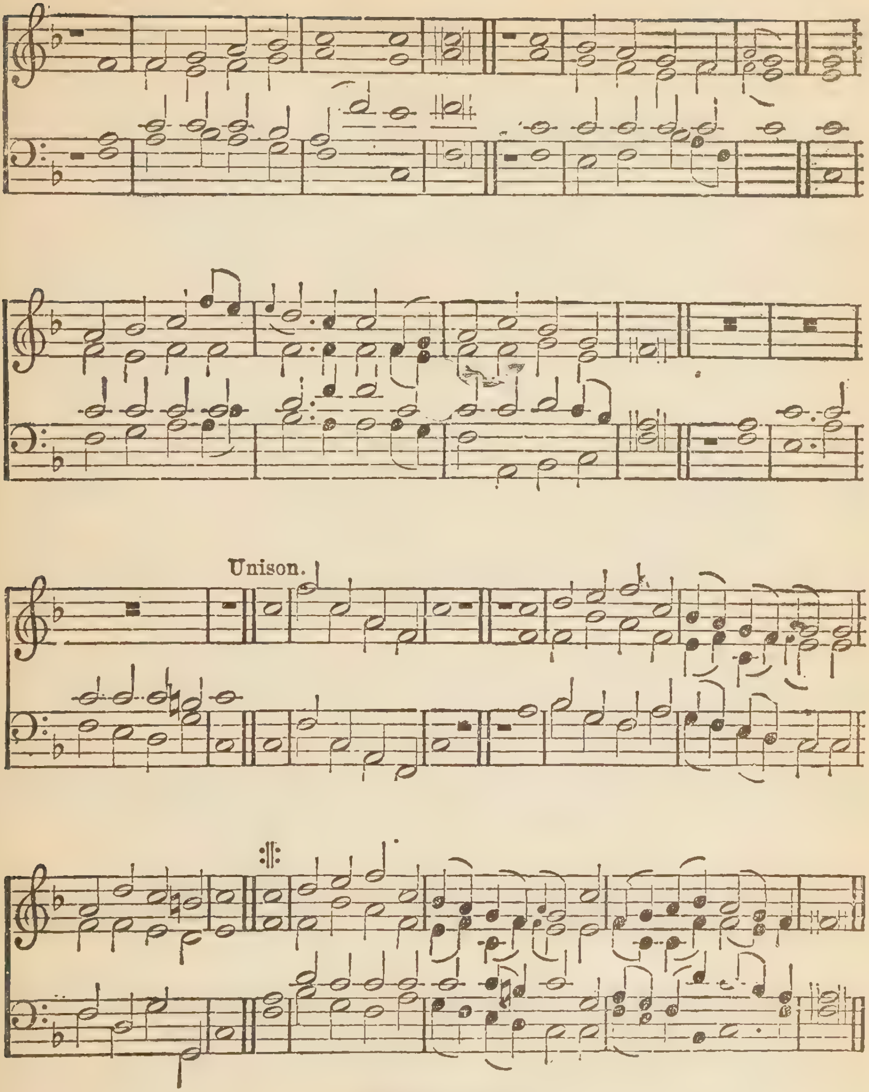
# The King of Glory.

D. C. M.



## PSALM XXIV.

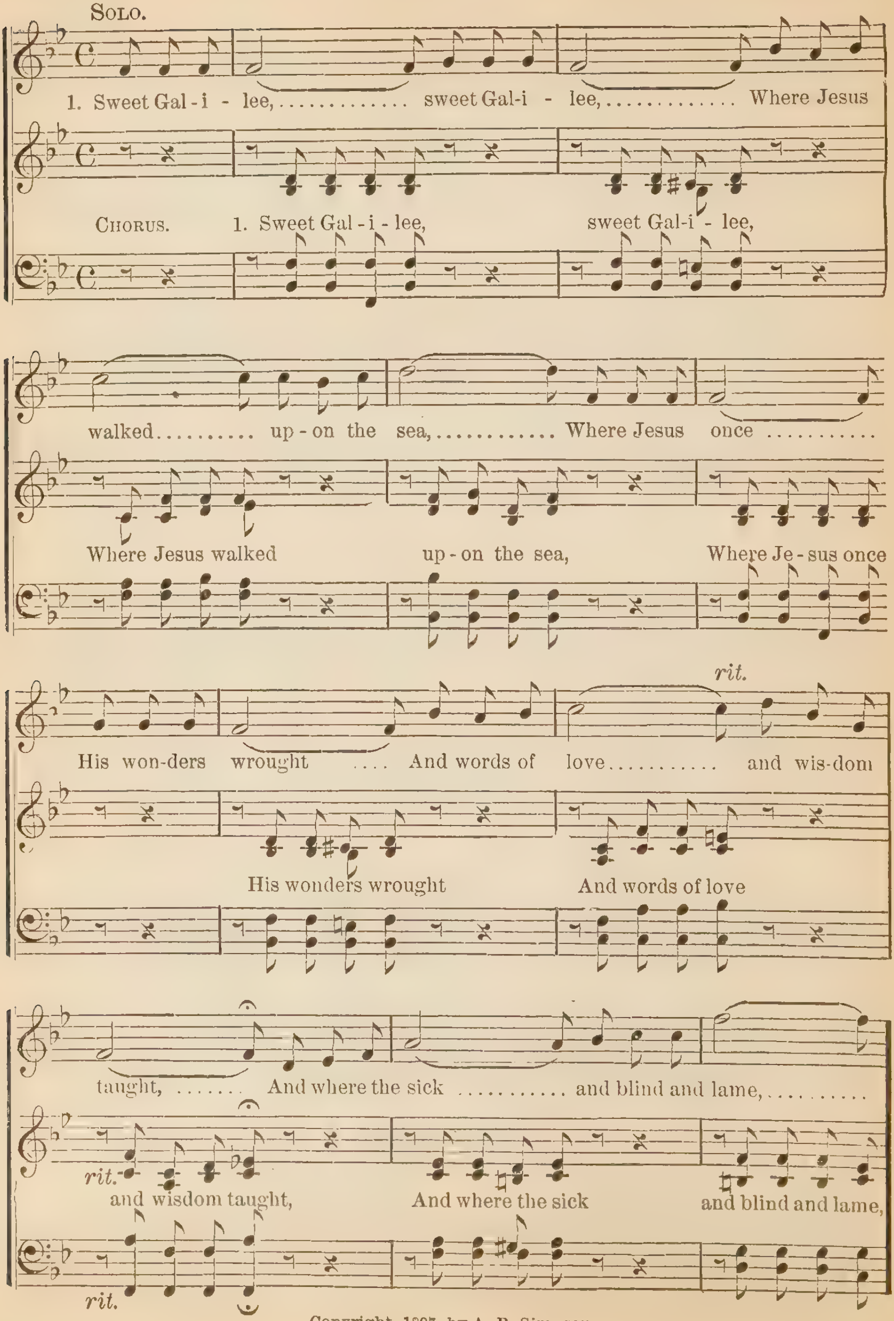
YE gates, lift up your heads on high;
ye doors that last for aye,
Be lifted up, that so the King
of glory enter may.
But who of glory is the King?
The mighty Lord is this;
Ev'n that same Lord, that great in might,
and strong in battle is.

Ye gates, lift up your heads;
doors that do last for aye,
Be lifted up, that so the King
of glory enter may.
But who is he that is the King
of glory? who is this?
The Lord of hosts, and none but he,
the King of glory is.

## 231. I Always will Remember Thee.

A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. Simpson.


Solo.
1. Sweet Gal-i-lee,............ sweet Gal-i-lee,............ Where Jesus
Chorus.
1. Sweet Gal-i-lee, sweet Gal-i-lee,
walked.......... up-on the sea,........... Where Jesus once ..........
Where Jesus walked up-on the sea, Where Je-sus once
His won-ders wrought .... And words of love.......... and wis-dom
rit.
His wonders wrought And words of love
taught, ....... And where the sick ........... and blind and lame,..........
rit.
and wisdom taught, And where the sick and blind and lame,
rit.

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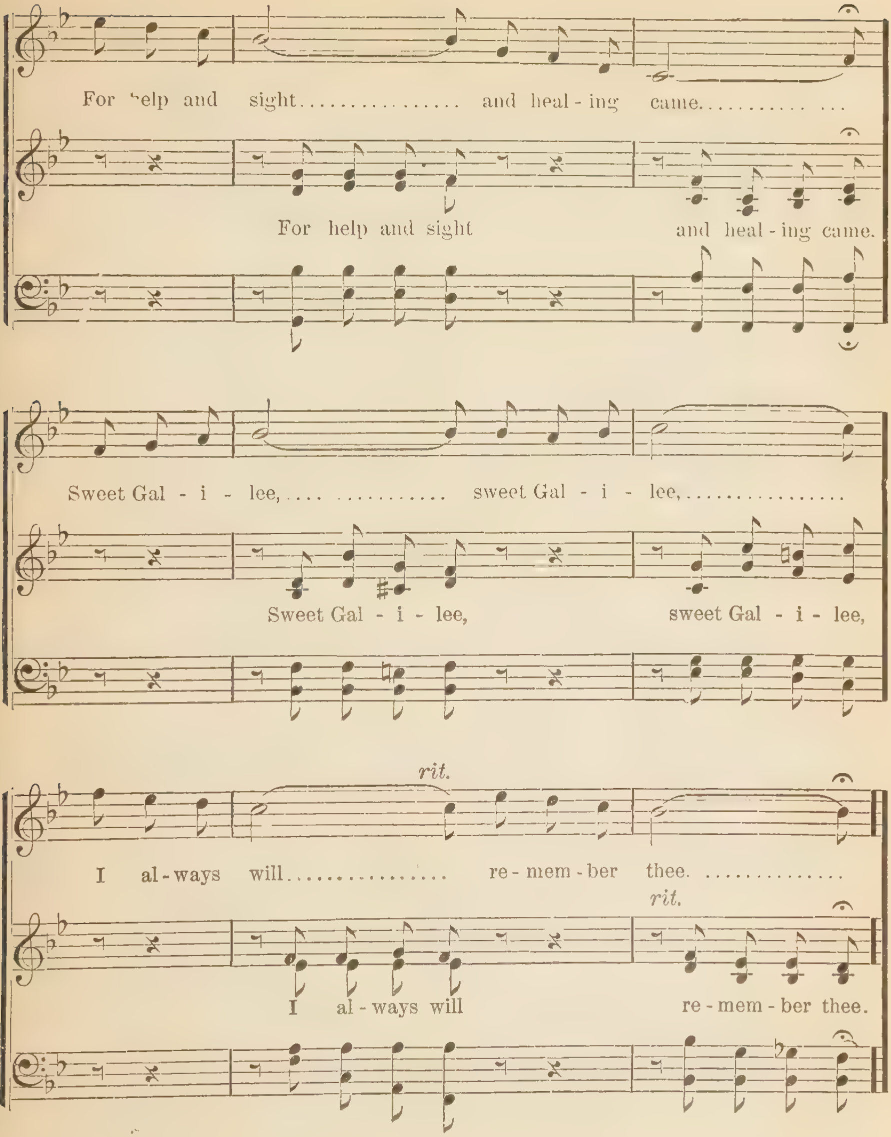
# I Always will Remember Thee. Concluded.



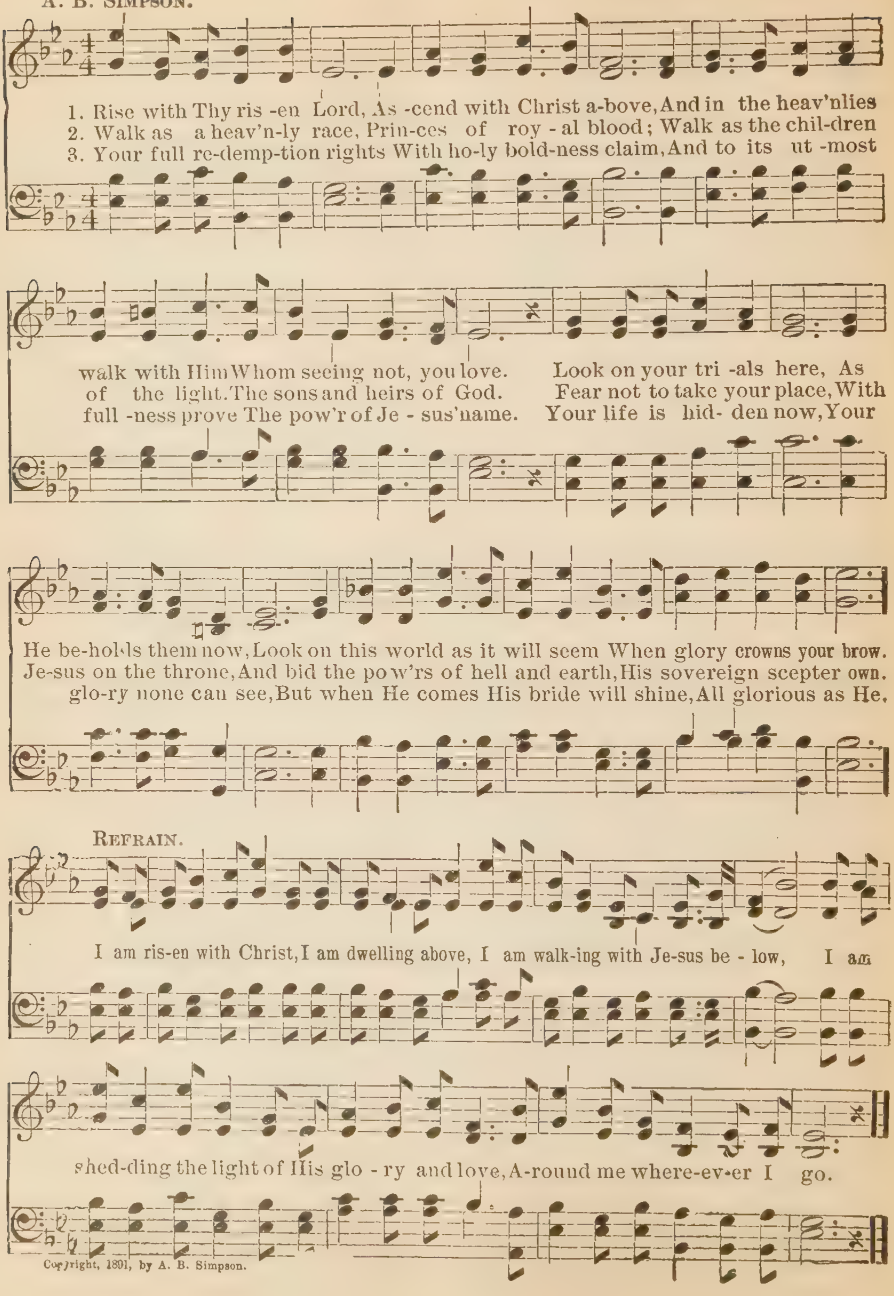
For help and sight............... and heal - ing came........... ...
For help and sight and heal - ing came.
Sweet Gal - i - lee,.... .......... sweet Gal - i - lee,...............
Sweet Gal - i - lee, sweet Gal - i - lee,
rit.
I al - ways will................ re - mem - ber thee. .............
rit.
I al - ways will re - mem - ber thee.

2 Sweet Calvary, sweet Calvary!
Where Jesus gave His life for me;
Where Jesus shed His precious blood,
To bring my guilty soul to God.
And where He taught my heart to die,
And self and sin to crucify.

3 Sweet Olivet! Sweet Bethany!
Where Jesus loved so much to be;
Where Jesus rose to heaven above
With hands outstretched in parting love.
And whence some glorious day He'll come,
To take His waiting people home.

# Risen with Christ.

A. B. SIMPSON. Miss F. L. SHEPARD.


1. Rise with Thy ris -en Lord, As -cend with Christ a-bove, And in the heav'nlies
2. Walk as a heav'n-ly race, Prin-ces of roy - al blood; Walk as the chil-dren
3. Your full re-demp-tion rights With ho-ly bold-ness claim, And to its ut -most
walk with Him Whom seeing not, you love. Look on your tri -als here, As
of the light. The sons and heirs of God. Fear not to take your place, With
full -ness prove The pow'r of Je - sus' name. Your life is hid- den now, Your
He be-holds them now, Look on this world as it will seem When glory crowns your brow.
Je-sus on the throne, And bid the pow'rs of hell and earth, His sovereign scepter own.
glo-ry none can see, But when He comes His bride will shine, All glorious as He.
REFRAIN.
I am ris-en with Christ, I am dwelling above, I am walk-ing with Je-sus be - low, I am
shed-ding the light of His glo - ry and love, A-round me where-ev-er I go.

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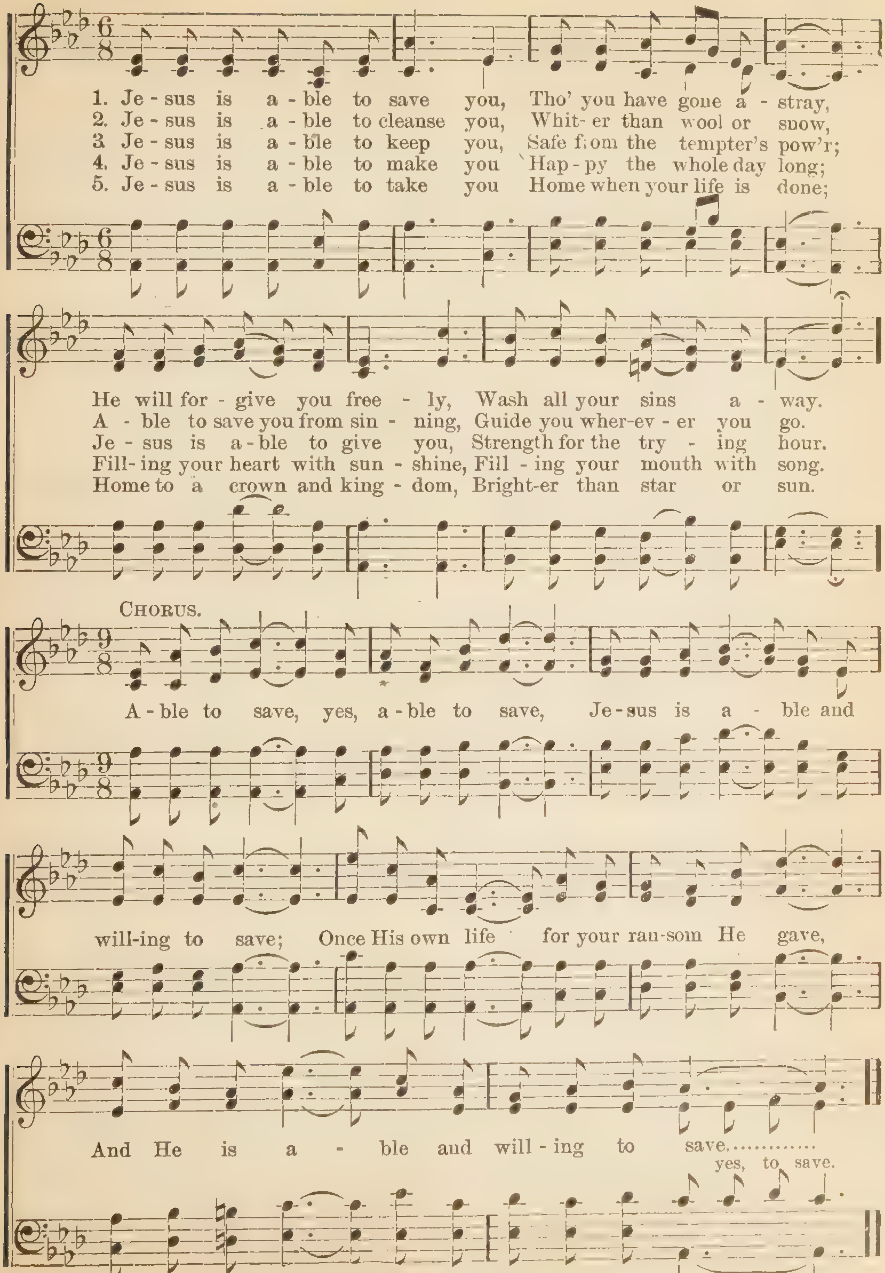
# Jesus is Able.

A. B. SIMPSON.

MARGARET M. SIMPSON.


1. Je - sus is a - ble to save you, Tho' you have gone a - stray,
2. Je - sus is a - ble to cleanse you, Whit - er than wool or snow,
3. Je - sus is a - ble to keep you, Safe from the tempter's pow'r;
4. Je - sus is a - ble to make you Hap - py the whole day long;
5. Je - sus is a - ble to take you Home when your life is done;
He will for - give you free - ly, Wash all your sins a - way.
A - ble to save you from sin - ning, Guide you wher-ev - er you go.
Je - sus is a - ble to give you, Strength for the try - ing hour.
Fill - ing your heart with sun - shine, Fill - ing your mouth with song.
Home to a crown and king - dom, Bright-er than star or sun.
CHORUS.
A - ble to save, yes, a - ble to save, Je - sus is a - ble and
will-ing to save; Once His own life for your ran-som He gave,
And He is a - ble and will - ing to save............
yes, to save.

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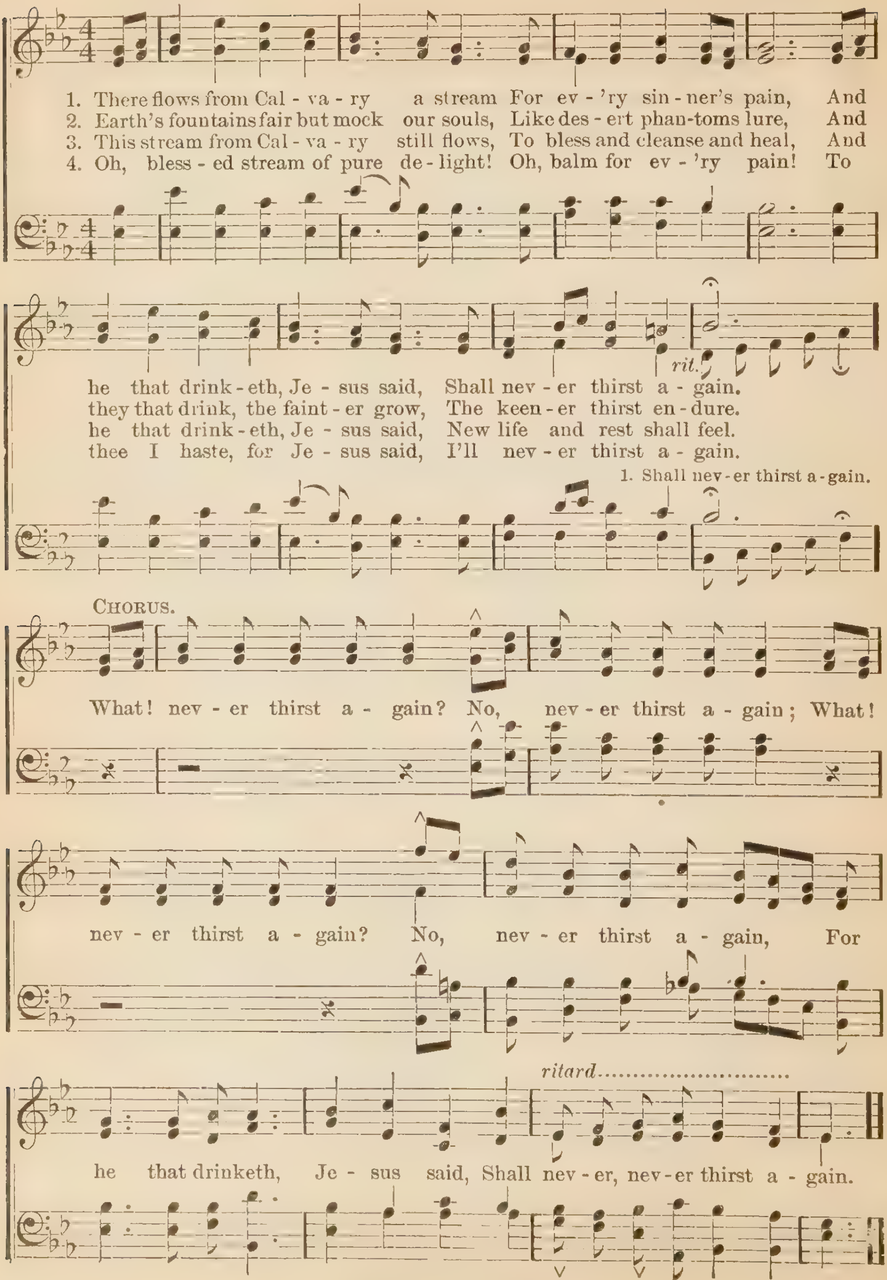
# The Stream of Life.

M. A. S. Chorus adapted.

May Agnew Stephens.


1. There flows from Cal - va - ry a stream For ev - 'ry sin - ner's pain, And he that drink - eth, Je - sus said, Shall nev - er thirst a - gain.
2. Earth's fountains fair but mock our souls, Like des - ert phan-toms lure, And they that drink, the faint - er grow, The keen - er thirst en - dure.
3. This stream from Cal - va - ry still flows, To bless and cleanse and heal, And he that drink - eth, Je - sus said, New life and rest shall feel.
4. Oh, bless - ed stream of pure de - light! Oh, balm for ev - 'ry pain! To thee I haste, for Je - sus said, I'll nev - er thirst a - gain.
rit.
1. Shall nev - er thirst a - gain.
Chorus.
What! nev - er thirst a - gain? No, nev - er thirst a - gain; What! nev - er thirst a - gain? No, nev - er thirst a - gain, For he that drinketh, Je - sus said, Shall nev - er, nev - er thirst a - gain.
ritard.

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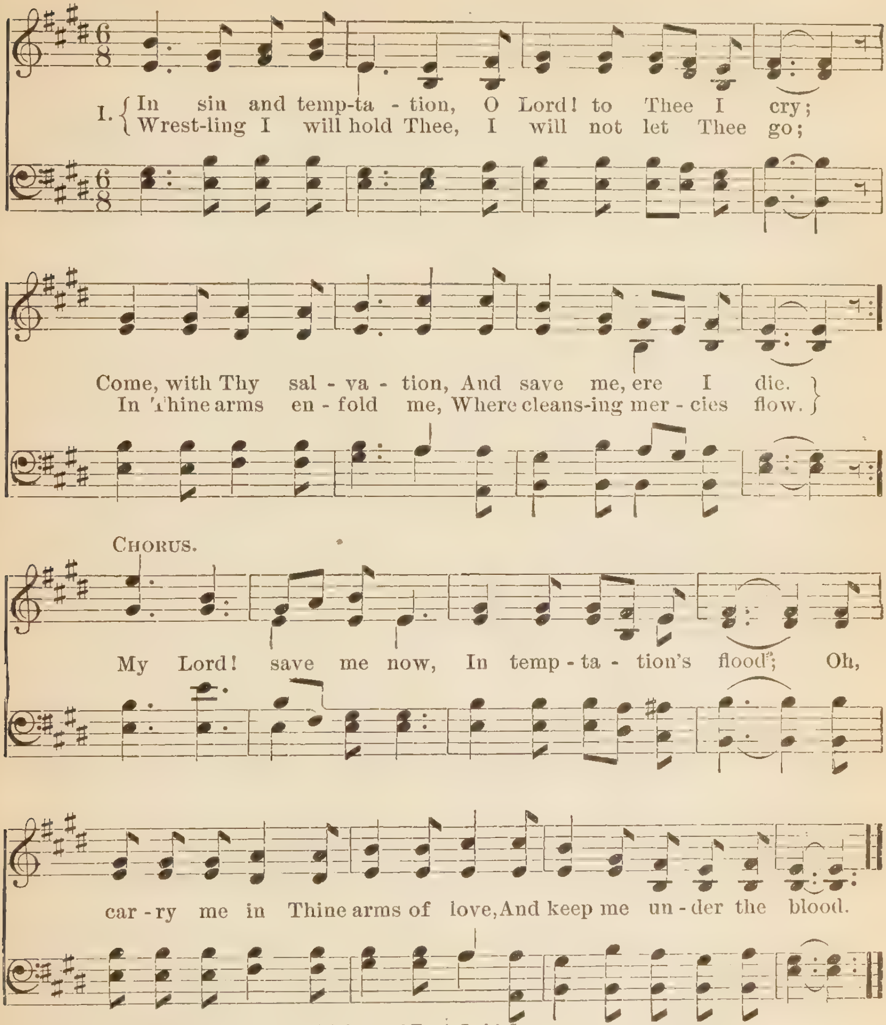
# 235 Keep Me Under the Blood.

R. KELSO CARTER. * S. C. FOSTER, arr. by R. K. C.


1. { In sin and temp-ta - tion, O Lord! to Thee I cry;
{ Wrest-ling I will hold Thee, I will not let Thee go;
Come, with Thy sal - va - tion, And save me, ere I die. }
In Thine arms en - fold me, Where cleans-ing mer - cies flow. }
CHORUS.
My Lord! save me now, In temp - ta - tion's flood; Oh,
car - ry me in Thine arms of love, And keep me un - der the blood.

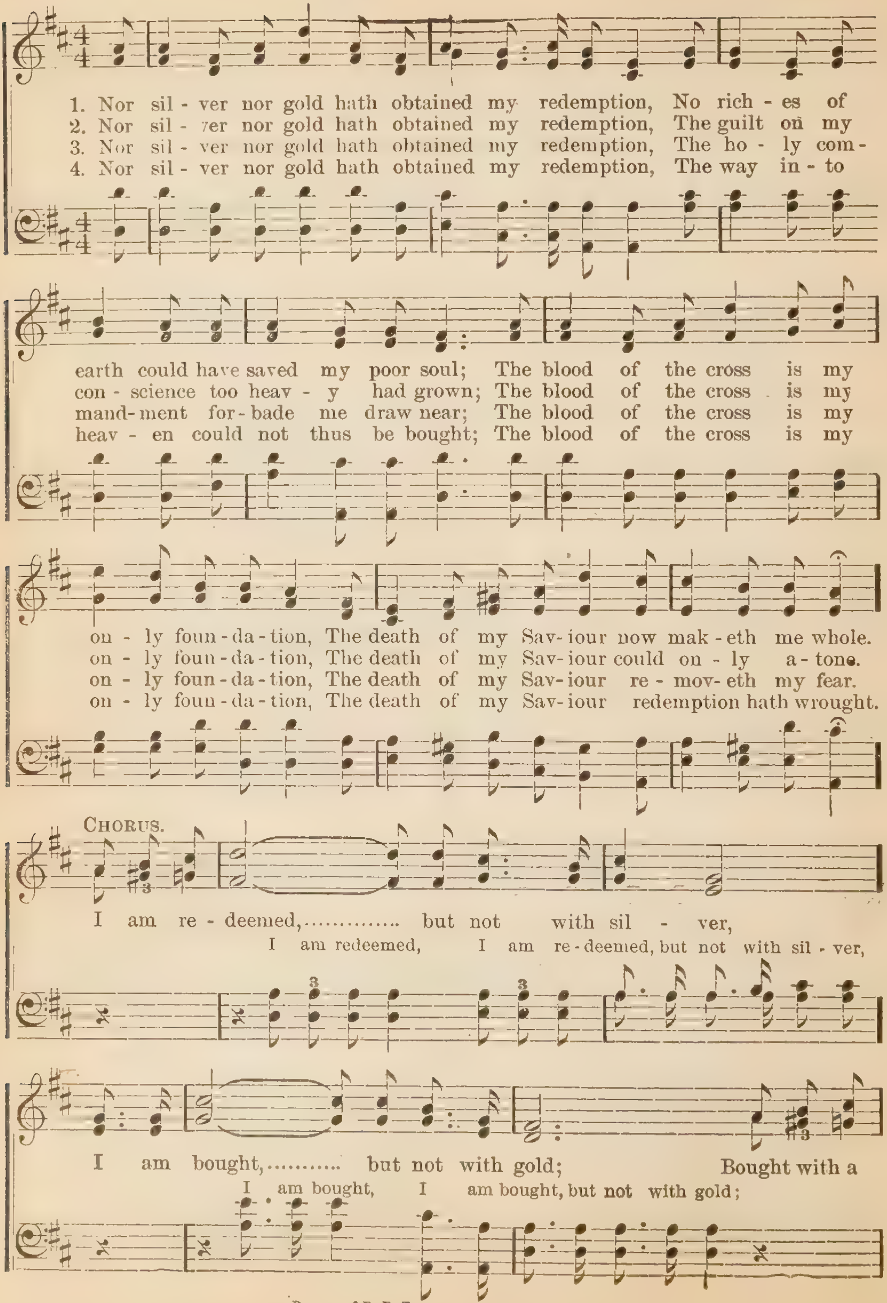
Words copyright, 1891, by R. K. Carter. *(Melody by per. of Wm. A. Pond & Co.

2 Helpless, I am clinging,
My hope is all in Thee;
In my soul is ringing
Thy promise, full and free.
I have not intruded,
My cup Thy mercies fill;
Surely I'm included
In "Whosoever will."

3 Now I am believing,
I rest upon Thy word;
Pardon I'm receiving,
And cleansing through the blood.
Free, free from all sadness,
In Christ I've found release;
Filled with God's own gladness,
I've everlasting peace.

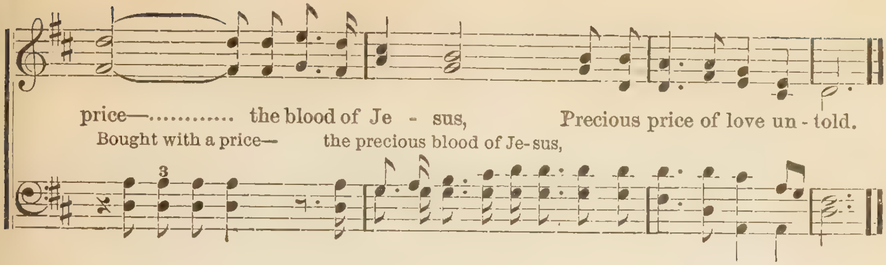
# Nor Silver nor Gold.

James M. Gray, D. D. | D. B. Towner.


1. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath obtained my redemption, No rich - es of
2. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath obtained my redemption, The guilt on my
3. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath obtained my redemption, The ho - ly com -
4. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath obtained my redemption, The way in - to
earth could have saved my poor soul; The blood of the cross is my
con - science too heav - y had grown; The blood of the cross is my
mand- ment for - bade me draw near; The blood of the cross is my
heav - en could not thus be bought; The blood of the cross is my
on - ly foun - da - tion, The death of my Sav - iour now mak - eth me whole.
on - ly foun - da - tion, The death of my Sav - iour could on - ly a - tone.
on - ly foun - da - tion, The death of my Sav - iour re - mov - eth my fear.
on - ly foun - da - tion, The death of my Sav - iour redemption hath wrought.
Chorus.
I am re - deemed,............. but not with sil - ver,
I am redeemed, I am re - deemed, but not with sil - ver,
I am bought,........... but not with gold; Bought with a
I am bought, I am bought, but not with gold;
3
3
3
3

By per. of D. B. Towner, owner of copyright.

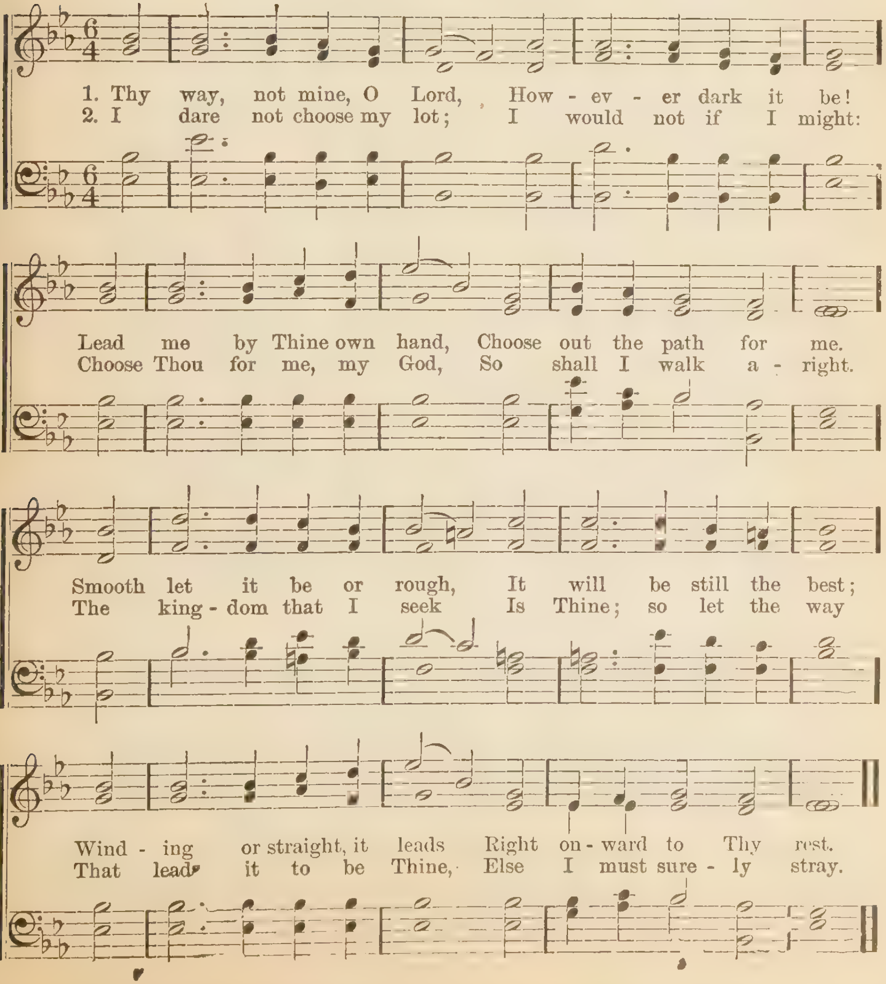
# Nor Silver nor Gold.—Concluded.


price—………… the blood of Je - sus, Precious price of love un - told.
Bought with a price— the precious blood of Je - sus,
3

## 237

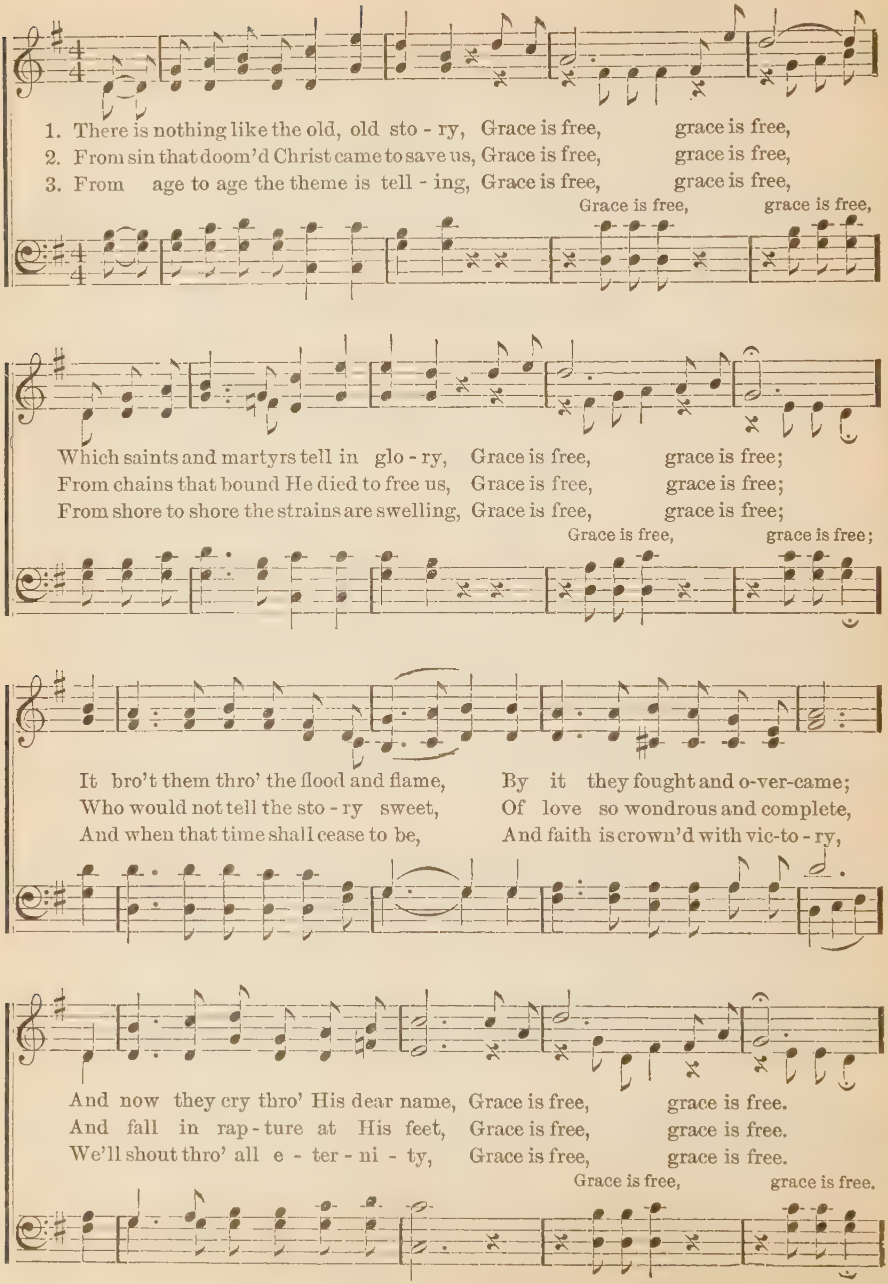
# Thy Way, Not Mine.

Thomas Hastings.


1. Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How - ev - er dark it be!
2. I dare not choose my lot; I would not if I might:
Lead me by Thine own hand, Choose out the path for me.
Choose Thou for me, my God, So shall I walk a - right.
Smooth let it be or rough, It will be still the best;
The king - dom that I seek Is Thine; so let the way
Wind - ing or straight, it leads Right on - ward to Thy rest.
That leads it to be Thine, Else I must sure - ly stray.

# Grace is Free.

Anon. MARGARET M. SIMPSON.


1. There is nothing like the old, old sto - ry, Grace is free, grace is free,
2. From sin that doom'd Christ came to save us, Grace is free, grace is free,
3. From age to age the theme is tell - ing, Grace is free, grace is free,
Grace is free, grace is free,
Which saints and martyrs tell in glo - ry, Grace is free, grace is free;
From chains that bound He died to free us, Grace is free, grace is free;
From shore to shore the strains are swelling, Grace is free, grace is free;
Grace is free, grace is free;
It bro't them thro' the flood and flame, By it they fought and o-ver-came;
Who would not tell the sto - ry sweet, Of love so wondrous and complete,
And when that time shall cease to be, And faith is crown'd with vic-to - ry,
And now they cry thro' His dear name, Grace is free, grace is free.
And fall in rap - ture at His feet, Grace is free, grace is free.
We'll shout thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Grace is free, grace is free.
Grace is free, grace is free.

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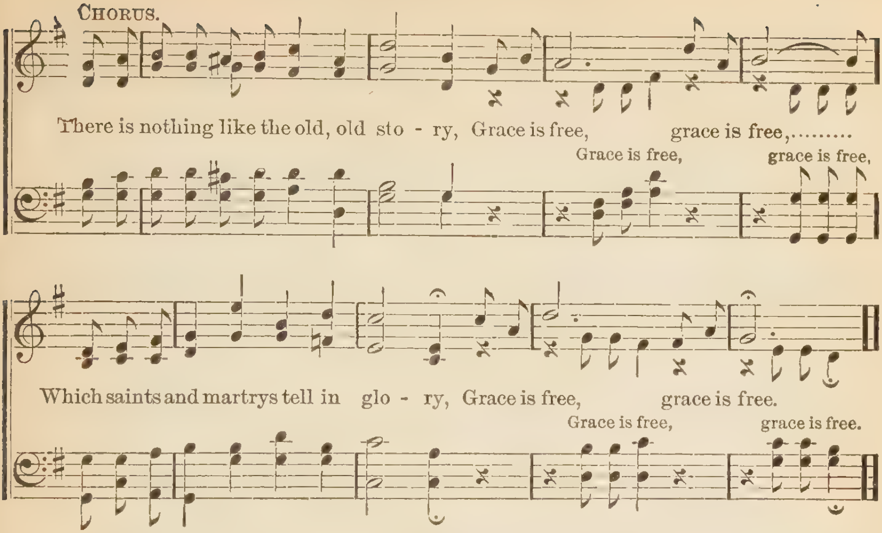
## Grace is Free.—Concluded.


CHORUS.
There is nothing like the old, old sto - ry, Grace is free, grace is free,………
Grace is free, grace is free,
Which saints and martrys tell in glo - ry, Grace is free, grace is free.
Grace is free, grace is free.

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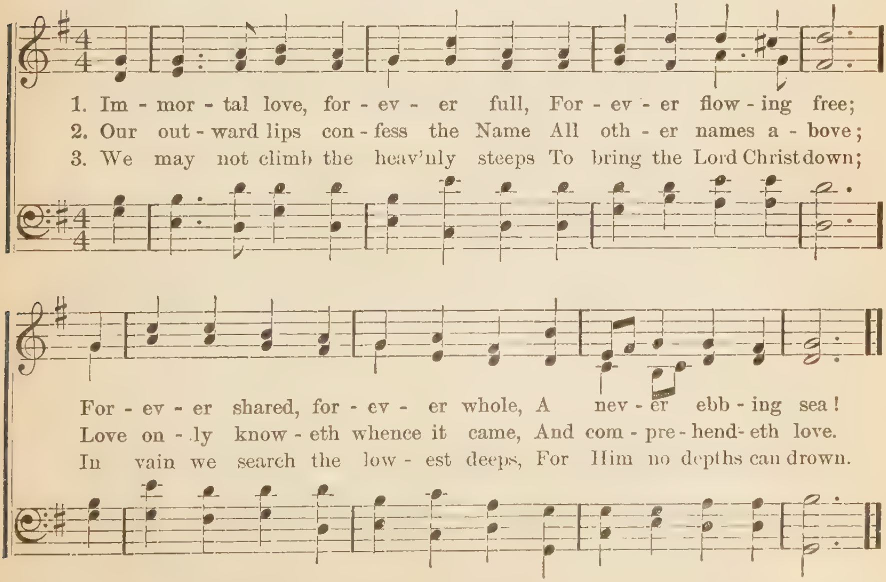
## Immortal Love.

J. G. WHITTIER. R. FARRANT.

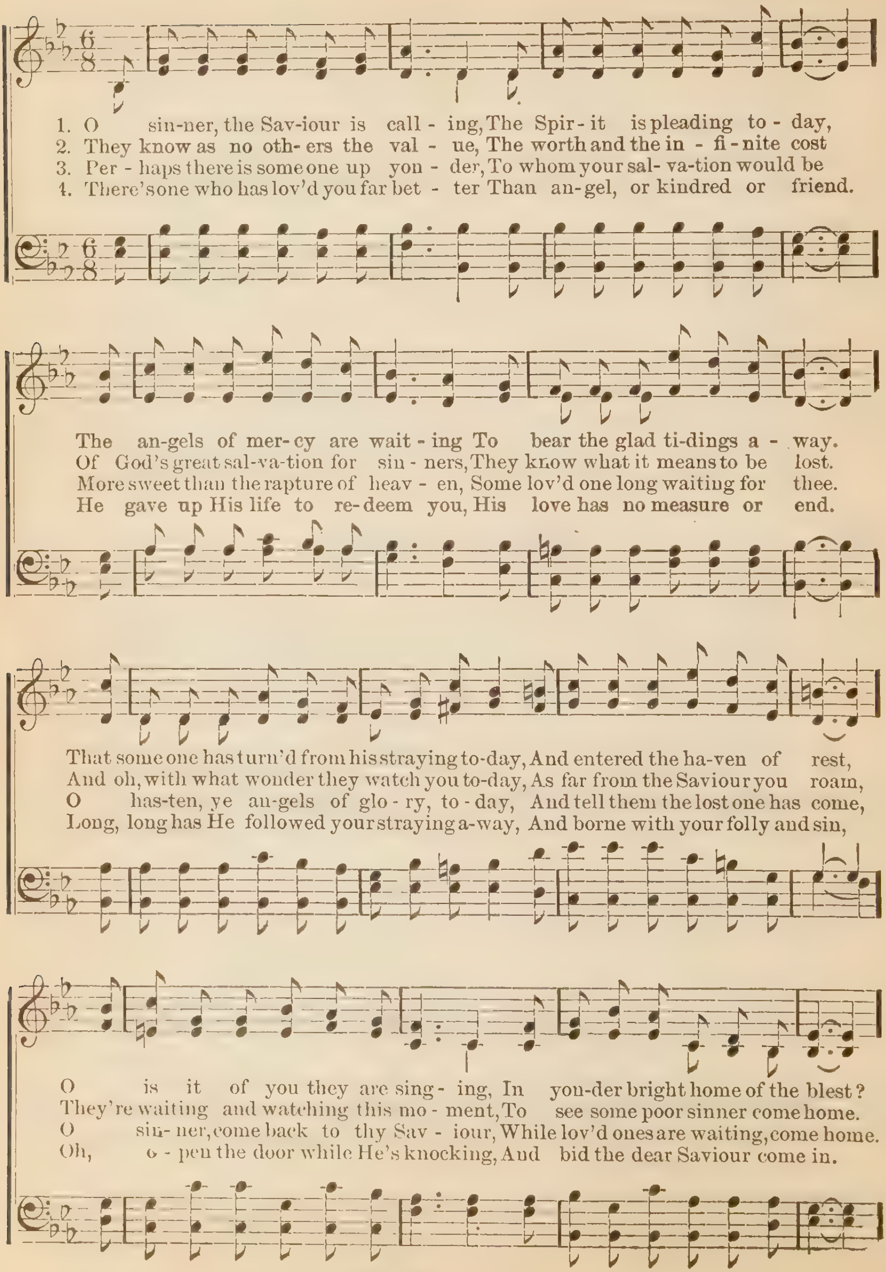

1. Im - mor - tal love, for - ev - er full, For - ev - er flow - ing free;
2. Our out - ward lips con - fess the Name All oth - er names a - bove;
3. We may not climb the heav'nly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;
For - ev - er shared, for - ev - er whole, A nev - er ebb - ing sea!
Love on - ly know - eth whence it came, And com - pre - hend - eth love.
In vain we search the low - est deeps, For Him no depths can drown.

4 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

5 The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

# There is Joy in Heaven.

A. B. S. Margaret M. Simpson.


1. O sin-ner, the Sav-iour is call - ing, The Spir- it is pleading to - day,
2. They know as no oth- ers the val - ue, The worth and the in - fi - nite cost
3. Per - haps there is some one up yon - der, To whom your sal- va-tion would be
4. There's one who has lov'd you far bet - ter Than an- gel, or kindred or friend.
The an-gels of mer- cy are wait - ing To bear the glad ti-dings a - way.
Of God's great sal-va-tion for sin - ners, They know what it means to be lost.
More sweet than the rapture of heav - en, Some lov'd one long waiting for thee.
He gave up His life to re- deem you, His love has no measure or end.
That some one has turn'd from his straying to-day, And entered the ha-ven of rest,
And oh, with what wonder they watch you to-day, As far from the Saviour you roam,
O has-ten, ye an-gels of glo - ry, to - day, And tell them the lost one has come,
Long, long has He followed your straying a-way, And borne with your folly and sin,
O is it of you they are sing - ing, In yon-der bright home of the blest?
They're waiting and watching this mo - ment, To see some poor sinner come home.
O sin- ner, come back to thy Sav - iour, While lov'd ones are waiting, come home.
Oh, o - pen the door while He's knocking, And bid the dear Saviour come in.

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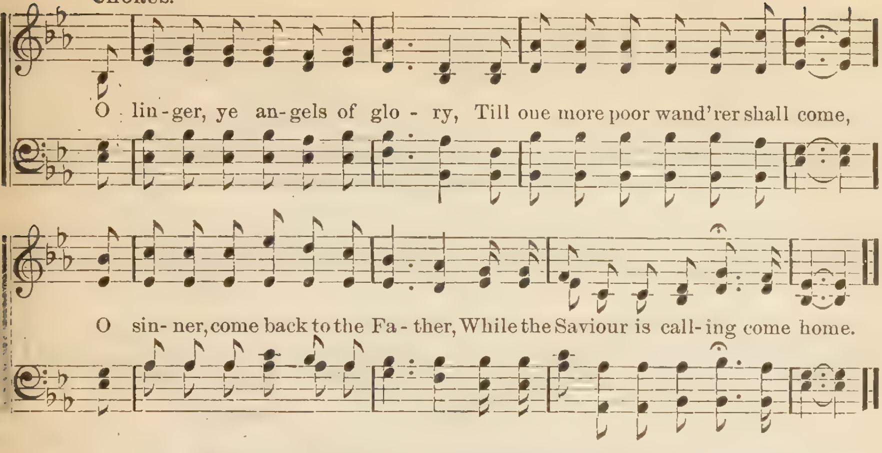
## There is Joy in Heaven.—Concluded.

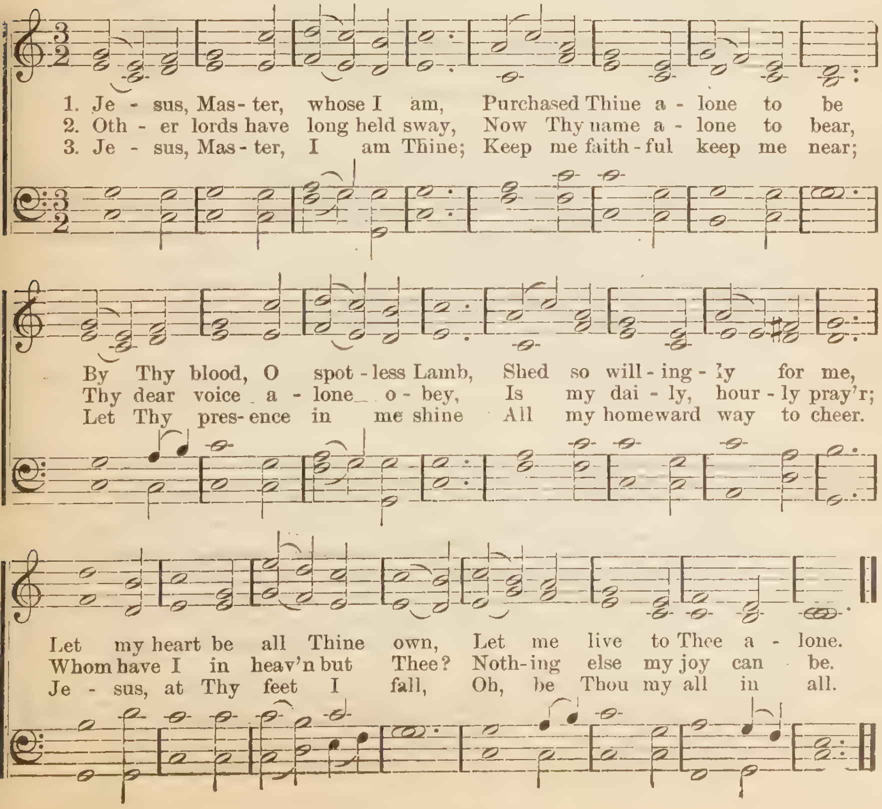
CHORUS.


O lin-ger, ye an-gels of glo - ry, Till one more poor wand'rer shall come,
O sin-ner, come back to the Fa - ther, While the Saviour is call-ing come home.

241

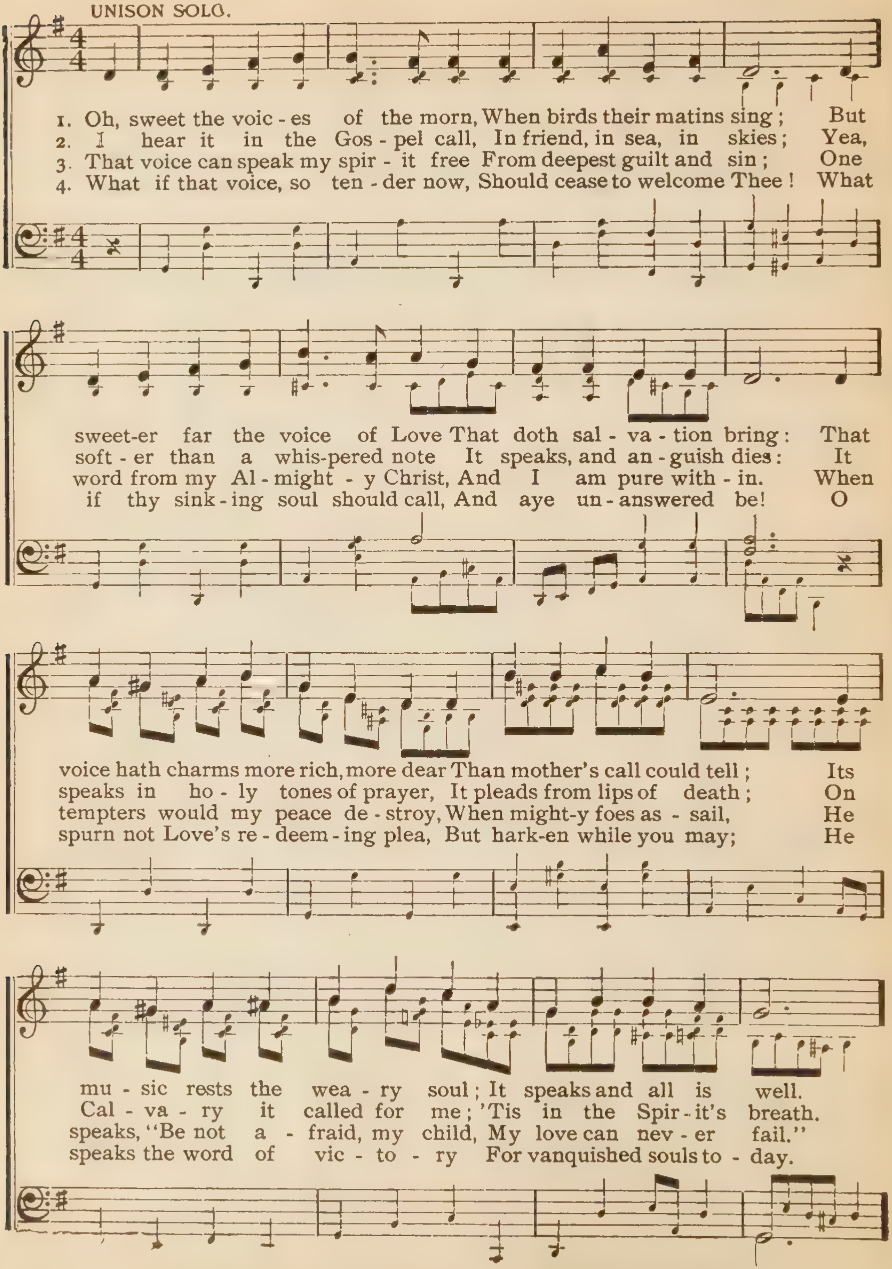
## Jesus, Master, Whose I Am.

F. R. HAVERGAL. DIMITRI BORTNIANSKI.


1. Je - sus, Mas-ter, whose I am, Purchased Thine a - lone to be
2. Oth - er lords have long held sway, Now Thy name a - lone to bear,
3. Je - sus, Mas-ter, I am Thine; Keep me faith-ful keep me near;
By Thy blood, O spot-less Lamb, Shed so will-ing-ly for me,
Thy dear voice a - lone o - bey, Is my dai - ly, hour-ly pray'r;
Let Thy pres-ence in me shine All my homeward way to cheer.
Let my heart be all Thine own, Let me live to Thee a - lone.
Whom have I in heav'n but Thee? Noth-ing else my joy can be.
Je - sus, at Thy feet I fall, Oh, be Thou my all in all.

# The Voice of Jesus.

Rev. Henry Ostrom. | John P. Hillis.


UNISON SOLO.
1. Oh, sweet the voic-es of the morn, When birds their matins sing; But
2. I hear it in the Gos-pel call, In friend, in sea, in skies; Yea,
3. That voice can speak my spir-it free From deepest guilt and sin; One
4. What if that voice, so ten-der now, Should cease to welcome Thee! What
sweet-er far the voice of Love That doth sal-va-tion bring: That
soft-er than a whis-pered note It speaks, and an-guish dies: It
word from my Al-might-y Christ, And I am pure with-in. When
if thy sink-ing soul should call, And aye un-answered be! O
voice hath charms more rich, more dear Than mother's call could tell; Its
speaks in ho-ly tones of prayer, It pleads from lips of death; On
tempters would my peace de-stroy, When might-y foes as-sail, He
spurn not Love's re-deem-ing plea, But hark-en while you may; He
mu-sic rests the wea-ry soul; It speaks and all is well.
Cal-va-ry it called for me; 'Tis in the Spir-it's breath.
speaks, "Be not a-fraid, my child, My love can nev-er fail."
speaks the word of vic-to-ry For vanquished souls to-day.

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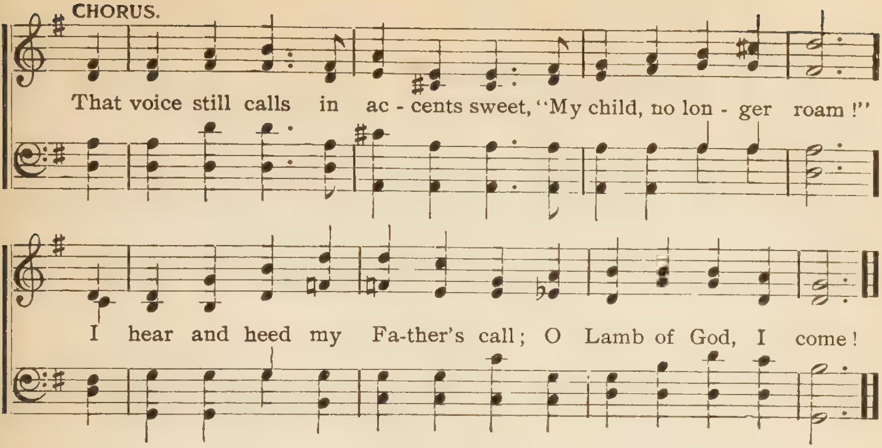
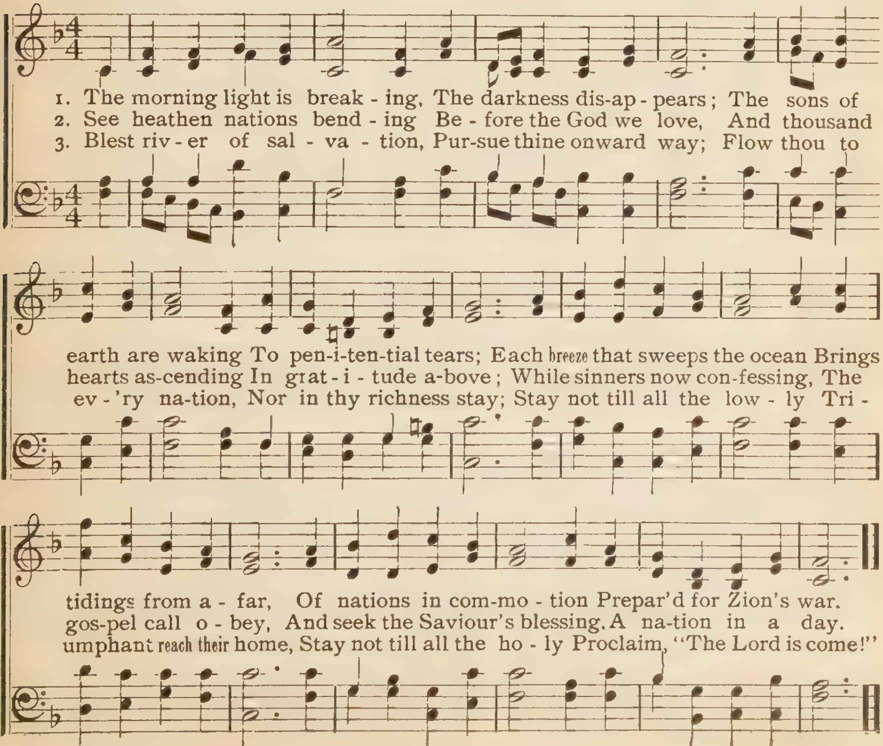
# The Voice of Jesus.—Concluded.


CHORUS.
That voice still calls in ac - cents sweet, "My child, no lon - ger roam!"
I hear and heed my Fa-ther's call; O Lamb of God, I come!

## 243 The Morning Light is Breaking.

Samuel F. Smith.

Margaret M. Simpson.


1. The morning light is break - ing, The darkness dis-ap - pears; The sons of
2. See heathen nations bend - ing Be - fore the God we love, And thousand
3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pur-sue thine onward way; Flow thou to
earth are waking To pen-i-ten-tial tears; Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings
hearts as-cending In grat - i - tude a-bove; While sinners now con-fessing, The
ev - 'ry na-tion, Nor in thy richness stay; Stay not till all the low - ly Tri -
tidings from a - far, Of nations in com-mo - tion Prepar'd for Zion's war.
gos-pel call o - bey, And seek the Saviour's blessing. A na-tion in a day.
umphant reach their home, Stay not till all the ho - ly Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

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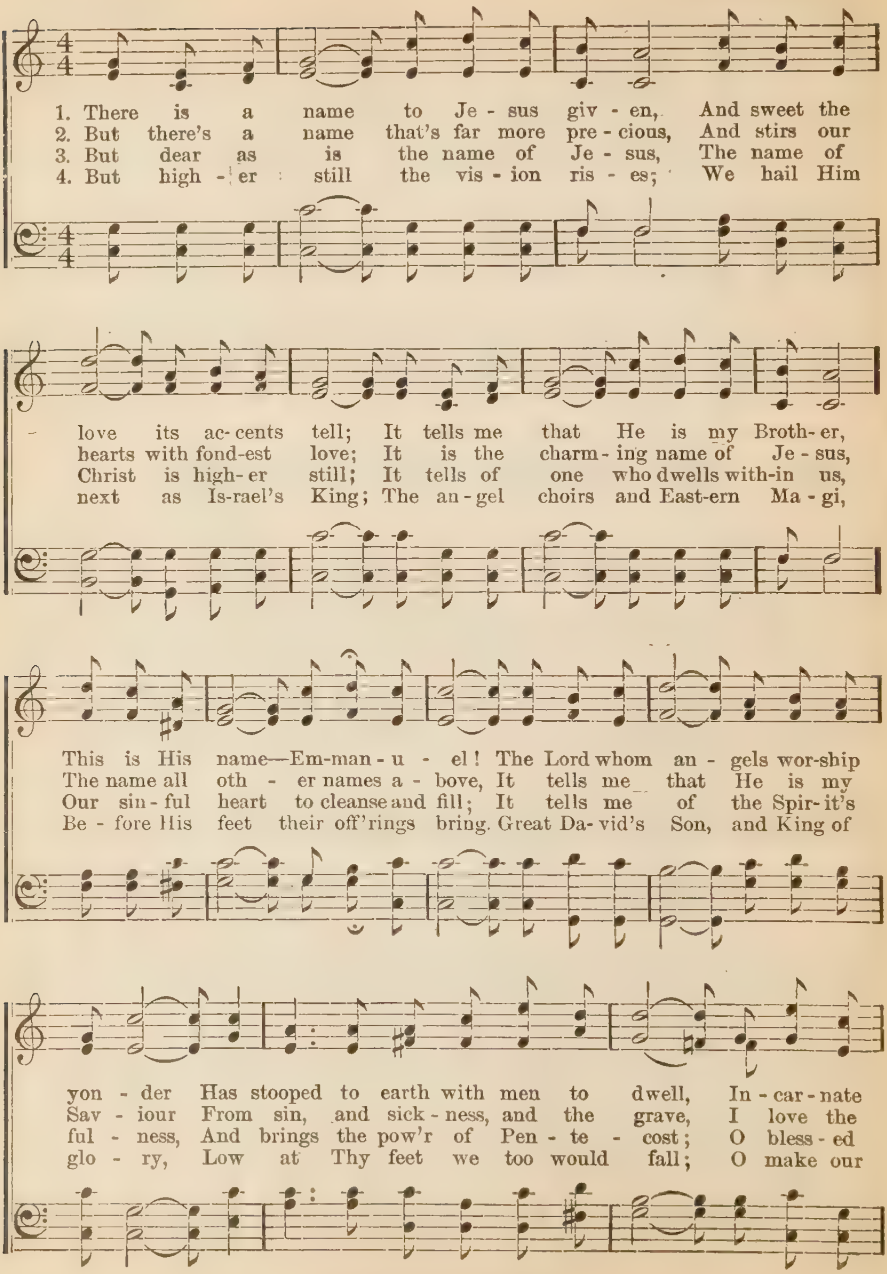
# The Names of Jesus.

A. B. S.

Margaret M. Simpson.


1. There is a name to Je - sus giv - en, And sweet the
2. But there's a name that's far more pre - cious, And stirs our
3. But dear as is the name of Je - sus, The name of
4. But high - er still the vis - ion ris - es; We hail Him
love its ac- cents tell; It tells me that He is my Broth- er,
hearts with fond-est love; It is the charm - ing name of Je - sus,
Christ is high- er still; It tells of one who dwells with-in us,
next as Is-rael's King; The an - gel choirs and East-ern Ma - gi,
This is His name—Em-man - u - el! The Lord whom an - gels wor-ship
The name all oth - er names a - bove, It tells me that He is my
Our sin - ful heart to cleanse and fill; It tells me of the Spir- it's
Be - fore His feet their off'rings bring. Great Da- vid's Son, and King of
yon - der Has stooped to earth with men to dwell, In - car - nate
Sav - iour From sin, and sick - ness, and the grave, I love the
ful - ness, And brings the pow'r of Pen - te - cost; O bless - ed
glo - ry, Low at Thy feet we too would fall; O make our

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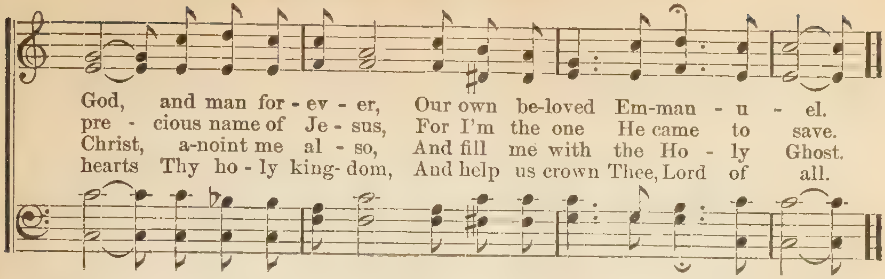
# The Names of Jesus.—Concluded.

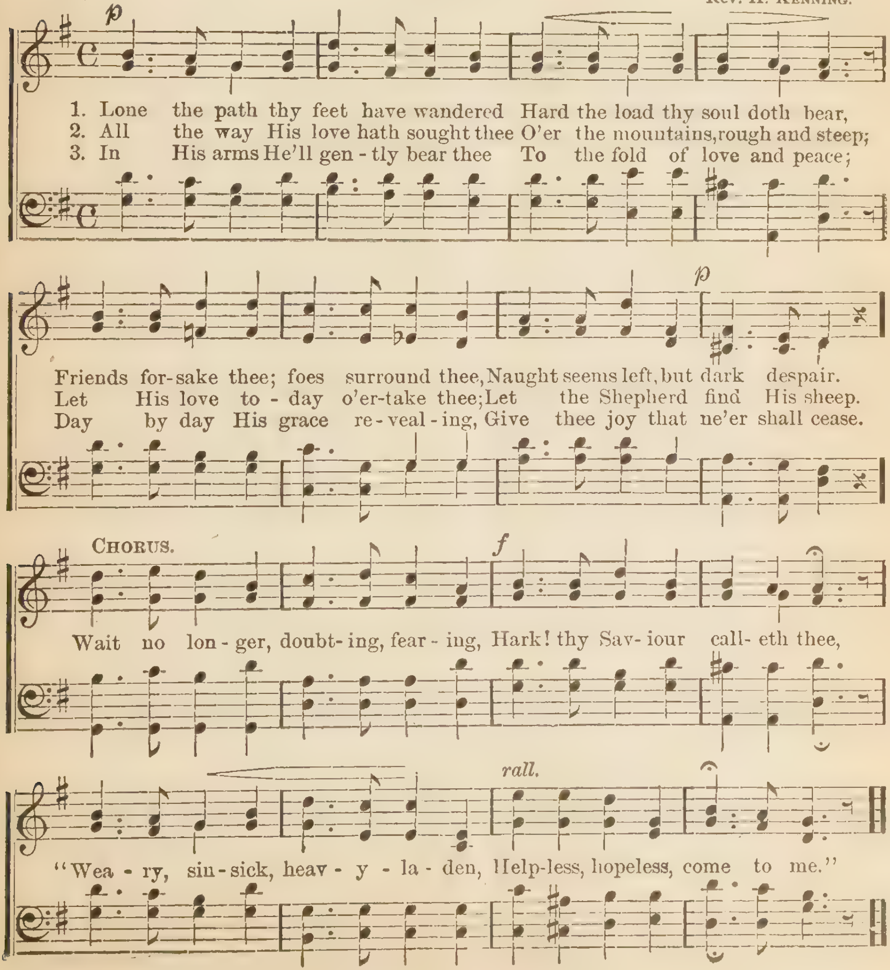

God, and man for - ev - er, Our own be-loved Em-man - u - el.
pre - cious name of Je - sus, For I'm the one He came to save.
Christ, a-noint me al - so, And fill me with the Ho - ly Ghost.
hearts Thy ho - ly king- dom, And help us crown Thee, Lord of all.

## 245

# Come to Me.

H. K.

Rev. H. Kenning.


p
1. Lone the path thy feet have wandered Hard the load thy soul doth bear,
2. All the way His love hath sought thee O'er the mountains,rough and steep;
3. In His arms He'll gen - tly bear thee To the fold of love and peace;
p
Friends for-sake thee; foes surround thee, Naught seems left, but dark despair.
Let His love to - day o'er-take thee; Let the Shepherd find His sheep.
Day by day His grace re - veal - ing, Give thee joy that ne'er shall cease.
CHORUS.
f
Wait no lon - ger, doubt- ing, fear - ing, Hark! thy Sav- iour call- eth thee,
rall.
"Wea - ry, sin-sick, heav - y - la - den, Help-less, hopeless, come to me."

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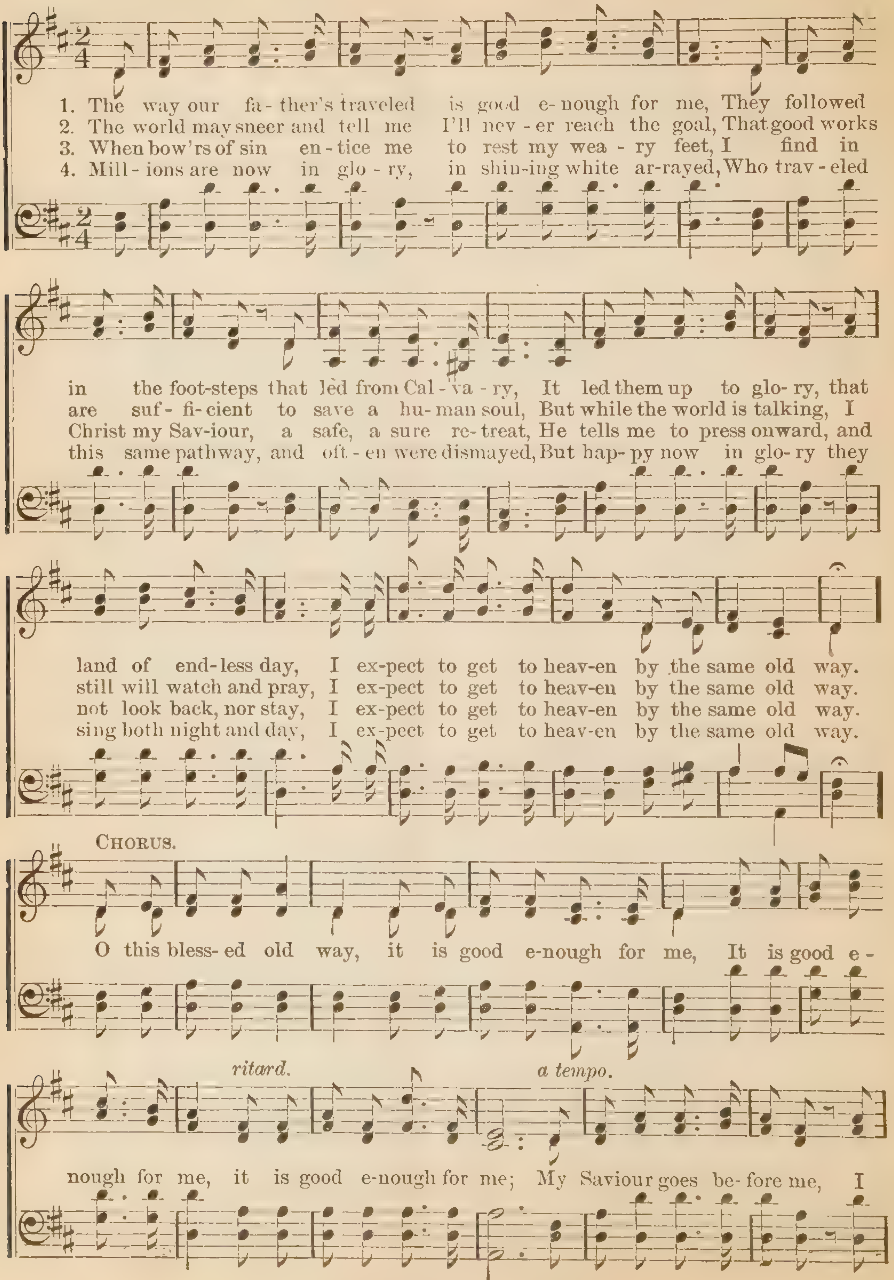
# I Expect to Get to Heaven by the Same Old Way.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

Geo. C. Hugg.


1. The way our fa-ther's traveled is good e-nough for me, They followed
2. The world may sneer and tell me I'll nev-er reach the goal, That good works
3. When bow'rs of sin en-tice me to rest my wea-ry feet, I find in
4. Mill-ions are now in glo-ry, in shin-ing white ar-rayed, Who trav-eled
in the foot-steps that led from Cal-va-ry, It led them up to glo-ry, that
are suf-fi-cient to save a hu-man soul, But while the world is talking, I
Christ my Sav-iour, a safe, a sure re-treat, He tells me to press onward, and
this same pathway, and oft-en were dismayed, But hap-py now in glo-ry they
land of end-less day, I ex-pect to get to heav-en by the same old way.
still will watch and pray, I ex-pect to get to heav-en by the same old way.
not look back, nor stay, I ex-pect to get to heav-en by the same old way.
sing both night and day, I ex-pect to get to heav-en by the same old way.
Chorus.
O this bless-ed old way, it is good e-nough for me, It is good e-
ritard.
a tempo.
nough for me, it is good e-nough for me; My Saviour goes be-fore me, I

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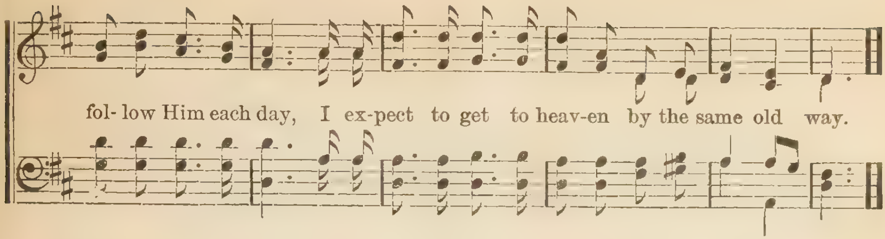
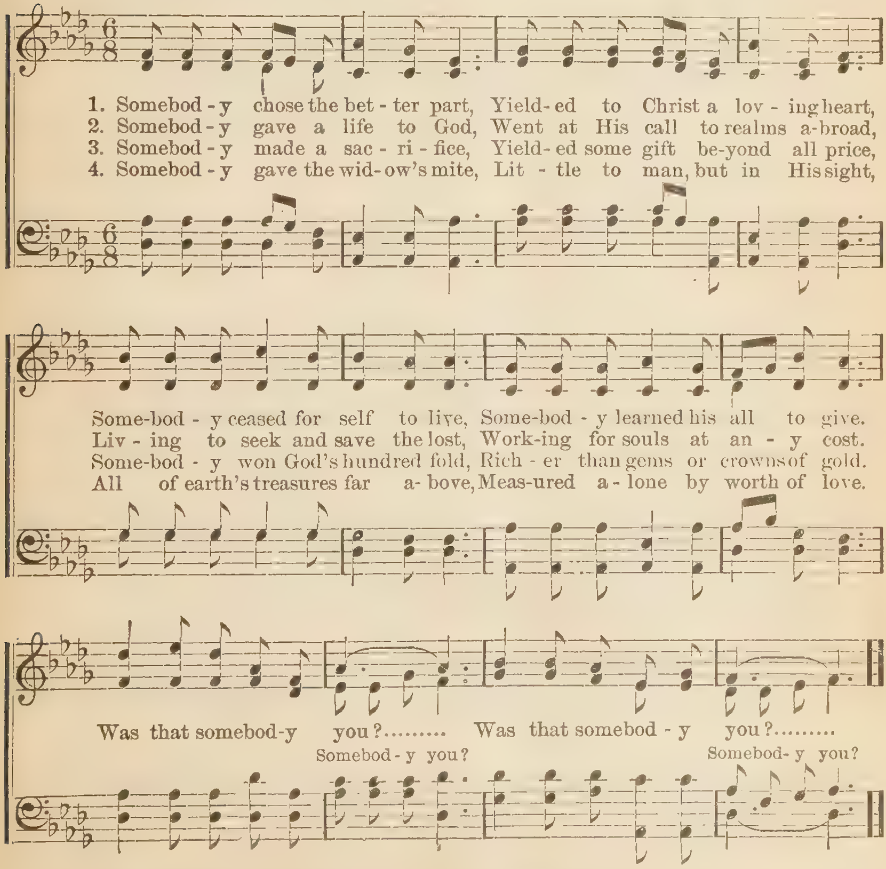
## I Expect to Get to Heaven, etc.—Concluded.


fol- low Him each day, I ex-pect to get to heav-en by the same old way.

## 247

## Somebody.

A. B. S. MARGARET M. SIMPSON


1. Somebod - y chose the bet - ter part, Yield- ed to Christ a lov - ing heart,
2. Somebod - y gave a life to God, Went at His call to realms a-broad,
3. Somebod - y made a sac - ri - fice, Yield- ed some gift be-yond all price,
4. Somebod - y gave the wid- ow's mite, Lit - tle to man, but in His sight,
Some-bod - y ceased for self to live, Some-bod - y learned his all to give.
Liv - ing to seek and save the lost, Work-ing for souls at an - y cost.
Some-bod - y won God's hundred fold, Rich - er than gems or crowns of gold.
All of earth's treasures far a- bove, Meas-ured a - lone by worth of love.
Was that somebod-y you?......... Was that somebod - y you?.........
Somebod - y you? Somebod- y you?

5 Somebody idled all the hours,
Carelessly crushed life's fairest flowers,
Somebody made life loss, not gain,
Thoughtlessly seemed to live in vain.

6 Somebody filled the days with light,
Constantly chased away the night,
Somebody's work bore joy and peace,
Surely that life shall never cease.

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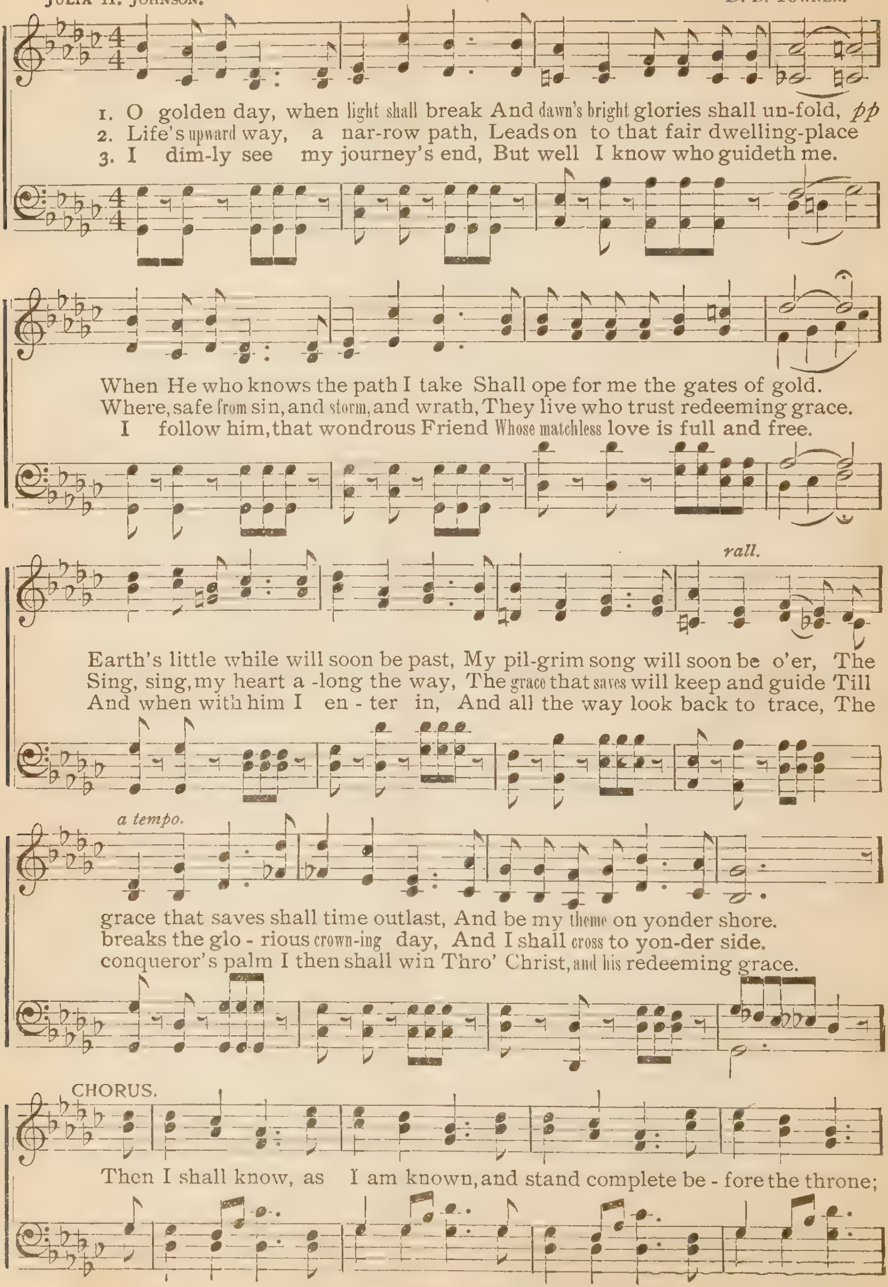
# Saving Grace.

JULIA H. JOHNSON. D. B. TOWNER.



1. O golden day, when light shall break And dawn's bright glories shall un-fold, *pp*
2. Life's upward way, a nar-row path, Leads on to that fair dwelling-place
3. I dim-ly see my journey's end, But well I know who guideth me.

When He who knows the path I take Shall ope for me the gates of gold.
Where, safe from sin, and storm, and wrath, They live who trust redeeming grace.
I follow him, that wondrous Friend Whose matchless love is full and free.

Earth's little while will soon be past, My pil-grim song will soon be o'er, The
Sing, sing, my heart a -long the way, The grace that saves will keep and guide Till
And when with him I en - ter in, And all the way look back to trace, The

grace that saves shall time outlast, And be my theme on yonder shore.
breaks the glo - rious crown-ing day, And I shall cross to yon-der side.
conqueror's palm I then shall win Thro' Christ, and his redeeming grace.

CHORUS.

Then I shall know, as I am known, and stand complete be - fore the throne;

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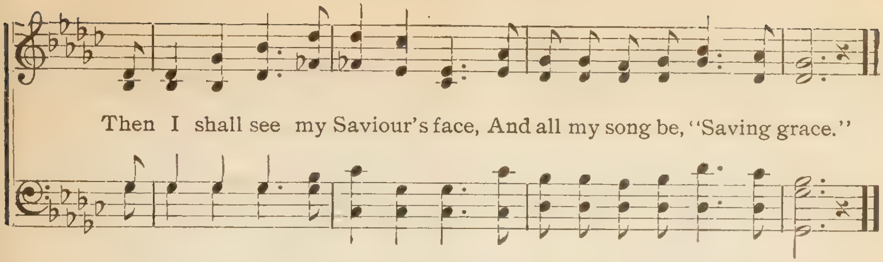
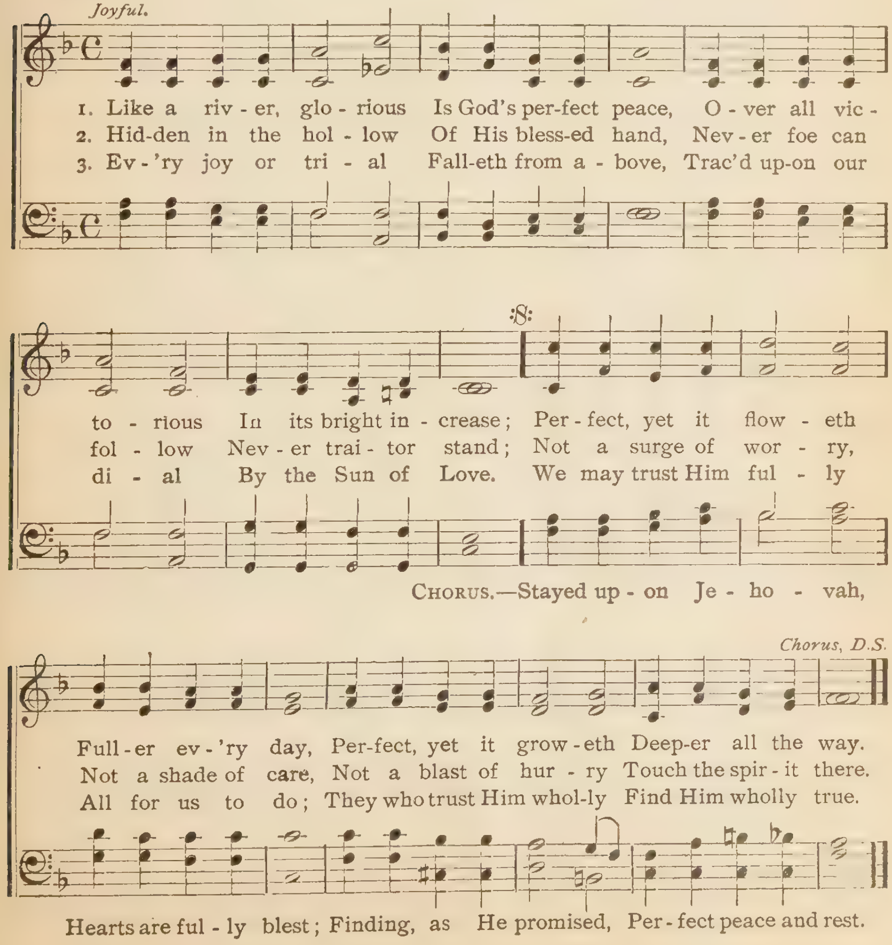
# Saving Grace.—Concluded.


Then I shall see my Saviour's face, And all my song be, "Saving grace."

## 249

# Like a River Glorious.

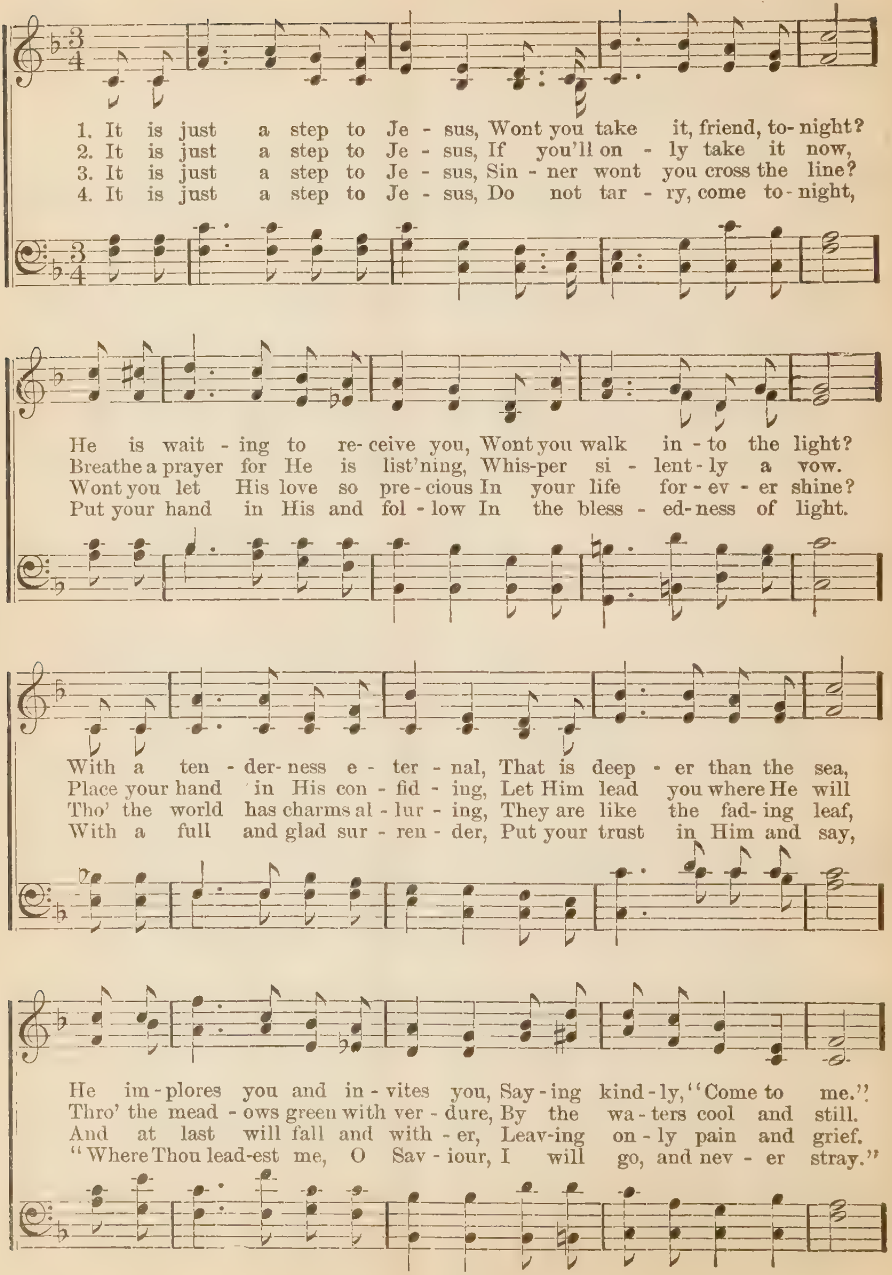
Francis R. Havergal. J. Mountain.


Joyful.
1. Like a riv-er, glo-rious Is God's per-fect peace, O-ver all vic-
2. Hid-den in the hol-low Of His bless-ed hand, Nev-er foe can
3. Ev-'ry joy or tri-al Fall-eth from a-bove, Trac'd up-on our
to-rious In its bright in-crease; Per-fect, yet it flow-eth
fol-low Nev-er trai-tor stand; Not a surge of wor-ry,
di-al By the Sun of Love. We may trust Him ful-ly
Chorus.—Stayed up-on Je-ho-vah,
Chorus, D.S.
Full-er ev-'ry day, Per-fect, yet it grow-eth Deep-er all the way.
Not a shade of care, Not a blast of hur-ry Touch the spir-it there.
All for us to do; They who trust Him whol-ly Find Him wholly true.
Hearts are ful-ly blest; Finding, as He promised, Per-fect peace and rest.

# Just a Step.

Anon.

Arranged by M. A. S.


1. It is just a step to Je - sus, Wont you take it, friend, to- night?
2. It is just a step to Je - sus, If you'll on - ly take it now,
3. It is just a step to Je - sus, Sin - ner wont you cross the line?
4. It is just a step to Je - sus, Do not tar - ry, come to - night,
He is wait - ing to re- ceive you, Wont you walk in - to the light?
Breathe a prayer for He is list'ning, Whis-per si - lent - ly a vow.
Wont you let His love so pre - cious In your life for - ev - er shine?
Put your hand in His and fol - low In the bless - ed- ness of light.
With a ten - der- ness e - ter - nal, That is deep - er than the sea,
Place your hand in His con - fid - ing, Let Him lead you where He will
Tho' the world has charms al - lur - ing, They are like the fad- ing leaf,
With a full and glad sur - ren - der, Put your trust in Him and say,
He im - plores you and in - vites you, Say - ing kind - ly, "Come to me."
Thro' the mead - ows green with ver - dure, By the wa - ters cool and still.
And at last will fall and with - er, Leav-ing on - ly pain and grief.
"Where Thou lead-est me, O Sav - iour, I will go, and nev - er stray."

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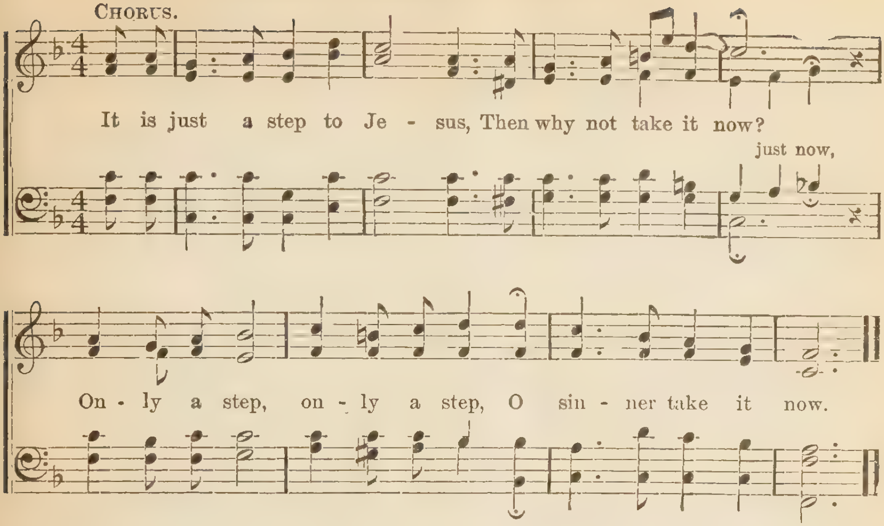
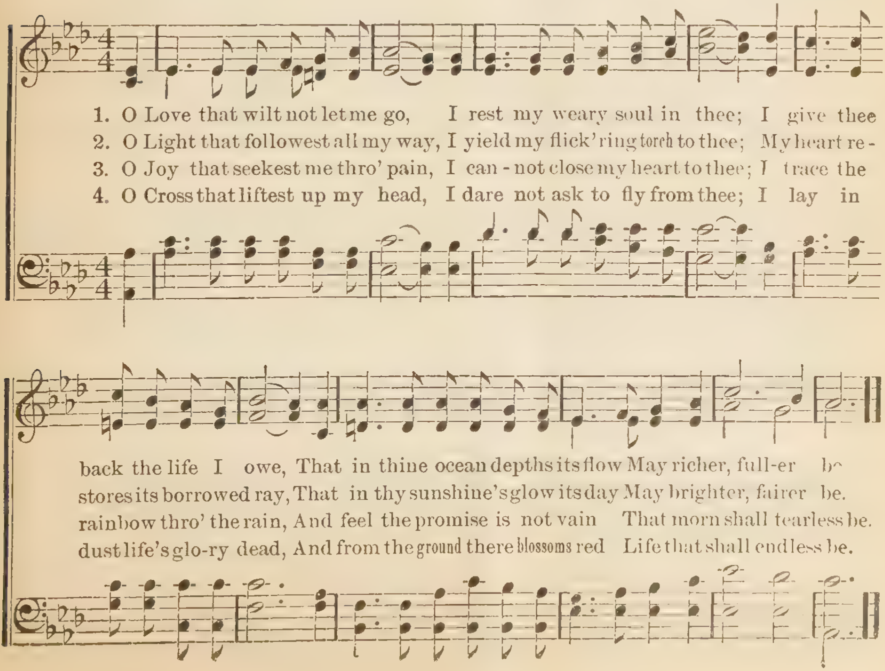
## Just a Step.—Concluded.


CHORUS.
It is just a step to Je - sus, Then why not take it now?
just now,
On - ly a step, on - ly a step, O sin - ner take it now.

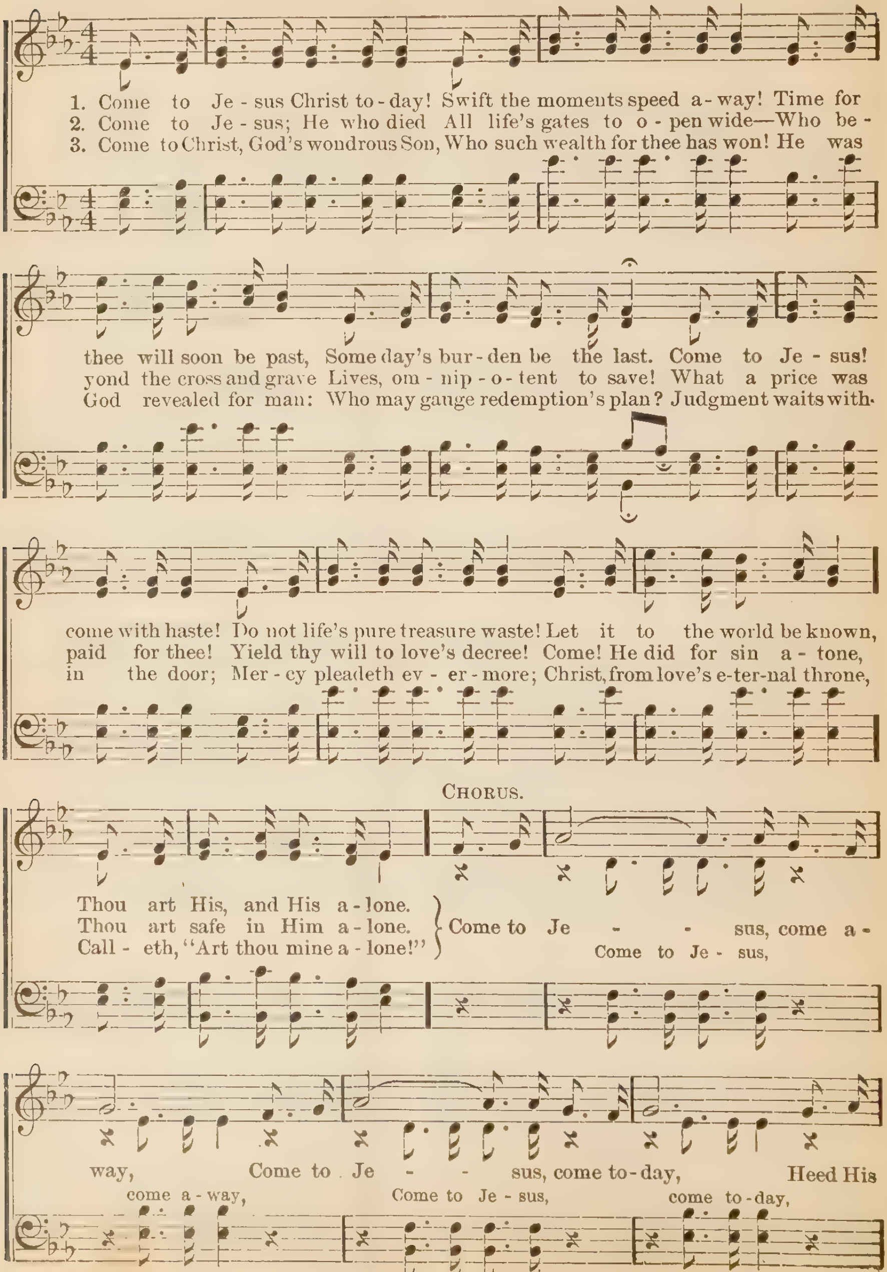
## 251 O Love that Wilt not let Me Go.

GEORGE MATHESON. ALBERT L. PEACE.


1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my weary soul in thee; I give thee
2. O Light that followest all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to thee; My heart re -
3. O Joy that seekest me thro' pain, I can - not close my heart to thee; I trace the
4. O Cross that liftest up my head, I dare not ask to fly from thee; I lay in
back the life I owe, That in thine ocean depths its flow May richer, full-er be
stores its borrowed ray, That in thy sunshine's glow its day May brighter, fairer be.
rainbow thro' the rain, And feel the promise is not vain That morn shall tearless be.
dust life's glo-ry dead, And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall endless be.

# Come to Jesus Christ To-Day.

L. A. M. By per. May Agnew Stephens.


1. Come to Je - sus Christ to - day! Swift the moments speed a - way! Time for
2. Come to Je - sus; He who died All life's gates to o - pen wide—Who be -
3. Come to Christ, God's wondrous Son, Who such wealth for thee has won! He was
thee will soon be past, Some day's bur - den be the last. Come to Je - sus!
yond the cross and grave Lives, om - nip - o - tent to save! What a price was
God revealed for man: Who may gauge redemption's plan? Judgment waits with-
come with haste! Do not life's pure treasure waste! Let it to the world be known,
paid for thee! Yield thy will to love's decree! Come! He did for sin a - tone,
in the door; Mer - cy pleadeth ev - er - more; Christ, from love's e-ter-nal throne,
Thou art His, and His a - lone.
Thou art safe in Him a - lone.
Call - eth, "Art thou mine a - lone!"
Chorus.
Come to Je - - sus, come a -
Come to Je - sus,
way, Come to Je - - sus, come to - day, Heed His
come a - way, Come to Je - sus, come to - day,

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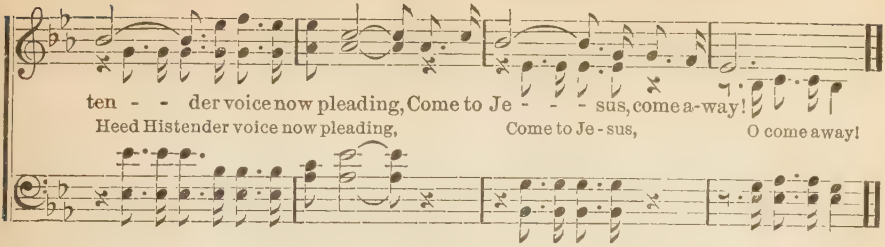
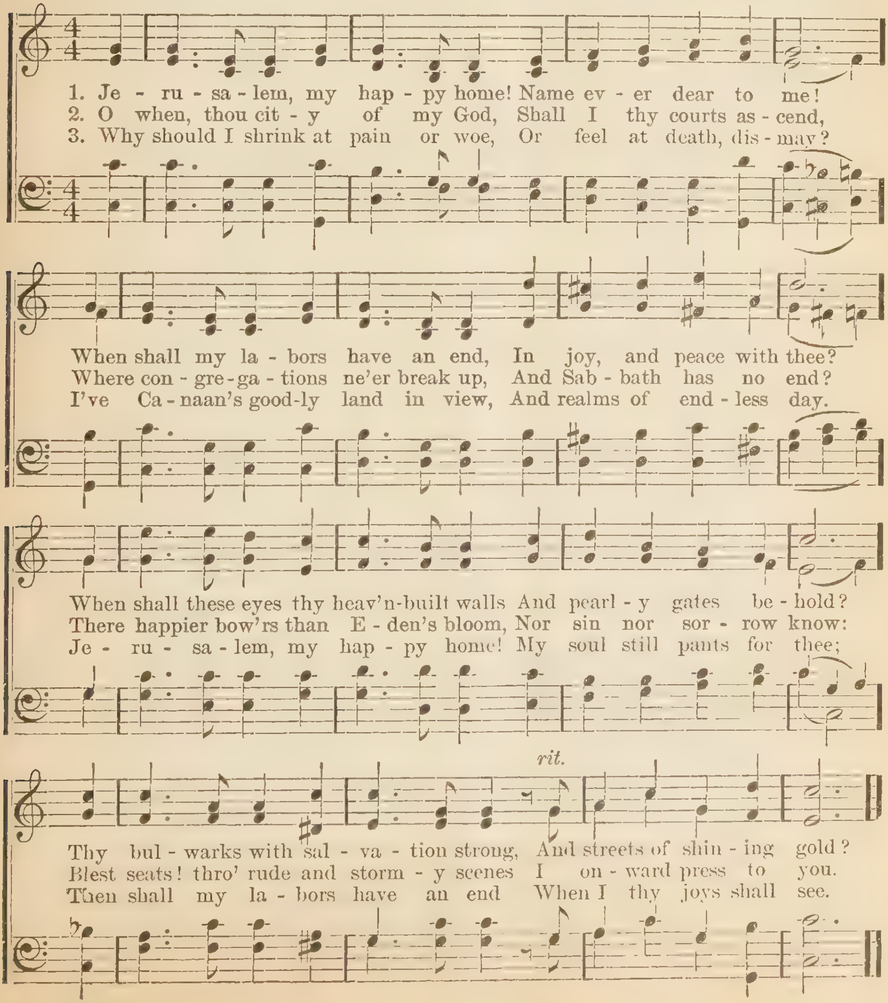
## Come to Jesus Christ To-Day.—Concluded.


ten - - der voice now pleading, Come to Je - - - sus, come a-way!
Heed His tender voice now pleading, Come to Je-sus, O come away!

## 253 Jerusalem, My Happy Home!

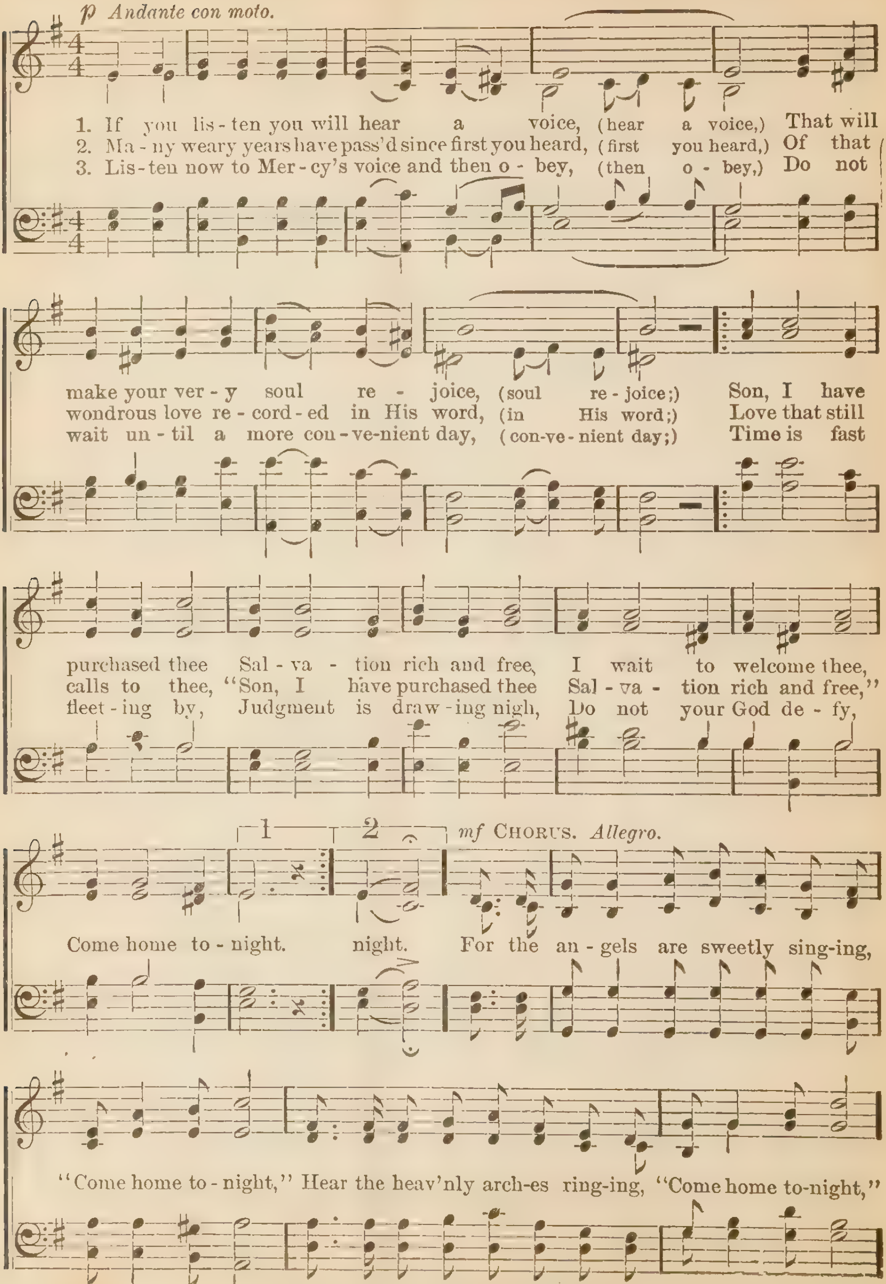
F. B. P.

Samuel A. Ward.


1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home! Name ev - er dear to me!
2. O when, thou cit - y of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend,
3. Why should I shrink at pain or woe, Or feel at death, dis - may?
When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy, and peace with thee?
Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And Sab - bath has no end?
I've Ca - naan's good-ly land in view, And realms of end - less day.
When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls And pearl - y gates be - hold?
There happier bow'rs than E - den's bloom, Nor sin nor sor - row know:
Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home! My soul still pants for thee;
rit.
Thy bul - warks with sal - va - tion strong, And streets of shin - ing gold?
Blest seats! thro' rude and storm - y scenes I on - ward press to you.
Then shall my la - bors have an end When I thy joys shall see.

# O Sinner, Come Home To-night.

F. E. R.                F. E. Rimanoczy.


p Andante con moto.
1. If you lis-ten you will hear a voice, (hear a voice,) That will
2. Ma-ny weary years have pass'd since first you heard, (first you heard,) Of that
3. Lis-ten now to Mer-cy's voice and then o-bey, (then o-bey,) Do not
make your ver-y soul re-joice, (soul re-joice;) Son, I have
wondrous love re-cord-ed in His word, (in His word;) Love that still
wait un-til a more con-ve-nient day, (con-ve-nient day;) Time is fast
purchased thee Sal-va-tion rich and free, I wait to welcome thee,
calls to thee, "Son, I have purchased thee Sal-va-tion rich and free,"
fleet-ing by, Judgment is draw-ing nigh, Do not your God de-fy,
1
2
mf Chorus. Allegro.
Come home to-night. night. For the an-gels are sweetly sing-ing,
"Come home to-night," Hear the heav'nly arch-es ring-ing, "Come home to-night,"

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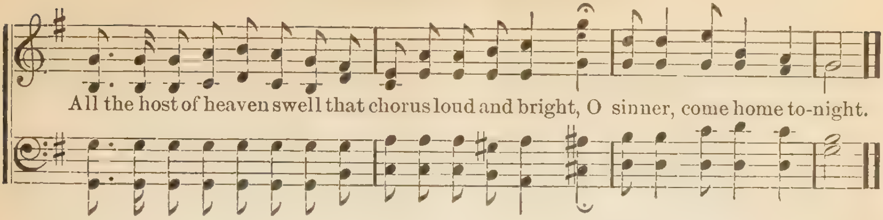
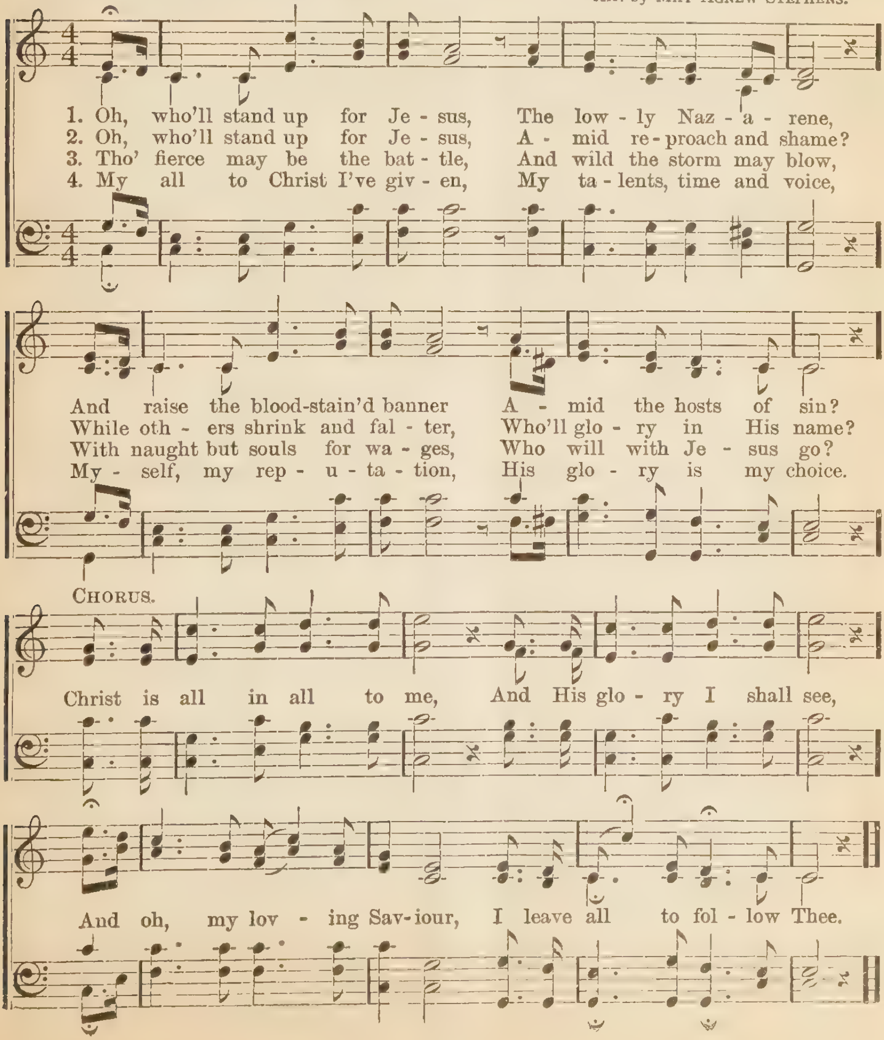
## O Sinner, Come Home To-night.—Concluded.


All the host of heaven swell that chorus loud and bright, O sinner, come home to-night.

## 255

## Who'll Stand Up for Jesus?

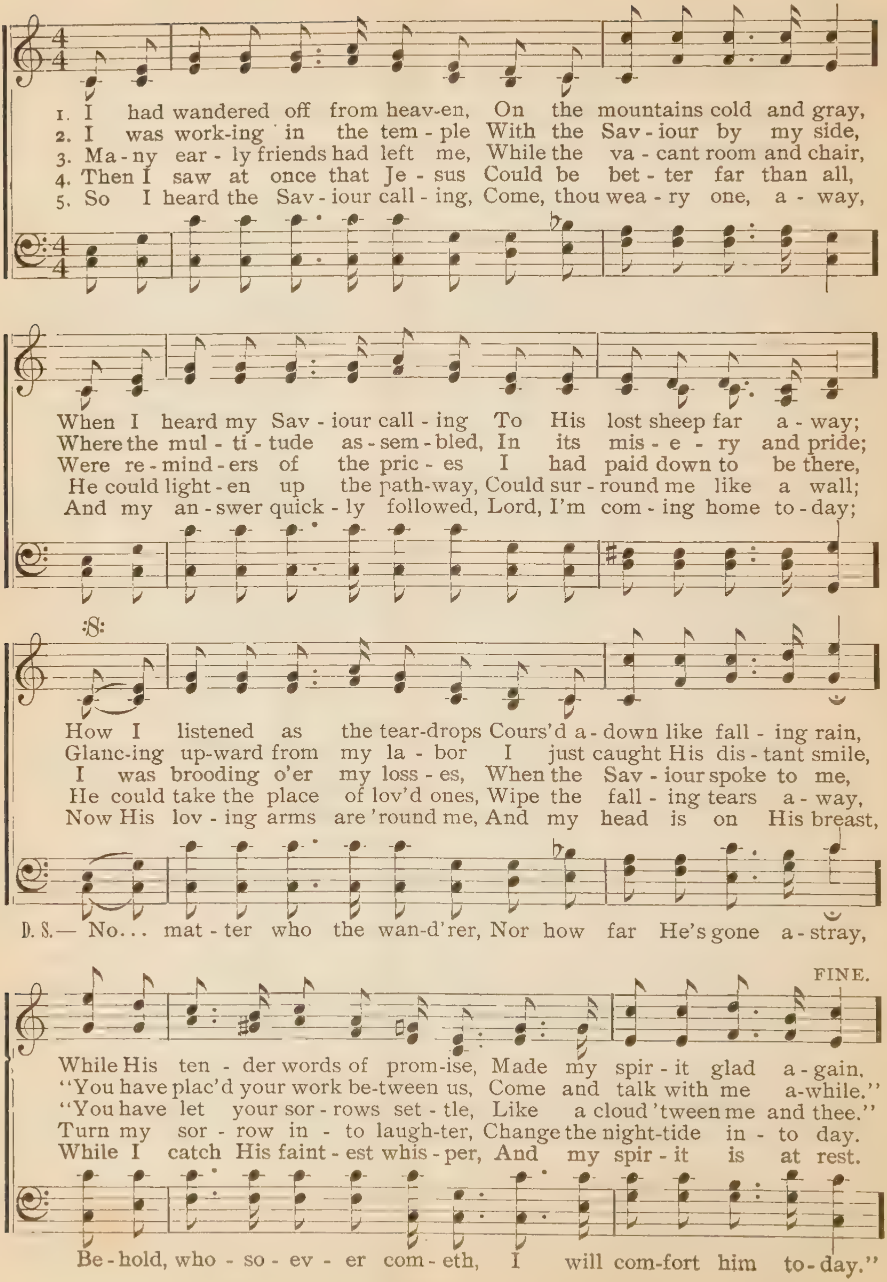
Anon. Arr. by May Agnew Stephens.


1. Oh, who'll stand up for Je - sus, The low - ly Naz - a - rene,
2. Oh, who'll stand up for Je - sus, A - mid re - proach and shame?
3. Tho' fierce may be the bat - tle, And wild the storm may blow,
4. My all to Christ I've giv - en, My ta - lents, time and voice,
And raise the blood-stain'd banner A - mid the hosts of sin?
While oth - ers shrink and fal - ter, Who'll glo - ry in His name?
With naught but souls for wa - ges, Who will with Je - sus go?
My - self, my rep - u - ta - tion, His glo - ry is my choice.
Chorus.
Christ is all in all to me, And His glo - ry I shall see,
And oh, my lov - ing Sav - iour, I leave all to fol - low Thee.

256

# The Wanderer.

Rev. B. C. Rev. B. Carradine.


1. I had wandered off from heaven, On the mountains cold and gray,
2. I was working in the temple With the Saviour by my side,
3. Many early friends had left me, While the vacant room and chair,
4. Then I saw at once that Jesus Could be better far than all,
5. So I heard the Saviour calling, Come, thou weary one, away,
When I heard my Saviour calling To His lost sheep far away;
Where the multitude assembled, In its misery and pride;
Were reminders of the prices I had paid down to be there,
He could lighten up the pathway, Could surround me like a wall;
And my answer quickly followed, Lord, I'm coming home today;
𝄋
How I listened as the tear-drops Cours'd adown like falling rain,
Glancing upward from my labor I just caught His distant smile,
I was brooding o'er my losses, When the Saviour spoke to me,
He could take the place of lov'd ones, Wipe the falling tears away,
Now His loving arms are 'round me, And my head is on His breast,
D. S.— No... matter who the wand'rer, Nor how far He's gone astray,
FINE.
While His tender words of promise, Made my spirit glad again.
"You have plac'd your work between us, Come and talk with me awhile."
"You have let your sorrows settle, Like a cloud 'tween me and thee."
Turn my sorrow into laughter, Change the night-tide into day.
While I catch His faintest whisper, And my spirit is at rest.
Behold, whosoever cometh, I will comfort him today."

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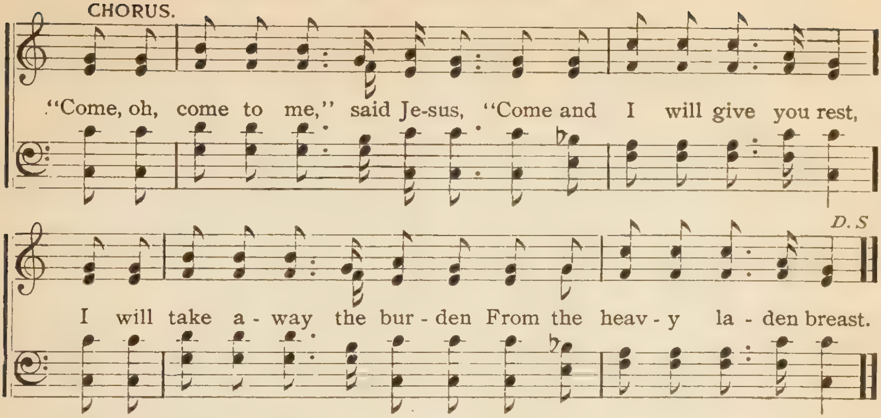
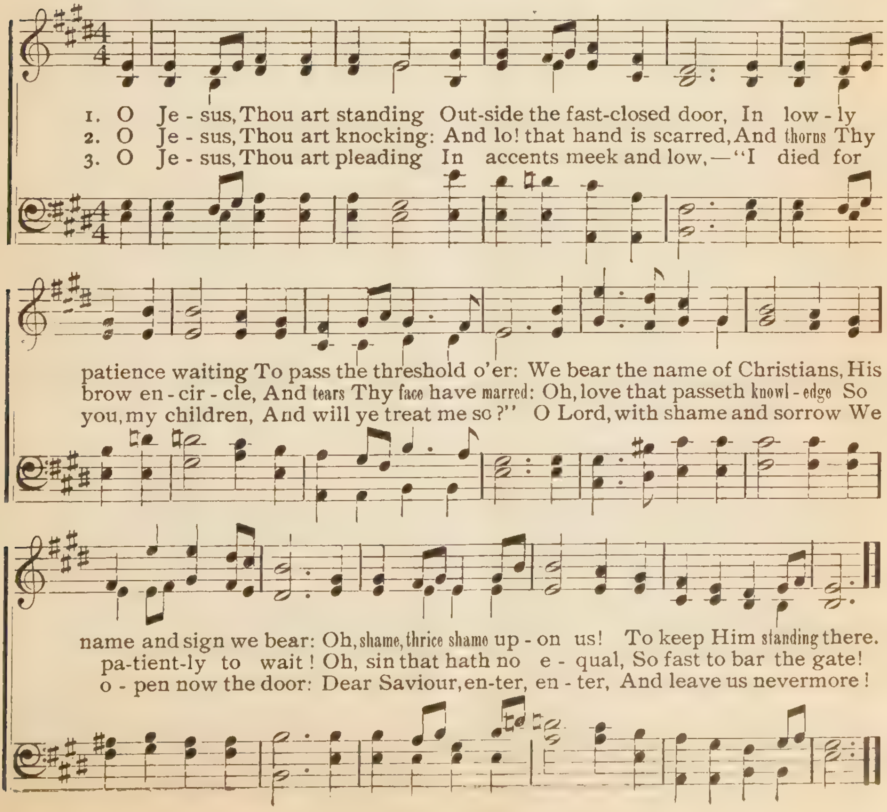
# The Wanderer.—Concluded.


CHORUS.
"Come, oh, come to me," said Je-sus, "Come and I will give you rest,
I will take a - way the bur - den From the heav - y la - den breast.
D.S

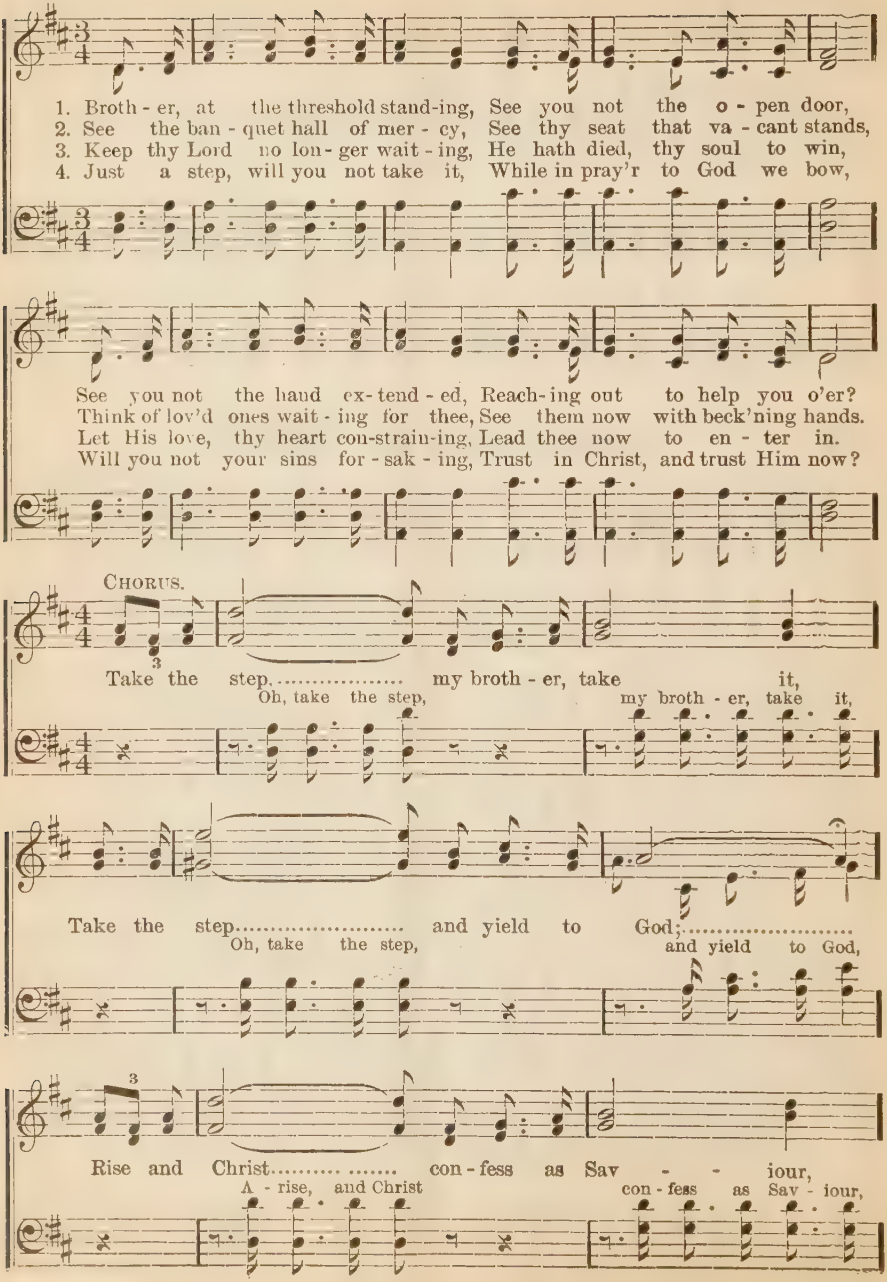
## 257 O Jesus, Thou art Standing.

W. W. How. E. Husband.


1. O Je - sus, Thou art standing Out-side the fast-closed door, In low - ly
2. O Je - sus, Thou art knocking: And lo! that hand is scarred, And thorns Thy
3. O Je - sus, Thou art pleading In accents meek and low,—"I died for
patience waiting To pass the threshold o'er: We bear the name of Christians, His
brow en - cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marred: Oh, love that passeth knowl - edge So
you, my children, And will ye treat me so?" O Lord, with shame and sorrow We
name and sign we bear: Oh, shame, thrice shame up - on us! To keep Him standing there.
pa-tient-ly to wait! Oh, sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
o - pen now the door: Dear Saviour, en-ter, en - ter, And leave us nevermore!

# Take the Step.

Mary More. J. H. Burke.


1. Broth - er, at the threshold stand-ing, See you not the o - pen door,
2. See the ban - quet hall of mer - cy, See thy seat that va - cant stands,
3. Keep thy Lord no lon - ger wait - ing, He hath died, thy soul to win,
4. Just a step, will you not take it, While in pray'r to God we bow,
See you not the hand ex - tend - ed, Reach - ing out to help you o'er?
Think of lov'd ones wait - ing for thee, See them now with beck'ning hands.
Let His love, thy heart con-strain-ing, Lead thee now to en - ter in.
Will you not your sins for - sak - ing, Trust in Christ, and trust Him now?
Chorus.
Take the step.................. my broth - er, take it,
Oh, take the step, my broth - er, take it,
Take the step........................ and yield to God;........................
Oh, take the step, and yield to God,
Rise and Christ......... ....... con - fess as Sav - - iour,
A - rise, and Christ con - fess as Sav - iour,

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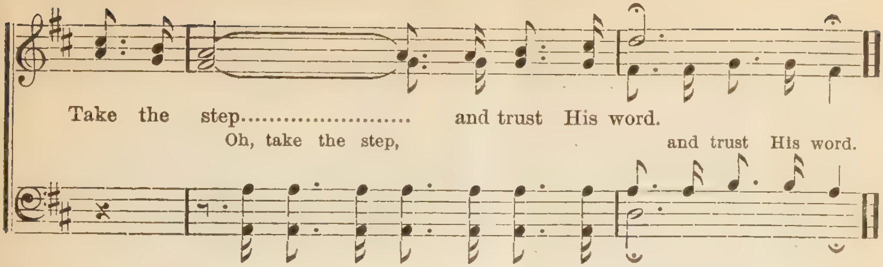
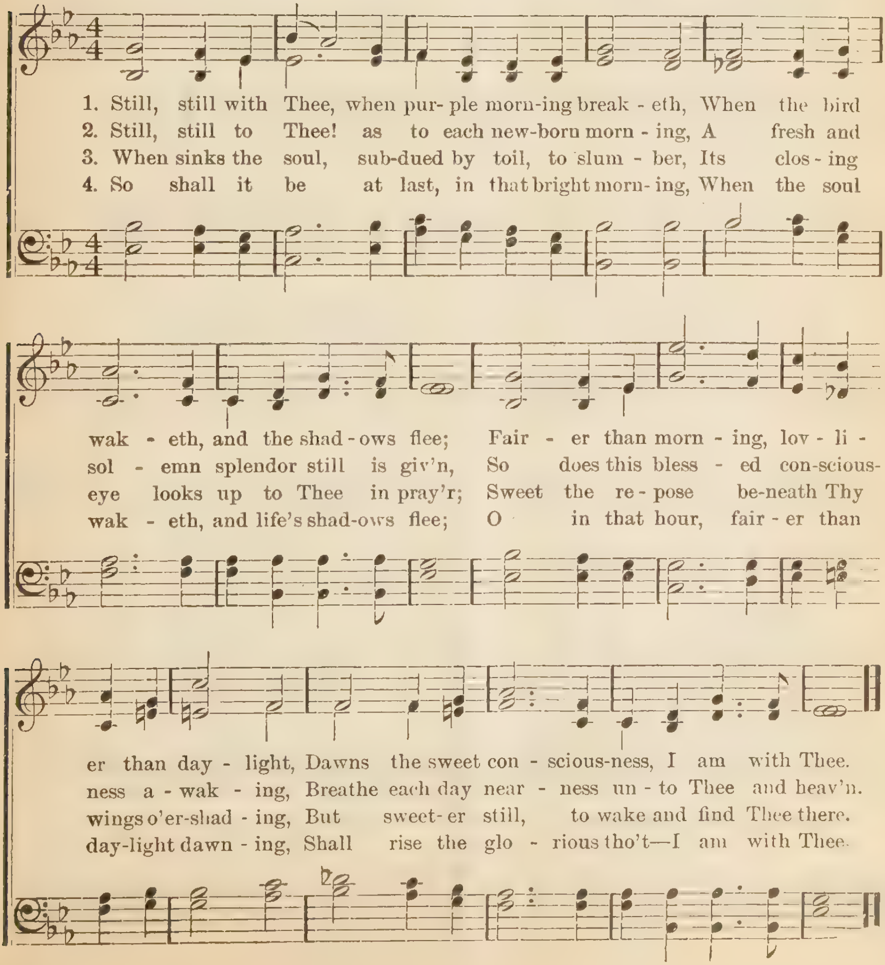
## Take the Step.—Concluded.


Take the step........................ and trust His word.
Oh, take the step, and trust His word.

## 259

## Still, Still with Thee.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. MENDELSSOHN.

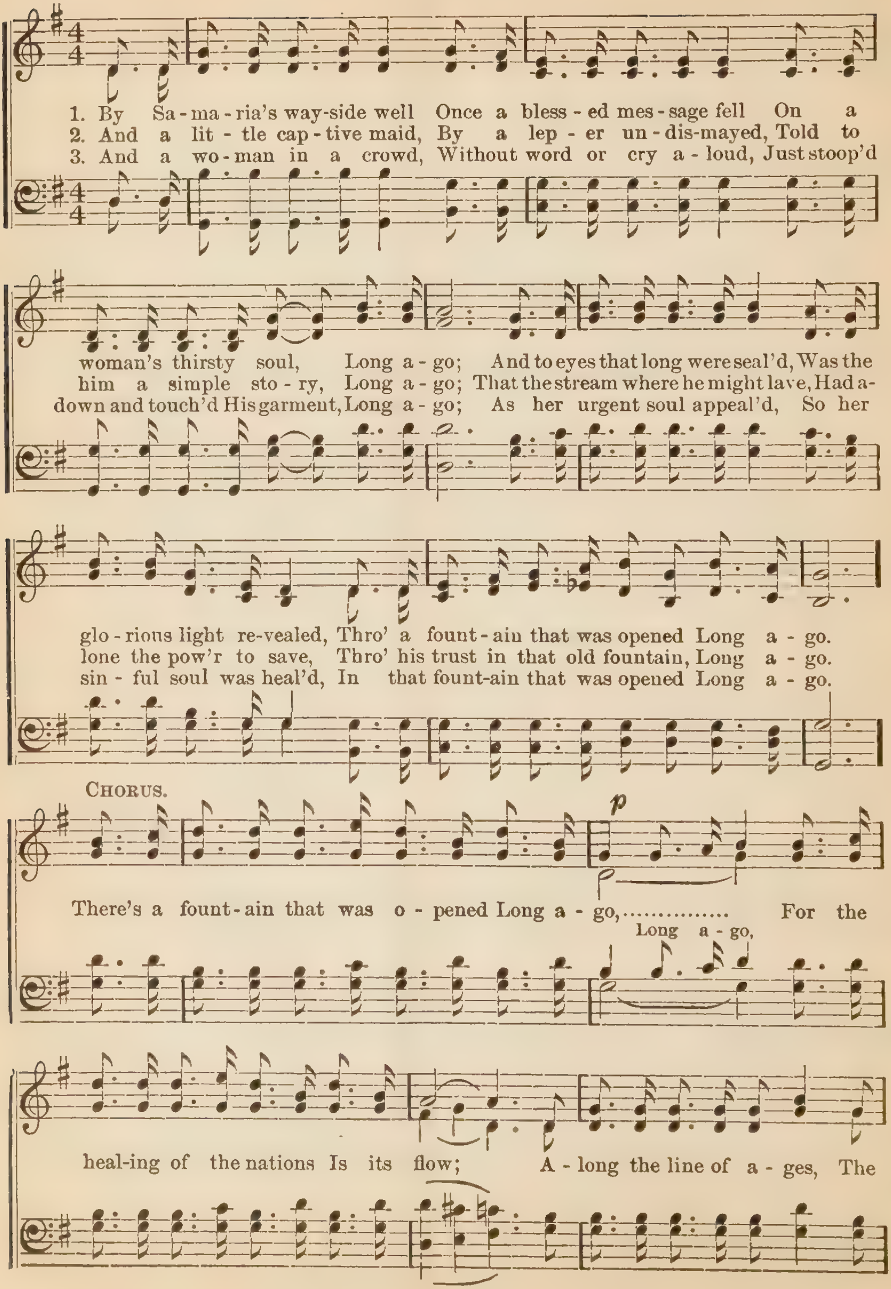

1. Still, still with Thee, when pur-ple morn-ing break - eth, When the bird
2. Still, still to Thee! as to each new-born morn - ing, A fresh and
3. When sinks the soul, sub-dued by toil, to slum - ber, Its clos - ing
4. So shall it be at last, in that bright morn-ing, When the soul
wak - eth, and the shad - ows flee; Fair - er than morn - ing, lov - li -
sol - emn splendor still is giv'n, So does this bless - ed con-scious-
eye looks up to Thee in pray'r; Sweet the re - pose be-neath Thy
wak - eth, and life's shad-ows flee; O in that hour, fair - er than
er than day - light, Dawns the sweet con - scious-ness, I am with Thee.
ness a - wak - ing, Breathe each day near - ness un - to Thee and heav'n.
wings o'er-shad - ing, But sweet- er still, to wake and find Thee there.
day-light dawn - ing, Shall rise the glo - rious tho't—I am with Thee.

# The Old Fountain.

Emma M. Johnson.

Effective as a Solo.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. By Sa-ma-ria's way-side well Once a bless-ed mes-sage fell On a
2. And a lit-tle cap-tive maid, By a lep-er un-dis-mayed, Told to
3. And a wo-man in a crowd, Without word or cry a-loud, Just stoop'd
woman's thirsty soul, Long a-go; And to eyes that long were seal'd, Was the
him a simple sto-ry, Long a-go; That the stream where he might lave, Had a-
down and touch'd His garment, Long a-go; As her urgent soul appeal'd, So her
glo-rious light re-vealed, Thro' a fount-ain that was opened Long a-go.
lone the pow'r to save, Thro' his trust in that old fountain, Long a-go.
sin-ful soul was heal'd, In that fount-ain that was opened Long a-go.
Chorus.
There's a fount-ain that was o-pened Long a-go,............... For the
p
Long a-go,
heal-ing of the nations Is its flow; A-long the line of a-ges, The

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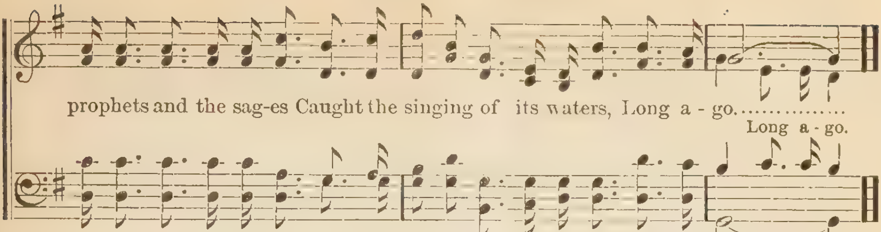
# The Old Fountain.—Concluded.


prophets and the sag-es Caught the singing of its waters, Long a - go................
Long a - go.

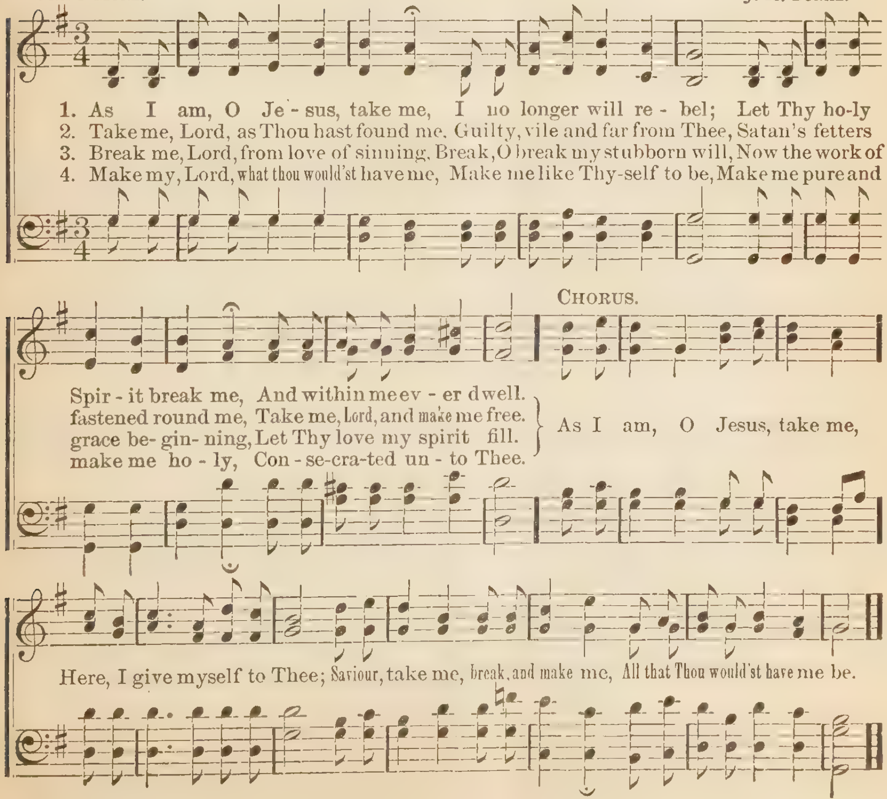
4 As the eunuch tried to read,
Philip taught him of his need,
And baptized him in the stream,
Long ago;
As the outward seal and sign
Of an inward work divine,
That was wrought through that old fountain,
Long ago.

5 O thou fountain, deep and wide,
Flowing from the wounded side
That was pierced for our redemption,
Long ago;
In thy ever cleansing wave,
There is found all power to save,
'Tis the power that healed the nations,
Long ago.

## 261

## As I Am, O Jesus, Take Me.

MARY MORE. J. H. BURKE.


1. As I am, O Je - sus, take me, I no longer will re - bel; Let Thy ho-ly Spir - it break me, And within me ev - er dwell.
2. Take me, Lord, as Thou hast found me, Guilty, vile and far from Thee, Satan's fetters fastened round me, Take me, Lord, and make me free.
3. Break me, Lord, from love of sinning, Break, O break my stubborn will, Now the work of grace be- gin- ning, Let Thy love my spirit fill.
4. Make my, Lord, what thou would'st have me, Make me like Thy-self to be, Make me pure and make me ho - ly, Con - se-cra-ted un - to Thee.
CHORUS.
As I am, O Jesus, take me,
Here, I give myself to Thee; Saviour, take me, break, and make me, All that Thou would'st have me be.

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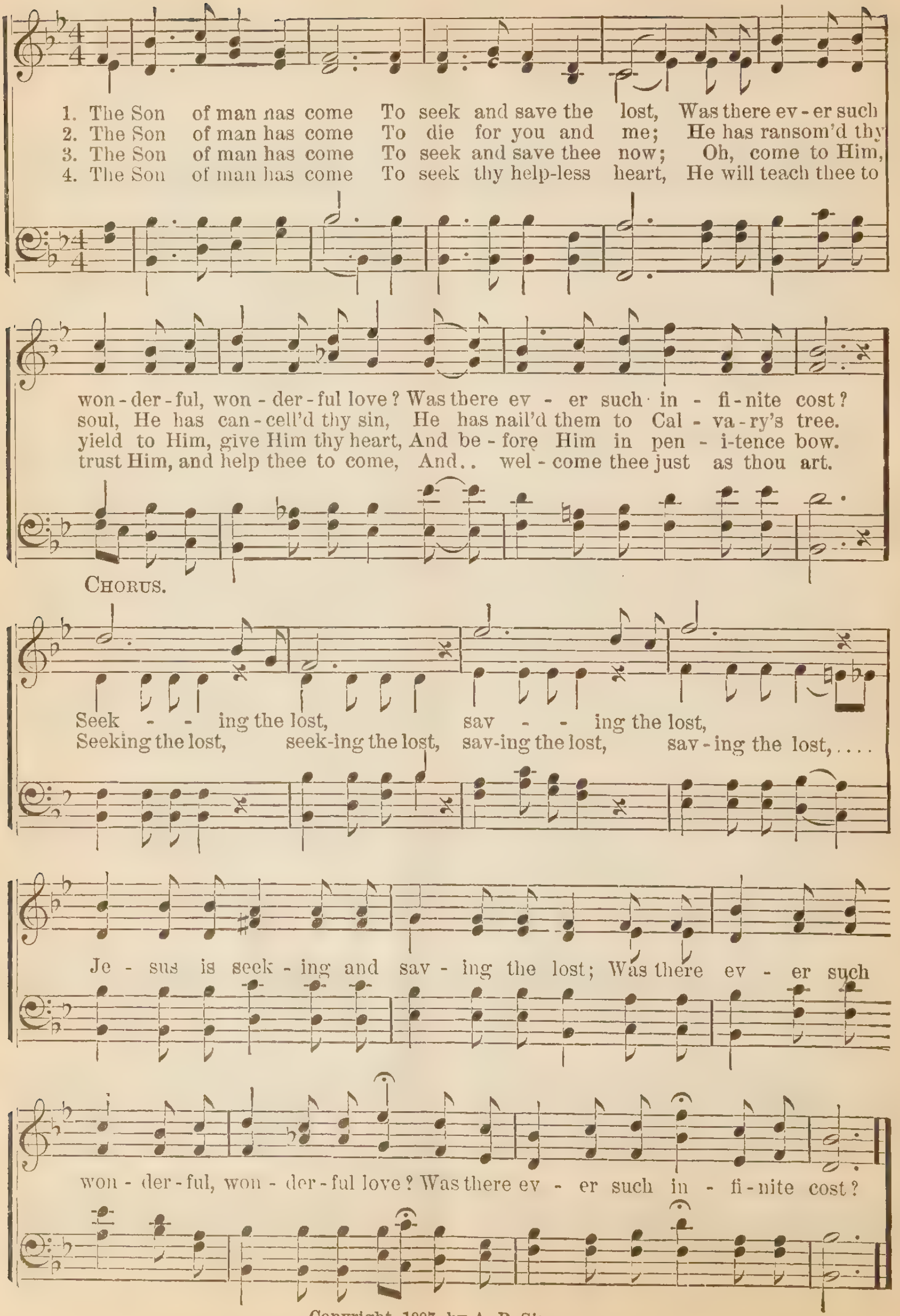
# Seeking the Lost.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. The Son of man has come To seek and save the lost, Was there ev - er such
2. The Son of man has come To die for you and me; He has ransom'd thy
3. The Son of man has come To seek and save thee now; Oh, come to Him,
4. The Son of man has come To seek thy help-less heart, He will teach thee to
won - der - ful, won - der - ful love? Was there ev - er such in - fi - nite cost?
soul, He has can - cell'd thy sin, He has nail'd them to Cal - va - ry's tree.
yield to Him, give Him thy heart, And be - fore Him in pen - i-tence bow.
trust Him, and help thee to come, And.. wel - come thee just as thou art.
Chorus.
Seek - - ing the lost, sav - - ing the lost,
Seeking the lost, seek-ing the lost, sav-ing the lost, sav - ing the lost,....
Je - sus is seek - ing and sav - ing the lost; Was there ev - er such
won - der - ful, won - der - ful love? Was there ev - er such in - fi - nite cost?

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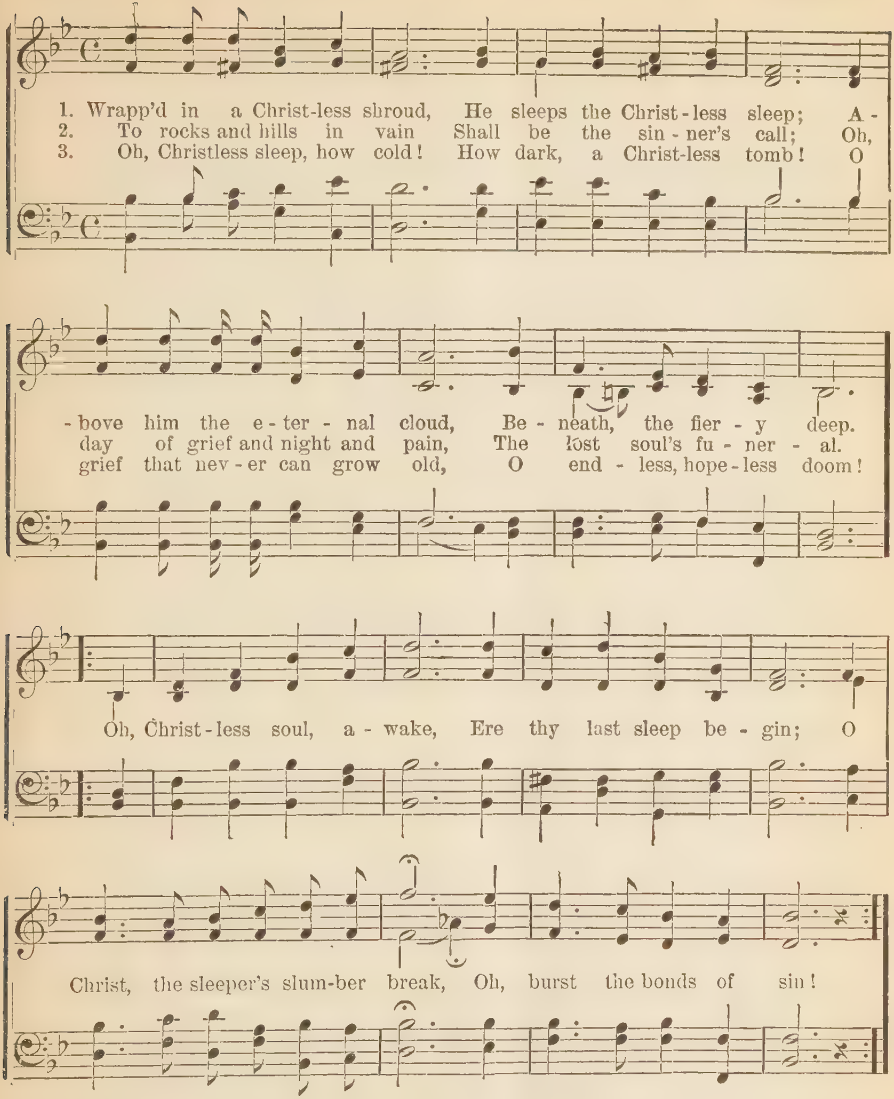
# The Lost Soul.

Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. Wrapp'd in a Christ-less shroud, He sleeps the Christ-less sleep; A-
2. To rocks and hills in vain Shall be the sin-ner's call; Oh,
3. Oh, Christless sleep, how cold! How dark, a Christ-less tomb! O
-bove him the e-ter-nal cloud, Be-neath, the fier-y deep.
day of grief and night and pain, The lost soul's fu-ner-al.
grief that nev-er can grow old, O end-less, hope-less doom!
Oh, Christ-less soul, a-wake, Ere thy last sleep be-gin; O
Christ, the sleeper's slum-ber break, Oh, burst the bonds of sin!

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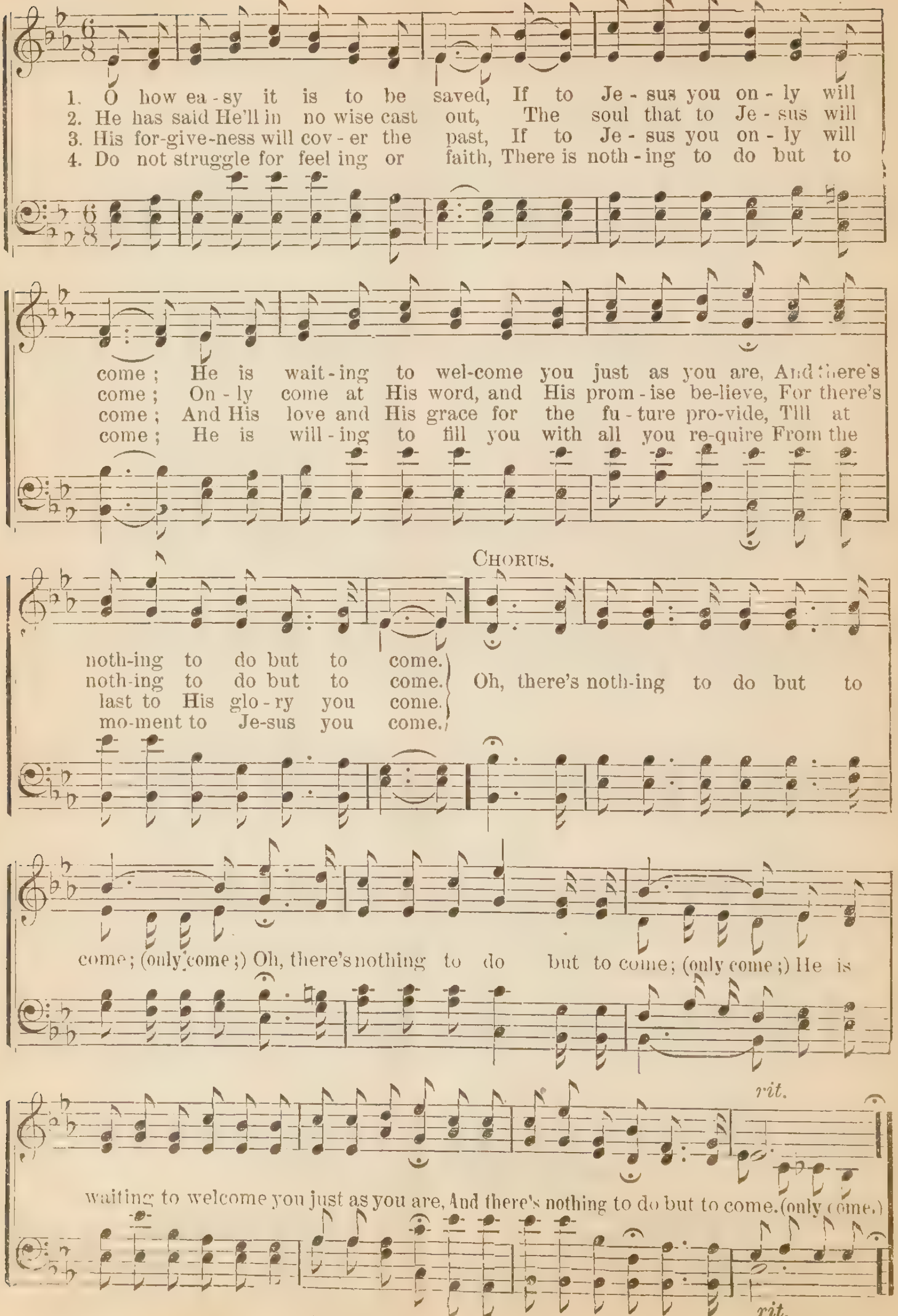
## Seeking the Lost. Concluded.

5 The Son of man has come
To save from self and sin,
He is waiting to save to the uttermost bounds,
And to give thee His Spirit within.

6 The Son of man has come,
Ere long the cry will ring,
Shall we hasten to meet Him, descending the skies,
As our Saviour and glorious King?

# There is Nothing to Do but to Come.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. O how ea-sy it is to be saved, If to Je-sus you on-ly will
2. He has said He'll in no wise cast out, The soul that to Je-sus will
3. His for-give-ness will cov-er the past, If to Je-sus you on-ly will
4. Do not struggle for feel-ing or faith, There is noth-ing to do but to
come; He is wait-ing to wel-come you just as you are, And there's
come; On-ly come at His word, and His prom-ise be-lieve, For there's
come; And His love and His grace for the fu-ture pro-vide, Till at
come; He is will-ing to fill you with all you re-quire From the
noth-ing to do but to come.
noth-ing to do but to come.
last to His glo-ry you come.
mo-ment to Je-sus you come.
CHORUS.
Oh, there's noth-ing to do but to
come; (only come;) Oh, there's nothing to do but to come; (only come;) He is
waiting to welcome you just as you are, And there's nothing to do but to come. (only come.)
rit.
rit.

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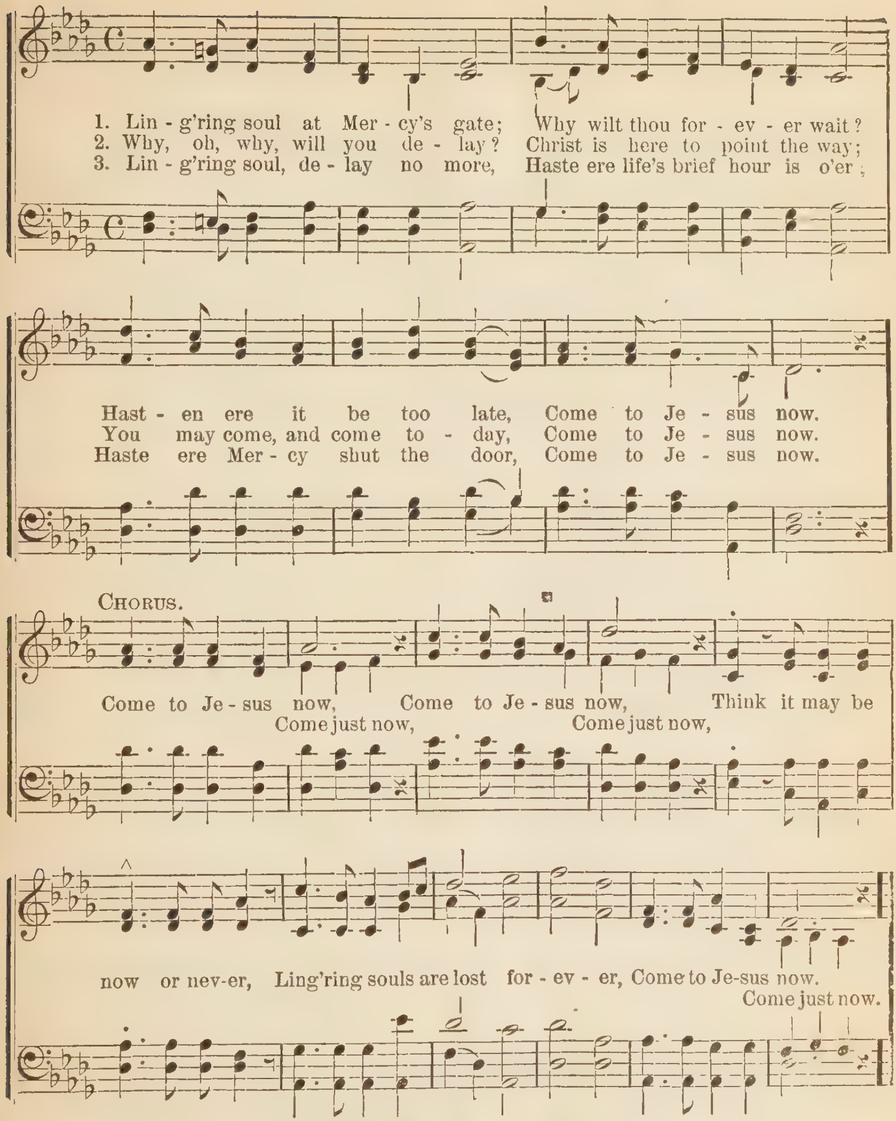
265

# Come to Jesus Now.

**A. B. S.** **Rev. A. B. Simpson.**


1. Lin - g'ring soul at Mer - cy's gate; Why wilt thou for - ev - er wait? Hast - en ere it be too late, Come to Je - sus now.
2. Why, oh, why, will you de - lay? Christ is here to point the way; You may come, and come to - day, Come to Je - sus now.
3. Lin - g'ring soul, de - lay no more, Haste ere life's brief hour is o'er; Haste ere Mer - cy shut the door, Come to Je - sus now.
Chorus.
Come to Je - sus now, Come to Je - sus now, Think it may be now or nev-er, Ling'ring souls are lost for - ev - er, Come to Je-sus now.
Come just now, Come just now, Come just now.

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## There is Nothing to Do but to Come. Concluded.

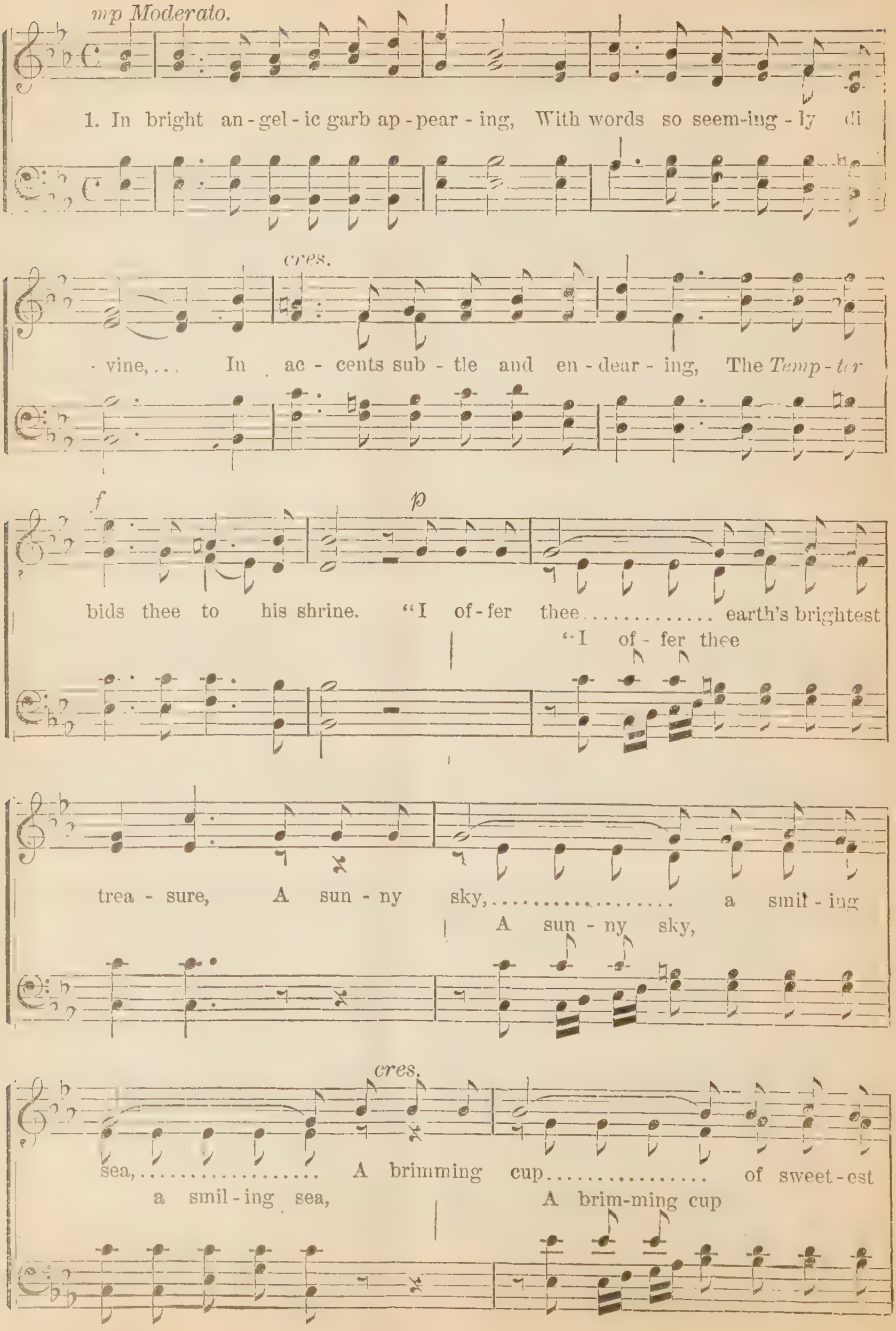
5 It is not the coming that saves,
But the Christ to whose mercy you come.
Then come unto Him, He is waiting for thee,
And there's nothing to do but to come.

6 Oh, how easy it is to be saved!
There is nothing to do but to come;
But how fearful if thou after all should'st be lost,
When there's nothing to do but to come.

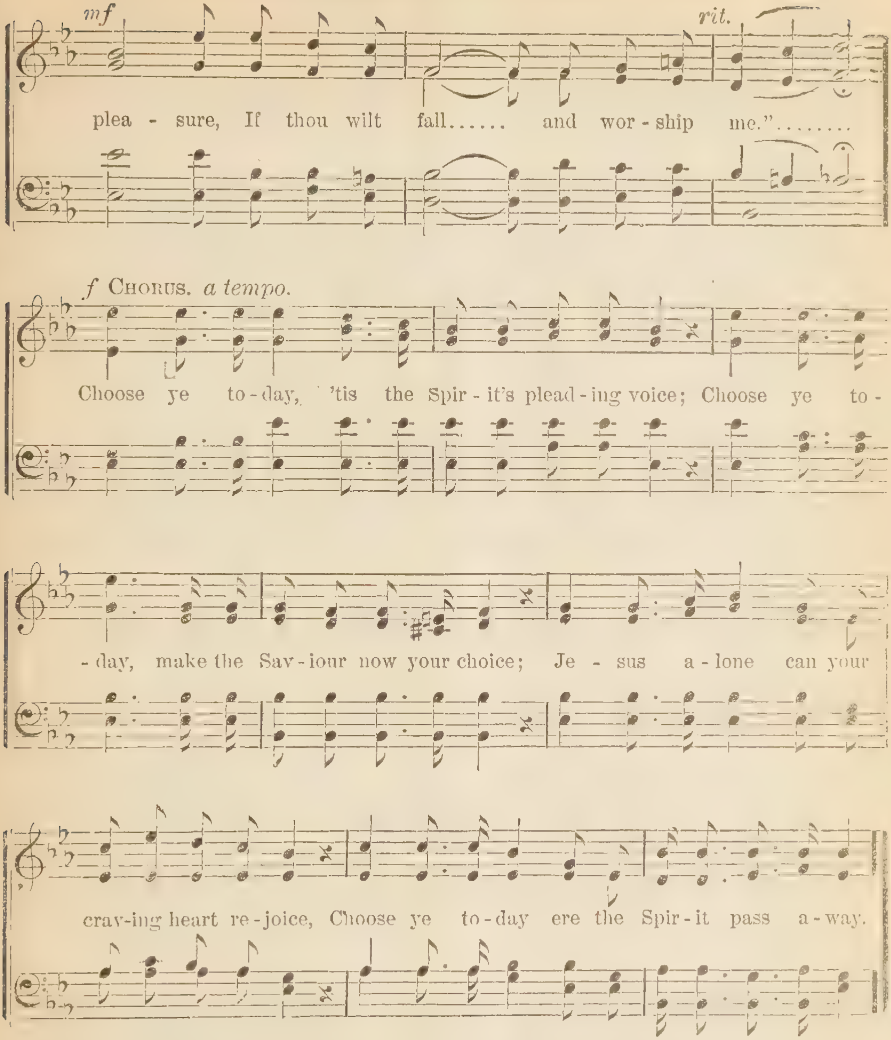
# The Three Bidders for the Soul.

B. C.

B. Coller.


mp Moderato.
1. In bright an-gel-ic garb ap-pear-ing, With words so seem-ing-ly di-vine, ... In ac-cents sub-tle and en-dear-ing, The Temp-ter bids thee to his shrine.
cres.
f
p
"I of-fer thee ............. earth's brightest trea-sure, A sun-ny sky, .................. a smil-ing sea, .................. A brimming cup ................ of sweet-est
"I of-fer thee
A sun-ny sky,
a smil-ing sea,
A brim-ming cup
cres.

# The Three Bidders for the Soul. Concluded.


mf
rit.
plea - sure, If thou wilt fall...... and wor - ship me."........
f Chorus. a tempo.
Choose ye to - day, 'tis the Spir - it's plead - ing voice; Choose ye to -
- day, make the Sav - iour now your choice; Je - sus a - lone can your
crav - ing heart re - joice, Choose ye to - day ere the Spir - it pass a - way.

2 The *World* with manifold attractions,
Is also bidding for thy soul;
"O give me now thy heart's affections,
I'll bring thee to thy cherished goal.
Is wealth and glory thy ambition?
Is it to fame thou dost aspire?
If thou wilt close with my condition,
I'll give thee all thy heart's desire."

3 One Bidder more thy choice is waiting,
He yearns, He claims thee as His own!
"Child of My heart, why hesitating?
For thee I left the Father's throne.
For thee I trod the path of anguish,
For thee endured the crown of thorn,
Thro' death and darkness I did languish
To bring to thee a brighter dawn."

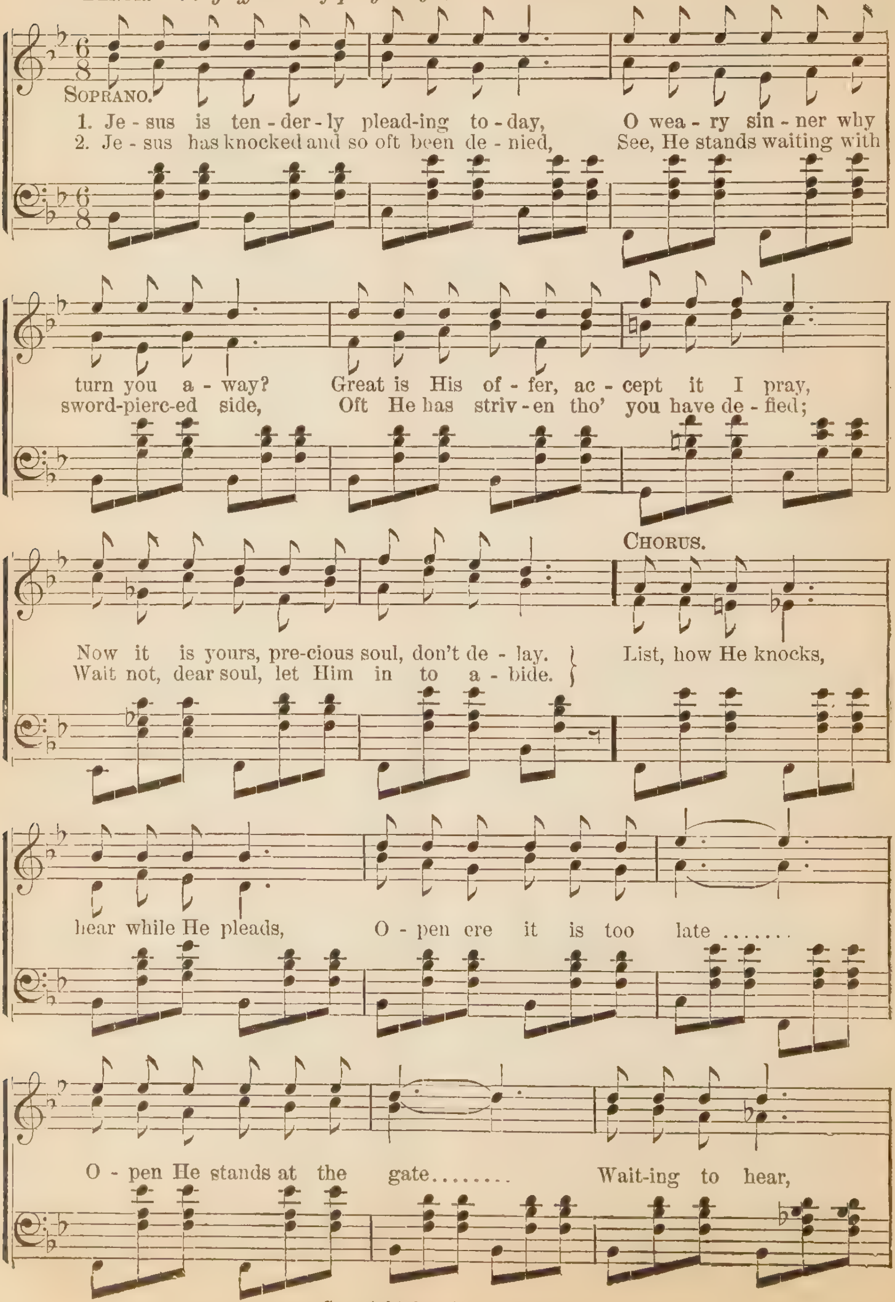
4 Thou bleeding Lamb, Thy love has broken
This stony heart, my choice is made;
The deed is done, Thy Blood the token,
My all is on Thine altar laid;
The *Tempter's* snare, the *World's* alluring
Shall never draw me from Thy side,
Henceforth for Thee the worst enduring,
I'll dwell beneath Thy riven side.

267

# Jesus Is Tenderly Pleading.

A. S. Anna Simpson.

Tenor. *Very effective if played by Violin or Cornet.*


Soprano.
1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly plead-ing to - day, O wea - ry sin - ner why turn you a - way? Great is His of - fer, ac - cept it I pray, Now it is yours, pre-cious soul, don't de - lay.
2. Je - sus has knocked and so oft been de - nied, See, He stands waiting with sword-pierc-ed side, Oft He has striv - en tho' you have de - fied; Wait not, dear soul, let Him in to a - bide.
Chorus.
List, how He knocks, hear while He pleads, O - pen ere it is too late ....... O - pen He stands at the gate........ Wait-ing to hear,

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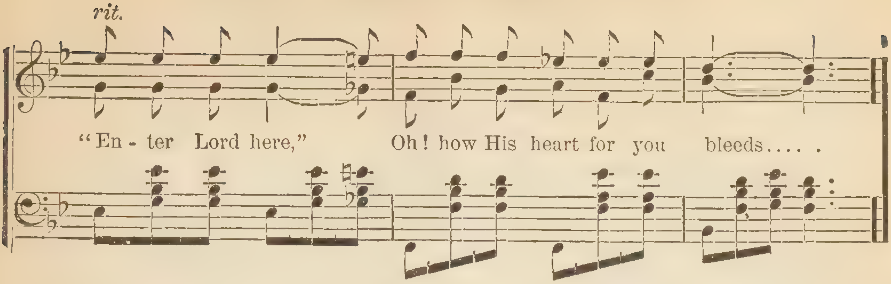
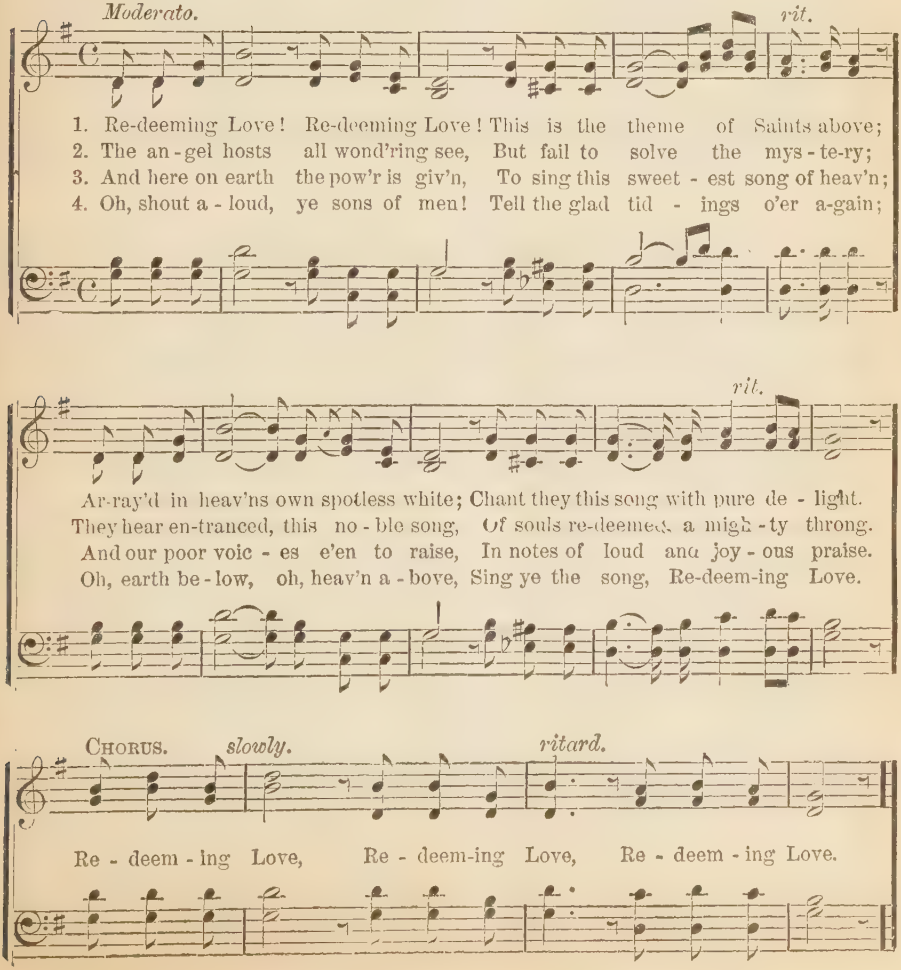
## Jesus Is Tenderly Pleading. Concluded.


rit.
"En - ter Lord here," Oh! how His heart for you bleeds.... .

268

## Redeeming Love.

J. A. C. Judge Thos. E. Lowe.

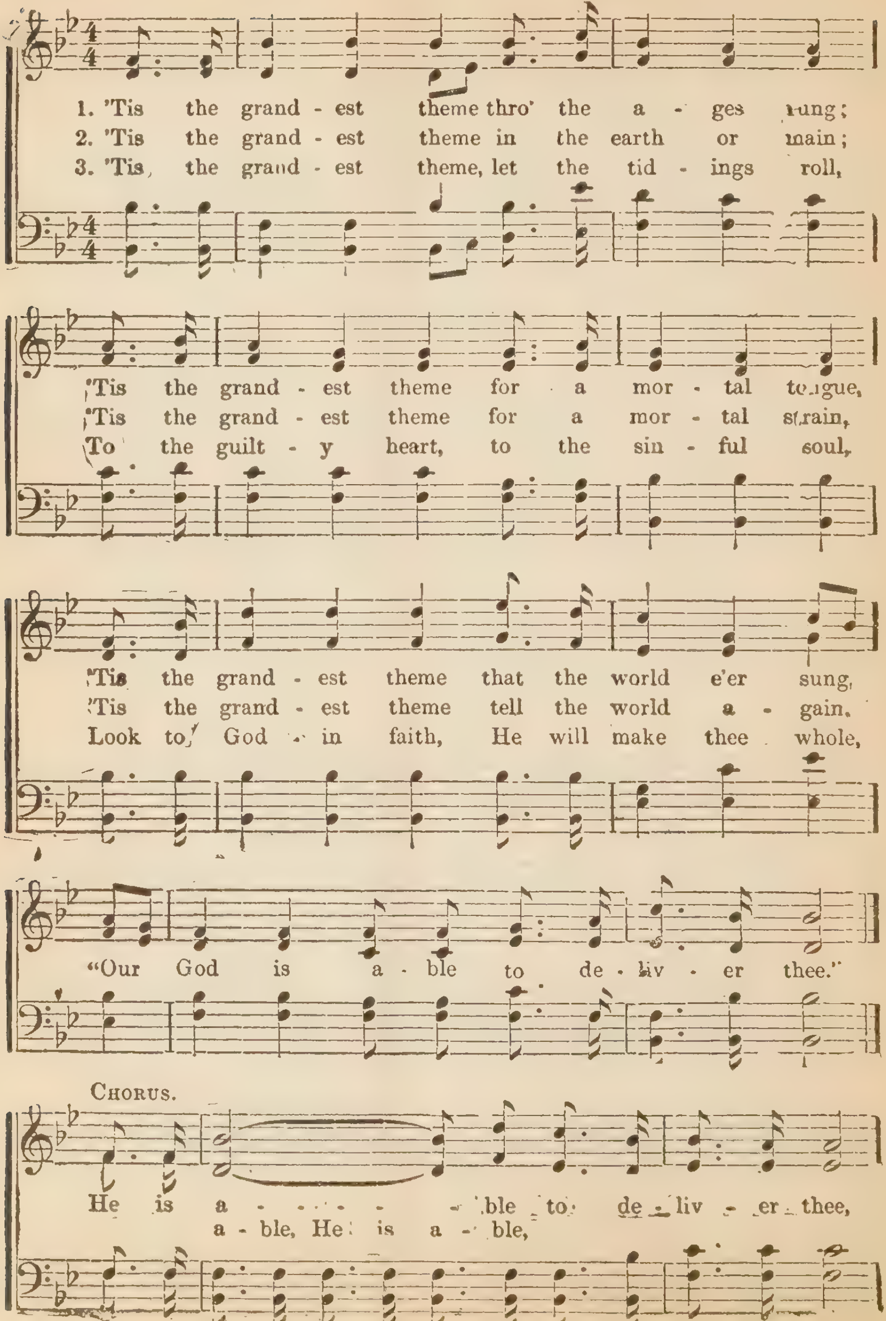

Moderato.
rit.
1. Re-deeming Love! Re-deeming Love! This is the theme of Saints above;
2. The an-gel hosts all wond'ring see, But fail to solve the mys-te-ry;
3. And here on earth the pow'r is giv'n, To sing this sweet - est song of heav'n;
4. Oh, shout a-loud, ye sons of men! Tell the glad tid - ings o'er a-gain;
rit.
Ar-ray'd in heav'ns own spotless white; Chant they this song with pure de - light.
They hear en-tranced, this no-ble song, Of souls re-deemed, a migh-ty throng.
And our poor voic - es e'en to raise, In notes of loud and joy-ous praise.
Oh, earth be-low, oh, heav'n a-bove, Sing ye the song, Re-deem-ing Love.
Chorus. slowly. ritard.
Re - deem - ing Love, Re - deem-ing Love, Re - deem - ing Love.

269.

# He is Able to Deliver Thee.

W. A. O.

By per. W. A. Ogden.


1. 'Tis the grand - est theme thro' the a - ges rung; 'Tis the grand - est theme for a mor - tal tongue, 'Tis the grand - est theme that the world e'er sung, "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."
2. 'Tis the grand - est theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the grand - est theme for a mor - tal strain, 'Tis the grand - est theme tell the world a - gain.
3. 'Tis the grand - est theme, let the tid - ings roll, To the guilt - y heart, to the sin - ful soul, Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole,
Chorus.
He is a - - - - ble to de - liv - er thee,
a - ble, He is a - ble,

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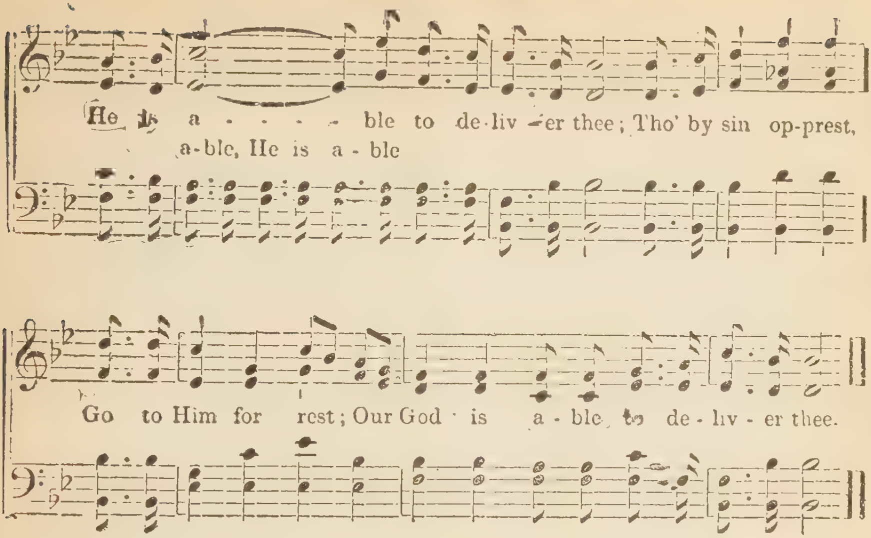
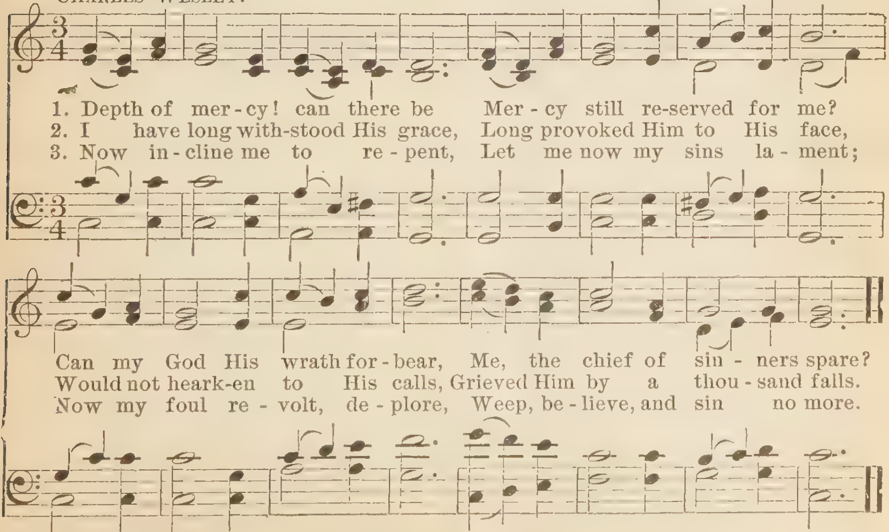
# He is Able to Deliver Thee. Concluded.


He is a - - - - ble to de-liv-er thee; Tho' by sin op-prest,
a-ble, He is a-ble
Go to Him for rest; Our God is a-ble to de-liv-er thee.

## 270

## Depth of Mercy. 7.

CHARLES WESLEY. R. KELSO CARTER.


1. Depth of mer-cy! can there be Mer-cy still re-served for me?
2. I have long with-stood His grace, Long provoked Him to His face,
3. Now in-cline me to re-pent, Let me now my sins la-ment;
Can my God His wrath for-bear, Me, the chief of sin-ners spare?
Would not heark-en to His calls, Grieved Him by a thou-sand falls.
Now my foul re-volt, de-plore, Weep, be-lieve, and sin no more.

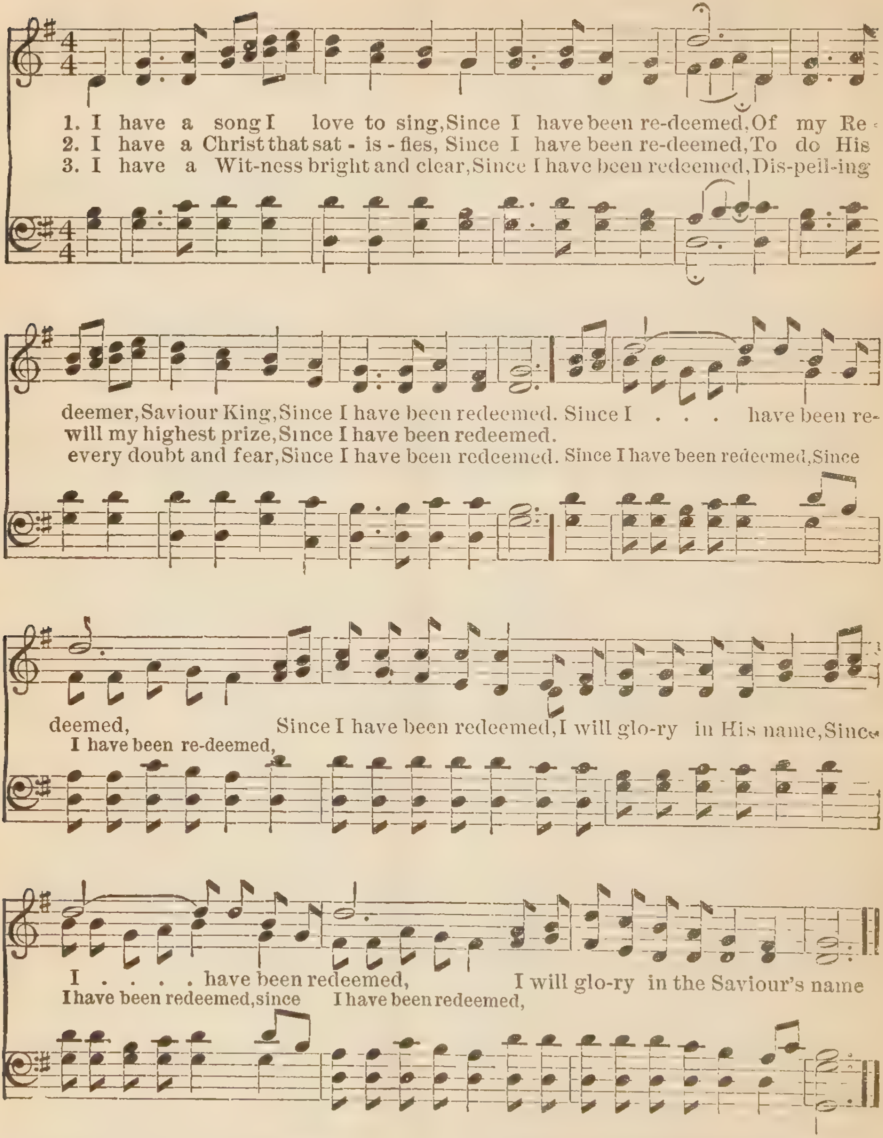
Copyright, 1891, by R. Kelso Carter.

4 Kindled His relentings are,
Me, He now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up,"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

5 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows His wounds and spreads His hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

# Since I Have Been Redeemed.

**E. O. E.** E. O. Excell, by per.


1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re-deemed, Of my Re-deemer, Saviour King, Since I have been redeemed.
2. I have a Christ that sat-is-fies, Since I have been re-deemed, To do His will my highest prize, Since I have been redeemed.
3. I have a Wit-ness bright and clear, Since I have been redeemed, Dis-pel-ling every doubt and fear, Since I have been redeemed.
Since I . . . have been re-deemed, Since I have been redeemed, I will glo-ry in His name, Since I . . . . have been redeemed, I will glo-ry in the Saviour's name
Since I have been redeemed, Since I have been re-deemed,
I have been redeemed, since I have been redeemed,

4 I have a joy I can't express,
Since I have been redeemed,
All thro' His blood and righteousness,
Since I have been redeemed.

5 I have a home prepared for me,
Since I have been redeemed,
Where I shall dwell eternally,
Since I have been redeemed.

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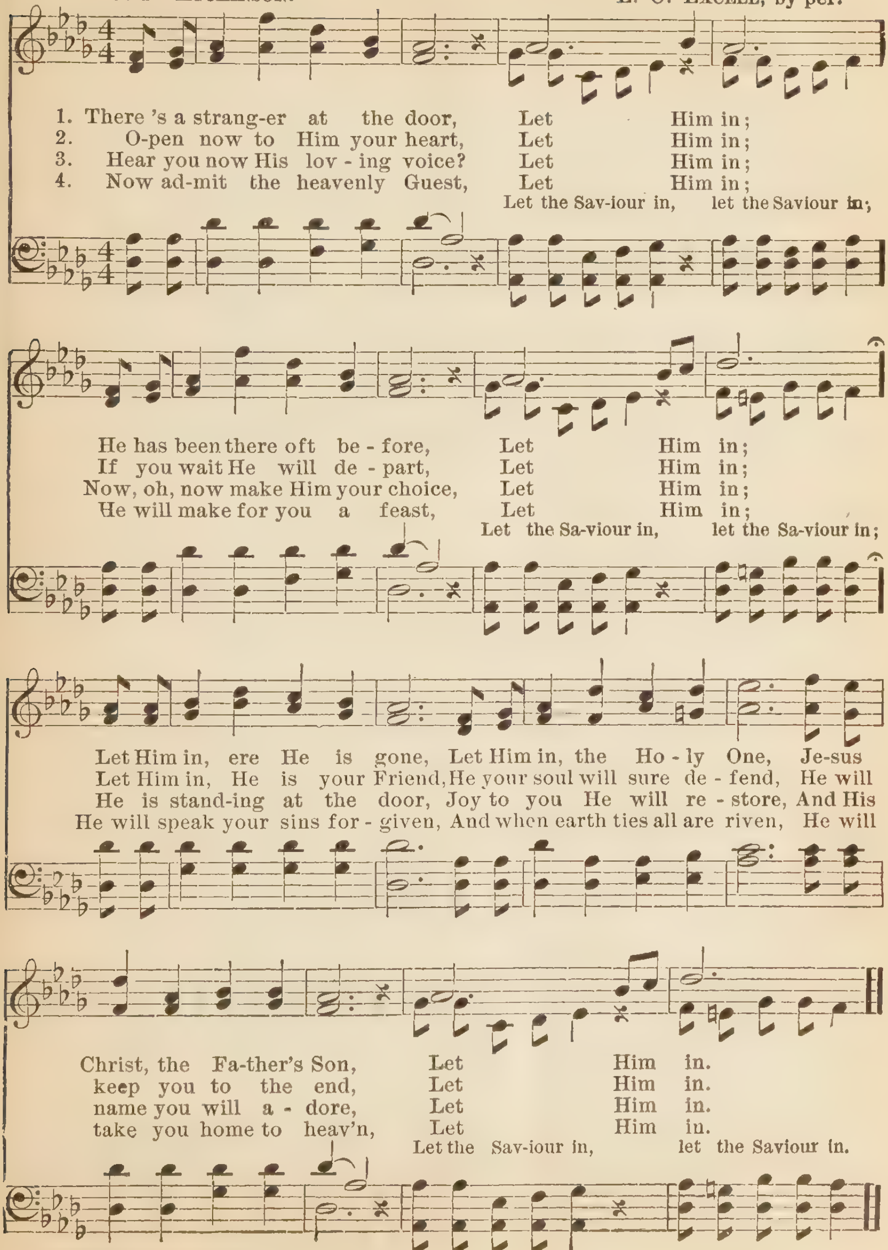
272

# Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON. E. O. EXCELL, by per.



1. There 's a strang-er at the door, Let Him in;
2. O-pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
3. Hear you now His lov-ing voice? Let Him in;
4. Now ad-mit the heavenly Guest, Let Him in;
Let the Sav-iour in, let the Saviour in;
He has been there oft be-fore, Let Him in;
If you wait He will de-part, Let Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice, Let Him in;
He will make for you a feast, Let Him in;
Let the Sa-viour in, let the Sa-viour in;
Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho-ly One, Je-sus
Let Him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de-fend, He will
He is stand-ing at the door, Joy to you He will re-store, And His
He will speak your sins for-given, And when earth ties all are riven, He will
Christ, the Fa-ther's Son, Let Him in.
keep you to the end, Let Him in.
name you will a-dore, Let Him in.
take you home to heav'n, Let Him in.
Let the Sav-iour in, let the Saviour in.

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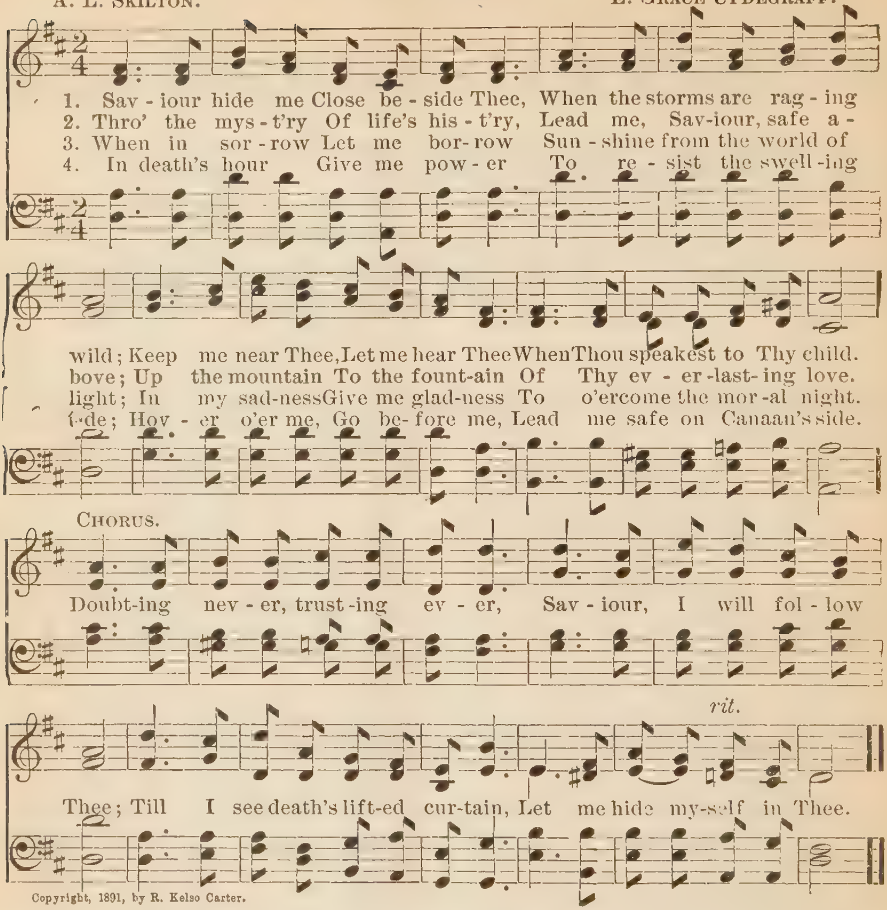
# Saviour, Hide Me.

A. L. Skilton. E. Grace Updegraff.


1. Sav - iour hide me Close be - side Thee, When the storms are rag - ing
2. Thro' the mys - t'ry Of life's his - t'ry, Lead me, Sav-iour, safe a -
3. When in sor - row Let me bor - row Sun - shine from the world of
4. In death's hour Give me pow - er To re - sist the swell - ing
wild; Keep me near Thee, Let me hear Thee When Thou speakest to Thy child.
bove; Up the mountain To the fount-ain Of Thy ev - er-last-ing love.
light; In my sad-ness Give me glad-ness To o'ercome the mor-al night.
tide; Hov - er o'er me, Go be- fore me, Lead me safe on Canaan's side.
Chorus.
Doubt-ing nev - er, trust-ing ev - er, Sav - iour, I will fol - low
Thee; Till I see death's lift-ed cur-tain, Let me hide my-self in Thee.
rit.

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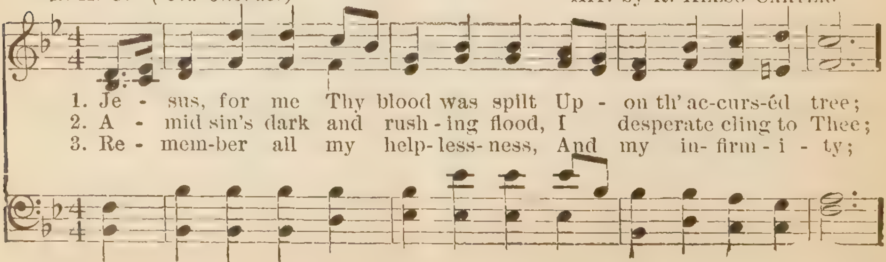
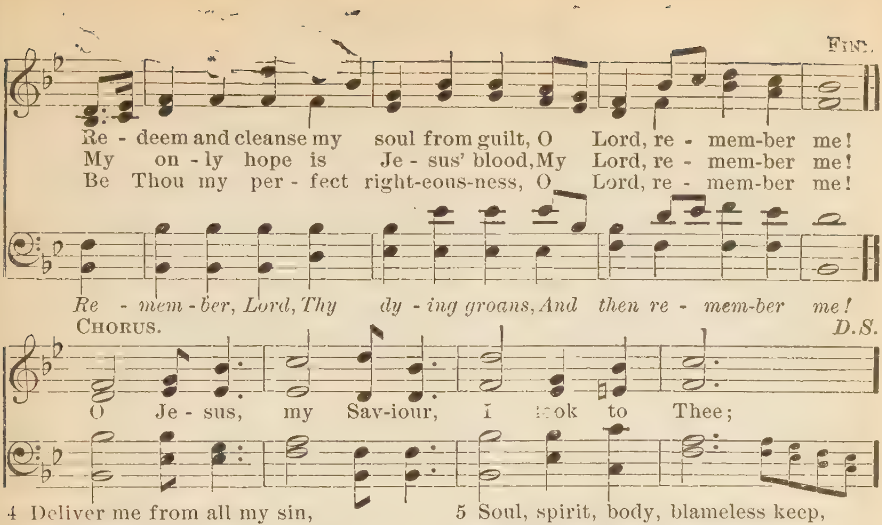
## 274

# Remember Me. C. M.

R. K. C. *(Old Chorus.)* Arr. by R. Kelso Carter.


1. Je - sus, for me Thy blood was spilt Up - on th' ac-curs-éd tree;
2. A - mid sin's dark and rush - ing flood, I desperate cling to Thee;
3. Re - mem-ber all my help- less- ness, And my in- firm - i - ty;

Words by per Jno. J. H. Melody by per. Oliver Ditson Company.


FINE.
Re - deem and cleanse my soul from guilt, O Lord, re - mem-ber me!
My on - ly hope is Je - sus' blood, My Lord, re - mem-ber me!
Be Thou my per - fect right-eous-ness, O Lord, re - mem-ber me!
Re - mem - ber, Lord, Thy dy - ing groans, And then re - mem-ber me!
CHORUS.
D.S.
O Je - sus, my Sav-iour, I look to Thee;

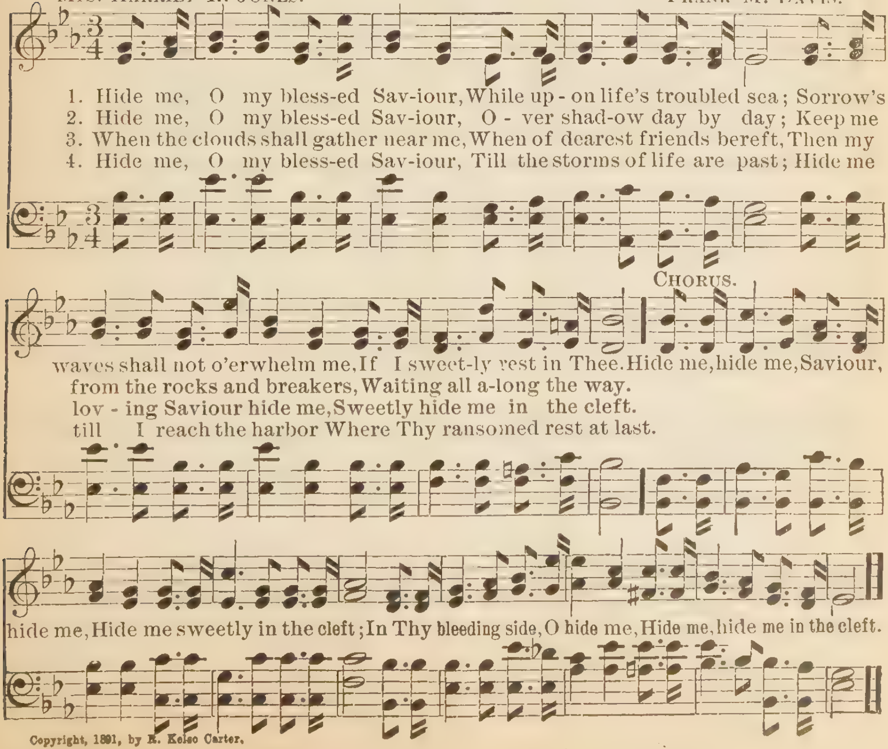
4 Deliver me from all my sin,
And give full liberty;
Renew and cleanse, without, within,
Dear Lord, remember me!

5 Soul, spirit, body, blameless keep,
Thy coming, Lord, to see;
Destroy the sting of death's last sleep,
And, Lord, remember me!

## 275

## Hide Me in the Cleft.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES. FRANK M. DAVIS.


1. Hide me, O my bless-ed Sav-iour, While up - on life's troubled sea; Sorrow's waves shall not o'erwhelm me, If I sweet-ly rest in Thee.
2. Hide me, O my bless-ed Sav-iour, O - ver shad-ow day by day; Keep me from the rocks and breakers, Waiting all a-long the way.
3. When the clouds shall gather near me, When of dearest friends bereft, Then my lov - ing Saviour hide me, Sweetly hide me in the cleft.
4. Hide me, O my bless-ed Sav-iour, Till the storms of life are past; Hide me till I reach the harbor Where Thy ransomed rest at last.
CHORUS.
Hide me, hide me, Saviour, hide me, Hide me sweetly in the cleft; In Thy bleeding side, O hide me, Hide me, hide me in the cleft.

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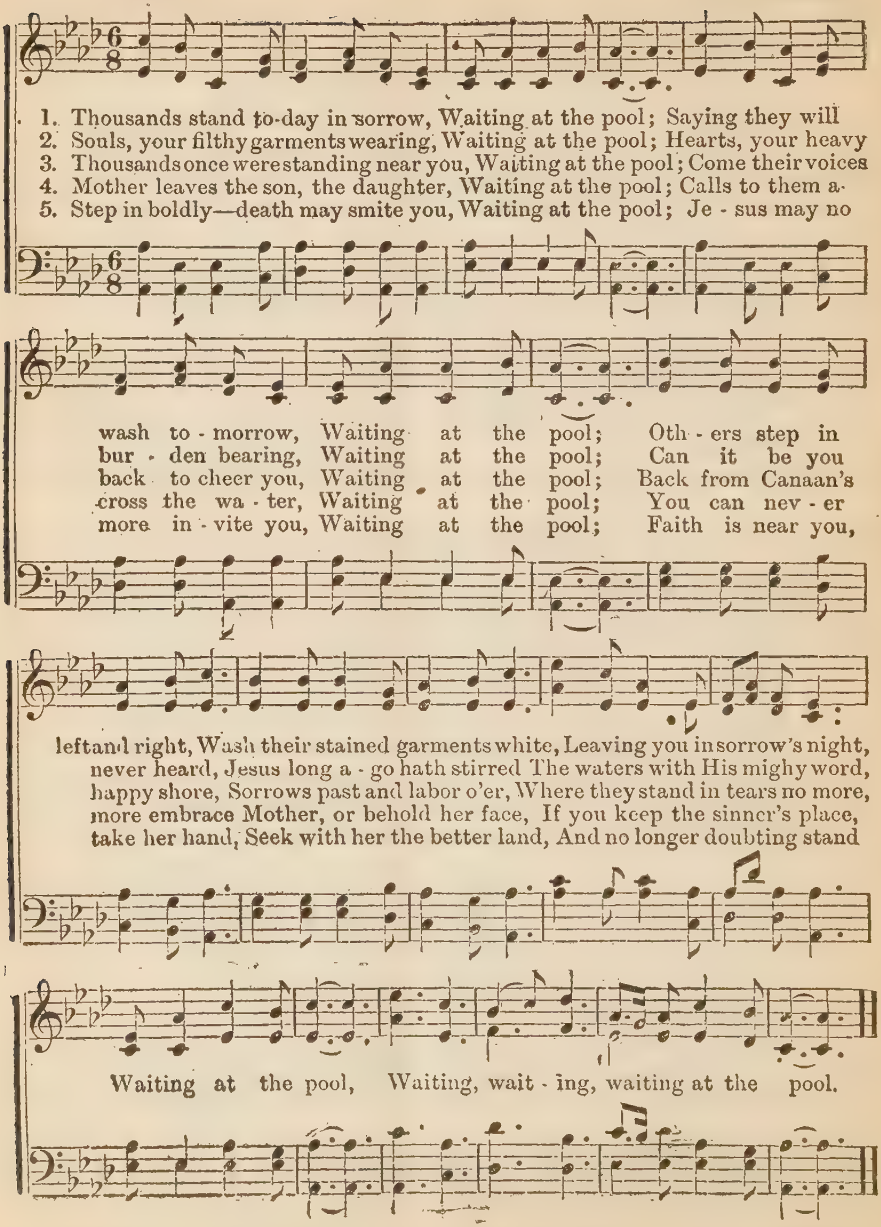
# Waiting at the Pool.

**Rev. A. J. Hough.** **Wm. G. Fischer.**


1. Thousands stand to-day in sorrow, Waiting at the pool; Saying they will
2. Souls, your filthy garments wearing, Waiting at the pool; Hearts, your heavy
3. Thousands once were standing near you, Waiting at the pool; Come their voices
4. Mother leaves the son, the daughter, Waiting at the pool; Calls to them a-
5. Step in boldly—death may smite you, Waiting at the pool; Je - sus may no
wash to - morrow, Waiting at the pool; Oth - ers step in
bur - den bearing, Waiting at the pool; Can it be you
back to cheer you, Waiting at the pool; Back from Canaan's
cross the wa - ter, Waiting at the pool; You can nev - er
more in - vite you, Waiting at the pool; Faith is near you,
left and right, Wash their stained garments white, Leaving you in sorrow's night,
never heard, Jesus long a - go hath stirred The waters with His mighy word,
happy shore, Sorrows past and labor o'er, Where they stand in tears no more,
more embrace Mother, or behold her face, If you keep the sinner's place,
take her hand, Seek with her the better land, And no longer doubting stand
Waiting at the pool, Waiting, wait - ing, waiting at the pool.

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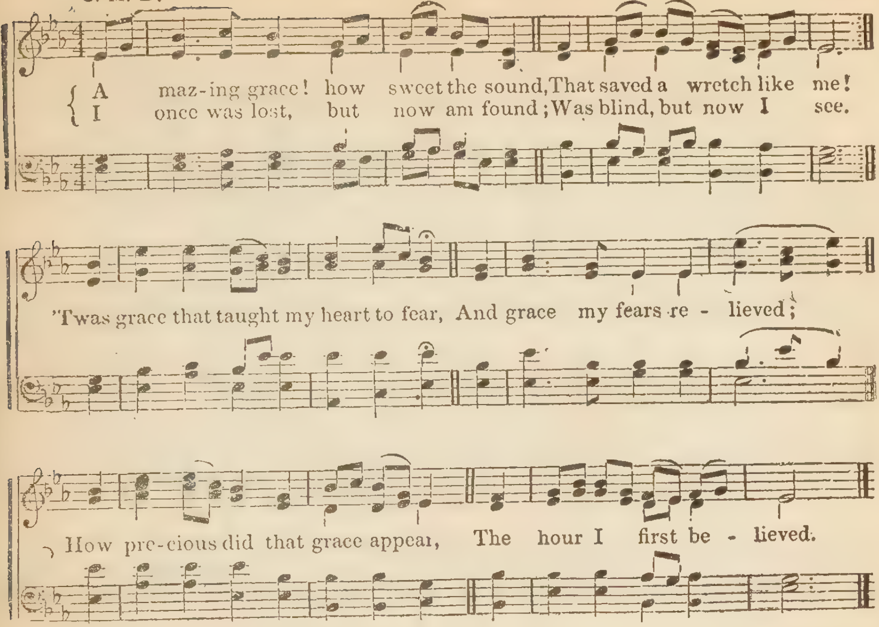
## 277

# Amazing Grace.

Jeremiah Ingalls, 1804. Arr. H., 1883.

C. M. D.


A maz-ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.
'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
How pre-cious did that grace appear, The hour I first be - lieved.

Through many dangers toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail
And mortal life shall cease;
I shall possess within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

JOHN NEWTON, AB., 1779.

## 278

# The Solid Rock.

*"The Lord is my defence, and rock of my refuge."* Ps. 94:22. *Key of G.*

MY hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

CHORUS.

On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness veils His lovely face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail.

3 His oath, His covenant, His blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

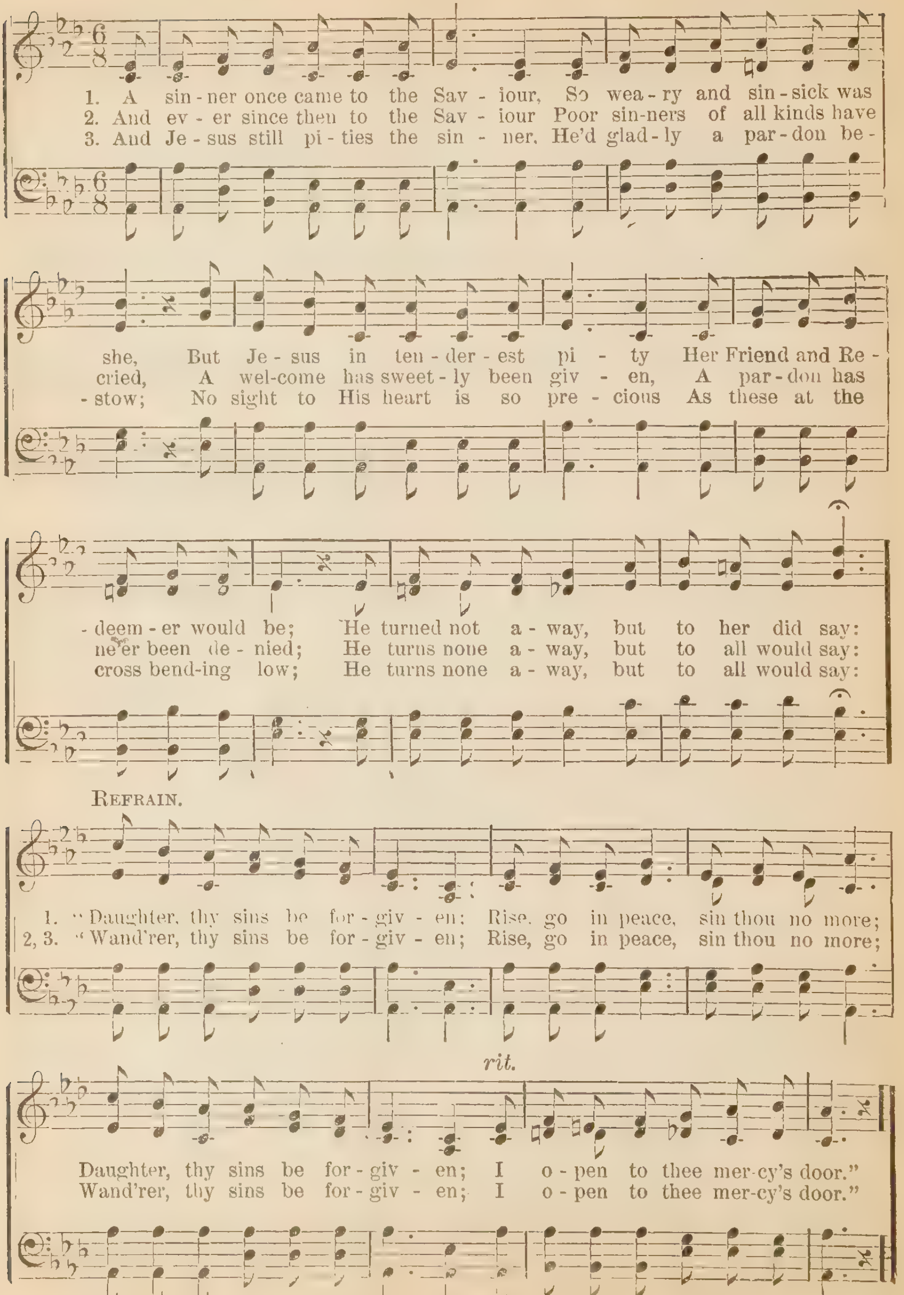
4 When He shall come with trumpet sound,
O, may I then in Him, be found;
Drest in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne!

*Rev. Edward Mote,* 1825.

# A Sinner Once Came to the Saviour.

M. A.

May Agnew.


1. A sin - ner once came to the Sav - iour, So wea - ry and sin - sick was
2. And ev - er since then to the Sav - iour Poor sin-ners of all kinds have
3. And Je - sus still pi - ties the sin - ner, He'd glad - ly a par - don be -
she, But Je - sus in ten - der - est pi - ty Her Friend and Re -
cried, A wel-come has sweet - ly been giv - en, A par - don has
- stow; No sight to His heart is so pre - cious As these at the
- deem - er would be; He turned not a - way, but to her did say:
ne'er been de - nied; He turns none a - way, but to all would say:
cross bend-ing low; He turns none a - way, but to all would say:
Refrain.
1. "Daughter, thy sins be for - giv - en; Rise, go in peace, sin thou no more;
2, 3. "Wand'rer, thy sins be for - giv - en; Rise, go in peace, sin thou no more;
rit.
Daughter, thy sins be for - giv - en; I o - pen to thee mer-cy's door."
Wand'rer, thy sins be for - giv - en; I o - pen to thee mer-cy's door."

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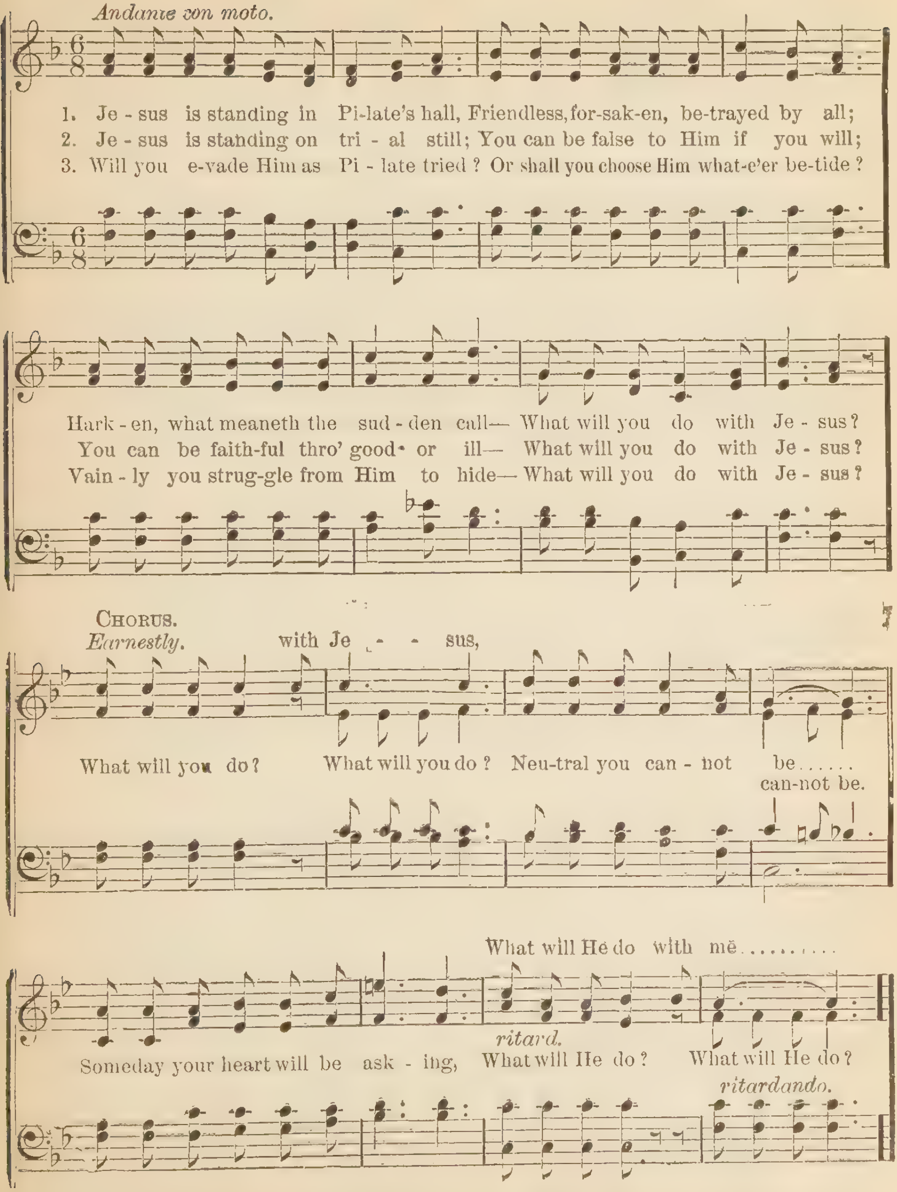
# What Will You Do With Jesus?

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


Andante con moto.
1. Je - sus is standing in Pi-late's hall, Friendless, for-sak-en, be-trayed by all;
2. Je - sus is standing on tri - al still; You can be false to Him if you will;
3. Will you e-vade Him as Pi - late tried? Or shall you choose Him what-e'er be-tide?
Hark - en, what meaneth the sud - den call— What will you do with Je - sus?
You can be faith-ful thro' good or ill— What will you do with Je - sus?
Vain - ly you strug-gle from Him to hide— What will you do with Je - sus?
Chorus.
Earnestly.
with Je - - sus,
What will you do? What will you do? Neu-tral you can - not be......
can-not be.
What will He do with me..........
Someday your heart will be ask - ing, What will He do? What will He do?
ritard.
ritardando.

4 Shall you like Peter, your Lord deny?
Or shall you scorn from His foes to fly?
Daring for Jesus to live or die—
What will you do with Jesus?

5 "Jesus, I give Thee my heart to-day;
Jesus, I'll follow Thee all the way.
Gladly obeying Him, will you say—
"This will I do with Jesus."

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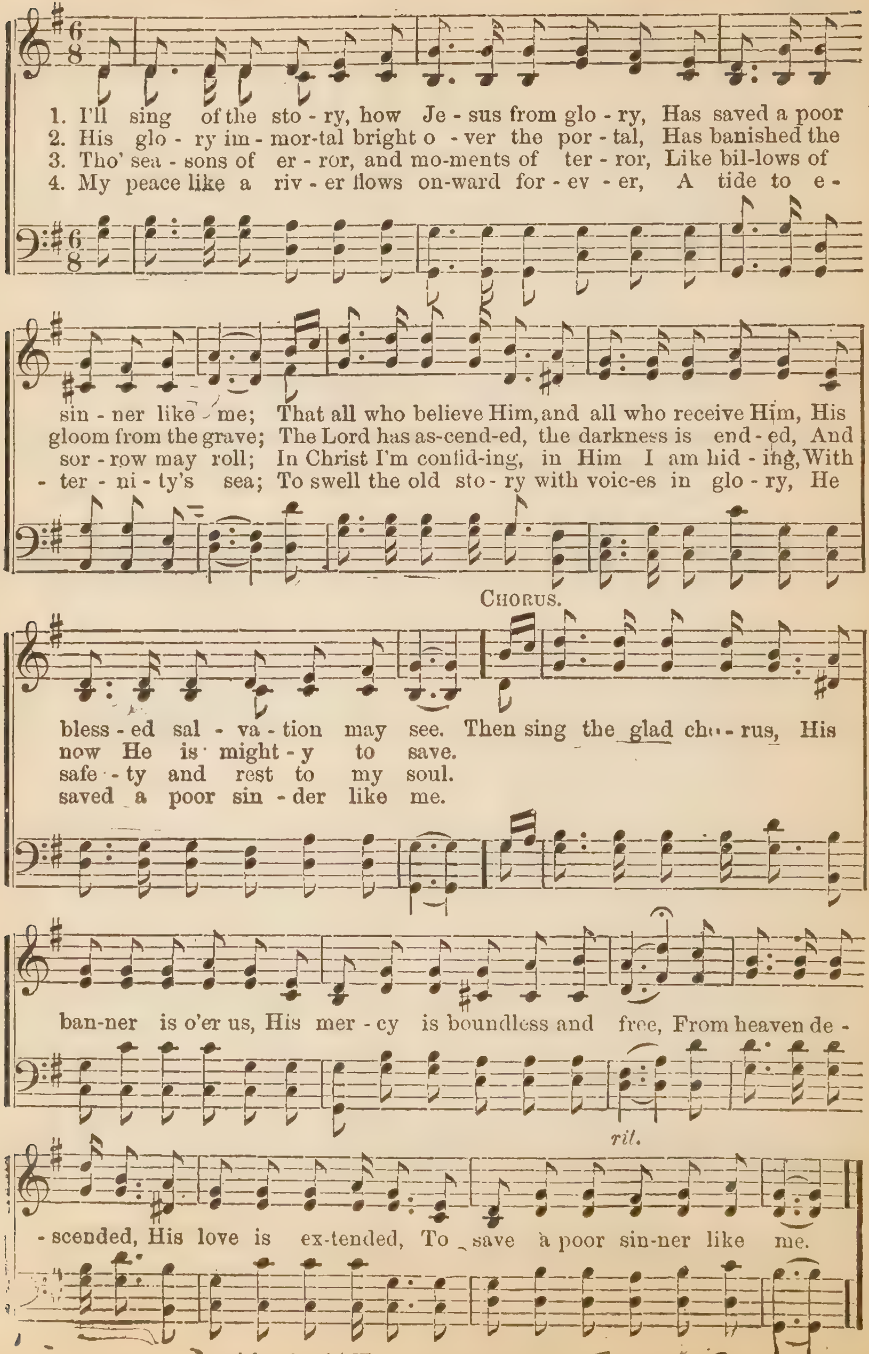
281

# To Save a Poor Sinner.

Rev. JOHN O. FOSTER, A. M.

GRACE I. FOSTER.


1. I'll sing of the sto - ry, how Je - sus from glo - ry, Has saved a poor
2. His glo - ry im - mor-tal bright o - ver the por - tal, Has banished the
3. Tho' sea - sons of er - ror, and mo-ments of ter - ror, Like bil-lows of
4. My peace like a riv - er flows on-ward for - ev - er, A tide to e -
sin - ner like me; That all who believe Him, and all who receive Him, His
gloom from the grave; The Lord has as-cend-ed, the darkness is end - ed, And
sor - row may roll; In Christ I'm confid-ing, in Him I am hid - ing, With
- ter - ni - ty's sea; To swell the old sto - ry with voic-es in glo - ry, He
bless - ed sal - va - tion may see.
now He is might - y to save.
safe - ty and rest to my soul.
saved a poor sin - der like me.
CHORUS.
Then sing the glad cho - rus, His
ban-ner is o'er us, His mer - cy is boundless and free, From heaven de -
rit.
- scended, His love is ex-tended, To save a poor sin-ner like me.

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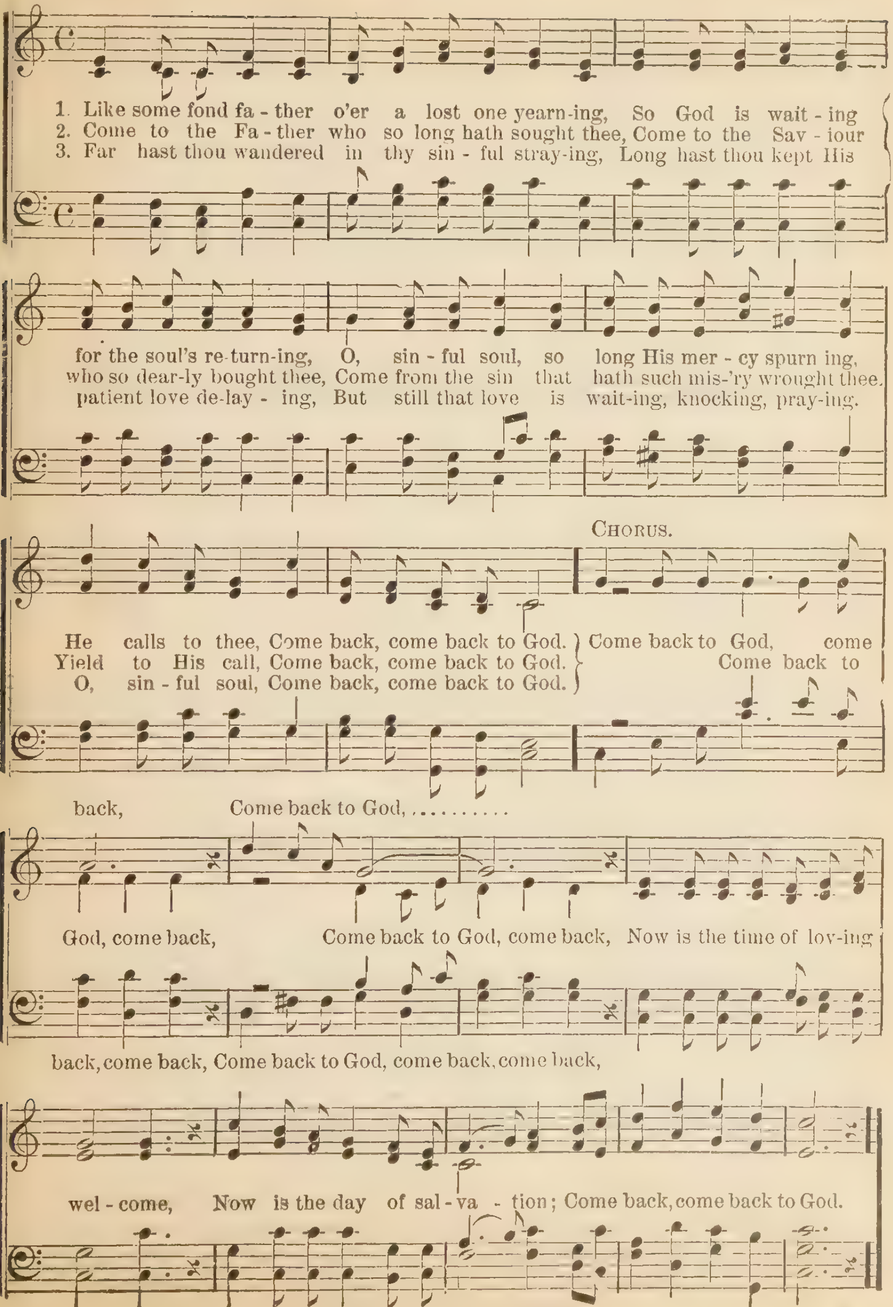
# Come Back to God.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. Like some fond fa - ther o'er a lost one yearn-ing, So God is wait - ing
2. Come to the Fa - ther who so long hath sought thee, Come to the Sav - iour
3. Far hast thou wandered in thy sin - ful stray-ing, Long hast thou kept His
for the soul's re-turn-ing, O, sin - ful soul, so long His mer - cy spurn ing,
who so dear-ly bought thee, Come from the sin that hath such mis-'ry wrought thee.
patient love de-lay - ing, But still that love is wait-ing, knocking, pray-ing.
He calls to thee, Come back, come back to God.
Yield to His call, Come back, come back to God.
O, sin - ful soul, Come back, come back to God.
Chorus.
Come back to God, come
Come back to
back, Come back to God, ..........
God, come back, Come back to God, come back, Now is the time of lov-ing
back, come back, Come back to God, come back, come back,
wel - come, Now is the day of sal - va - tion; Come back, come back to God.

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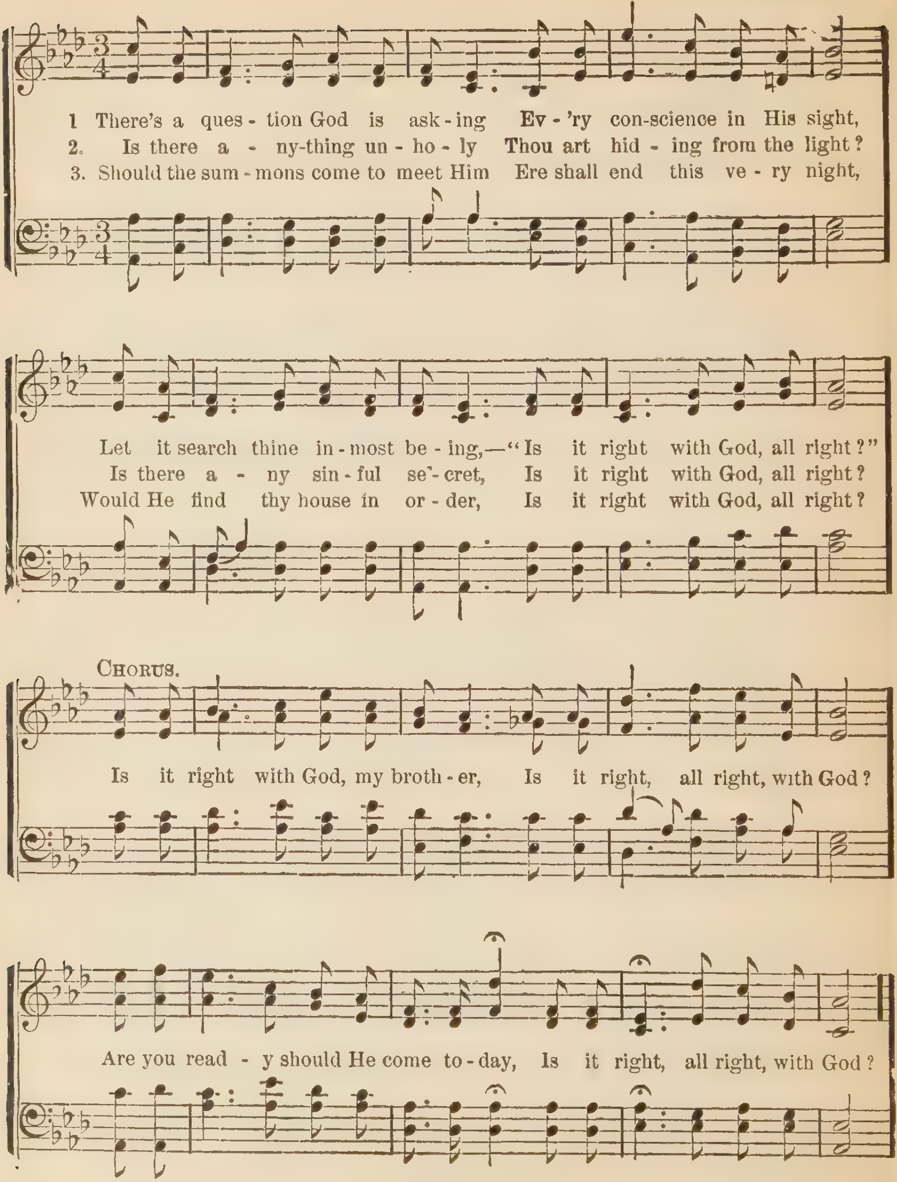
# Is it Right with God?

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1 There's a ques - tion God is ask - ing Ev - 'ry con-science in His sight,
2. Is there a - ny-thing un - ho - ly Thou art hid - ing from the light?
3. Should the sum - mons come to meet Him Ere shall end this ve - ry night,
Let it search thine in - most be - ing,—"Is it right with God, all right?"
Is there a - ny sin - ful se - cret, Is it right with God, all right?
Would He find thy house in or - der, Is it right with God, all right?
Chorus.
Is it right with God, my broth - er, Is it right, all right, with God?
Are you read - y should He come to - day, Is it right, all right, with God?

4 Are you waiting for His coming
With your lamps all trimm'd and bright?
Are your garments pure and spotless?
Is it right with God, all right?

5 He, who asks the searching question,
Waits to cleanse thee with His blood,
Let Him search thee, let Him cleanse thee,
Make it right, all right, with God.

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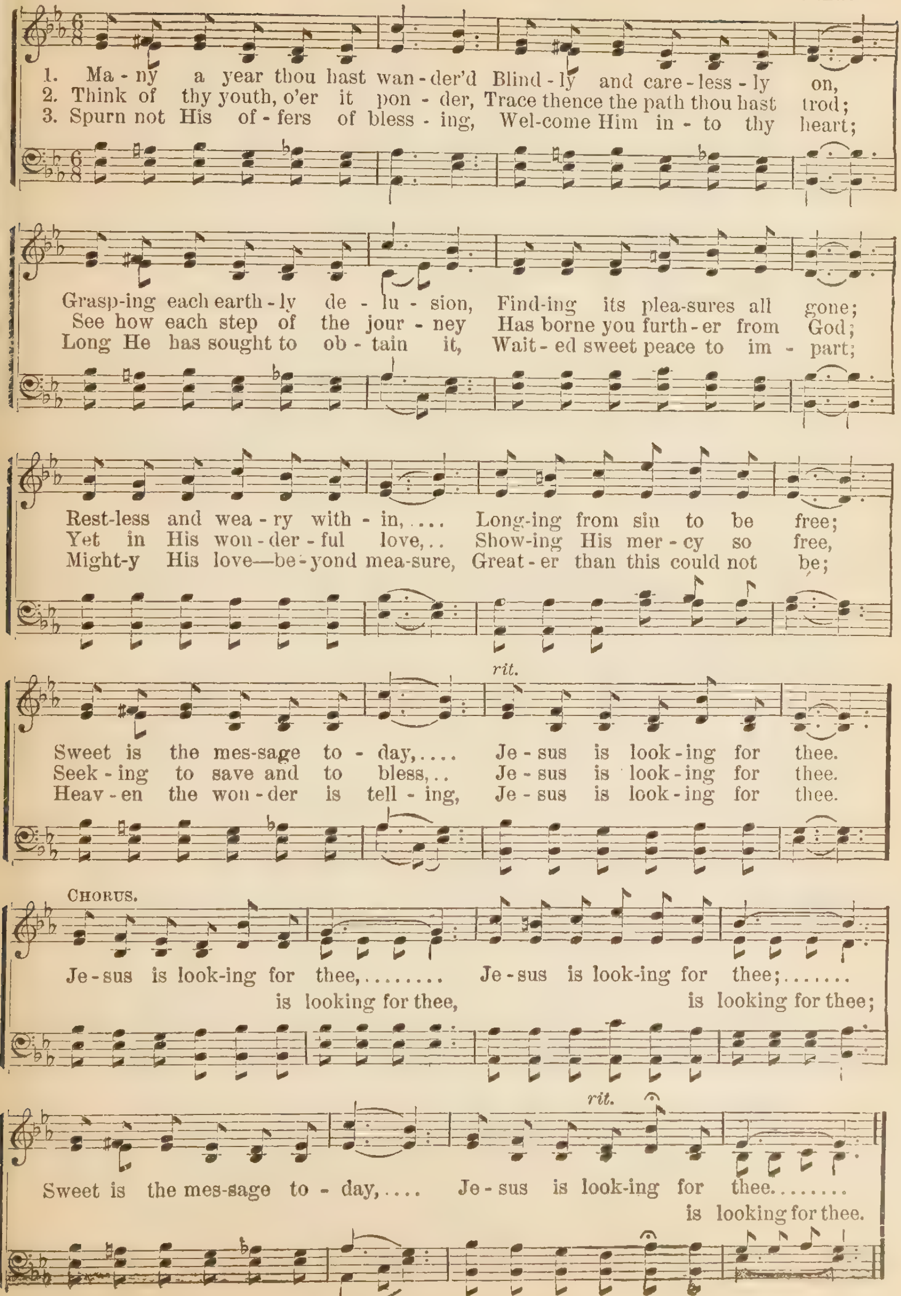
# Jesus is Looking for Thee.

M. A.

MAY AGNEW.


1. Ma - ny a year thou hast wan - der'd Blind - ly and care - less - ly on,
2. Think of thy youth, o'er it pon - der, Trace thence the path thou hast trod;
3. Spurn not His of - fers of bless - ing, Wel-come Him in - to thy heart;
Grasp-ing each earth - ly de - lu - sion, Find-ing its plea-sures all gone;
See how each step of the jour - ney Has borne you furth - er from God;
Long He has sought to ob - tain it, Wait - ed sweet peace to im - part;
Rest-less and wea - ry with - in, .... Long-ing from sin to be free;
Yet in His won - der - ful love, .. Show-ing His mer - cy so free,
Might-y His love—be - yond mea-sure, Great - er than this could not be;
Sweet is the mes-sage to - day, .... Je - sus is look - ing for thee.
Seek - ing to save and to bless, .. Je - sus is look - ing for thee.
Heav - en the won - der is tell - ing, Je - sus is look - ing for thee.
rit.
CHORUS.
Je - sus is look-ing for thee, ........ Je - sus is look-ing for thee; .......
is looking for thee, is looking for thee;
Sweet is the mes-sage to - day, .... Je - sus is look-ing for thee. .......
is looking for thee.
rit.

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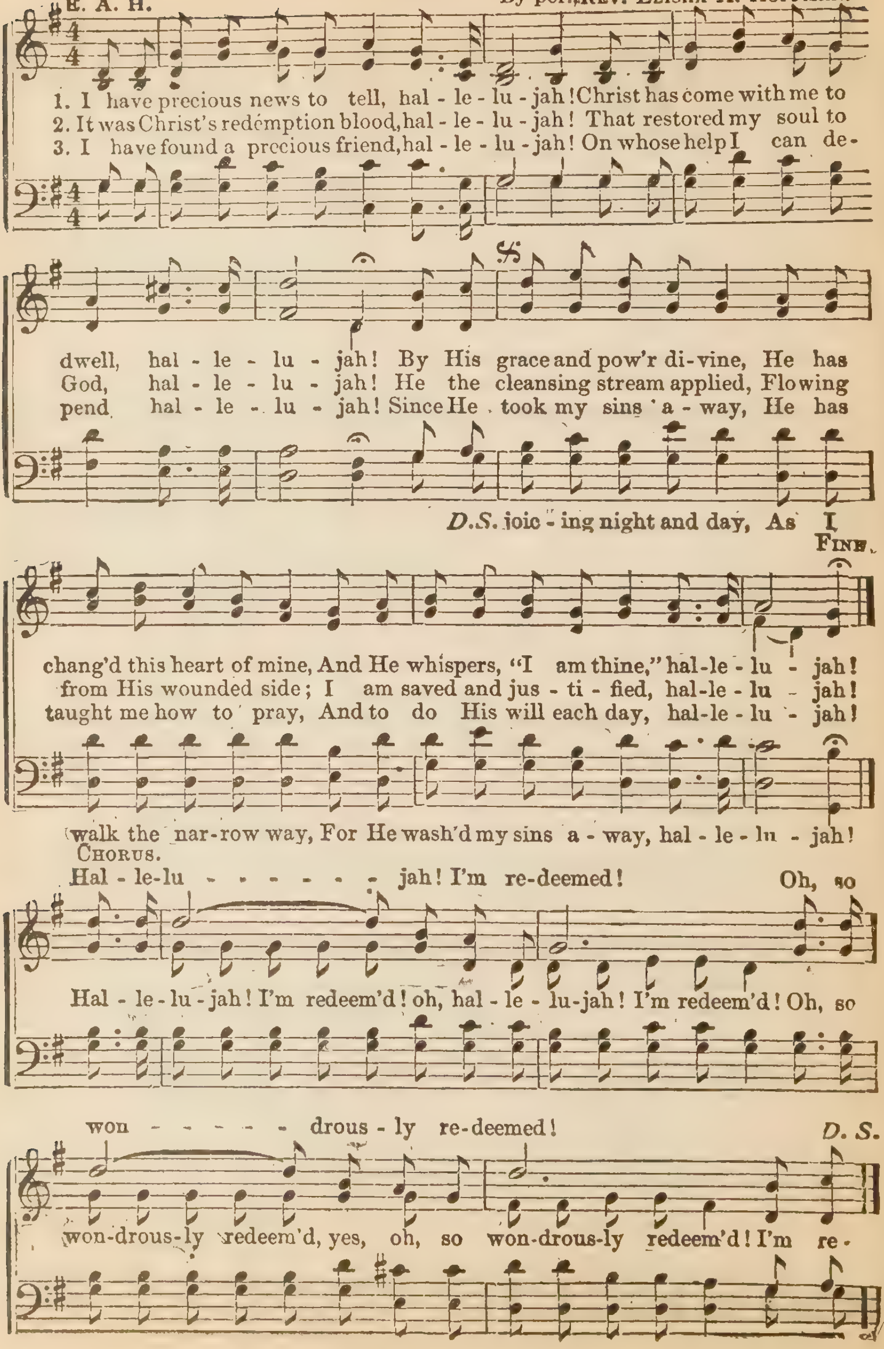
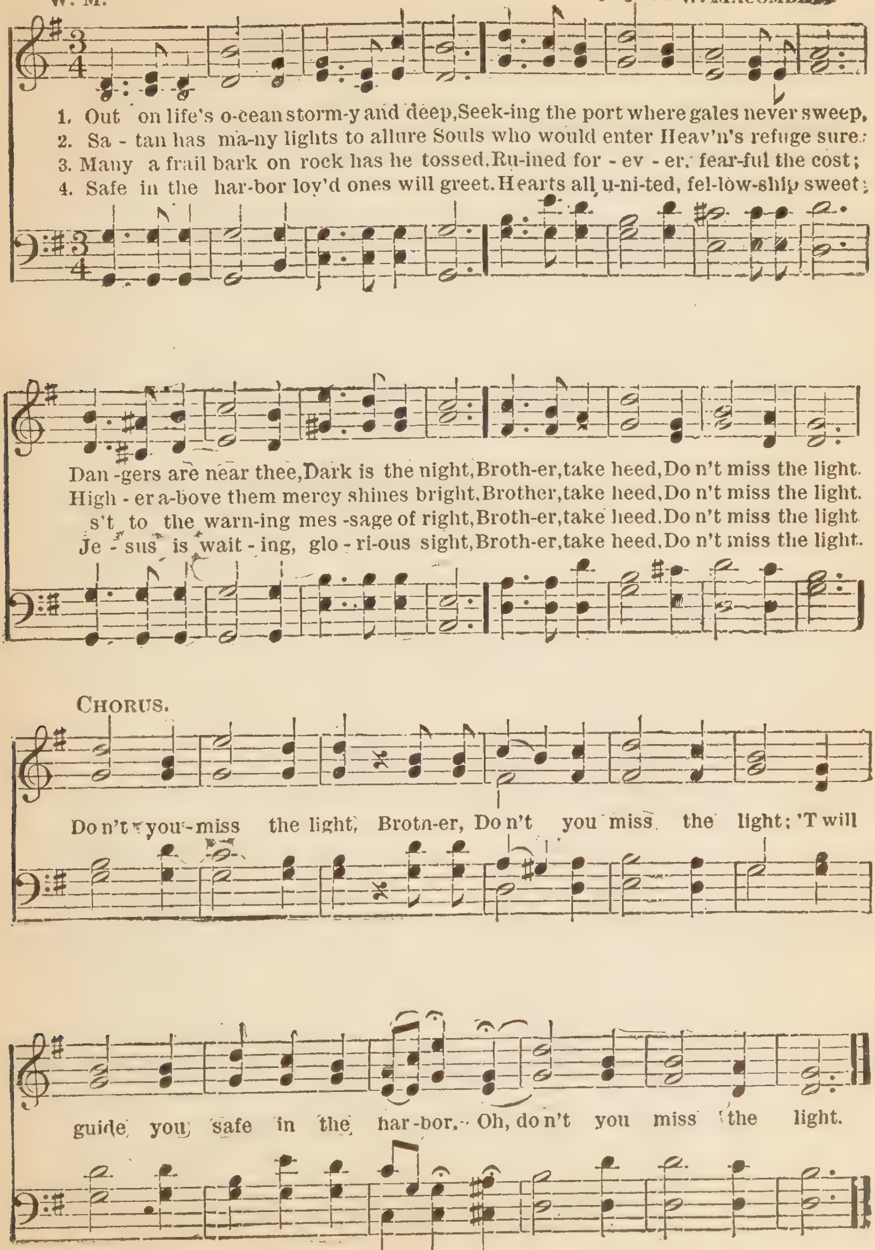
# Wondrously Redeemed.

E. A. H. By per., Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.


1. I have precious news to tell, hal - le - lu - jah! Christ has come with me to dwell, hal - le - lu - jah! By His grace and pow'r di-vine, He has chang'd this heart of mine, And He whispers, "I am thine," hal-le - lu - jah!
2. It was Christ's redemption blood, hal - le - lu - jah! That restored my soul to God, hal - le - lu - jah! He the cleansing stream applied, Flowing from His wounded side; I am saved and jus - ti - fied, hal-le - lu - jah!
3. I have found a precious friend, hal - le - lu - jah! On whose help I can de-pend, hal - le - lu - jah! Since He took my sins a - way, He has taught me how to pray, And to do His will each day, hal-le - lu - jah!
D.S. joic - ing night and day, As I walk the nar-row way, For He wash'd my sins a - way, hal - le - lu - jah!
Fine.
Chorus.
Hal - le-lu - - - - - - - jah! I'm re-deemed! Oh, so
Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm redeem'd! oh, hal - le - lu-jah! I'm redeem'd! Oh, so
won - - - - - drous - ly re-deemed!
won-drous-ly redeem'd, yes, oh, so won-drous-ly redeem'd! I'm re -
D. S.

# Don't You Miss the Light, Brother.

W. M. By per. W. MACOMBER.


1. Out on life's o-cean storm-y and deep, Seek-ing the port where gales never sweep,
2. Sa - tan has ma-ny lights to allure Souls who would enter Heav'n's refuge sure.
3. Many a frail bark on rock has he tossed, Ru-ined for - ev - er, fear-ful the cost;
4. Safe in the har-bor lov'd ones will greet. Hearts all u-ni-ted, fel-low-ship sweet;
Dan-gers are near thee, Dark is the night, Broth-er, take heed, Do n't miss the light.
High - er a-bove them mercy shines bright, Brother, take heed, Do n't miss the light.
s't to the warn-ing mes-sage of right, Broth-er, take heed, Do n't miss the light.
Je - sus is wait - ing, glo - ri-ous sight, Broth-er, take heed, Do n't miss the light.
CHORUS.
Do n't you miss the light, Broth-er, Do n't you miss the light; 'T will
guide you safe in the har-bor. Oh, do n't you miss the light.

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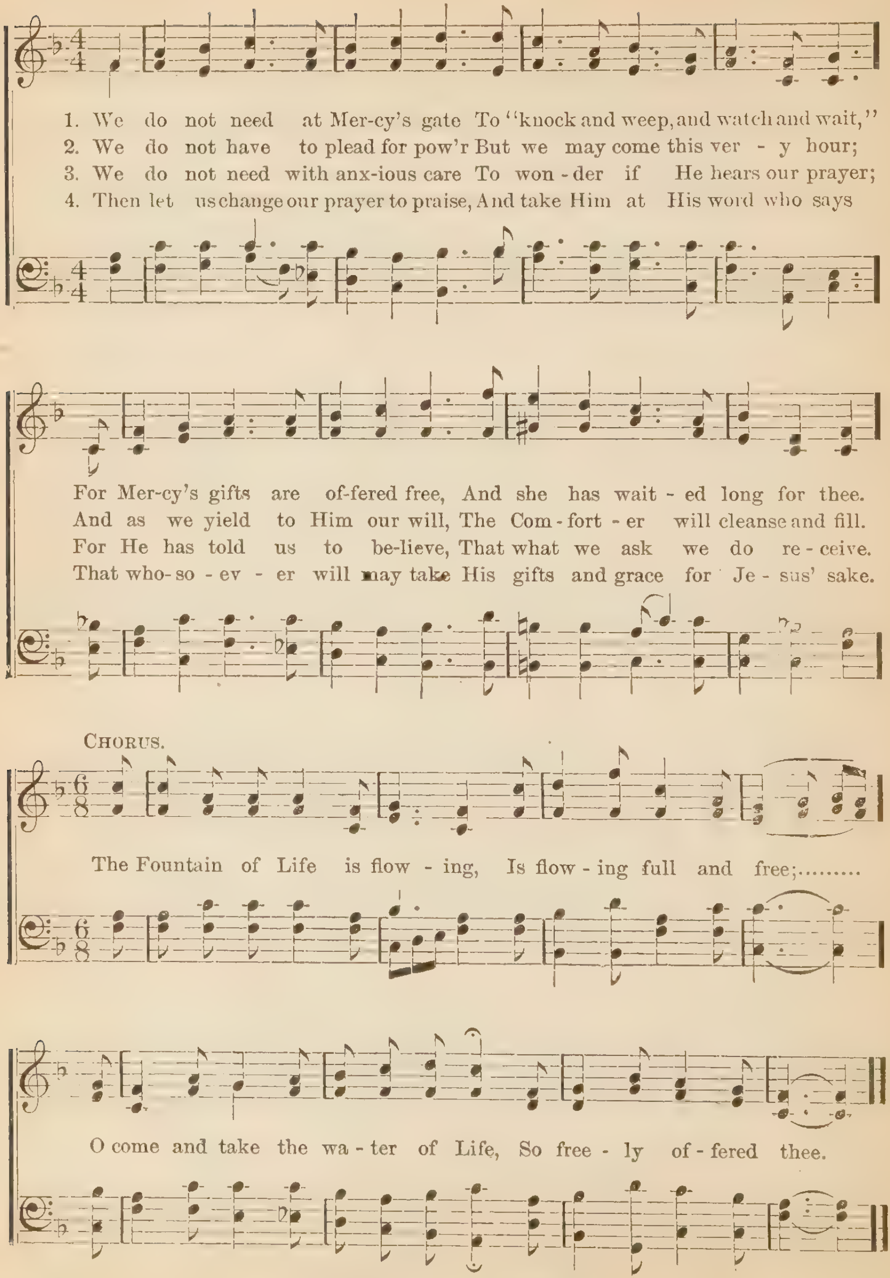
# Come and Take.

A. B. S. A. B. Simpson.


1. We do not need at Mer-cy's gate To "knock and weep, and watch and wait,"
2. We do not have to plead for pow'r But we may come this ver - y hour;
3. We do not need with anx-ious care To won - der if He hears our prayer;
4. Then let us change our prayer to praise, And take Him at His word who says
For Mer-cy's gifts are of-fered free, And she has wait - ed long for thee.
And as we yield to Him our will, The Com - fort - er will cleanse and fill.
For He has told us to be-lieve, That what we ask we do re - ceive.
That who-so - ev - er will may take His gifts and grace for Je - sus' sake.
Chorus.
The Fountain of Life is flow - ing, Is flow - ing full and free;.........
O come and take the wa - ter of Life, So free - ly of - fered thee.

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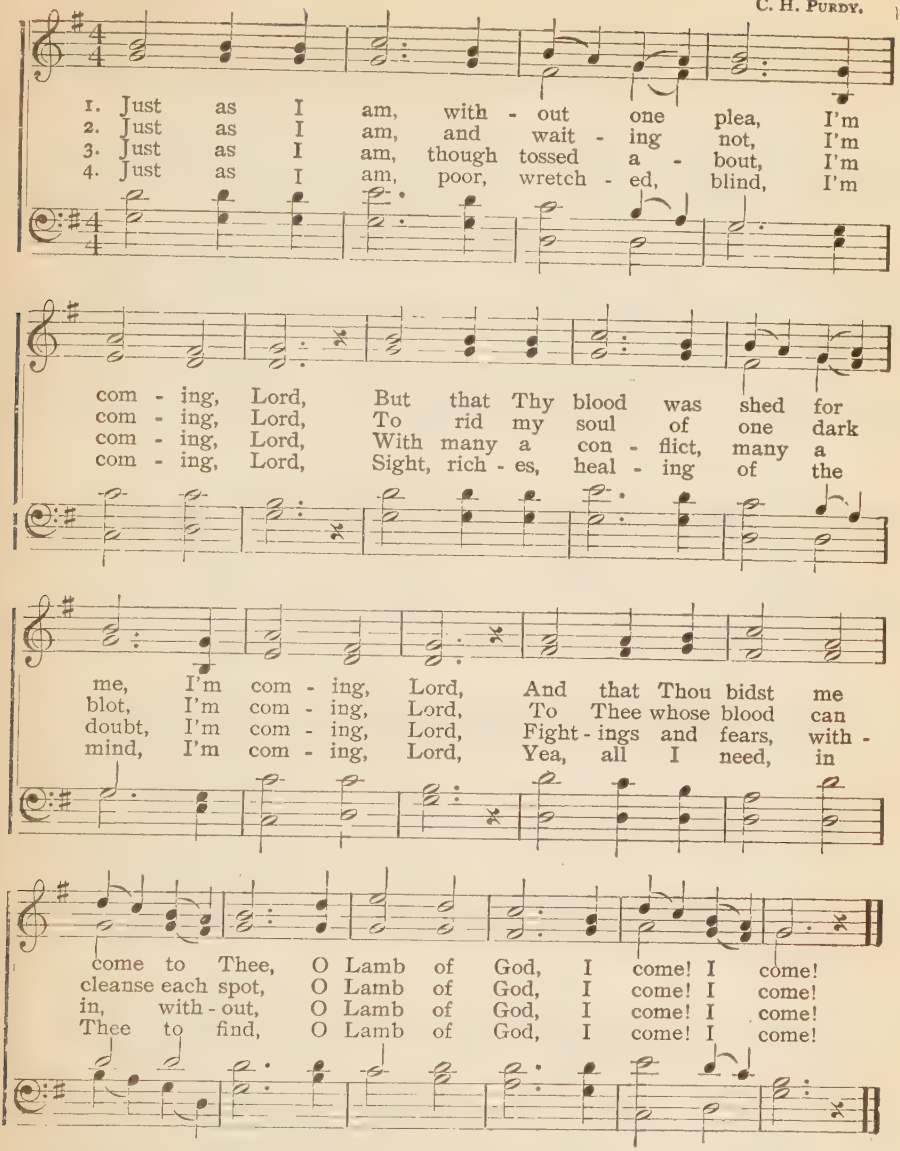
## 288

# Just as I am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

C. H. PURDY.

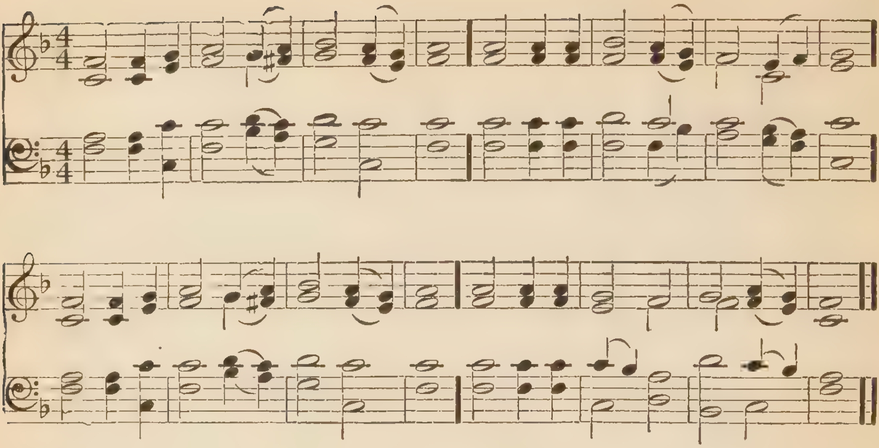

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, I'm
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not, I'm
3. Just as I am, though tossed a - bout, I'm
4. Just as I am, poor, wretch - ed, blind, I'm
com - ing, Lord, But that Thy blood was shed for
com - ing, Lord, To rid my soul of one dark
com - ing, Lord, With many a con - flict, many a
com - ing, Lord, Sight, rich - es, heal - ing of the
me, I'm com - ing, Lord, And that Thou bidst me
blot, I'm com - ing, Lord, To Thee whose blood can
doubt, I'm com - ing, Lord, Fight - ings and fears, with -
mind, I'm com - ing, Lord, Yea, all I need, in
come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
in, with - out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
I'm coming, Lord,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
I'm coming, Lord,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown,
I'm coming, Lord,
Hath broken every barrier down,
I'm coming, Lord,
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

# Hamburg. L. M.

Arr. by Lowell Mason.



## 289 Just As I Am.

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, and Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Charlotte Elliot.

## 290 New Every Morning.

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Thro' sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New tho'ts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3 If on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see:
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

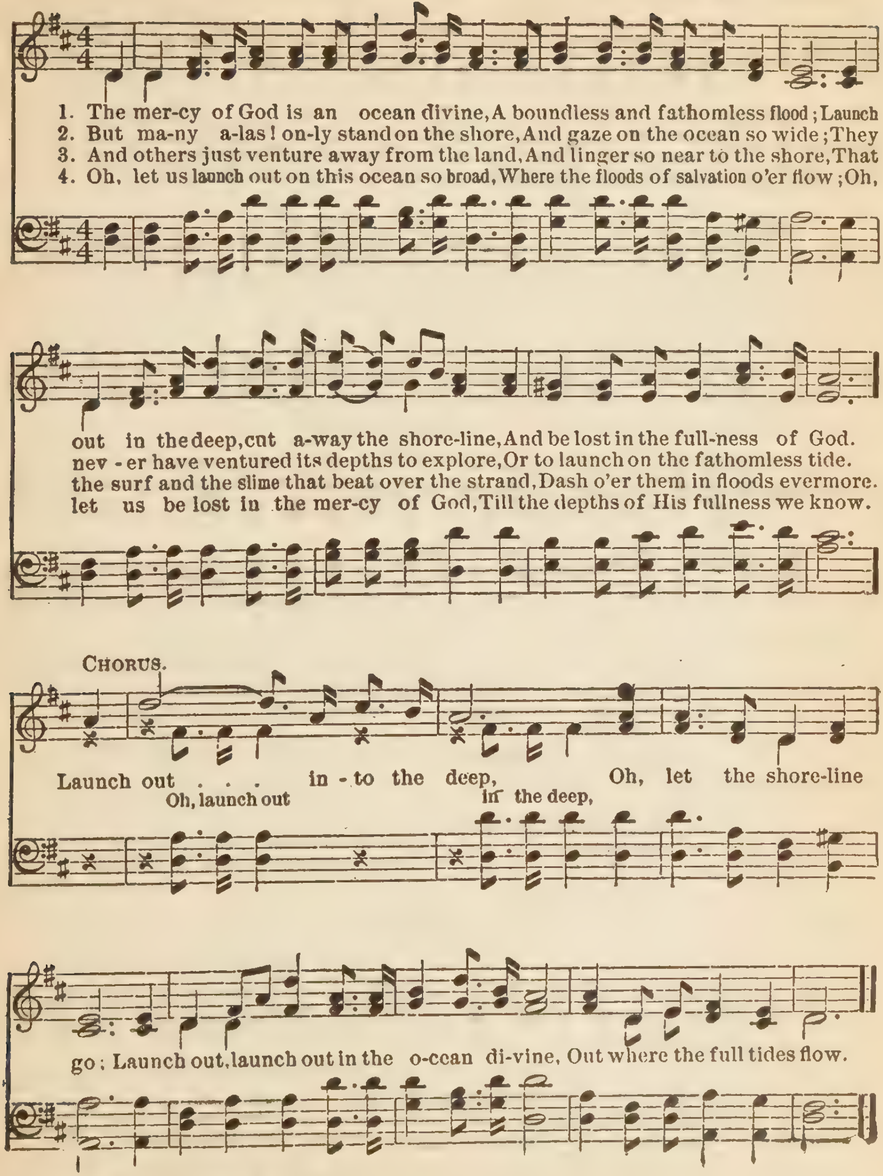
5 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask,—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

*Keble.*

290 a

# Launch Out

A. B. Simpson. R. Kelso Carter.


1. The mer-cy of God is an ocean divine, A boundless and fathomless flood; Launch
2. But ma-ny a-las! on-ly stand on the shore, And gaze on the ocean so wide; They
3. And others just venture away from the land, And linger so near to the shore, That
4. Oh, let us launch out on this ocean so broad, Where the floods of salvation o'er flow; Oh,
out in the deep, cut a-way the shore-line, And be lost in the full-ness of God.
nev - er have ventured its depths to explore, Or to launch on the fathomless tide.
the surf and the slime that beat over the strand, Dash o'er them in floods evermore.
let us be lost in the mer-cy of God, Till the depths of His fullness we know.
Chorus.
Launch out . . . in - to the deep, Oh, let the shore-line
Oh, launch out in the deep,
go; Launch out, launch out in the o-cean di-vine, Out where the full tides flow.

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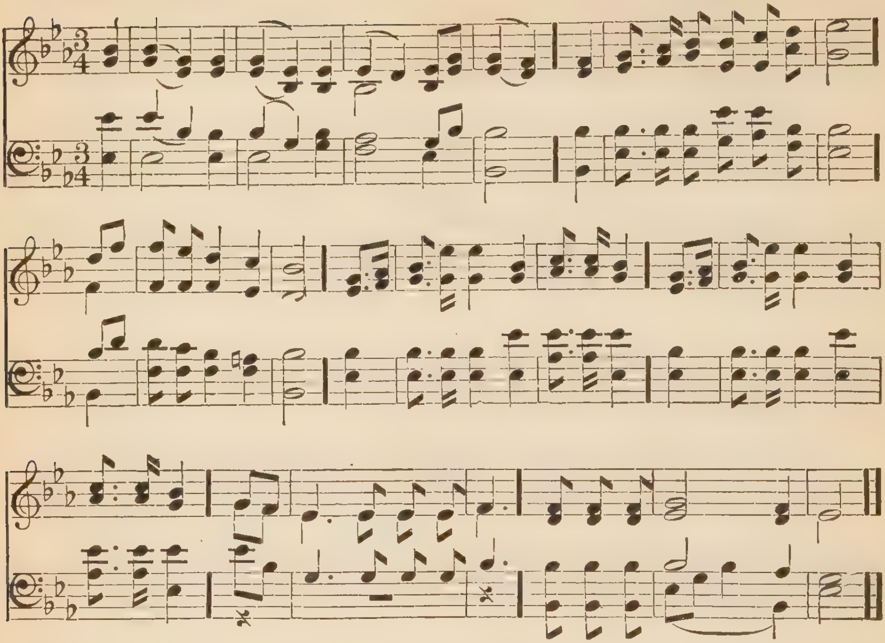
## Ariel. C. P. M.

Arr. from Mozart by Lowel Mason, 1836.



291 *Tune, Ariel.*

1 To endless ages let us praise
The precious Blood, whose price could win
The world from wrath and sin;
Whose streams our inward thirst appease,
And heal the sinner's worse disease,
If he but bathe therein.

2 Oh, wondrous Blood, that can implore
Pardon of God, and can restore
The heaven, sin had lost;
While Abel's blood for vengeance pleads,
The blood of Jesus intercedes
For those who wrong Him most.

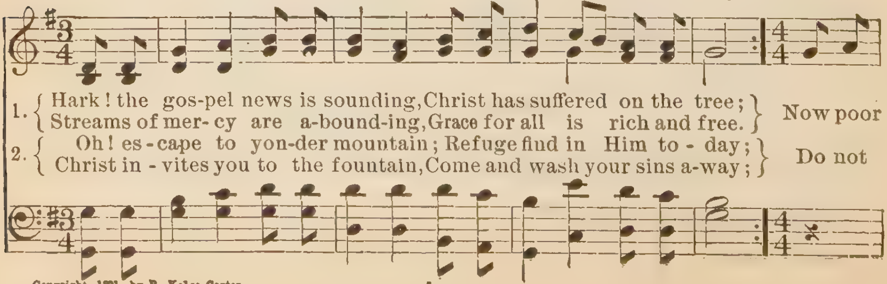
3 Ah! there is joy amid the saints,
And hell's despairing courage faints
When this sweet song we raise;
Oh, louder then, and louder still,
Earth with one mighty chorus fill,
The precious Blood to praise.

*Frederick Faber.*

292

## Calvary.

Adapted and arr. by R. K. C.


1. { Hark! the gos-pel news is sounding, Christ has suffered on the tree; } Now poor
{ Streams of mer-cy are a-bound-ing, Grace for all is rich and free. }
2. { Oh! es-cape to yon-der mountain; Refuge find in Him to-day; } Do not
{ Christ in-vites you to the fountain, Come and wash your sins a-way; }

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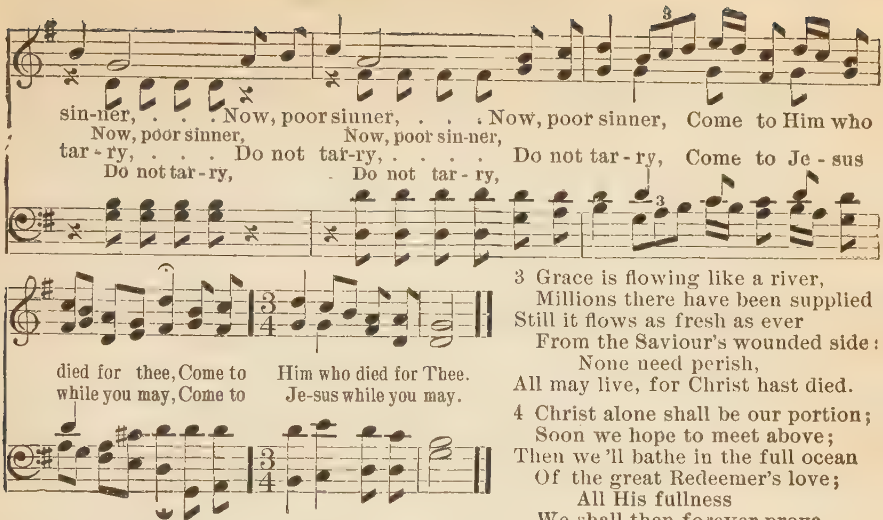
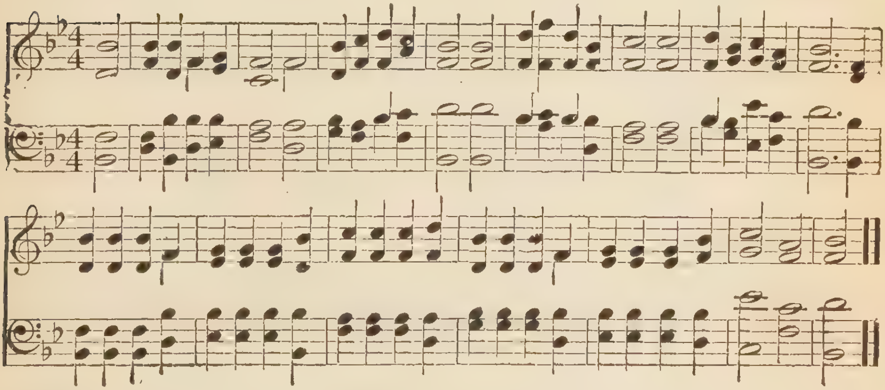

sin-ner, . . . Now, poor sinner, . . . Now, poor sinner, Come to Him who
Now, poor sinner,
Now, poor sin-ner,
tar - ry, . . . Do not tar-ry, . . . . Do not tar - ry, Come to Je - sus
Do not tar - ry,
Do not tar - ry,
died for thee, Come to Him who died for Thee.
while you may, Come to Je-sus while you may.

3 Grace is flowing like a river,
Millions there have been supplied
Still it flows as fresh as ever
From the Saviour's wounded side:
None need perish,
All may live, for Christ hast died.

4 Christ alone shall be our portion;
Soon we hope to meet above;
Then we 'll bathe in the full ocean
Of the great Redeemer's love;
All His fullness
We shall then forever prove.

## Lenox. H. M.

**Lewis Edson.**



## 293 Arise, My Soul, Arise.

1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on His hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds He bears
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me:
"Forgive him, oh, forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

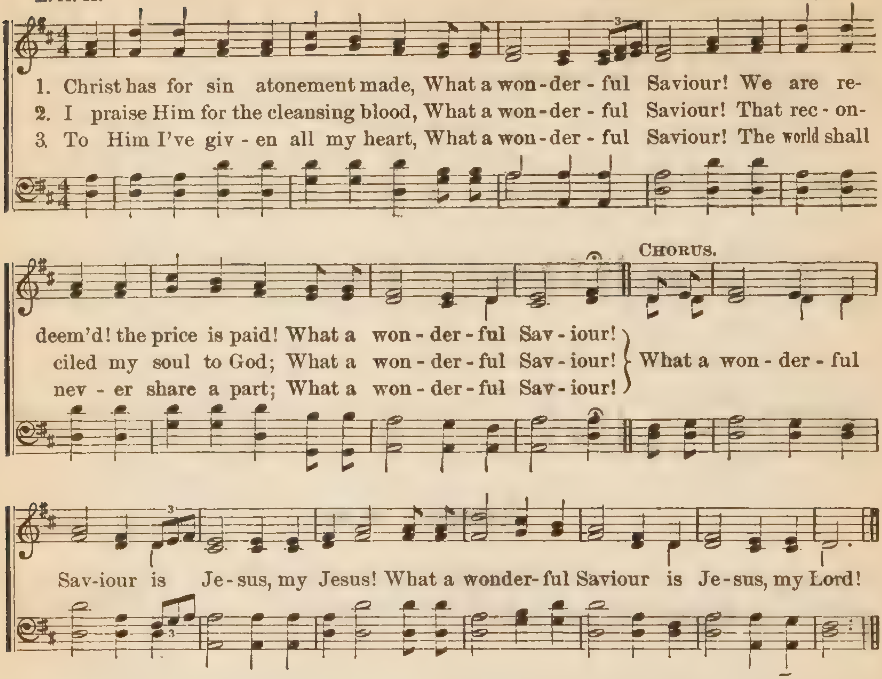
4 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear:
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

**C. Wesley.**

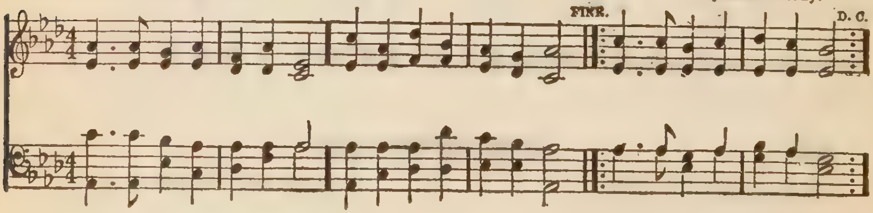
## Wonderful Saviour.

E. A. H. — Elisha A. Hoffman. By per.


1. Christ has for sin atonement made, What a won-der-ful Saviour! We are re-deem'd! the price is paid! What a won-der-ful Sav-iour!
2. I praise Him for the cleansing blood, What a won-der-ful Saviour! That rec-on-ciled my soul to God; What a won-der-ful Sav-iour!
3. To Him I've giv-en all my heart, What a won-der-ful Saviour! The world shall nev-er share a part; What a won-der-ful Sav-iour!
CHORUS.
What a won-der-ful Sav-iour is Je-sus, my Jesus! What a wonder-ful Saviour is Je-sus, my Lord!

## 295 From the Cross Uplifted High.

SPANISH HYMN. 7s, 6l. — Spanish Melody.



FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear!—
"Love's redeeming work is done—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

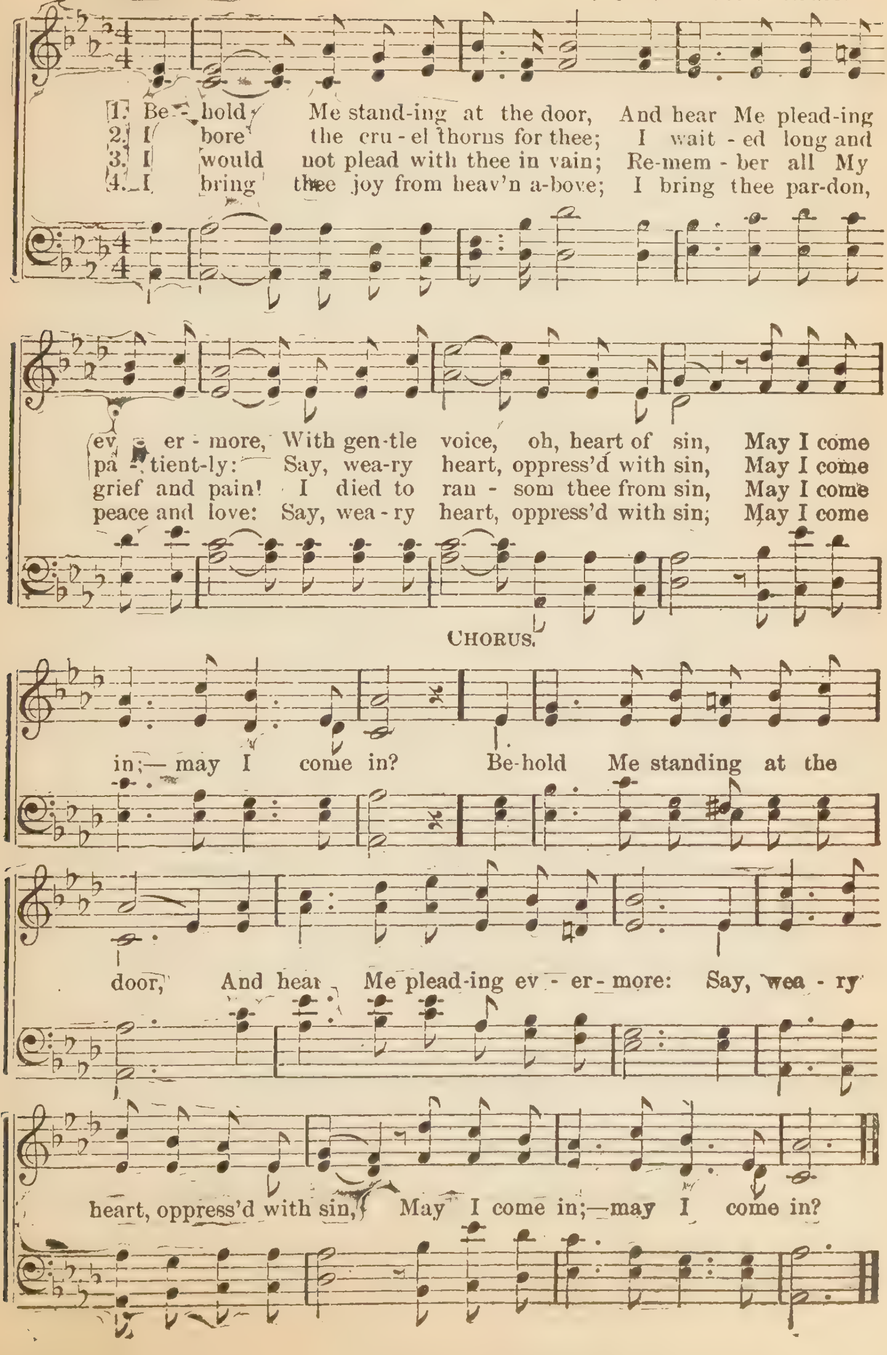
2 "Spread for Thee, the festal board,
See with richest bounty stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Thou shalt be a child confessed,
Never from His house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

3 "Soon the days of life shall end—
Lo, I come—your Saviour, Friend!
Safe your spirit to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to My eternal home—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"

*Thomas Haweis.*

# 296 Behold Me Standing at the Door

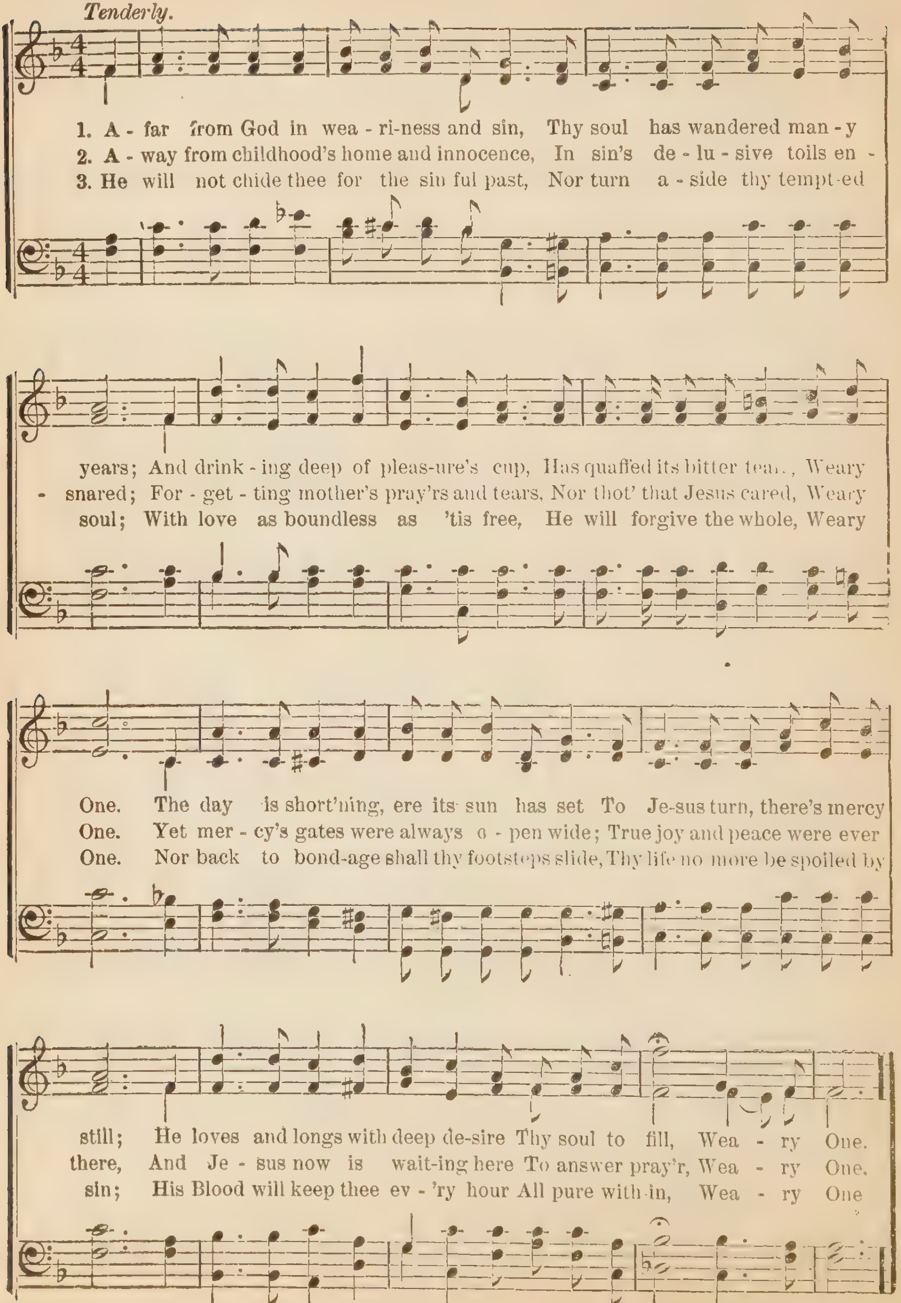
FANNY J. CROSBY. By per., Mrs. Jos. F. KNAPP.


1. Be-hold Me stand-ing at the door, And hear Me plead-ing
2. I bore the cru-el thorns for thee; I wait-ed long and
3. I would not plead with thee in vain; Re-mem-ber all My
4. I bring thee joy from heav'n a-bove; I bring thee par-don,
ev-er-more, With gen-tle voice, oh, heart of sin, May I come
pa-tient-ly: Say, wea-ry heart, oppress'd with sin, May I come
grief and pain! I died to ran-som thee from sin, May I come
peace and love: Say, wea-ry heart, oppress'd with sin; May I come
CHORUS.
in;— may I come in? Be-hold Me standing at the
door, And hear Me plead-ing ev-er-more: Say, wea-ry
heart, oppress'd with sin, May I come in;—may I come in?

297

# Weary One.

**May Agnew.** **May Agnew.**


Tenderly.
1. A - far from God in wea - ri-ness and sin, Thy soul has wandered man - y
2. A - way from childhood's home and innocence, In sin's de - lu - sive toils en -
3. He will not chide thee for the sin ful past, Nor turn a - side thy tempt-ed
years; And drink - ing deep of pleas-ure's cup, Has quaffed its bitter tears, Weary
- snared; For - get - ting mother's pray'rs and tears, Nor thot' that Jesus cared, Weary
soul; With love as boundless as 'tis free, He will forgive the whole, Weary
One. The day is short'ning, ere its sun has set To Je-sus turn, there's mercy
One. Yet mer - cy's gates were always o - pen wide; True joy and peace were ever
One. Nor back to bond-age shall thy footsteps slide, Thy life no more be spoiled by
still; He loves and longs with deep de-sire Thy soul to fill, Wea - ry One.
there, And Je - sus now is wait-ing here To answer pray'r, Wea - ry One.
sin; His Blood will keep thee ev - 'ry hour All pure with-in, Wea - ry One

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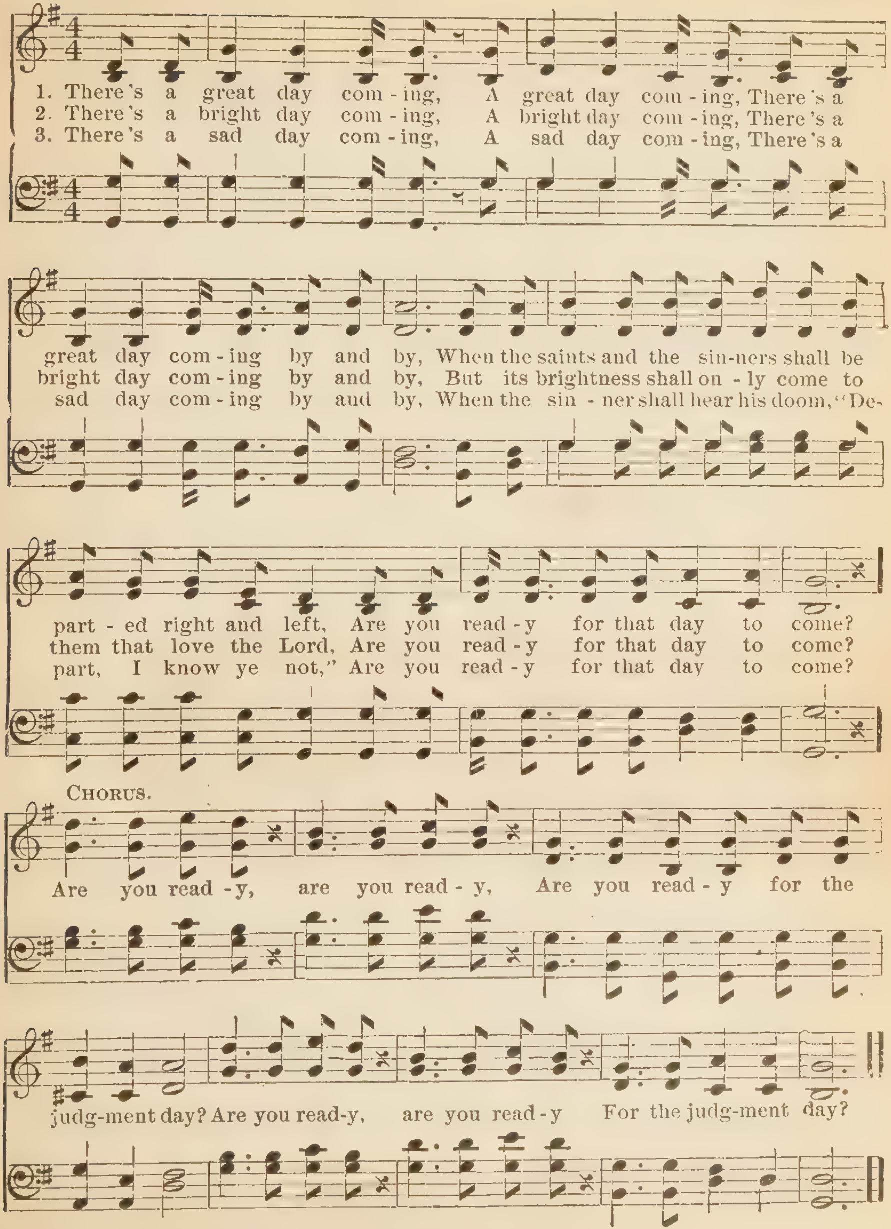
# There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T.

W. L. Thompson.


1. There's a great day com - ing, A great day com - ing, There's a
2. There's a bright day com - ing, A bright day com - ing, There's a
3. There's a sad day com - ing, A sad day com - ing, There's a
great day com - ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be
bright day com - ing by and by, But its brightness shall on - ly come to
sad day com - ing by and by, When the sin - ner shall hear his doom, "De-
part - ed right and left, Are you read - y for that day to come?
them that love the Lord, Are you read - y for that day to come?
part, I know ye not," Are you read - y for that day to come?
Chorus.
Are you read - y, are you read - y, Are you read - y for the
judg-ment day? Are you read-y, are you read - y For the judg-ment day?

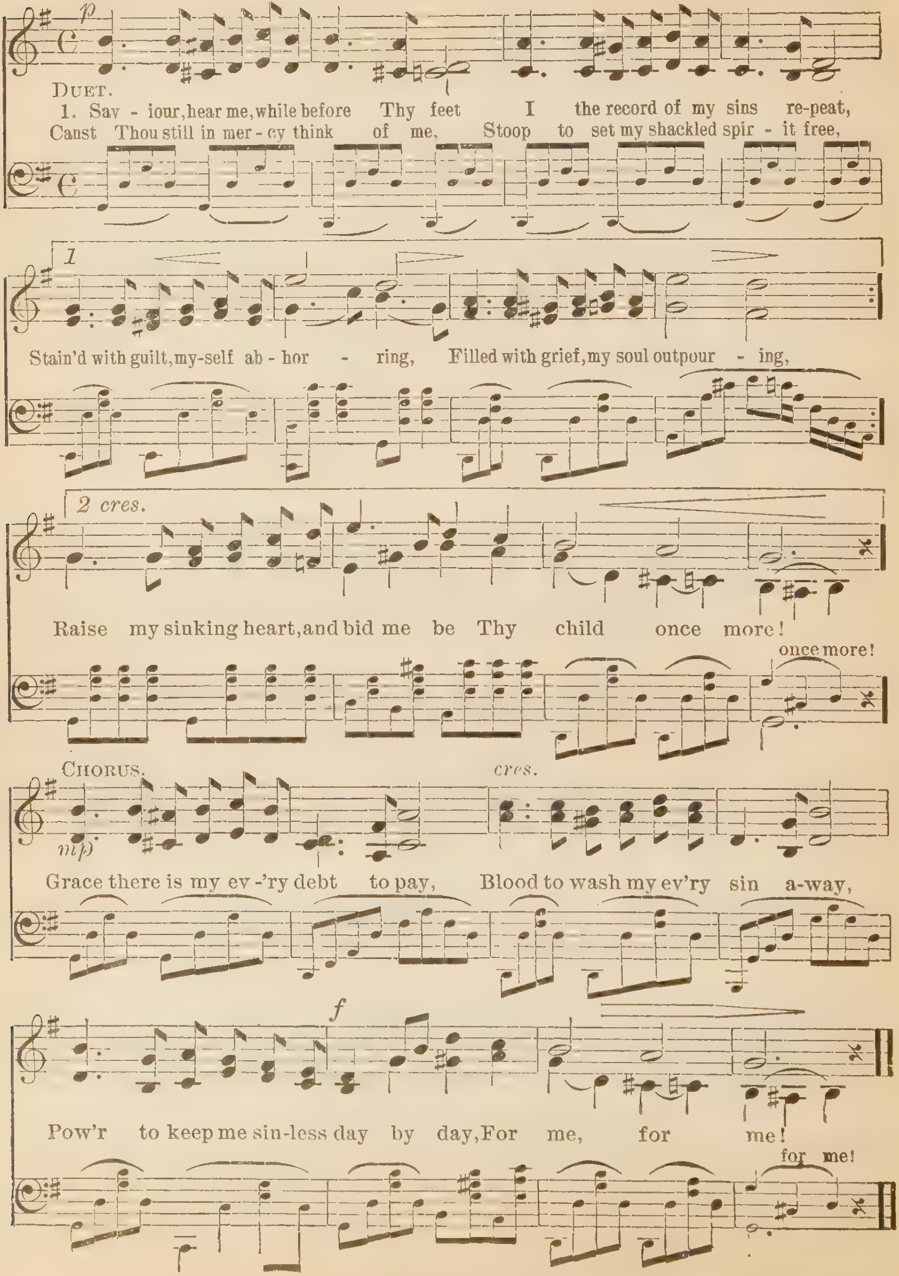
By permission of W. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O.

# The Penitent's Plea.

H. H. B.

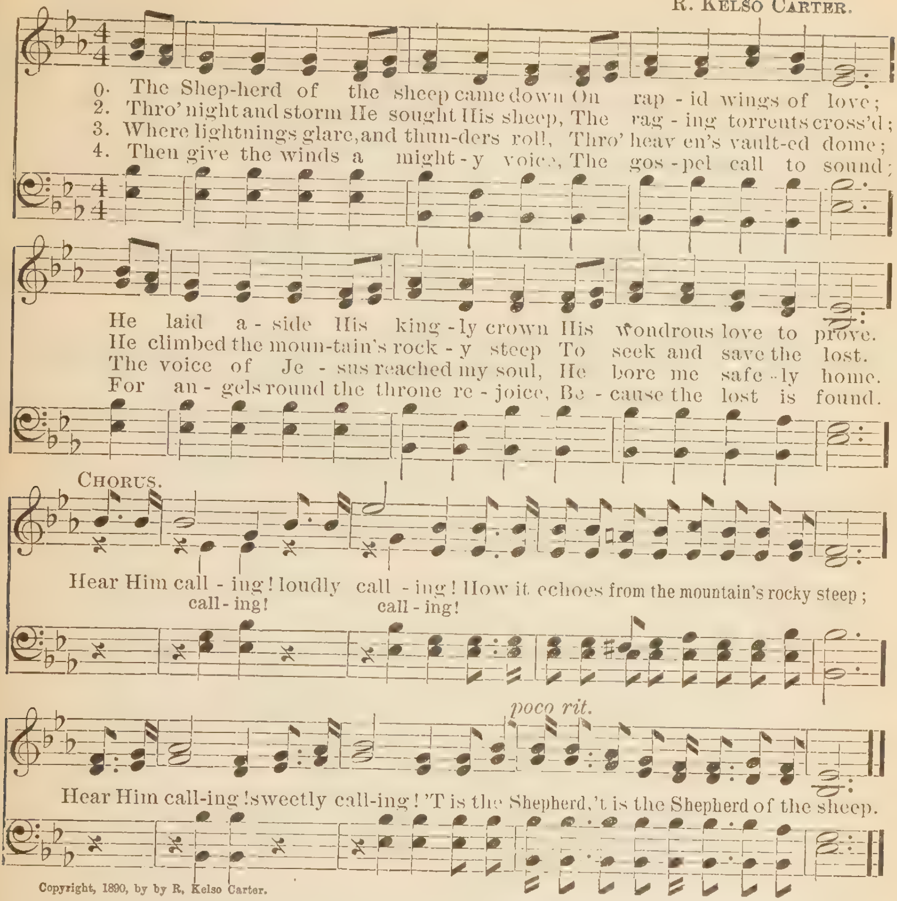
Commandant Herbert Booth.

*Andante con espress.*


p
Duet.
1. Sav - iour, hear me, while before Thy feet I the record of my sins re-peat,
Canst Thou still in mer - cy think of me, Stoop to set my shackled spir - it free,
1
Stain'd with guilt, my-self ab - hor - ring, Filled with grief, my soul outpour - ing,
2 cres.
Raise my sinking heart, and bid me be Thy child once more!
once more!
Chorus.
mp
Grace there is my ev -'ry debt to pay,
cres.
Blood to wash my ev'ry sin a-way,
f
Pow'r to keep me sin-less day by day, For me, for me!
for me!

# The Shepherd of the Sheep.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.


1. The Shep-herd of the sheep came down On rap - id wings of love;
2. Thro' night and storm He sought His sheep, The rag - ing torrents cross'd;
3. Where lightnings glare, and thun-ders roll, Thro' heav en's vault-ed dome;
4. Then give the winds a might - y voice, The gos - pel call to sound;
He laid a - side His king - ly crown His wondrous love to prove.
He climbed the moun-tain's rock - y steep To seek and save the lost.
The voice of Je - sus reached my soul, He bore me safe - ly home.
For an - gels round the throne re - joice, Be - cause the lost is found.
Chorus.
Hear Him call - ing! loudly call - ing! How it echoes from the mountain's rocky steep;
call - ing! call - ing!
poco rit.
Hear Him call-ing! sweetly call-ing! 'T is the Shepherd, 't is the Shepherd of the sheep.

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*Concluded from opposite page.*

2 Back with all the guilt my spirit bears,
Past the haunting memories of years,
Self and shame and fear despising,
Foes and taunting fiends surprising;
Saviour, to Thy Cross I press my way,
And a broken heart before it lay;
Ere I leave, oh, let me hear Thee say,
It shall be Thine!

3 Yet why should I fear, hast Thou not died
That no seeking soul should be denied?
To that heart its sins confessing,
Canst Thou fail to give a blessing?
By the love and pity Thou hast shown,
By the blood that did for me atone,
Boldly will I kneel before Thy throne,
A pleading soul.

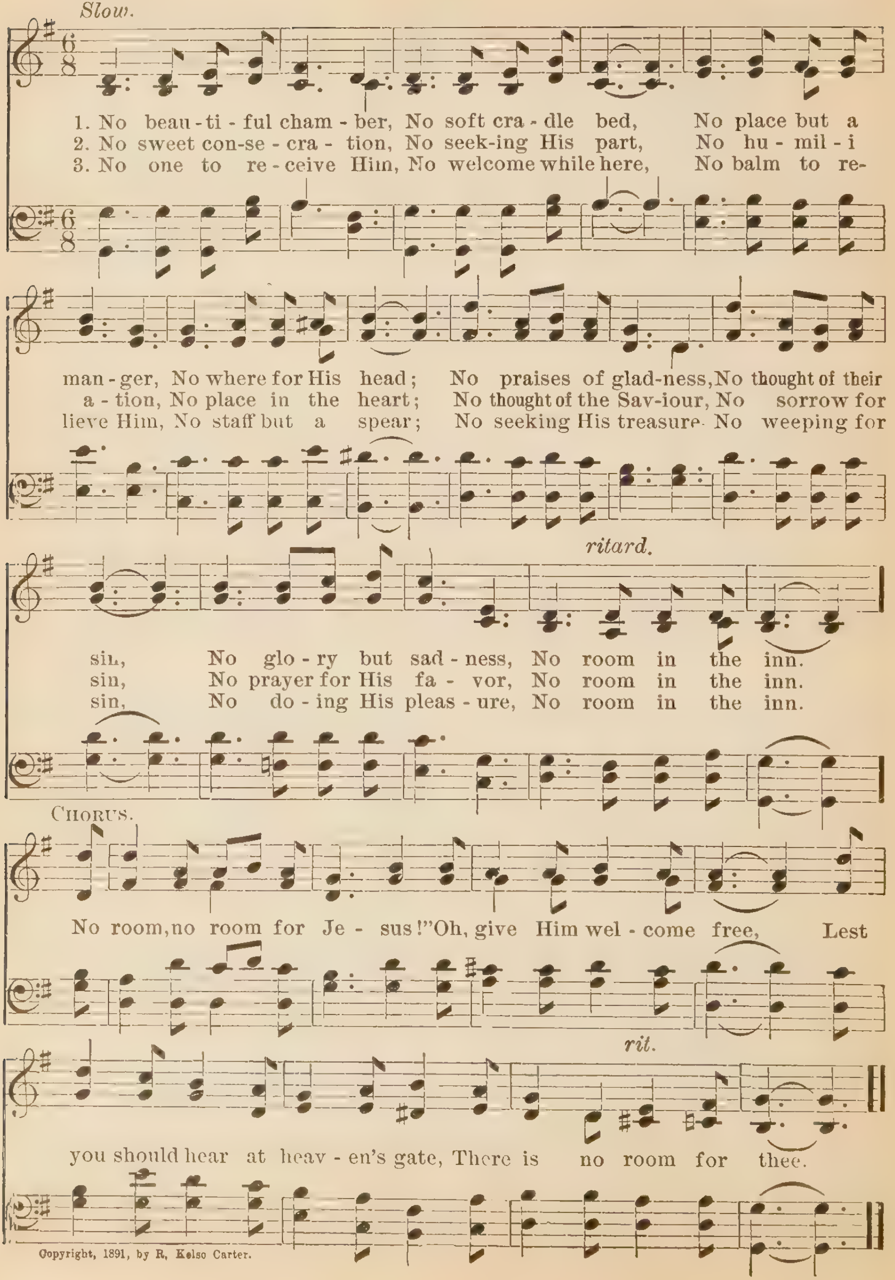
4 All the rivers of Thy grace I claim,
Over ev'ry promise write my name;
As I am I come believing,
As Thou art Thou dost, receiving,
Bid me rise a freed and pardoned slave;
Master o'er my sin, the world, the grave,
Charging me to preach Thy power to save
To sin-bound souls.

# No Room in the Inn.

A. L. Skilton.
Chorus by R. K. C.

Luke 2: 7.

**E. Grace Updegraff.**


Slow.
1. No beau-ti-ful cham-ber, No soft cra-dle bed, No place but a
2. No sweet con-se-cra-tion, No seek-ing His part, No hu-mil-i
3. No one to re-ceive Him, No welcome while here, No balm to re-
man-ger, No where for His head; No praises of glad-ness, No thought of their
a-tion, No place in the heart; No thought of the Sav-iour, No sorrow for
lieve Him, No staff but a spear; No seeking His treasure, No weeping for
sin, No glo-ry but sad-ness, No room in the inn.
sin, No prayer for His fa-vor, No room in the inn.
sin, No do-ing His pleas-ure, No room in the inn.
ritard.
Chorus.
No room, no room for Je-sus!"Oh, give Him wel-come free,
Lest you should hear at heav-en's gate, There is no room for thee.
rit.

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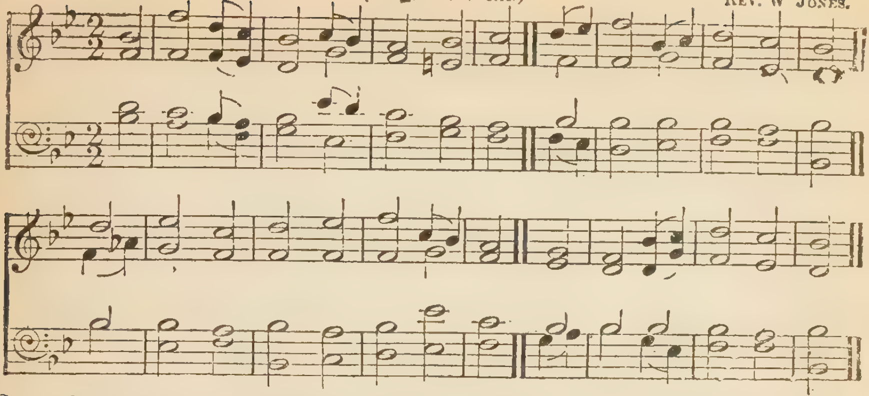
## 302 Come Humble Sinner.

(NEWINGTON. C.M.) REV. W JONES.



Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come with thy guilt and fear opprest,
And make this last resolve.

"I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know His courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives.
Oh that he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

"Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without His sovereign grace.

"I shall not perish, if I go—
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

"My Saviour will not spurn my cry,
My King will hear my prayer;
In safety at His feet I lie,
For none can perish there."

Edmond Jones, ab. 1777 v. G. H.

## 303 I am Coming to the Cross.

I AM coming to the cross;
I am poor and weak and blind:
I am counting all but dross;
I shall full salvation find.

*Cho.*—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 In Thy promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.

3 Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
I will cleanse you from all sin.

## 304 Come, Let Us Join.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

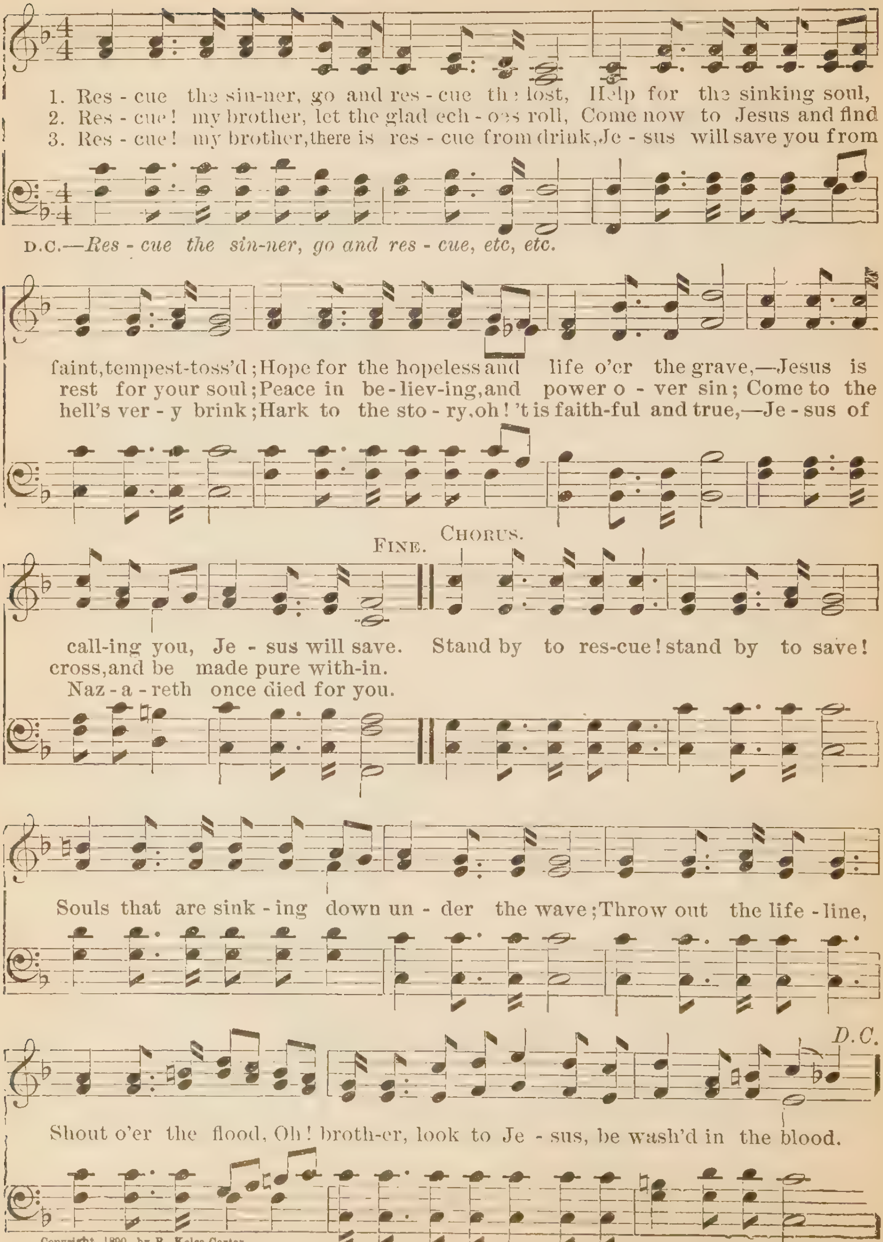
2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb!" our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine!

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

# Rescue the Sinner.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.


1. Res - cue the sin-ner, go and res - cue the lost, Help for the sinking soul,
2. Res - cue! my brother, let the glad ech - oes roll, Come now to Jesus and find
3. Res - cue! my brother, there is res - cue from drink, Je - sus will save you from
D.C.—Res - cue the sin-ner, go and res - cue, etc, etc.
faint, tempest-toss'd; Hope for the hopeless and life o'er the grave,—Jesus is
rest for your soul; Peace in be - liev-ing, and power o - ver sin; Come to the
hell's ver - y brink; Hark to the sto - ry, oh! 't is faith-ful and true,—Je - sus of
Fine.
Chorus.
call-ing you, Je - sus will save. Stand by to res-cue! stand by to save!
cross, and be made pure with-in.
Naz - a - reth once died for you.
Souls that are sink - ing down un - der the wave; Throw out the life - line,
Shout o'er the flood, Oh! broth-er, look to Je - sus, be wash'd in the blood.
D.C.

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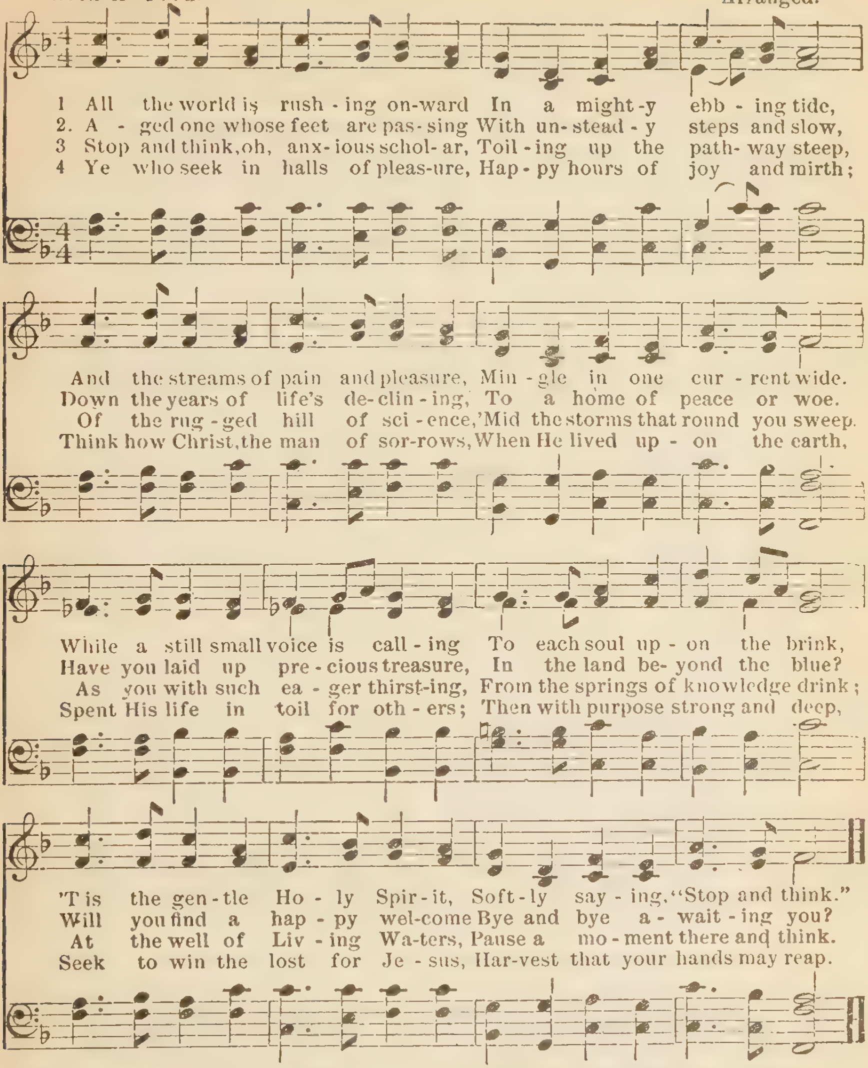
# Stop and Think.

Etta K. Pope.

Arranged.


1 All the world is rush - ing on-ward In a might-y ebb - ing tide,
2. A - ged one whose feet are pas-sing With un-stead - y steps and slow,
3 Stop and think,oh, anx-ious schol-ar, Toil-ing up the path-way steep,
4 Ye who seek in halls of pleas-ure, Hap - py hours of joy and mirth;
And the streams of pain and pleasure, Min - gle in one cur - rent wide.
Down the years of life's de-clin - ing, To a home of peace or woe.
Of the rug - ged hill of sci - ence,'Mid the storms that round you sweep.
Think how Christ,the man of sor-rows,When He lived up - on the earth,
While a still small voice is call - ing To each soul up - on the brink,
Have you laid up pre - cious treasure, In the land be- yond the blue?
As you with such ea - ger thirst-ing, From the springs of knowledge drink;
Spent His life in toil for oth - ers; Then with purpose strong and deep,
'T is the gen - tle Ho - ly Spir - it, Soft - ly say - ing,"Stop and think."
Will you find a hap - py wel-come Bye and bye a - wait - ing you?
At the well of Liv - ing Wa-ters, Pause a mo - ment there and think.
Seek to win the lost for Je - sus, Har-vest that your hands may reap.

5 When the pale and dreaded Phantom
Beckons from the other shore,
And he comes and stands beside you,
Ready to convey you o'er;
As you take his hand in stepping
O'er the dark and chilling brink,
In that hour, oh, dear unsaved one,
There 's no time to stop and think.

6 What are human skill and culture,
Wealth and fame, or great renown,
To one ransomed soul for Jesus,
One bright jewel for His crown?
Let me ask you, saint and sinner,
As we breathe a silent prayer,
"Shall we meet beyond the river?,
Shall we meet each other there?"

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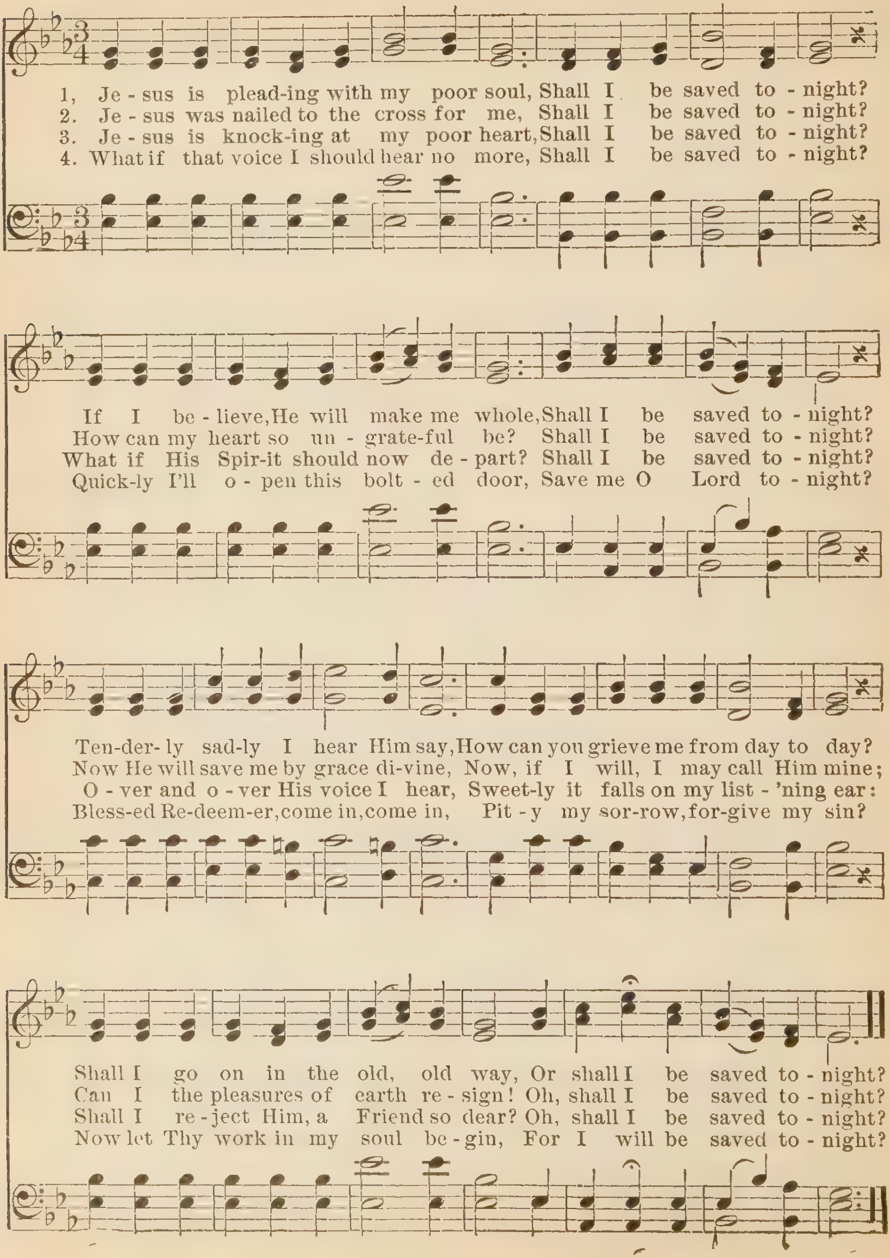
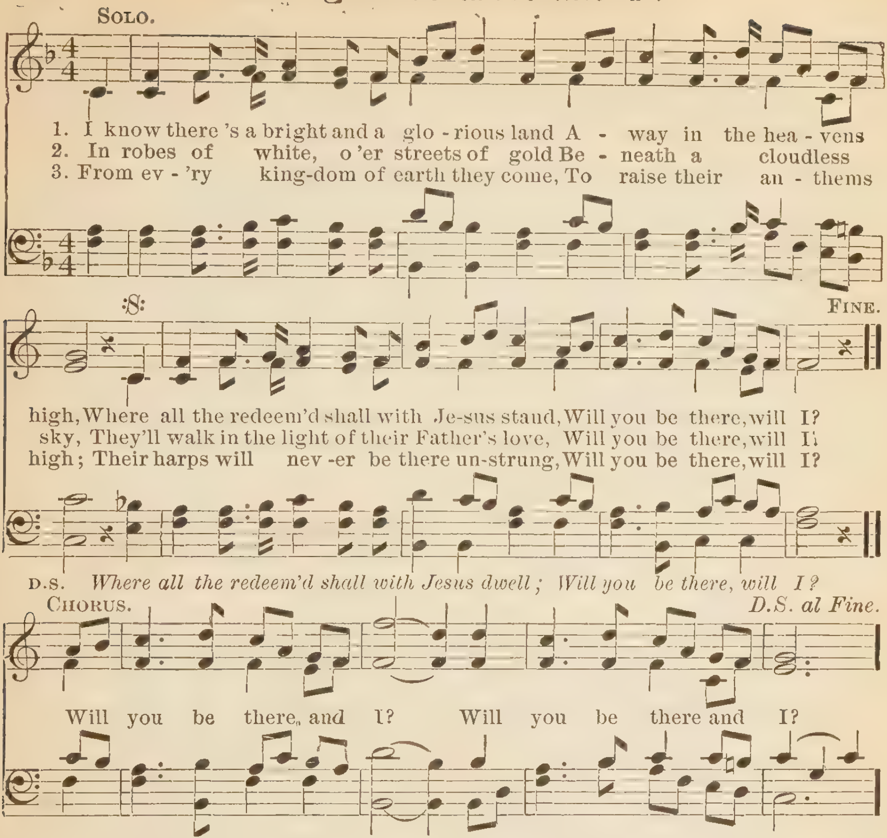
307

# Shall I be Saved To-night.

Fanny J. Crosby. Mrs. M. Bliss Wilson, by per.


1, Je - sus is plead-ing with my poor soul, Shall I be saved to - night?
2. Je - sus was nailed to the cross for me, Shall I be saved to - night?
3. Je - sus is knock-ing at my poor heart, Shall I be saved to - night?
4. What if that voice I should hear no more, Shall I be saved to - night?
If I be - lieve, He will make me whole, Shall I be saved to - night?
How can my heart so un - grate-ful be? Shall I be saved to - night?
What if His Spir-it should now de - part? Shall I be saved to - night?
Quick-ly I'll o - pen this bolt - ed door, Save me O Lord to - night?
Ten-der- ly sad-ly I hear Him say, How can you grieve me from day to day?
Now He will save me by grace di-vine, Now, if I will, I may call Him mine;
O - ver and o - ver His voice I hear, Sweet-ly it falls on my list - 'ning ear:
Bless-ed Re-deem-er, come in, come in, Pit - y my sor-row, for-give my sin?
Shall I go on in the old, old way, Or shall I be saved to - night?
Can I the pleasures of earth re - sign! Oh, shall I be saved to - night?
Shall I re - ject Him, a Friend so dear? Oh, shall I be saved to - night?
Now let Thy work in my soul be - gin, For I will be saved to - night?

# Will You be there and I?

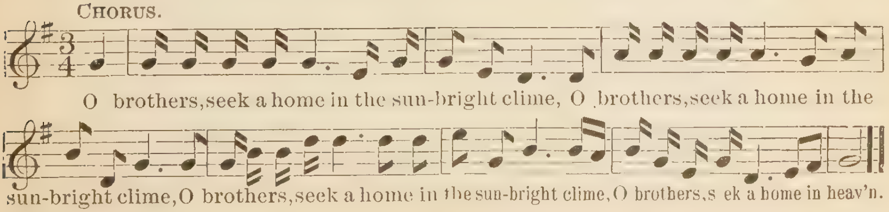

Solo.
1. I know there's a bright and a glo-rious land A-way in the hea-vens high, Where all the redeem'd shall with Je-sus stand, Will you be there, will I?
2. In robes of white, o'er streets of gold Be-neath a cloudless sky, They'll walk in the light of their Father's love, Will you be there, will I?
3. From ev-'ry king-dom of earth they come, To raise their an-thems high; Their harps will nev-er be there un-strung, Will you be there, will I?
Fine.
D.S. Where all the redeem'd shall with Jesus dwell; Will you be there, will I?
Chorus.
D.S. al Fine.
Will you be there, and I? Will you be there and I?

4 If we find the loving Saviour now,
And follow Him faithfully;
When He gathers His children in that bright home,
Then you'll be there, and I! Yes! etc.

5 If we are sheltered by the cross,
And through the blood brought nigh;
Our utmost gain we'll count but loss,
Since you'll be there, and I. Since, etc.

## 309

# O Brothers, Seek a Home.


Chorus.
O brothers, seek a home in the sun-bright clime, O brothers, seek a home in the sun-bright clime, O brothers, seek a home in the sun-bright clime, O brothers, seek a home in heav'n.

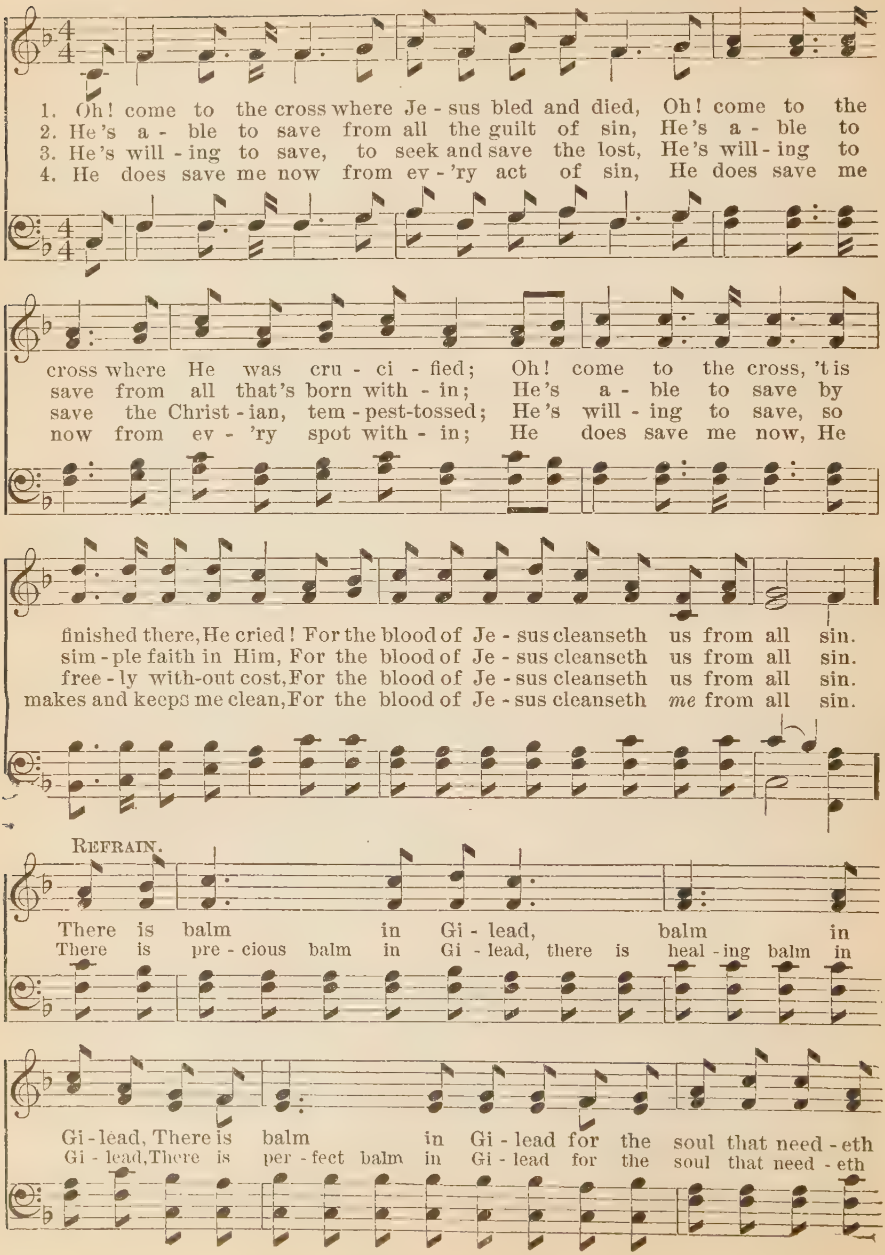
1 ‖: We did n't come here to live alway. :‖
O brothers, seek a home in heav'n.
Chorus.

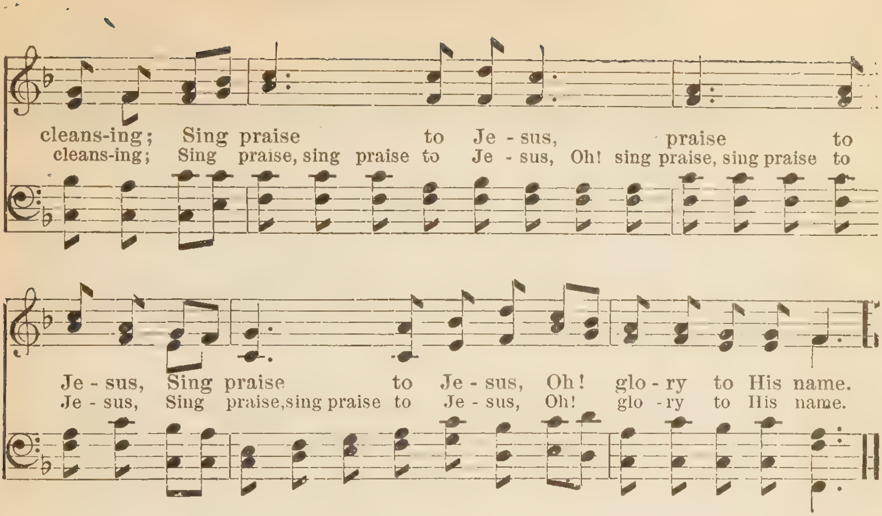
2 ‖: By the grace of God you may live alway. :‖
O brothers, seek a home in heaven.
Chorus

# Cleansing Balm.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER, by per.

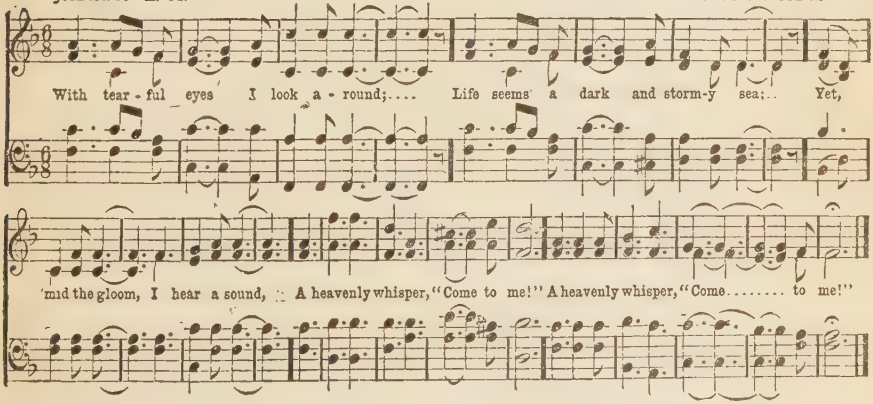

1. Oh! come to the cross where Je - sus bled and died, Oh! come to the
2. He's a - ble to save from all the guilt of sin, He's a - ble to
3. He's will - ing to save, to seek and save the lost, He's will - ing to
4. He does save me now from ev - 'ry act of sin, He does save me
cross where He was cru - ci - fied; Oh! come to the cross, 't is
save from all that's born with - in; He's a - ble to save by
save the Christ - ian, tem - pest-tossed; He's will - ing to save, so
now from ev - 'ry spot with - in; He does save me now, He
finished there, He cried! For the blood of Je - sus cleanseth us from all sin.
sim - ple faith in Him, For the blood of Je - sus cleanseth us from all sin.
free - ly with-out cost, For the blood of Je - sus cleanseth us from all sin.
makes and keeps me clean, For the blood of Je - sus cleanseth *me* from all sin.
REFRAIN.
There is balm in Gi - lead, balm in
There is pre - cious balm in Gi - lead, there is heal - ing balm in
Gi - lead, There is balm in Gi - lead for the soul that need - eth
Gi - lead, There is per - fect balm in Gi - lead for the soul that need - eth



cleans-ing; Sing praise to Je - sus, praise to
cleans-ing; Sing praise, sing praise to Je - sus, Oh! sing praise, sing praise to
Je - sus, Sing praise to Je - sus, Oh! glo - ry to His name.
Je - sus, Sing praise, sing praise to Je - sus, Oh! glo - ry to His name.

## 311 With Tearful Eyes.

JAPHET. L. M. Arr. fr. RUBINSTEIN.



With tear - ful eyes I look a - round;.... Life seems a dark and storm-y sea;.. Yet,
'mid the gloom, I hear a sound, A heavenly whisper, "Come to me!" A heavenly whisper, "Come........ to me!"

WITH tearful eyes I look around;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to Me!"

2 It tells me of a place of rest;
It tells me where my soul may flee:
Oh, to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to Me!"

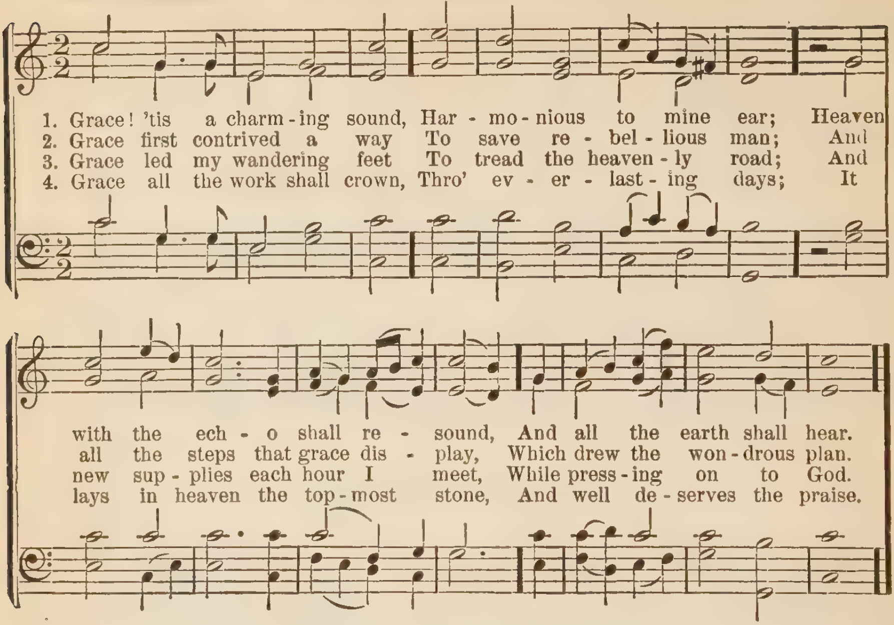
3 "Come, for all else must fail and die!
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
To heaven direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion; Come to Me!"

4 O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently whisper, "Come to Me!"

*Charlotte Elliott.*

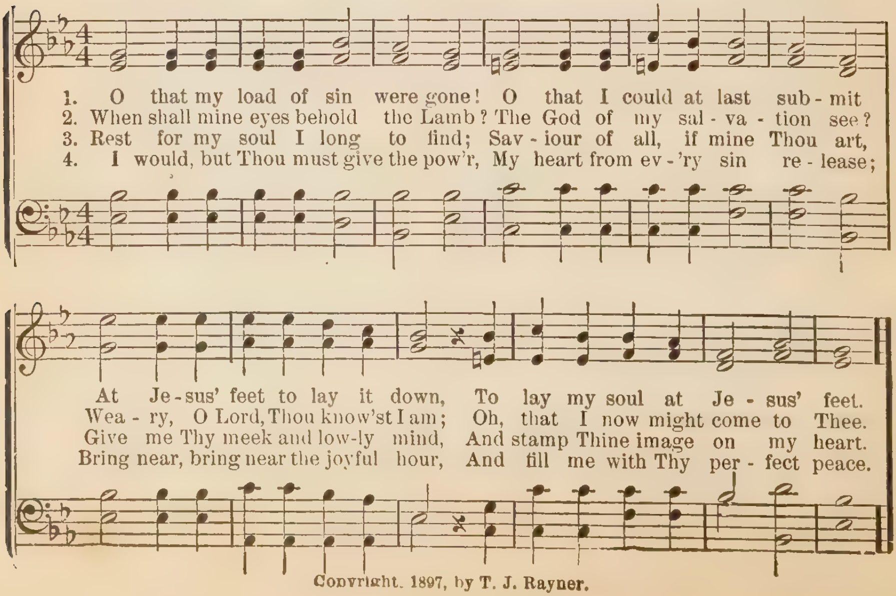
## Grace! 'tis a Charming Sound.

Philip Doddridge. SILVER STREET. S. M. Isaac Smith.


1. Grace! 'tis a charm-ing sound, Har-mo-nious to mine ear; Heaven
2. Grace first contrived a way To save re-bel-lious man; And
3. Grace led my wandering feet To tread the heaven-ly road; And
4. Grace all the work shall crown, Thro' ev-er-last-ing days; It
with the ech-o shall re-sound, And all the earth shall hear.
all the steps that grace dis-play, Which drew the won-drous plan.
new sup-plies each hour I meet, While press-ing on to God.
lays in heaven the top-most stone, And well de-serves the praise.

## 313 O that my Load of Sin were Gone.

C. Wesley. L. M. Thomas J. Rayner.


1. O that my load of sin were gone! O that I could at last sub-mit
2. When shall mine eyes behold the Lamb? The God of my sal-va-tion see?
3. Rest for my soul I long to find; Sav-iour of all, if mine Thou art,
4. I would, but Thou must give the pow'r, My heart from ev-'ry sin re-lease;
At Je-sus' feet to lay it down, To lay my soul at Je-sus' feet.
Wea-ry, O Lord, Thou know'st I am; Oh, that I now might come to Thee.
Give me Thy meek and low-ly mind, And stamp Thine image on my heart.
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour, And fill me with Thy per-fect peace.

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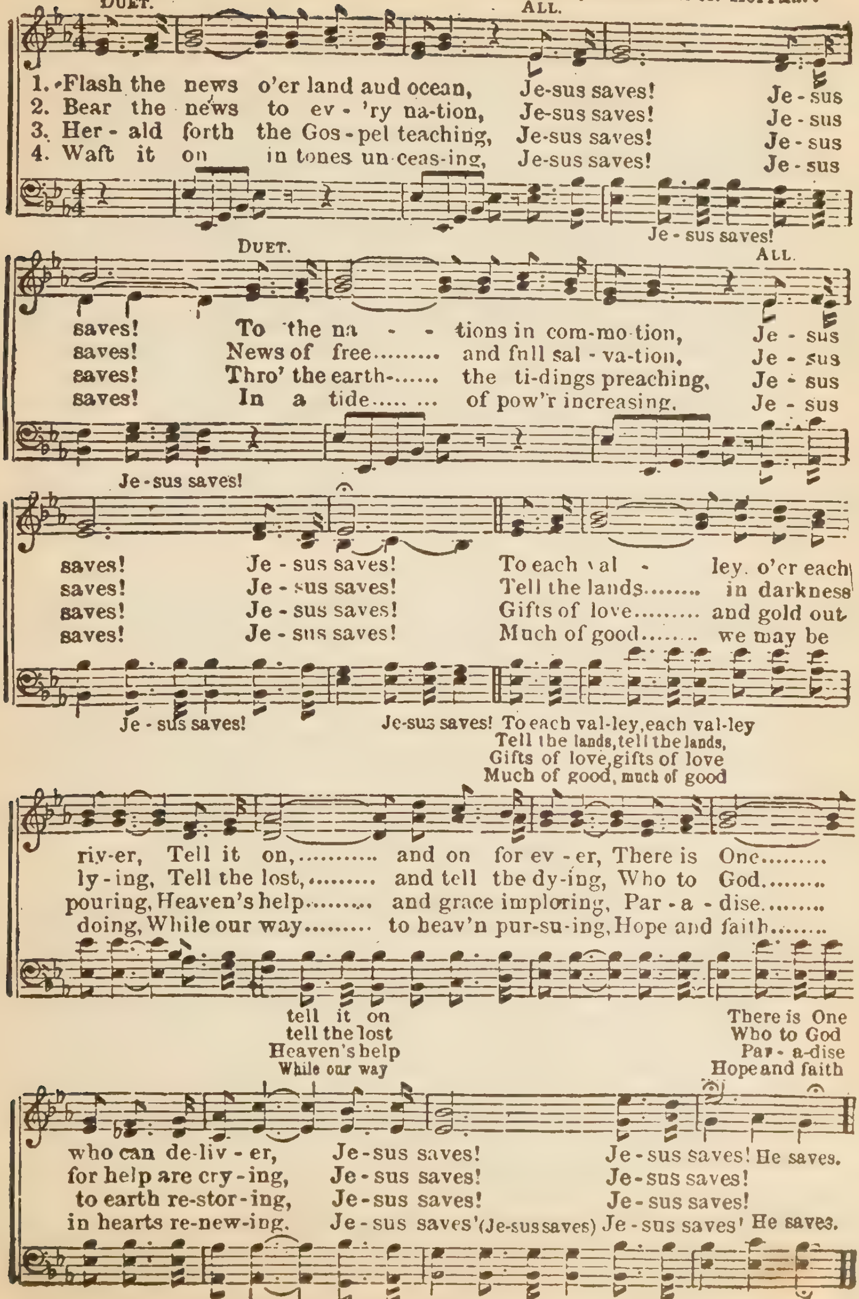
# Jesus Saves.

E. A. H.

By per., Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.


DUET.
ALL.
1. Flash the news o'er land and ocean, Je-sus saves! Je - sus saves!
2. Bear the news to ev - 'ry na-tion, Je-sus saves! Je - sus saves!
3. Her - ald forth the Gos - pel teaching, Je-sus saves! Je - sus saves!
4. Waft it on in tones un-ceas-ing, Je-sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Je - sus saves!
DUET.
ALL.
To the na - tions in com-mo-tion, Je - sus saves!
News of free......... and full sal - va-tion, Je - sus saves!
Thro' the earth....... the ti-dings preaching, Je - sus saves!
In a tide...... ... of pow'r increasing, Je - sus saves!
Je - sus saves!
Je - sus saves! To each val - ley, o'er each riv-er, Tell it on,.......... and on for ev - er, There is One......... who can de-liv - er, Je-sus saves! Je - sus saves! He saves.
Je - sus saves! Tell the lands........ in darkness ly - ing, Tell the lost,......... and tell the dy-ing, Who to God......... for help are cry - ing, Je-sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Je - sus saves! Gifts of love......... and gold out-pouring, Heaven's help......... and grace imploring, Par - a - dise......... to earth re-stor - ing, Je-sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Je - sus saves! Much of good........ we may be doing, While our way......... to heav'n pur-su-ing, Hope and faith......... in hearts re-new-ing, Je - sus saves! (Je-sus saves) Je - sus saves! He saves.
Je - sus saves!
Je-sus saves!
To each val-ley, each val-ley
Tell the lands, tell the lands,
Gifts of love, gifts of love
Much of good, much of good
tell it on
tell the lost
Heaven's help
While our way
There is One
Who to God
Par - a-dise
Hope and faith

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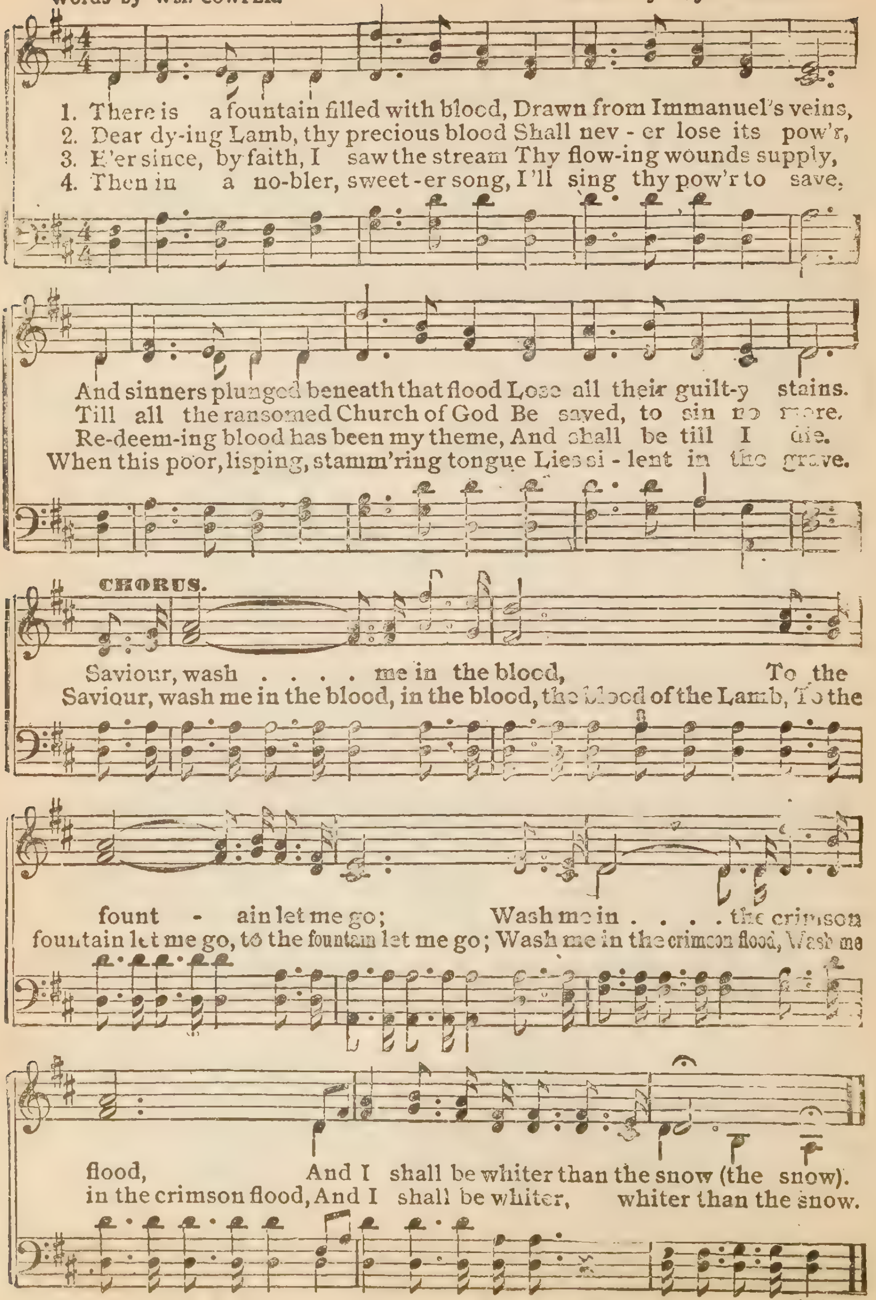
# The Fountain.

Words by WM. COWPER. Music by A. J. BUCHANAN.


1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
2. Dear dy-ing Lamb, thy precious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
3. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds supply,
4. Then in a no-bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing thy pow'r to save,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilt-y stains.
Till all the ransomed Church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
Re-deem-ing blood has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.
CHORUS.
Saviour, wash . . . . me in the blood, To the
Saviour, wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, To the
fount - ain let me go; Wash me in . . . . the crimson
fountain let me go, to the fountain let me go; Wash me in the crimson flood, Wash me
flood, And I shall be whiter than the snow (the snow).
in the crimson flood, And I shall be whiter, whiter than the snow.

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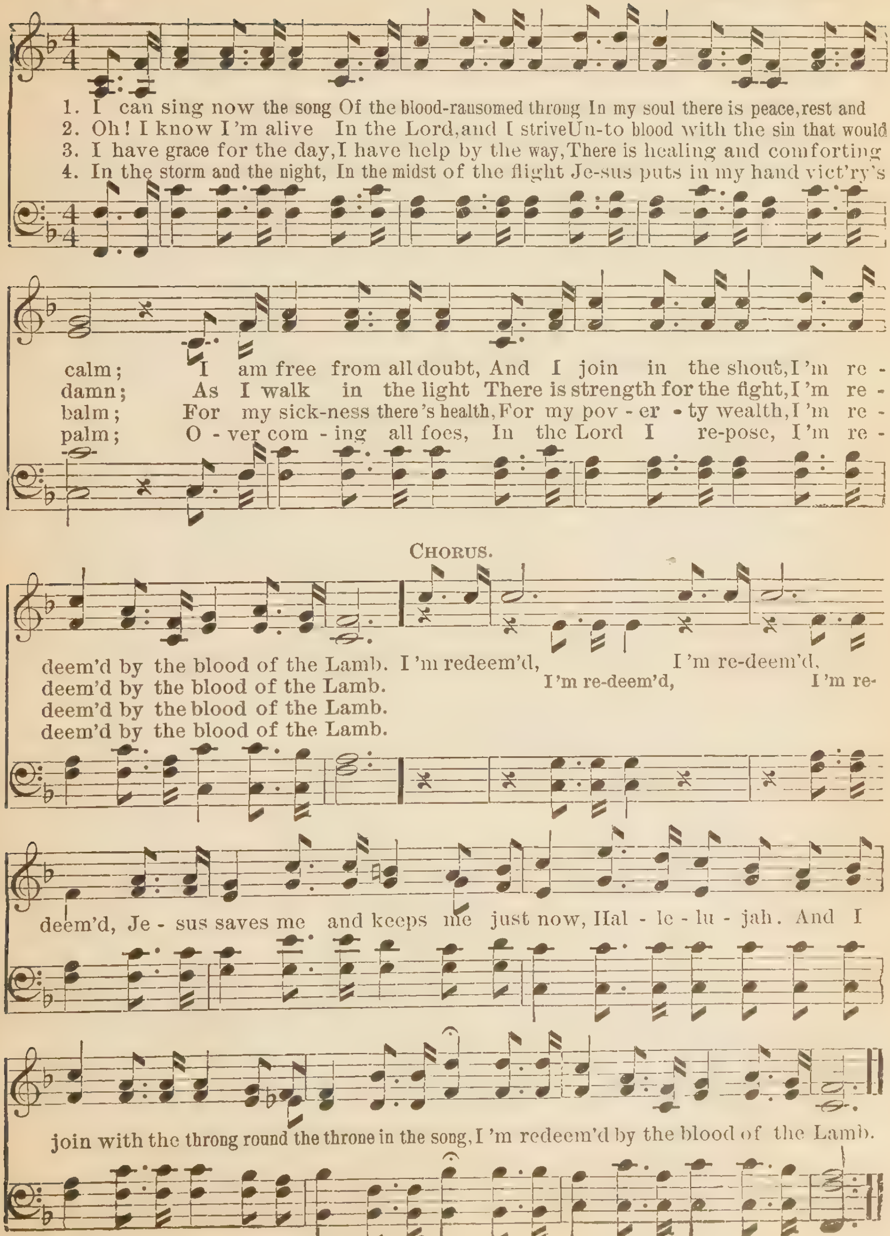
# I'm Redeemed.

R. K. C.

R. Kelso Carter.


1. I can sing now the song Of the blood-ransomed throng In my soul there is peace, rest and calm; I am free from all doubt, And I join in the shout, I'm re - deem'd by the blood of the Lamb.
2. Oh! I know I'm alive In the Lord, and I strive Un-to blood with the sin that would damn; As I walk in the light There is strength for the fight, I'm re - deem'd by the blood of the Lamb.
3. I have grace for the day, I have help by the way, There is healing and comforting balm; For my sick-ness there's health, For my pov - er - ty wealth, I'm re - deem'd by the blood of the Lamb.
4. In the storm and the night, In the midst of the flight Je-sus puts in my hand vict'ry's palm; O - ver com - ing all foes, In the Lord I re-pose, I'm re - deem'd by the blood of the Lamb.
Chorus.
I'm redeem'd, I'm re-deem'd, I'm re-deem'd, I'm re-deem'd, Je - sus saves me and keeps me just now, Hal - le - lu - jah. And I join with the throng round the throne in the song, I'm redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb.

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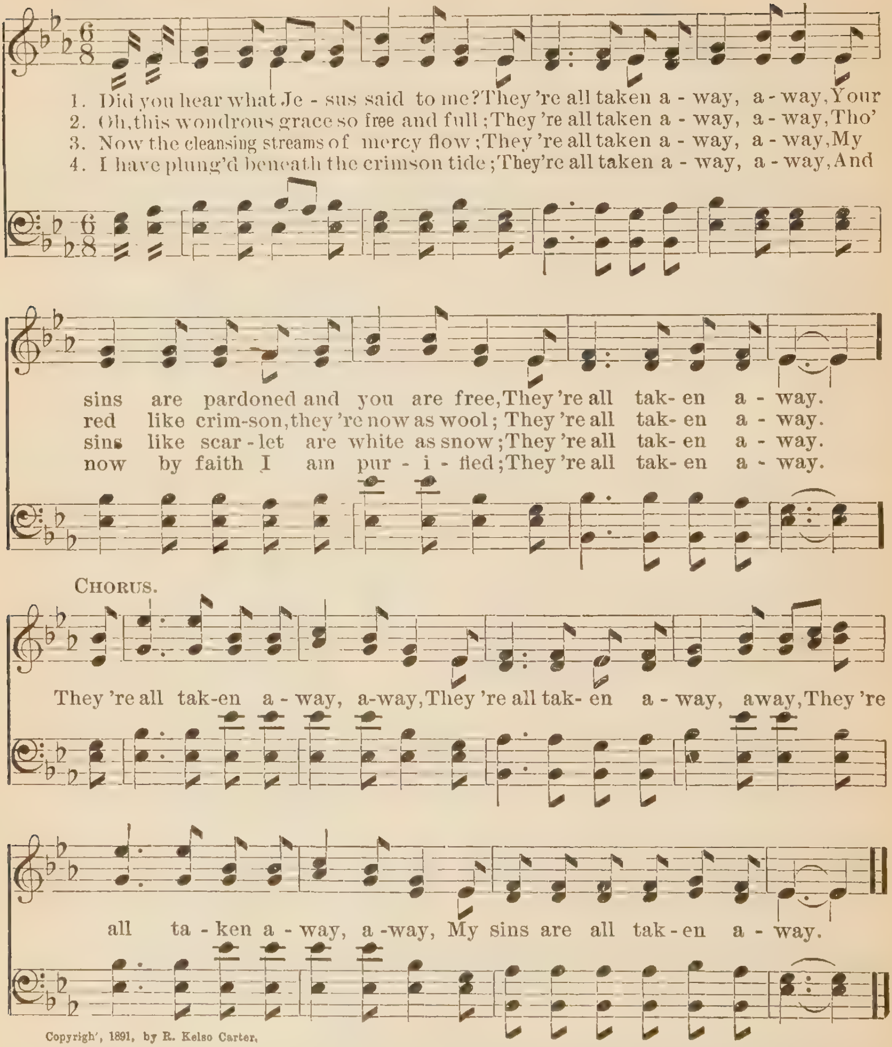
## 317

# All Taken Away.

R. Kelso Carter, *(except first verse).* A. A.


1. Did you hear what Je - sus said to me? They 're all taken a - way, a - way, Your
2. Oh, this wondrous grace so free and full; They 're all taken a - way, a - way, Tho'
3. Now the cleansing streams of mercy flow; They 're all taken a - way, a - way, My
4. I have plung'd beneath the crimson tide; They're all taken a - way, a - way, And
sins are pardoned and you are free, They 're all tak- en a - way.
red like crim-son, they 're now as wool; They 're all tak- en a - way.
sins like scar - let are white as snow; They 're all tak- en a - way.
now by faith I am pur - i - fied; They 're all tak- en a - way.
CHORUS.
They 're all tak-en a - way, a-way, They 're all tak- en a - way, away, They 're
all ta - ken a - way, a -way, My sins are all tak - en a - way.

Copyrigh', 1891, by R. Kelso Carter.

5 Oh, the cleansing blood has washed my soul;
They 're all taken away, away;
And Jesus' healing has made me whole;
They 're all taken away.

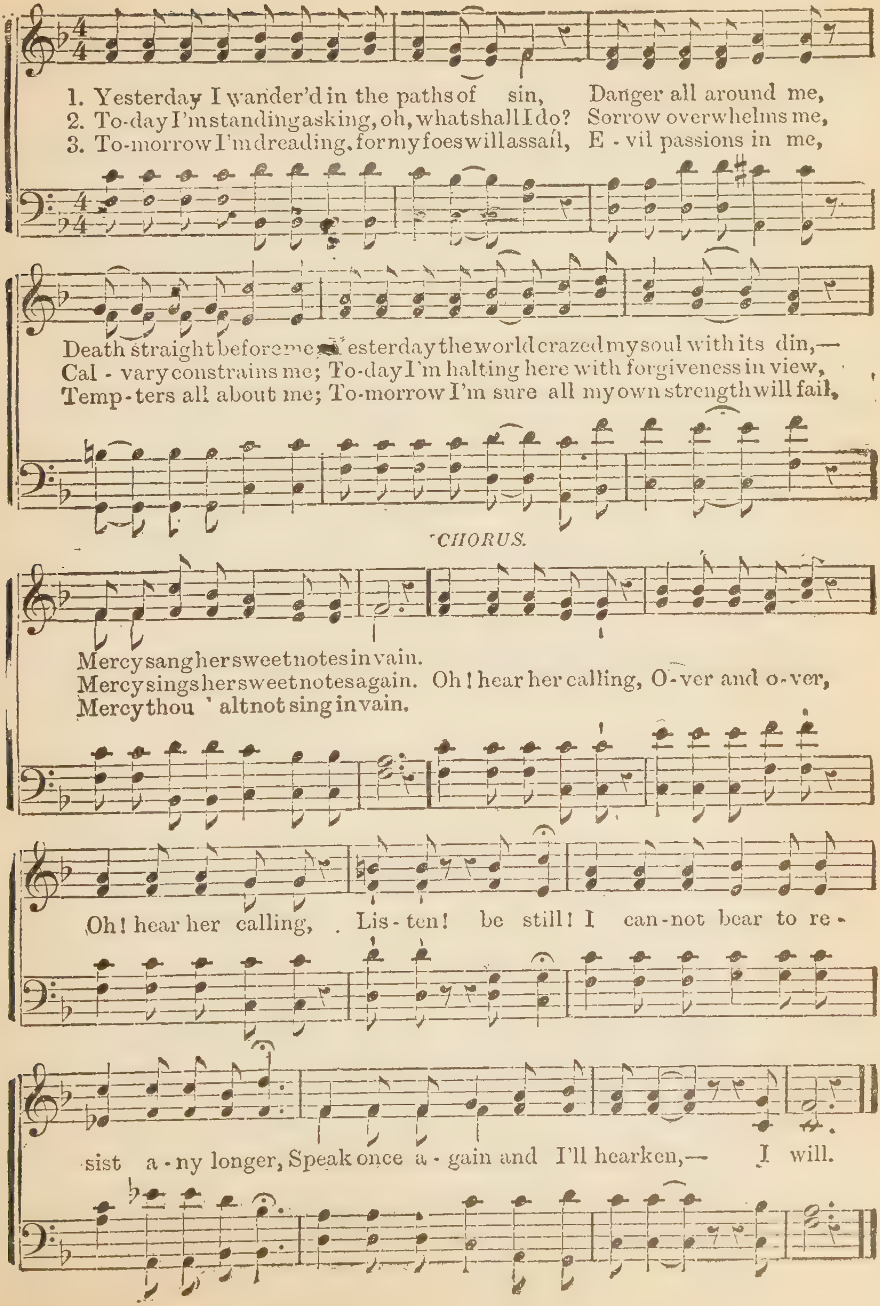
6 Now the Spirit witnesses to me;
They 're all taken away, away;
And keeps me standing in liberty;
They 're all taken away.

7 So I praise the Lord for sins forgiven,
They 're all taken away, away;
While onward pressing my way to heav'n;
They 're all taken away.

8 And when in glory we meet above;
They 're all taken away, away;
We 'll sing the song of Redeeming Love;
They 're all taken away.

# Yesterday, To-Day and To-Morrow.

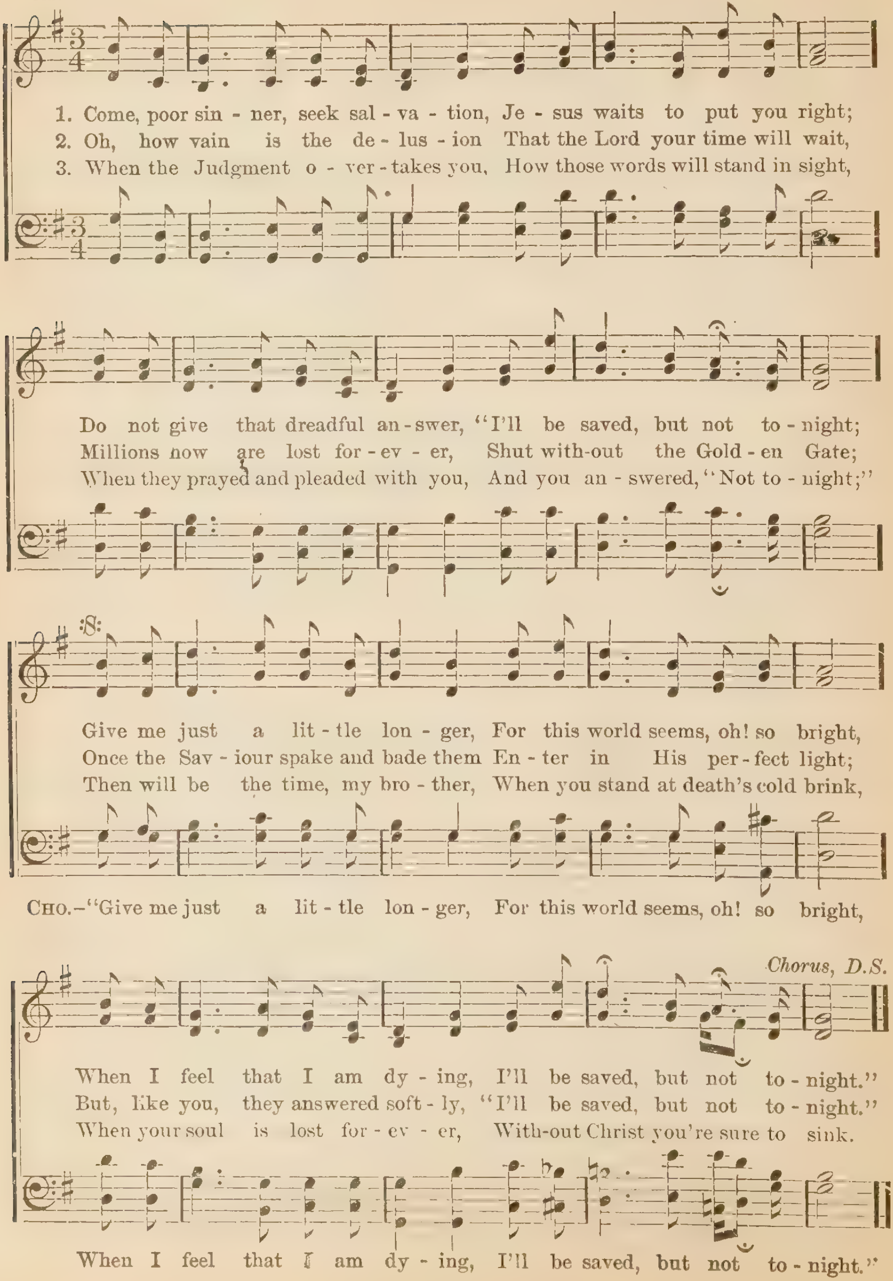
J. E. L. — Rev. J. E. Lanceley.


1. Yesterday I wander'd in the paths of sin, Danger all around me,
2. To-day I'm standing asking, oh, what shall I do? Sorrow overwhelms me,
3. To-morrow I'm dreading, for my foes will assail, E - vil passions in me,
Death straight before me; Yesterday the world crazed my soul with its din,—
Cal - vary constrains me; To-day I'm halting here with forgiveness in view,
Temp - ters all about me; To-morrow I'm sure all my own strength will fail,
CHORUS.
Mercy sang her sweet notes in vain.
Mercy sings her sweet notes again. Oh! hear her calling, O-ver and o-ver,
Mercy thou ' alt not sing in vain.
Oh! hear her calling, Lis - ten! be still! I can-not bear to re -
sist a - ny longer, Speak once a - gain and I'll hearken,— I will.

# 319 I'll Be Saved, But Not To-Night.

Anon.

Arr. by M. A. S.


1. Come, poor sin - ner, seek sal - va - tion, Je - sus waits to put you right;
2. Oh, how vain is the de - lus - ion That the Lord your time will wait,
3. When the Judgment o - ver - takes you, How those words will stand in sight,
Do not give that dreadful an - swer, "I'll be saved, but not to - night;
Millions now are lost for - ev - er, Shut with-out the Gold - en Gate;
When they prayed and pleaded with you, And you an - swered, "Not to - night;"
Give me just a lit - tle lon - ger, For this world seems, oh! so bright,
Once the Sav - iour spake and bade them En - ter in His per - fect light;
Then will be the time, my bro - ther, When you stand at death's cold brink,
Cho.—"Give me just a lit - tle lon - ger, For this world seems, oh! so bright,
When I feel that I am dy - ing, I'll be saved, but not to - night."
But, like you, they answered soft - ly, "I'll be saved, but not to - night."
When your soul is lost for - ev - er, With-out Christ you're sure to sink.
Chorus, D.S.
When I feel that I am dy - ing, I'll be saved, but not to - night."

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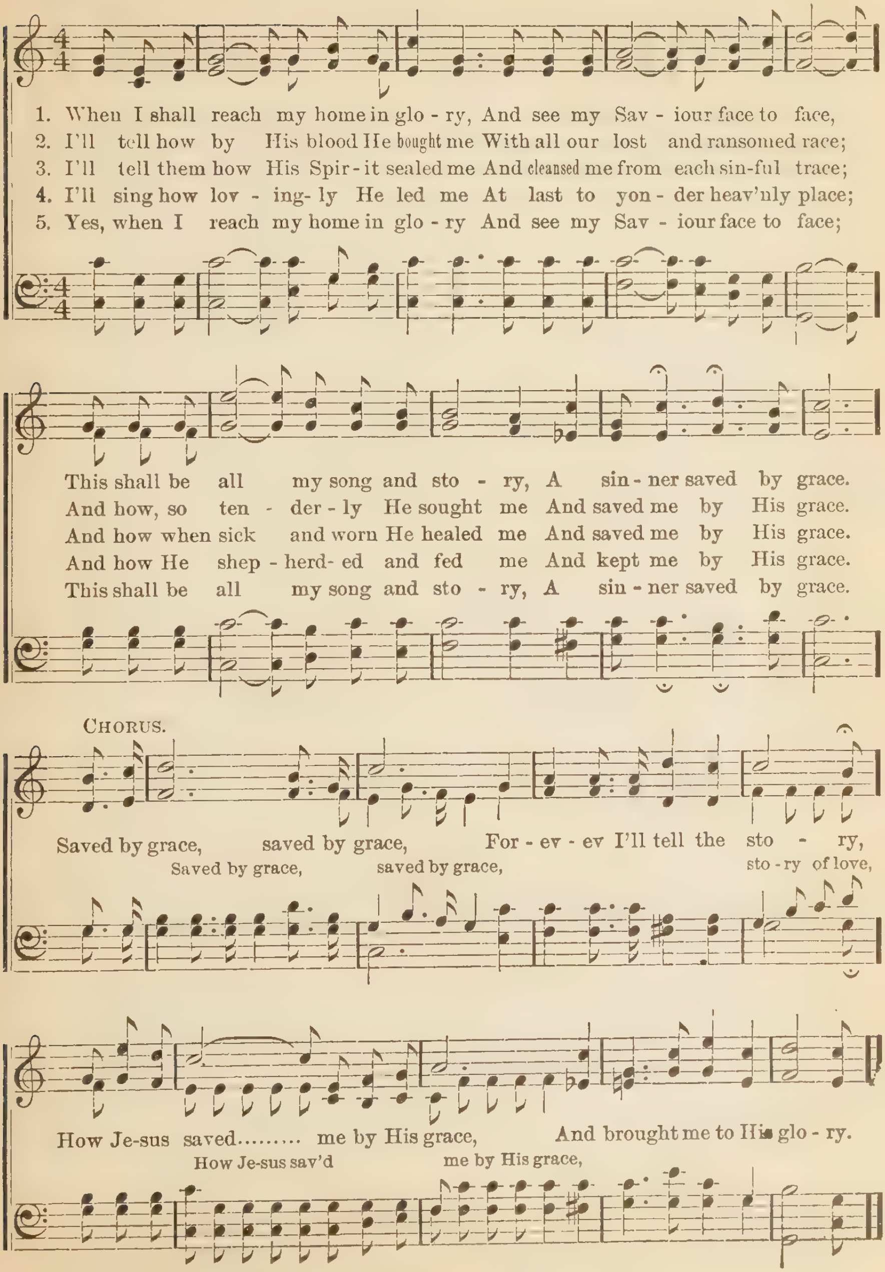
320

# A Sinner Saved by Grace.

A. B. S. A. B. Simpson.


1. When I shall reach my home in glo - ry, And see my Sav - iour face to face,
2. I'll tell how by His blood He bought me With all our lost and ransomed race;
3. I'll tell them how His Spir - it sealed me And cleansed me from each sin-ful trace;
4. I'll sing how lov - ing- ly He led me At last to yon - der heav'nly place;
5. Yes, when I reach my home in glo - ry And see my Sav - iour face to face;
This shall be all my song and sto - ry, A sin - ner saved by grace.
And how, so ten - der - ly He sought me And saved me by His grace.
And how when sick and worn He healed me And saved me by His grace.
And how He shep - herd- ed and fed me And kept me by His grace.
This shall be all my song and sto - ry, A sin - ner saved by grace.
Chorus.
Saved by grace, saved by grace, For - ev - ev I'll tell the sto - ry,
Saved by grace, saved by grace, sto - ry of love,
How Je-sus saved......... me by His grace, And brought me to His glo - ry.
How Je-sus sav'd me by His grace,

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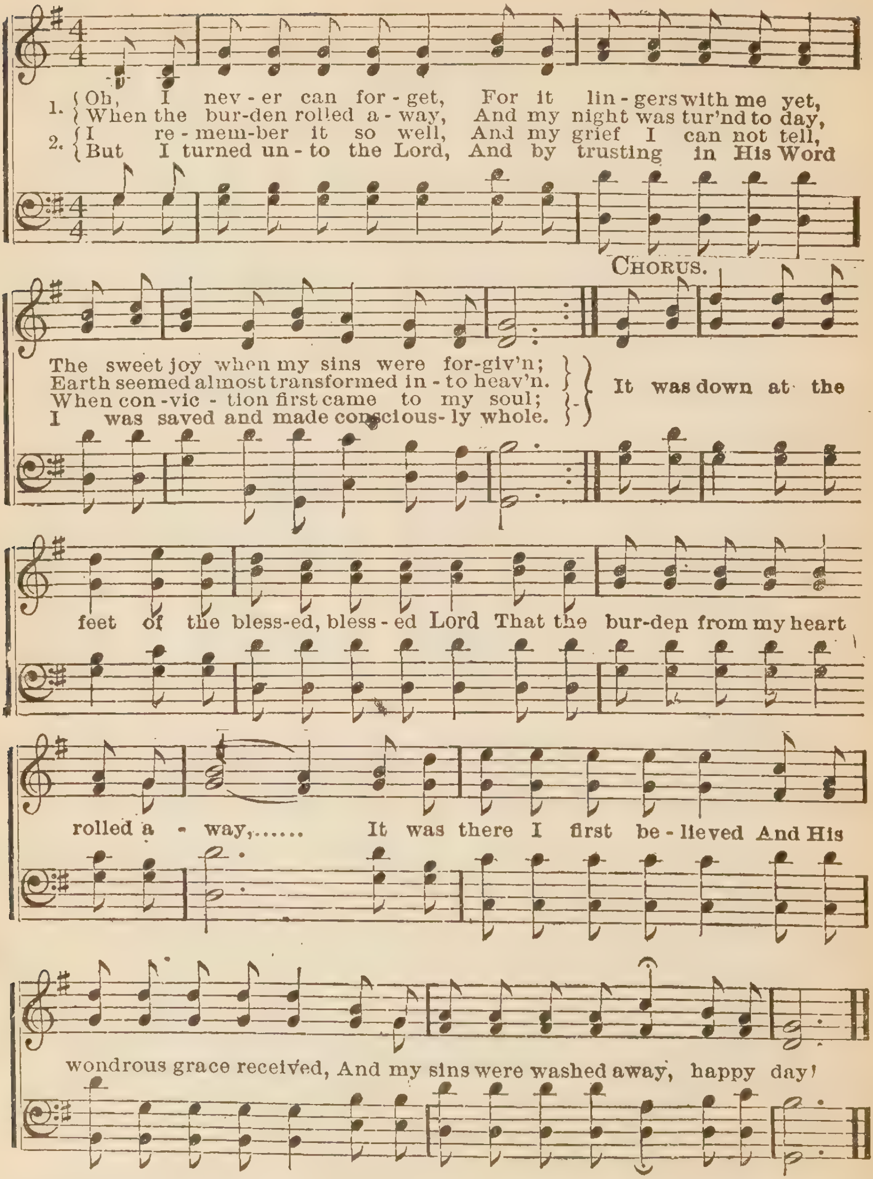
## 321.

# O, I Never Can Forget.

E. A. H. By per., Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.


1. Oh, I never can forget, For it lingers with me yet, The sweet joy when my sins were forgiv'n;
When the burden rolled away, And my night was tur'nd to day, Earth seemed almost transformed into heav'n.
2. I remember it so well, And my grief I can not tell, When conviction first came to my soul;
But I turned unto the Lord, And by trusting in His Word I was saved and made consciously whole.
CHORUS.
It was down at the feet of the blessed, blessed Lord That the burden from my heart rolled away,...... It was there I first believed And His wondrous grace received, And my sins were washed away, happy day!

3.
Now my heart is full of song,
Hallelujahs thrill my tongue,
For His love and His goodness I know;
How can I but praise His name,
And His matchless love proclaim, [snow.
Who has washed me as white as the

4.
Brother, burdened with your sin,
Do you long for peace within?
Come to Jesus, your Savior and friend;
Unto Him your sins confess,
He will pardon, save, and bless,
And of sorrow and sin make an end

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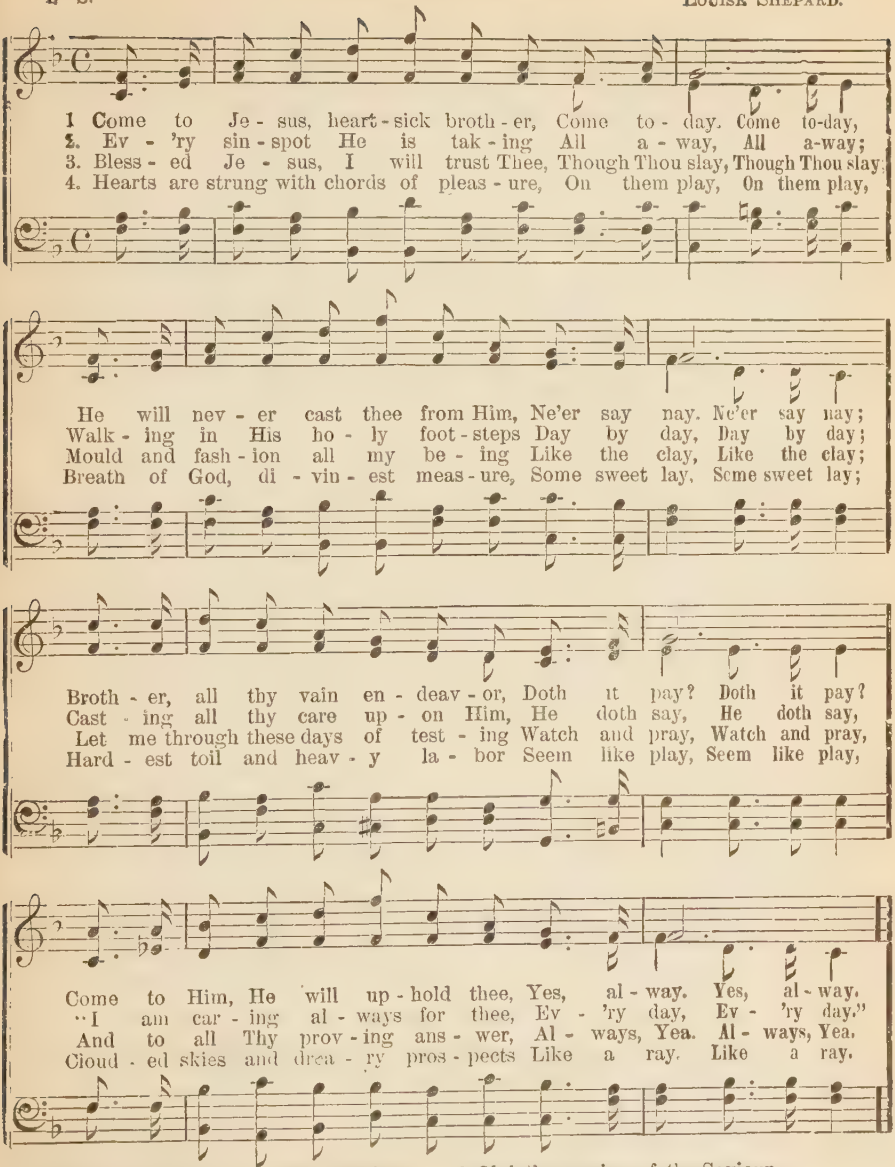
# Come to Jesus.

L. S. LOUISE SHEPARD.


1 Come to Je - sus, heart - sick broth - er, Come to - day. Come to-day,
2. Ev - 'ry sin - spot He is tak - ing All a - way, All a-way;
3. Bless - ed Je - sus, I will trust Thee, Though Thou slay, Though Thou slay;
4. Hearts are strung with chords of pleas - ure, On them play, On them play,
He will nev - er cast thee from Him, Ne'er say nay. Ne'er say nay;
Walk - ing in His ho - ly foot - steps Day by day, Day by day;
Mould and fash - ion all my be - ing Like the clay, Like the clay;
Breath of God, di - vin - est meas - ure, Some sweet lay, Some sweet lay;
Broth - er, all thy vain en - deav - or, Doth it pay? Doth it pay?
Cast - ing all thy care up - on Him, He doth say, He doth say,
Let me through these days of test - ing Watch and pray, Watch and pray,
Hard - est toil and heav - y la - bor Seem like play, Seem like play,
Come to Him, He will up - hold thee, Yes, al - way. Yes, al - way.
"I am car - ing al - ways for thee, Ev - 'ry day, Ev - 'ry day."
And to all Thy prov - ing ans - wer, Al - ways, Yea. Al - ways, Yea.
Cloud - ed skies and drea - ry pros - pects Like a ray. Like a ray.

5 Heavenly strength and health are given
As my day,
No assault of fierce temptation
Can waylay;
Every sickness, He will take it
All away,
He, His strength in hours of weakness
Will display

6 Oh! the coming of the Saviour—
Soon He may,
And my heart is turning ever
Up that way.
Never could these throbbing heart-strings
E'er betray;
For He's soon and swiftly coming,
Some sweet day.

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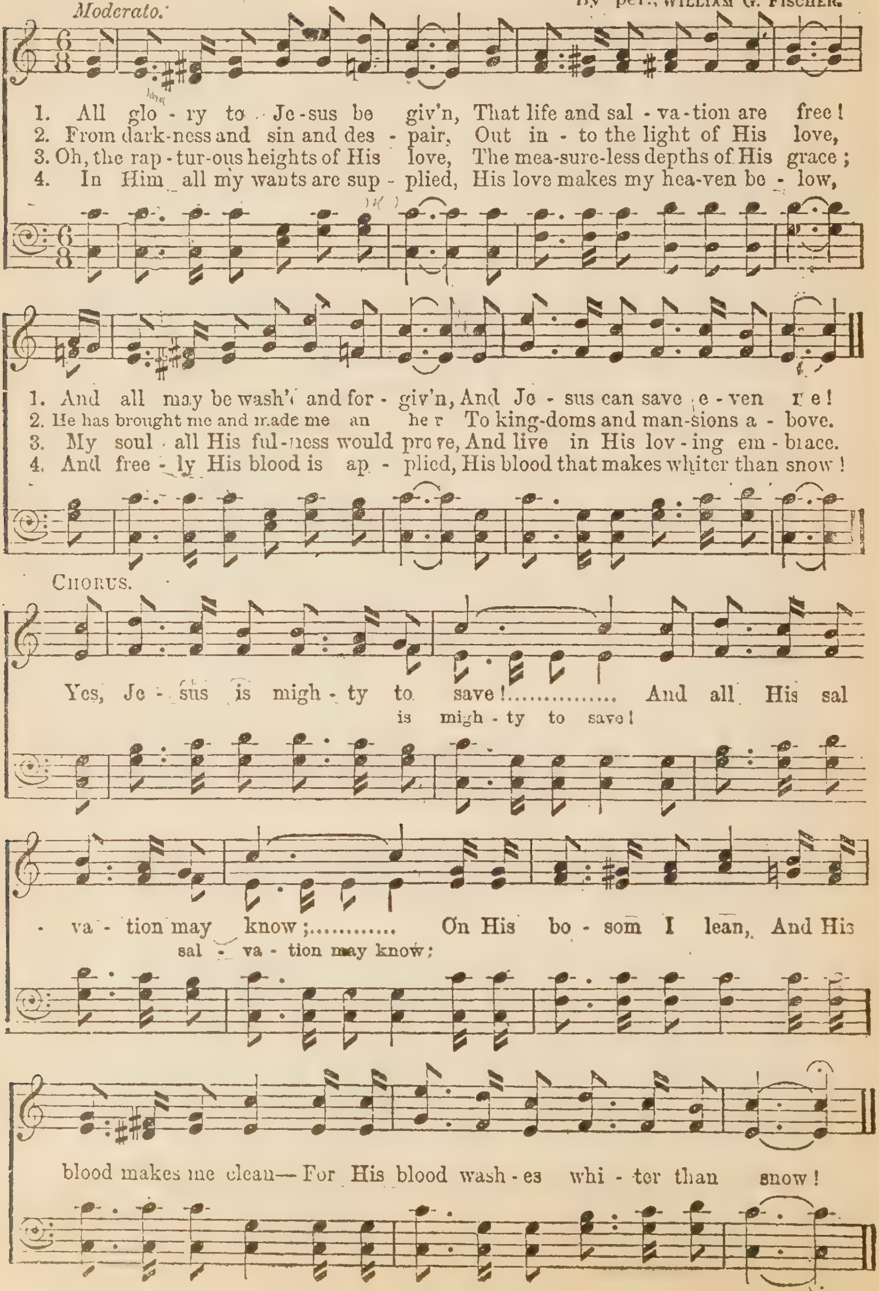
## 323 Jesus is Mighty to Save.

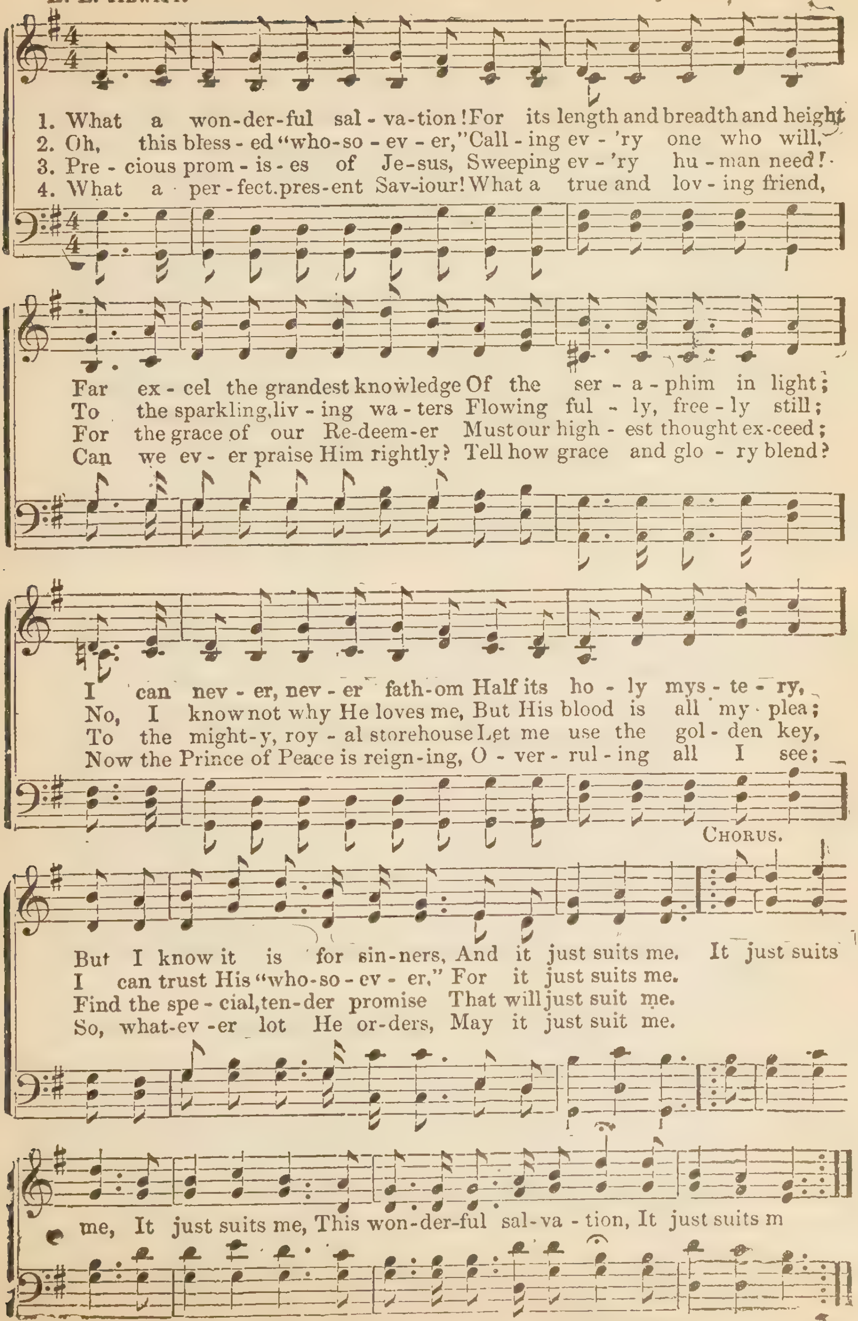
Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer. By per., William G. Fischer.


Moderato.
1. All glo - ry to Je - sus be giv'n, That life and sal - va - tion are free!
2. From dark - ness and sin and des - pair, Out in - to the light of His love,
3. Oh, the rap - tur - ous heights of His love, The mea - sure - less depths of His grace;
4. In Him all my wants are sup - plied, His love makes my hea - ven be - low,
1. And all may be wash'd and for - giv'n, And Je - sus can save e - ven me!
2. He has brought me and made me an heir To king - doms and man - sions a - bove.
3. My soul all His ful - ness would prove, And live in His lov - ing em - brace.
4. And free - ly His blood is ap - plied, His blood that makes whiter than snow!
Chorus.
Yes, Je - sus is migh - ty to save!............... And all His sal
is migh - ty to save!
- va - tion may know;............ On His bo - som I lean, And His
sal - va - tion may know;
blood makes me clean— For His blood wash - es whi - ter than snow!

324

# It Just Suits Me.

**E. E. Hewitt.** **Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.**


1. What a won-der-ful sal-va-tion! For its length and breadth and height
2. Oh, this bless-ed "who-so-ev-er," Call-ing ev-'ry one who will,
3. Pre-cious prom-is-es of Je-sus, Sweeping ev-'ry hu-man need!
4. What a per-fect pres-ent Sav-iour! What a true and lov-ing friend,
Far ex-cel the grandest knowledge Of the ser-a-phim in light;
To the sparkling, liv-ing wa-ters Flowing ful-ly, free-ly still;
For the grace of our Re-deem-er Must our high-est thought ex-ceed;
Can we ev-er praise Him rightly? Tell how grace and glo-ry blend?
I can nev-er, nev-er fath-om Half its ho-ly mys-te-ry,
No, I know not why He loves me, But His blood is all my plea;
To the might-y, roy-al storehouse Let me use the gol-den key,
Now the Prince of Peace is reign-ing, O-ver-rul-ing all I see;
Chorus.
But I know it is for sin-ners, And it just suits me. It just suits
I can trust His "who-so-ev-er." For it just suits me.
Find the spe-cial, ten-der promise That will just suit me.
So, what-ev-er lot He or-ders, May it just suit me.
me, It just suits me, This won-der-ful sal-va-tion, It just suits m

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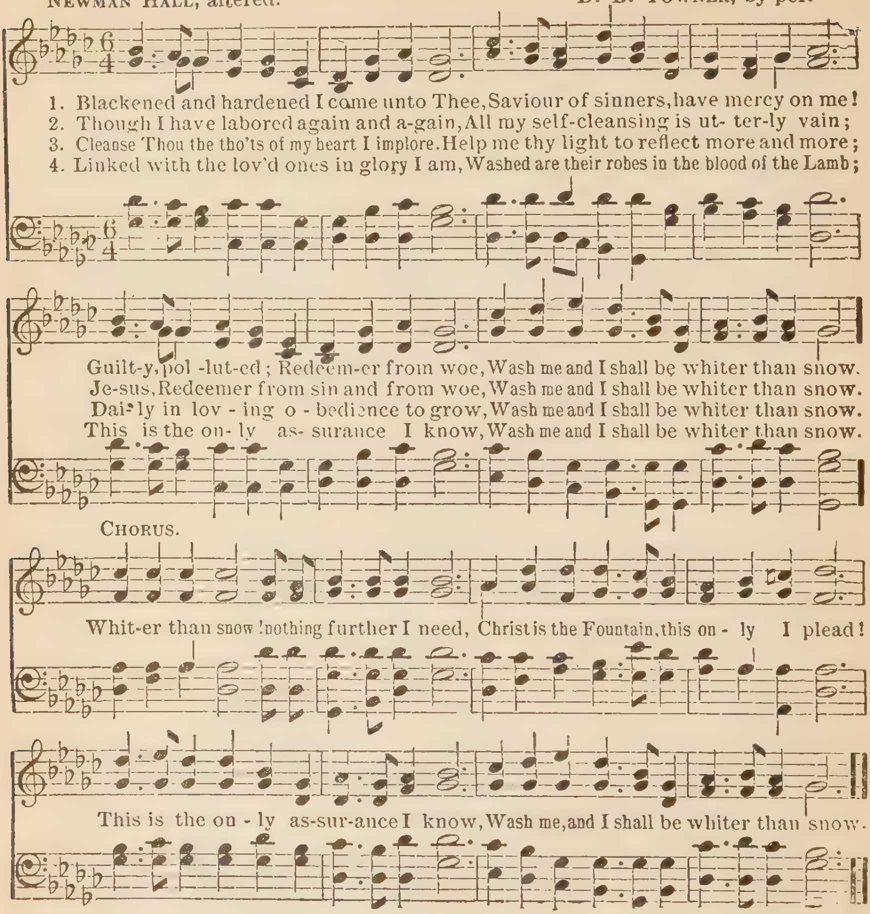
## Christ is the Fountain.

NEWMAN HALL, altered.

D. B. TOWNER, by per.


1. Blackened and hardened I come unto Thee, Saviour of sinners, have mercy on me!
2. Though I have labored again and a-gain, All my self-cleansing is ut- ter-ly vain;
3. Cleanse Thou the tho'ts of my heart I implore. Help me thy light to reflect more and more;
4. Linked with the lov'd ones in glory I am, Washed are their robes in the blood of the Lamb;
Guilt-y, pol -lut-ed; Redeem-er from woe, Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.
Je-sus, Redeemer from sin and from woe, Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.
Dai-ly in lov - ing o - bedience to grow, Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.
This is the on- ly as- surance I know, Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.
CHORUS.
Whit-er than snow! nothing further I need, Christ is the Fountain, this on - ly I plead!
This is the on - ly as-sur-ance I know, Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

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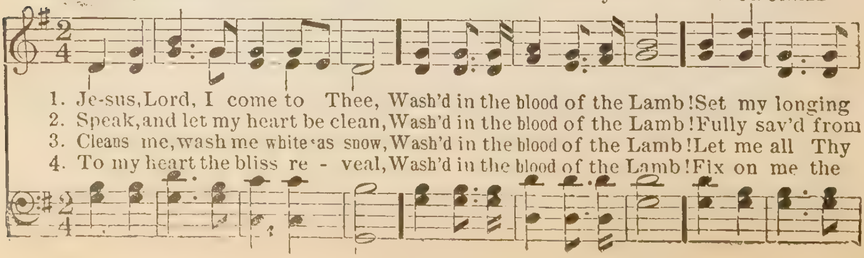
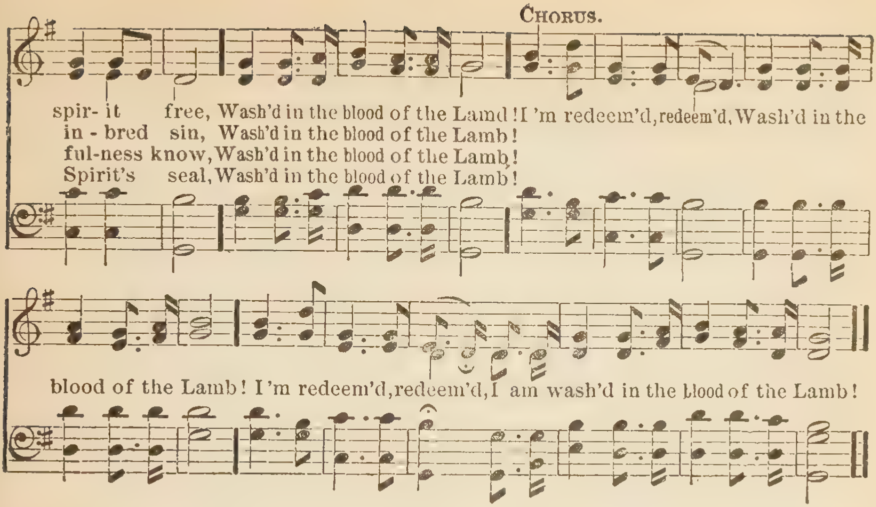
326

## Redeemed and Washed.

Words by Rev. W. McDONALD.

Arr. by Rev. W. McDONALD.

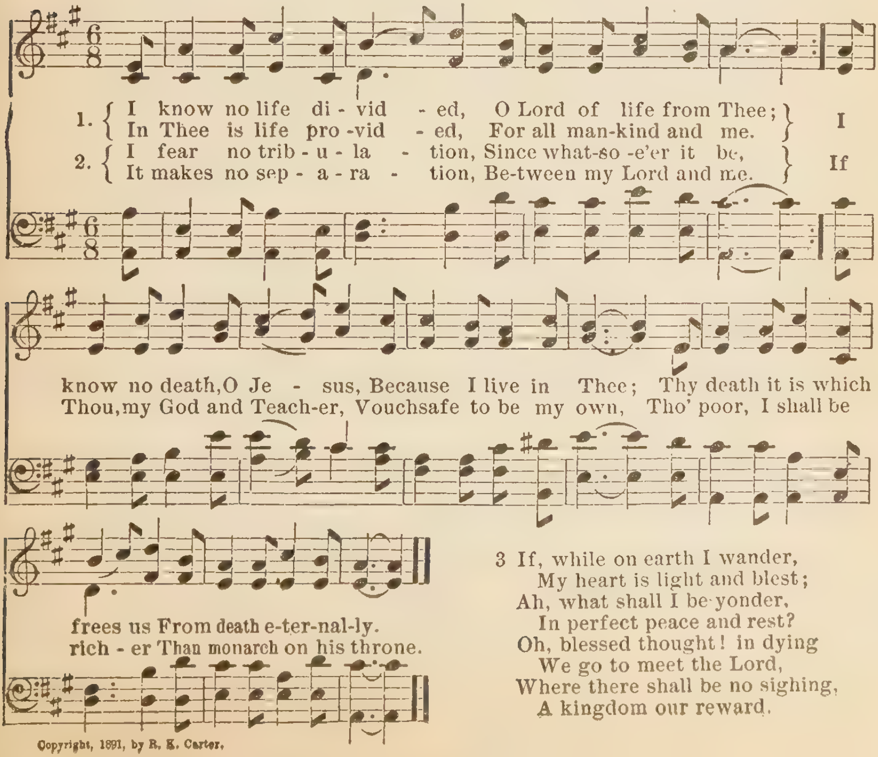

1. Je-sus, Lord, I come to Thee, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb! Set my longing
2. Speak, and let my heart be clean, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb! Fully sav'd from
3. Cleans me, wash me white as snow, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb! Let me all Thy
4. To my heart the bliss re - veal, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb! Fix on me the


Chorus.
spir- it free, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb! I 'm redeem'd, redeem'd, Wash'd in the
in - bred sin, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb!
ful-ness know, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb!
Spirit's seal, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb!
blood of the Lamb! I 'm redeem'd, redeem'd, I am wash'd in the blood of the Lamb!

## 327

## Union. 7s and 6s.

**Carl Spitta, Tr. by R. Massie.** **R. Kelso Carter.**


1. I know no life di - vid - ed, O Lord of life from Thee; I
In Thee is life pro - vid - ed, For all man-kind and me.
2. I fear no trib - u - la - tion, Since what-so - e'er it be, If
It makes no sep - a - ra - tion, Be-tween my Lord and me.
know no death, O Je - sus, Because I live in Thee; Thy death it is which
Thou, my God and Teach-er, Vouchsafe to be my own, Tho' poor, I shall be
frees us From death e-ter-nal-ly.
rich - er Than monarch on his throne.

3 If, while on earth I wander,
My heart is light and blest;
Ah, what shall I be yonder,
In perfect peace and rest?
Oh, blessed thought! in dying
We go to meet the Lord,
Where there shall be no sighing,
A kingdom our reward.

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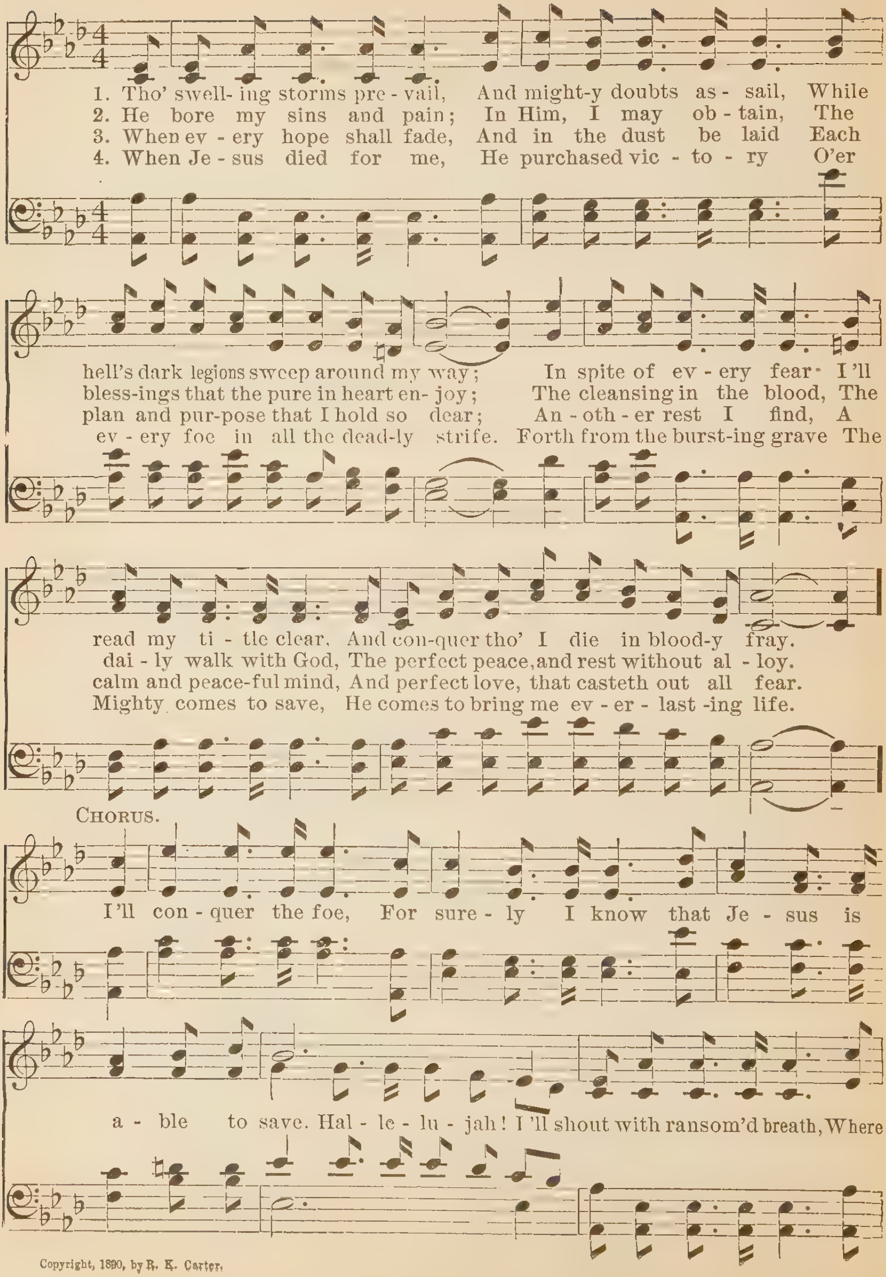
# Redemption.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.


1. Tho' swell-ing storms pre-vail, And might-y doubts as-sail, While
2. He bore my sins and pain; In Him, I may ob-tain, The
3. When ev-ery hope shall fade, And in the dust be laid Each
4. When Je-sus died for me, He purchased vic-to-ry O'er
hell's dark legions sweep around my way; In spite of ev-ery fear I'll
bless-ings that the pure in heart en-joy; The cleansing in the blood, The
plan and pur-pose that I hold so dear; An-oth-er rest I find, A
ev-ery foe in all the dead-ly strife. Forth from the burst-ing grave The
read my ti-tle clear, And con-quer tho' I die in blood-y fray.
dai-ly walk with God, The perfect peace, and rest without al-loy.
calm and peace-ful mind, And perfect love, that casteth out all fear.
Mighty comes to save, He comes to bring me ev-er-last-ing life.
Chorus.
I'll con-quer the foe, For sure-ly I know that Je-sus is
a-ble to save. Hal-le-lu-jah! I'll shout with ransom'd breath, Where

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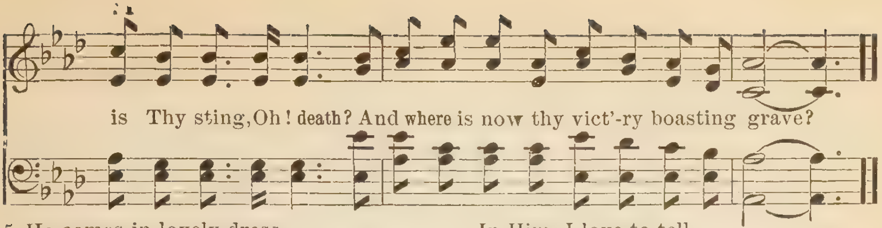

is Thy sting, Oh! death? And where is now thy vict'ry boasting grave?

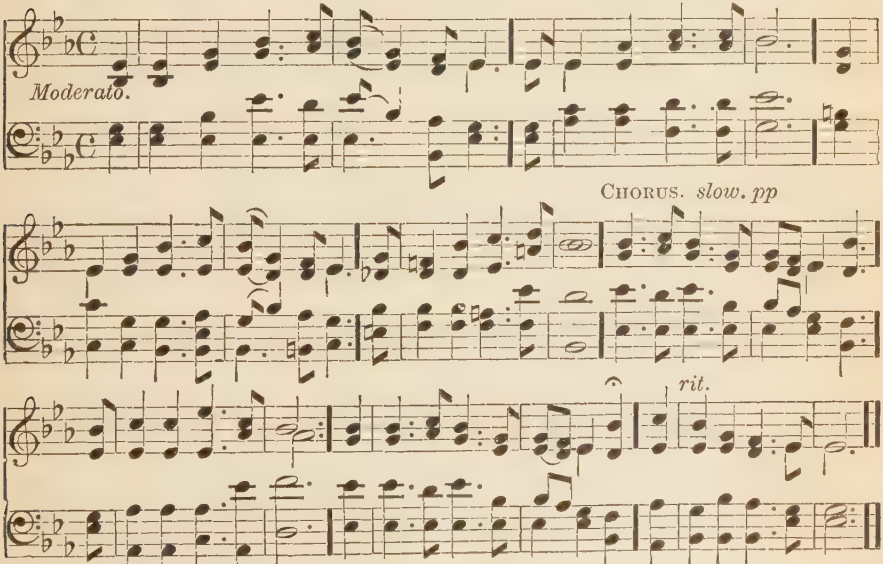
5 He comes in lovely dress
Of perfect righteousness,
To clothe me in the garments of the King;
That, free from sin and death,
I may with ransomed breath,
Hosannah in the highest, shout and sing.

6 Then, though the day be long,
I 'll sing the battle-song,
That Jesus is a Victor in the fight;
In Him, I love to tell,
I conquer death and hell;
I live by faith, and walk no more by sight.

7 Oh! let the heavens ring,
And every creature sing,
Salvation now, and Righteousness is He;
On earth and heaven's shore
I 'll praise Him evermore;
He 's Wisdom and Redemption now to me.

## 329 God Loved the World of Sinners Lost.

MRS. STOCKTON. W. G. FISCHER, by per.



1 God loved the world of sinners lost
And ruined by the fall;
Salvation full, at highest cost,
He offers free to all.

CHORUS.

Oh, 't was love, 't was wondrous love!
The love of God to me;
It brought my Saviour from above,
To die on Calvary.

2 E'en now by faith I claim Him mine,
The risen Son of God;
Redemption by His death I find,
And cleansing through the blood.

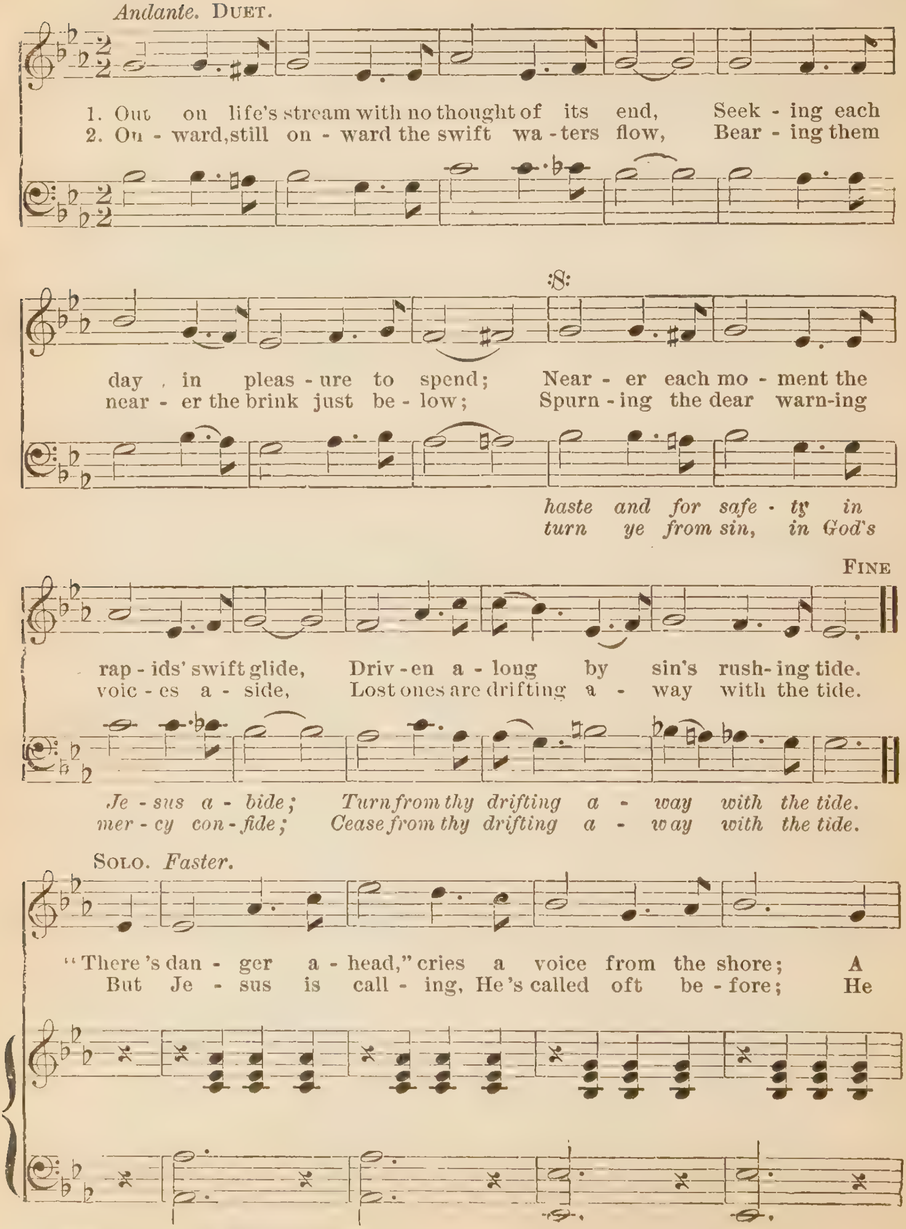
3 Love brings the glorious fulness in,
And to His saints makes known
The blessed rest from inbred sin,
Through faith in Christ alone.

4 Believing souls, rejoicing go;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste, here below,
Of endless life in heaven.

5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing;
And triumph in their every hour,
Through Christ the Lord, our King.

# Drifting Away with the tide.

W. M. W. Macomber.


Andante. Duet.
1. Out on life's stream with no thought of its end, Seek - ing each
2. On - ward, still on - ward the swift wa - ters flow, Bear - ing them
day in pleas - ure to spend; Near - er each mo - ment the
near - er the brink just be - low; Spurn - ing the dear warn-ing
haste and for safe - ty in
turn ye from sin, in God's
Fine
rap - ids' swift glide, Driv - en a - long by sin's rush - ing tide.
voic - es a - side, Lost ones are drifting a - way with the tide.
Je - sus a - bide; Turn from thy drifting a - way with the tide.
mer - cy con - fide; Cease from thy drifting a - way with the tide.
Solo. Faster.
"There 's dan - ger a - head," cries a voice from the shore; A
But Je - sus is call - ing, He 's called oft be - fore; He

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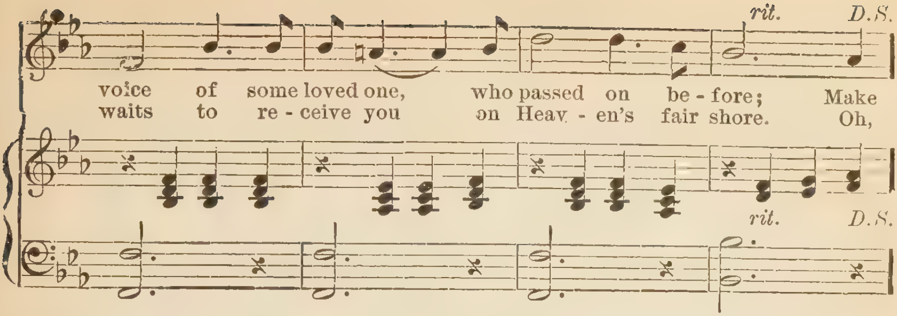
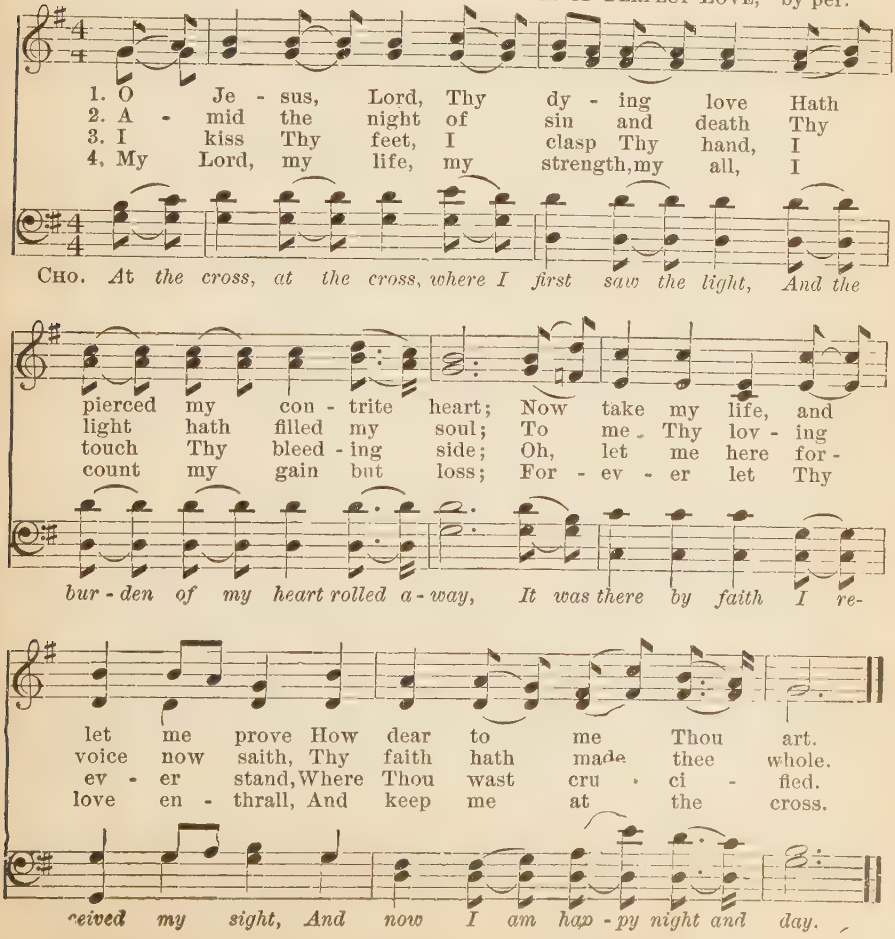

rit.
D.S.
voice of some loved one, who passed on be - fore; Make
waits to re - ceive you on Heav - en's fair shore. Oh,
rit.
D.S.

## 331

# At the Cross.

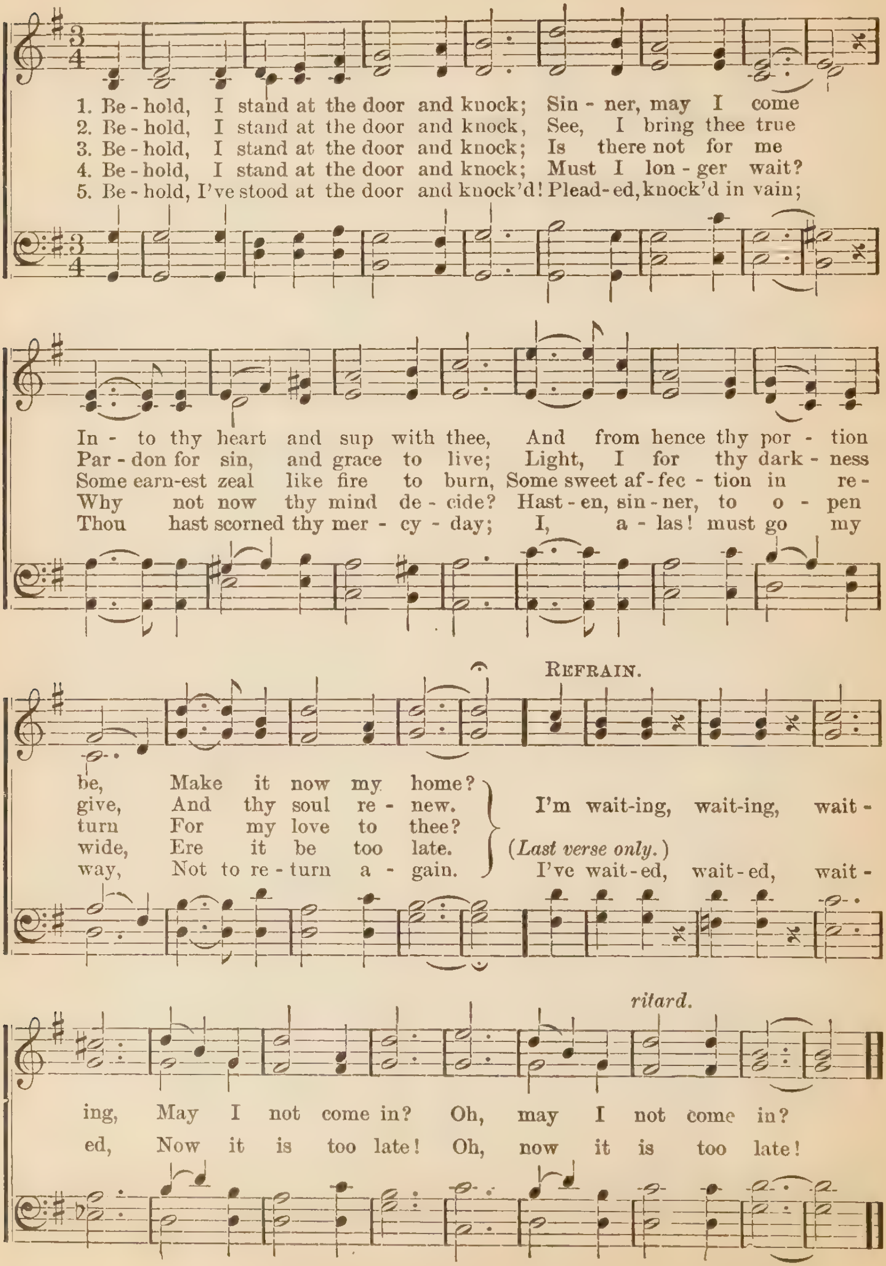
R. Kelso Carter. From "Songs of Perfect Love," by per.


1. O Je - sus, Lord, Thy dy - ing love Hath
2. A - mid the night of sin and death Thy
3. I kiss Thy feet, I clasp Thy hand, I
4. My Lord, my life, my strength, my all, I
Cho. At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the
pierced my con - trite heart; Now take my life, and
light hath filled my soul; To me Thy lov - ing
touch Thy bleed - ing side; Oh, let me here for -
count my gain but loss; For - ev - er let Thy
bur - den of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by faith I re-
let me prove How dear to me Thou art.
voice now saith, Thy faith hath made thee whole.
ev - er stand, Where Thou wast cru - ci - fied.
love en - thrall, And keep me at the cross.
ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py night and day.

# 332. Behold, I Stand at the Door and Knock.

K. M., Jr.

Rev. K. Mackenzie, Jr.


1. Be-hold, I stand at the door and knock; Sin-ner, may I come
2. Be-hold, I stand at the door and knock, See, I bring thee true
3. Be-hold, I stand at the door and knock; Is there not for me
4. Be-hold, I stand at the door and knock; Must I lon-ger wait?
5. Be-hold, I've stood at the door and knock'd! Plead-ed, knock'd in vain;
In-to thy heart and sup with thee, And from hence thy por-tion
Par-don for sin, and grace to live; Light, I for thy dark-ness
Some earn-est zeal like fire to burn, Some sweet af-fec-tion in re-
Why not now thy mind de-cide? Hast-en, sin-ner, to o-pen
Thou hast scorned thy mer-cy-day; I, a-las! must go my
be, Make it now my home?
give, And thy soul re-new.
turn For my love to thee?
wide, Ere it be too late.
way, Not to re-turn a-gain.
Refrain.
I'm wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing, May I not come in? Oh, may I not come in?
(Last verse only.)
I've wait-ed, wait-ed, wait-ed, Now it is too late! Oh, now it is too late!
ritard.

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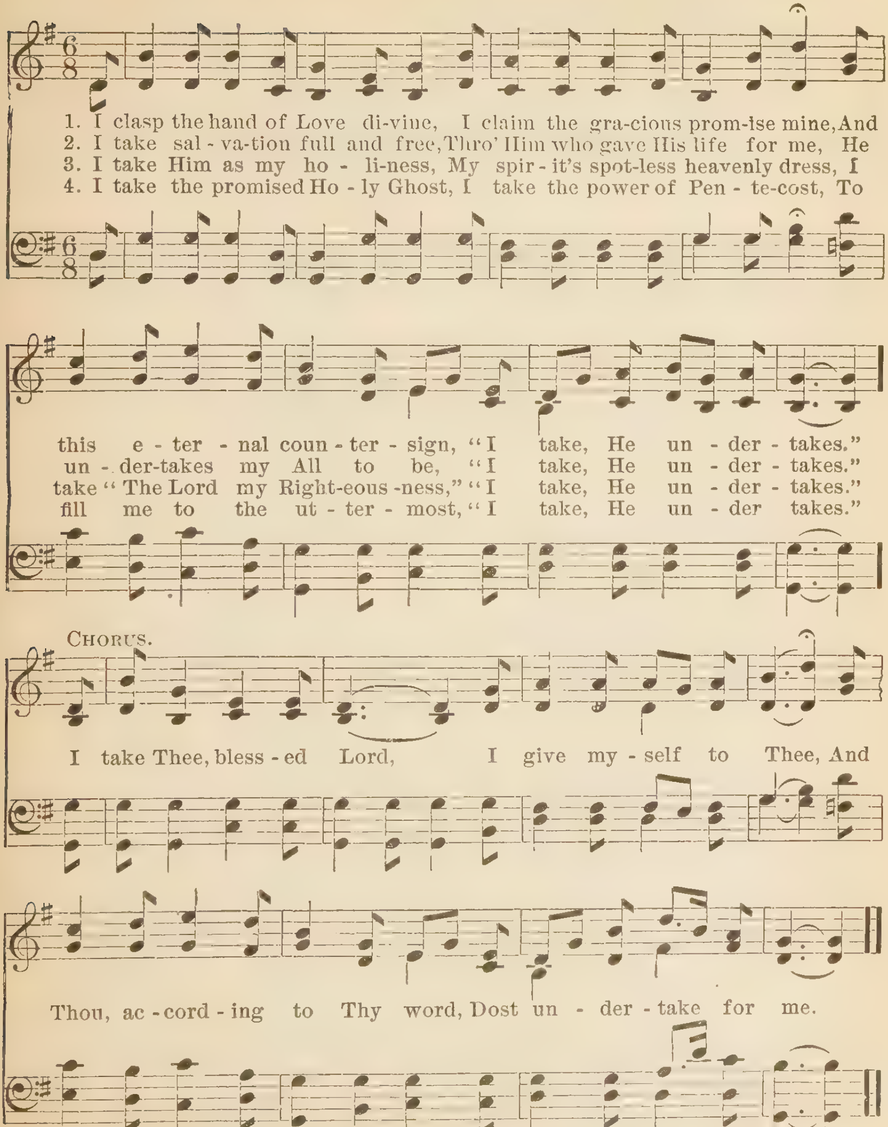
# I Take, He Undertakes.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. I clasp the hand of Love di-vine, I claim the gra-cious prom-ise mine, And
2. I take sal-va-tion full and free, Thro' Him who gave His life for me, He
3. I take Him as my ho-li-ness, My spir-it's spot-less heavenly dress, I
4. I take the promised Ho-ly Ghost, I take the power of Pen-te-cost, To
this e-ter-nal coun-ter-sign, "I take, He un-der-takes."
un-der-takes my All to be, "I take, He un-der-takes."
take "The Lord my Right-eous-ness," "I take, He un-der-takes."
fill me to the ut-ter-most, "I take, He un-der takes."
Chorus.
I take Thee, bless-ed Lord, I give my-self to Thee, And
Thou, ac-cord-ing to Thy word, Dost un-der-take for me.

5 I take Him for this mortal frame,
I take my healing through His name,
And all His risen life I claim,
"I take, He undertakes."

6 I simply take Him at His word,
I praise Him that my prayer is heard,
And claim my answer from the Lord,
"I take, He undertakes."

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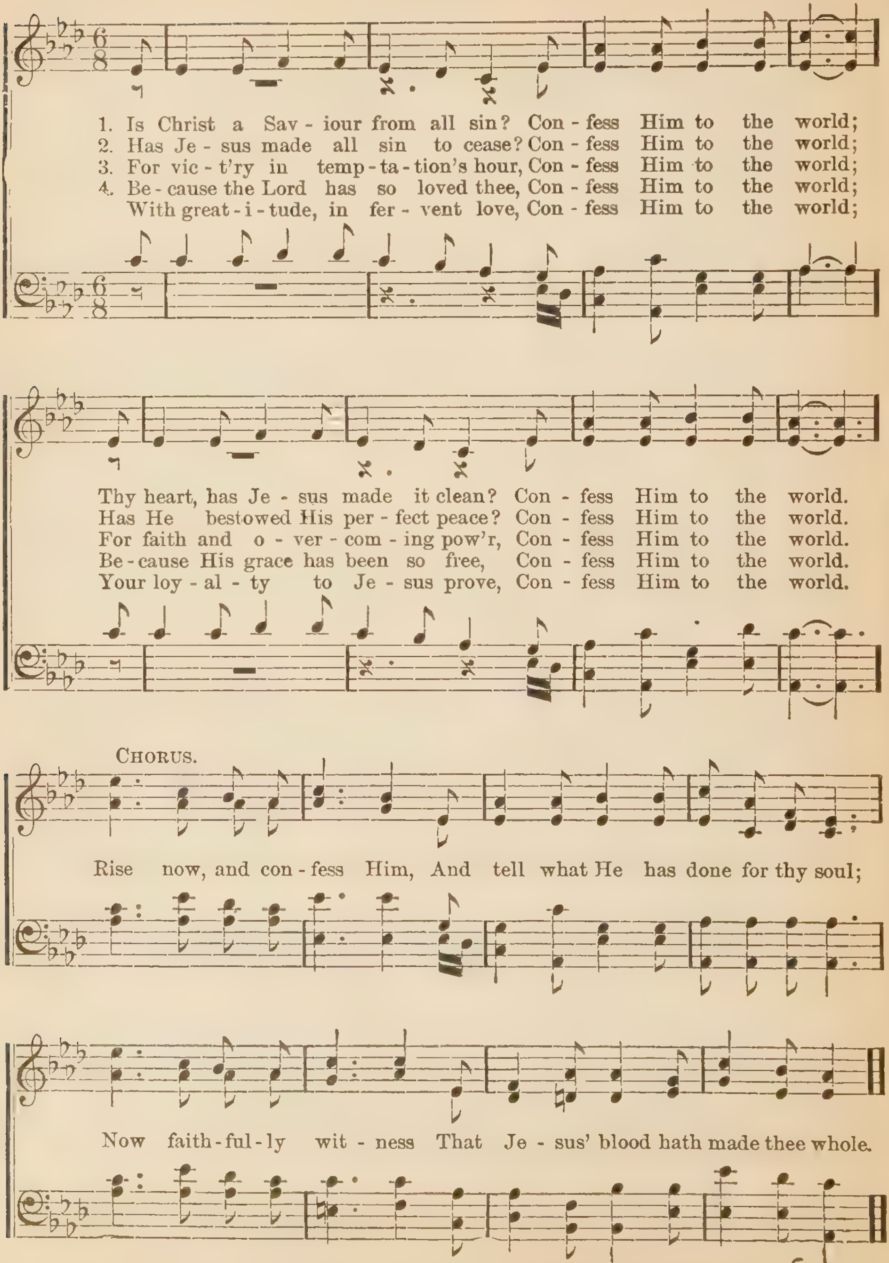
# Rise, Soul, and Confess Him.

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.


1. Is Christ a Sav - iour from all sin? Con - fess Him to the world;
2. Has Je - sus made all sin to cease? Con - fess Him to the world;
3. For vic - t'ry in temp - ta - tion's hour, Con - fess Him to the world;
4. Be - cause the Lord has so loved thee, Con - fess Him to the world;
With great - i - tude, in fer - vent love, Con - fess Him to the world;
Thy heart, has Je - sus made it clean? Con - fess Him to the world.
Has He bestowed His per - fect peace? Con - fess Him to the world.
For faith and o - ver - com - ing pow'r, Con - fess Him to the world.
Be - cause His grace has been so free, Con - fess Him to the world.
Your loy - al - ty to Je - sus prove, Con - fess Him to the world.
Chorus.
Rise now, and con - fess Him, And tell what He has done for thy soul;
Now faith - ful - ly wit - ness That Je - sus' blood hath made thee whole.

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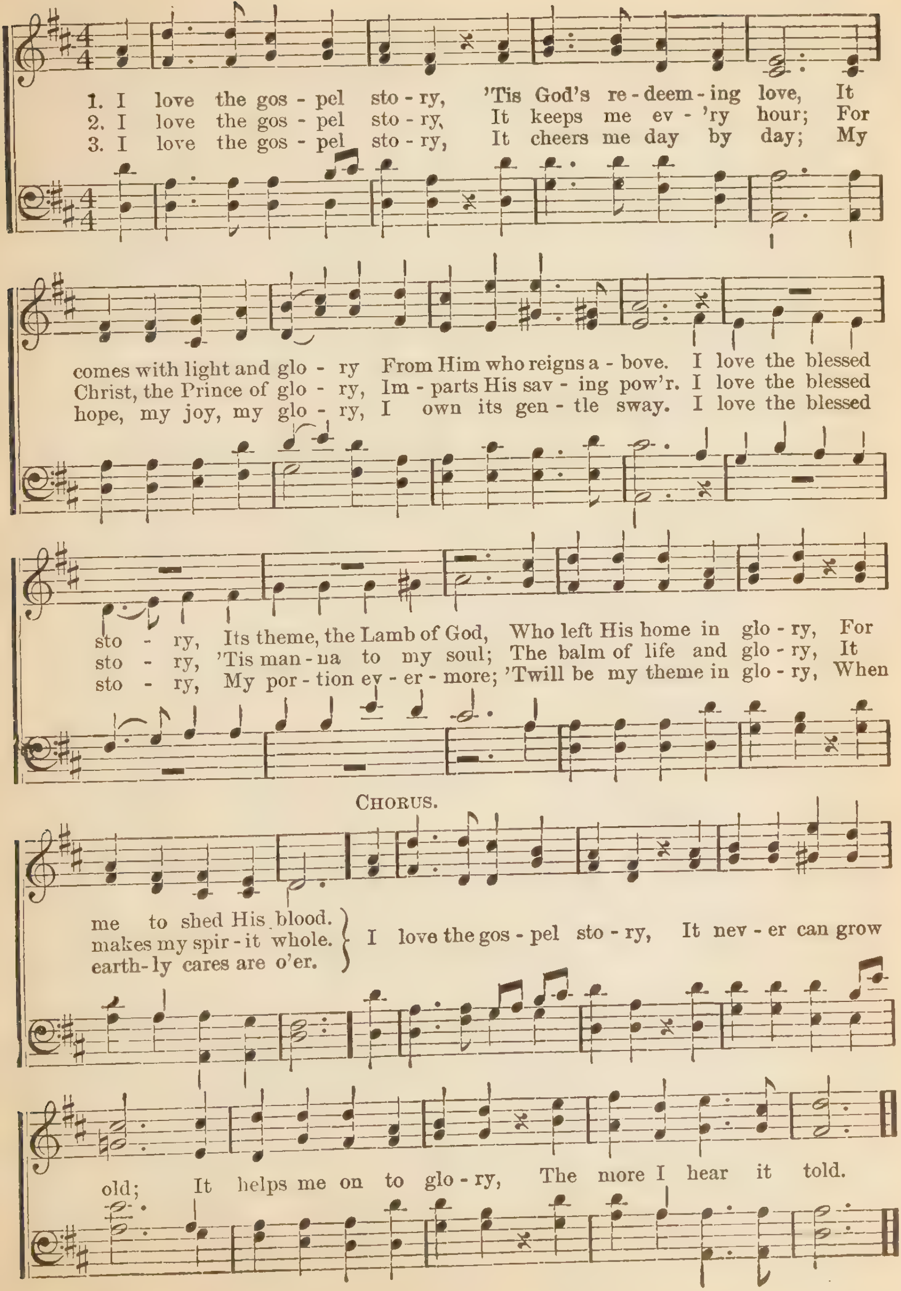
# 335 I Love the Blessed Story.

Rev. N. A. McAulay.

John P. Hillis.


1. I love the gos - pel sto - ry, 'Tis God's re - deem - ing love, It comes with light and glo - ry From Him who reigns a - bove. I love the blessed sto - ry, Its theme, the Lamb of God, Who left His home in glo - ry, For me to shed His blood.
2. I love the gos - pel sto - ry, It keeps me ev - 'ry hour; For Christ, the Prince of glo - ry, Im - parts His sav - ing pow'r. I love the blessed sto - ry, 'Tis man - na to my soul; The balm of life and glo - ry, It makes my spir - it whole.
3. I love the gos - pel sto - ry, It cheers me day by day; My hope, my joy, my glo - ry, I own its gen - tle sway. I love the blessed sto - ry, My por - tion ev - er - more; 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, When earth - ly cares are o'er.
Chorus.
I love the gos - pel sto - ry, It nev - er can grow old; It helps me on to glo - ry, The more I hear it told.

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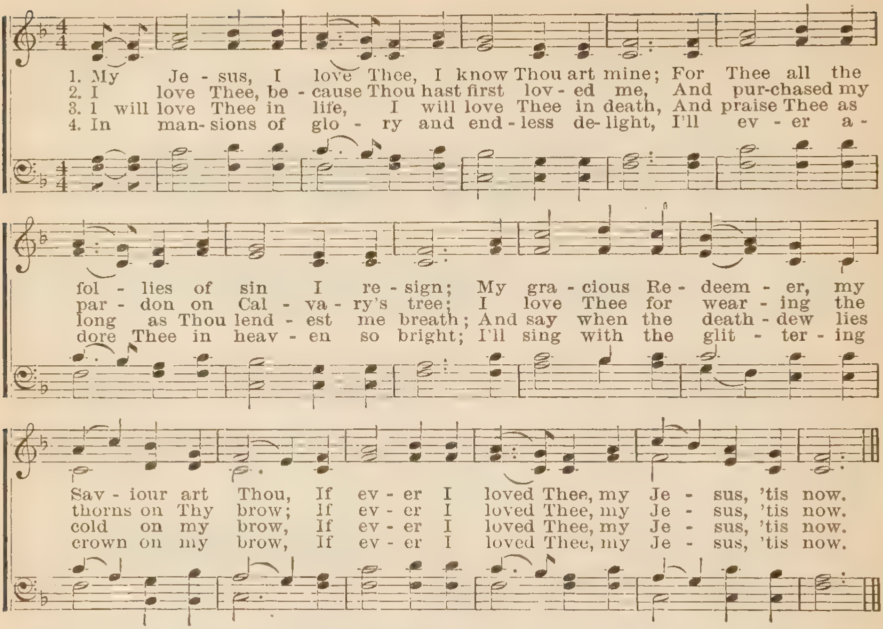
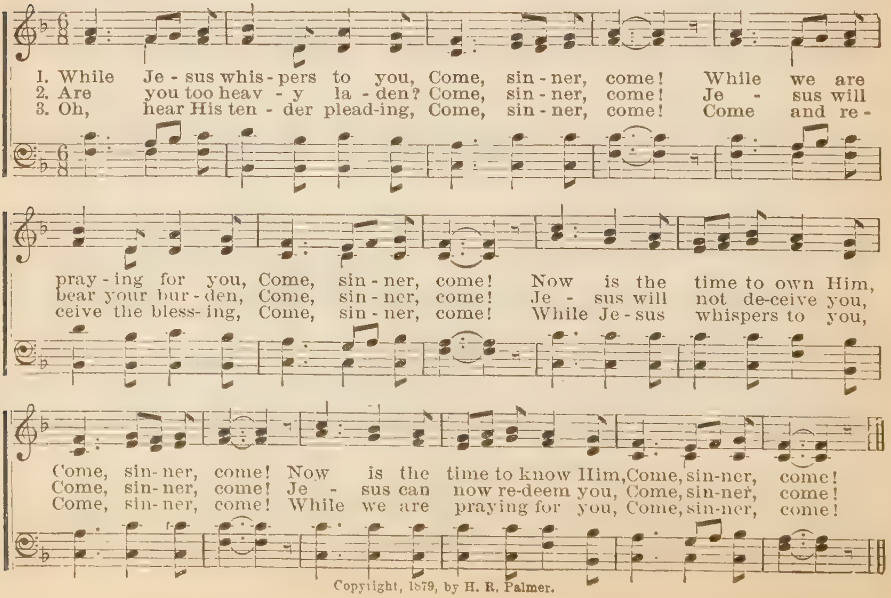
## 336 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. A. J. Gordon.


1. My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
2. I love Thee, because Thou hast first loved me, And purchased my
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In mansions of glory and endless delight, I'll ever a-
follies of sin I resign; My gracious Redeemer, my
pardon on Calvary's tree; I love Thee for wearing the
long as Thou lendest me breath; And say when the death-dew lies
dore Thee in heaven so bright; I'll sing with the glittering
Saviour art Thou, If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow; If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow, If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow, If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

## 337 While Jesus Whispers to You.

Will E. Wittier. H. R. Palmer. By per.


1. While Jesus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are
2. Are you too heavy laden? Come, sinner, come! Jesus will
3. Oh, hear His tender pleading, Come, sinner, come! Come and re-
praying for you, Come, sinner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
bear your burden, Come, sinner, come! Jesus will not deceive you,
ceive the blessing, Come, sinner, come! While Jesus whispers to you,
Come, sinner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sinner, come!
Come, sinner, come! Jesus can now redeem you, Come, sinner, come!
Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!

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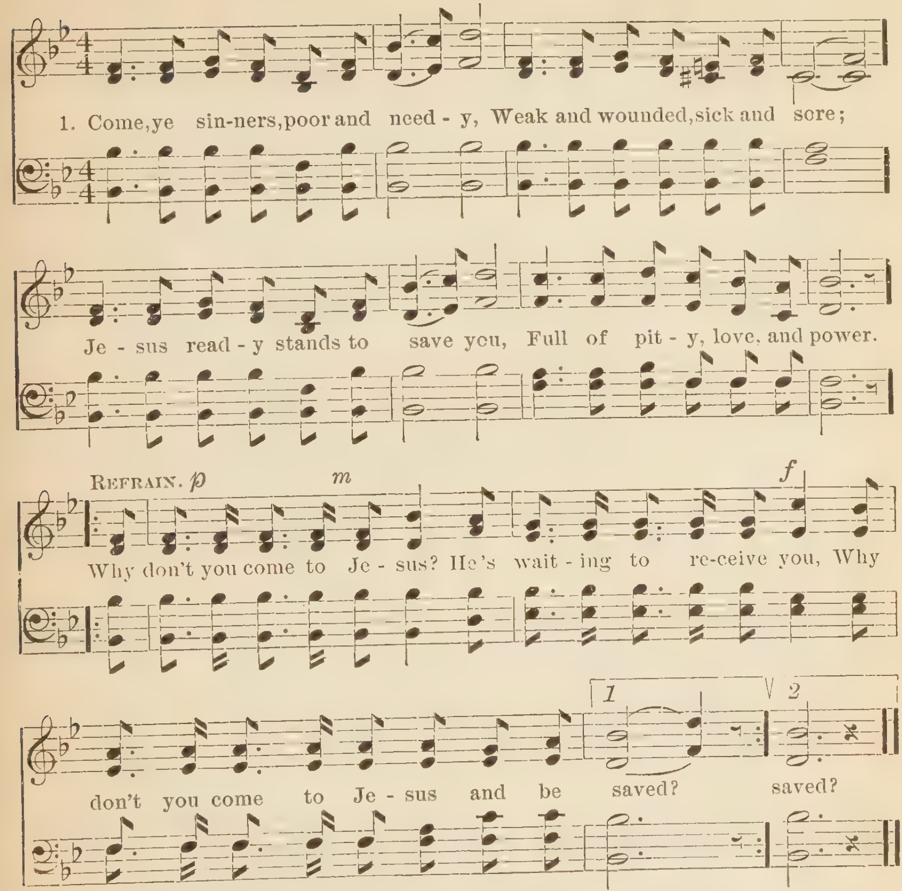
## 338 Why Don't You Come to Jesus?

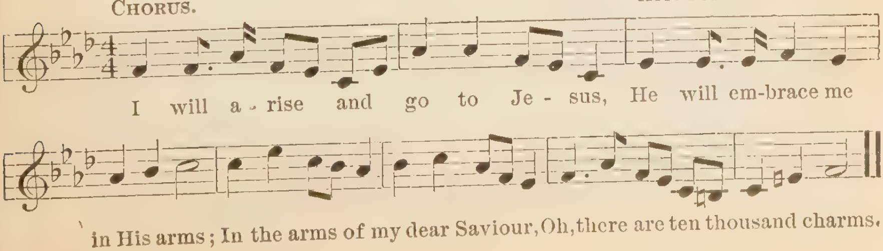
C. R. Dunbar, by per.


1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and power.
Refrain. p m f
Why don't you come to Je - sus? He's wait - ing to re-ceive you, Why
don't you come to Je - sus and be saved? saved?
1 2

*Words on opposite page.*

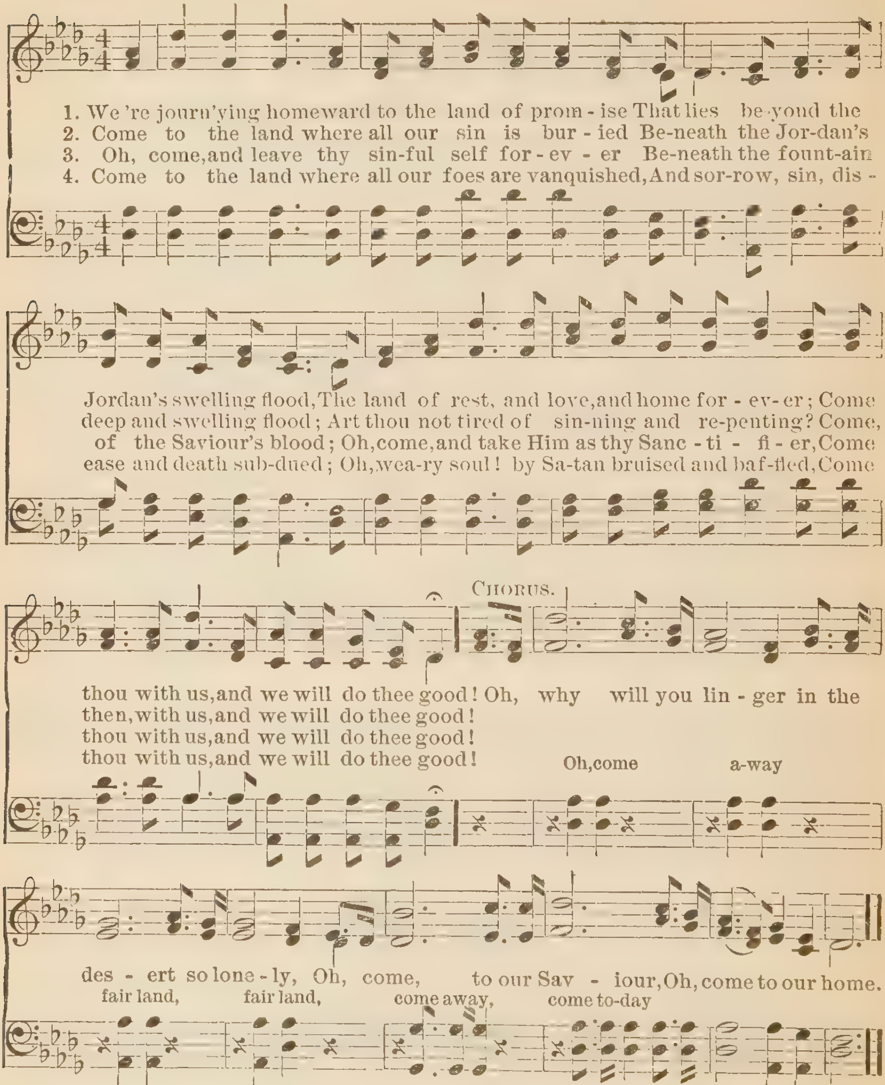
## 339 I Will Arise.

Arr. for this Work.


Chorus.
I will a - rise and go to Je - sus, He will em-brace me
in His arms; In the arms of my dear Saviour, Oh, there are ten thousand charms.

# 340 Come With Us, and We Will Do Thee Good.

Rev. A. B. Simpson. J. H. Burke.


1. We're journ'ying homeward to the land of prom - ise That lies be-yond the
2. Come to the land where all our sin is bur - ied Be-neath the Jor-dan's
3. Oh, come,and leave thy sin-ful self for - ev - er Be-neath the fount-ain
4. Come to the land where all our foes are vanquished,And sor-row, sin, dis -
Jordan's swelling flood,The land of rest, and love,and home for - ev- er; Come
deep and swelling flood; Art thou not tired of sin-ning and re-penting? Come,
of the Saviour's blood; Oh,come,and take Him as thy Sanc - ti - fi - er,Come
ease and death sub-dued; Oh,wea-ry soul! by Sa-tan bruised and baf-fled,Come
Chorus.
thou with us,and we will do thee good! Oh, why will you lin - ger in the
then,with us,and we will do thee good!
thou with us,and we will do thee good!
thou with us,and we will do thee good!
Oh,come a-way
des - ert so lone - ly, Oh, come, to our Sav - iour,Oh, come to our home.
fair land, fair land, come away, come to-day

5 Come to the land that flows with milk and honey,
And all its children eat of heavenly food;
Come taste its corn and wine, and grapes of Eschol;
Oh, come with us, and we will do thee good!

6 Why will ye linger in this desert lonely,
'Mid barren wastes and tempests wild and rude!
Oh, come and share our hope, our heaven, our Saviour,
Come thou with us, and we will do thee good!

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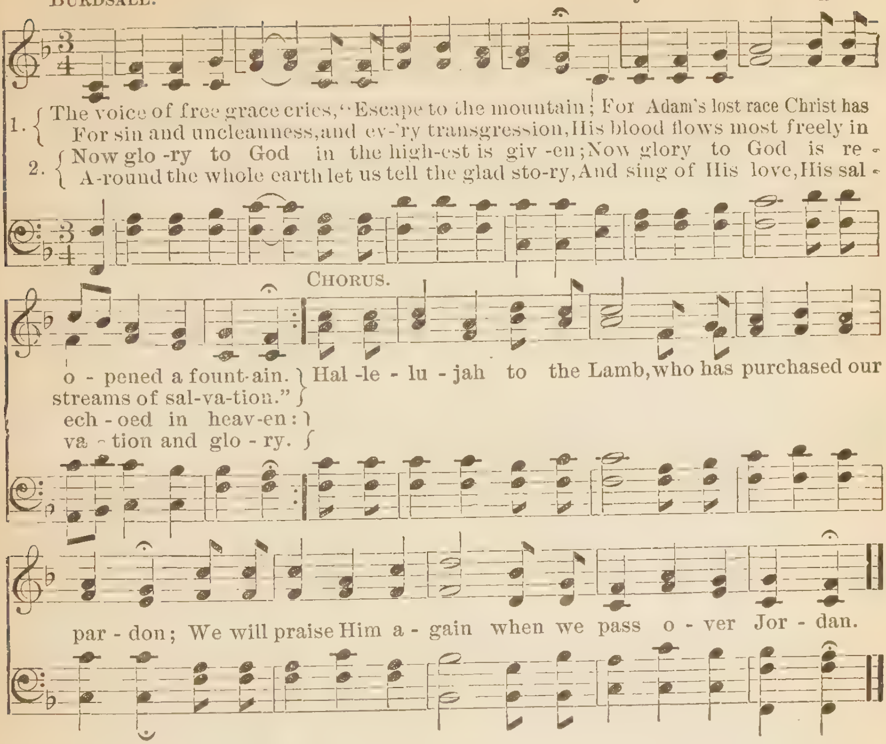
## 341 The Voice of Free Grace.

BURDSALL.

Arr. by R. KELSO CARTE


1. { The voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain; For Adam's lost race Christ has opened a fountain.
For sin and uncleanness, and ev-'ry transgression, His blood flows most freely in streams of sal-va-tion." }
2. { Now glo-ry to God in the high-est is giv-en; Now glory to God is re-ech-oed in heav-en:
A-round the whole earth let us tell the glad sto-ry, And sing of His love, His sal-va-tion and glo-ry. }
CHORUS.
Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb, who has purchased our par-don; We will praise Him a-gain when we pass o-ver Jor-dan.

3 O Jesus, ride on,—Thy kingdom is glorious;
O'er sin, death and hell, Thou wilt make us victorious:
Thy name shall be praised in the great congregation,
And saints shall ascribe unto Thee their salvation.

4 When on Zion we stand, having gained the blest shore,
With our harps in our hands, we will praise evermore:
We'll range the blest fields on the banks of the river,
And sing of redemption forever and ever.

## 342 Jesus Paid it all.

*Key of E-flat.*

1 I hear the Saviour say
Thy strength indeed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in me Thine all in all.

CHORUS.

Jesus paid it all;
All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain,
He wash'd it white as snow.

2 O Lord, at last I find
Thy pow'r, and Thine alone,
Can change this heart of mine,
And make it all Thine own.

3 Then down beneath the cross
I lay my sin-sick soul;
Nothing I bring but dross,
Thy grace must make me whole.

4 I now in Christ abide—
In him is perfect rest;
Close sheltered in His side,
I am divinely blest.

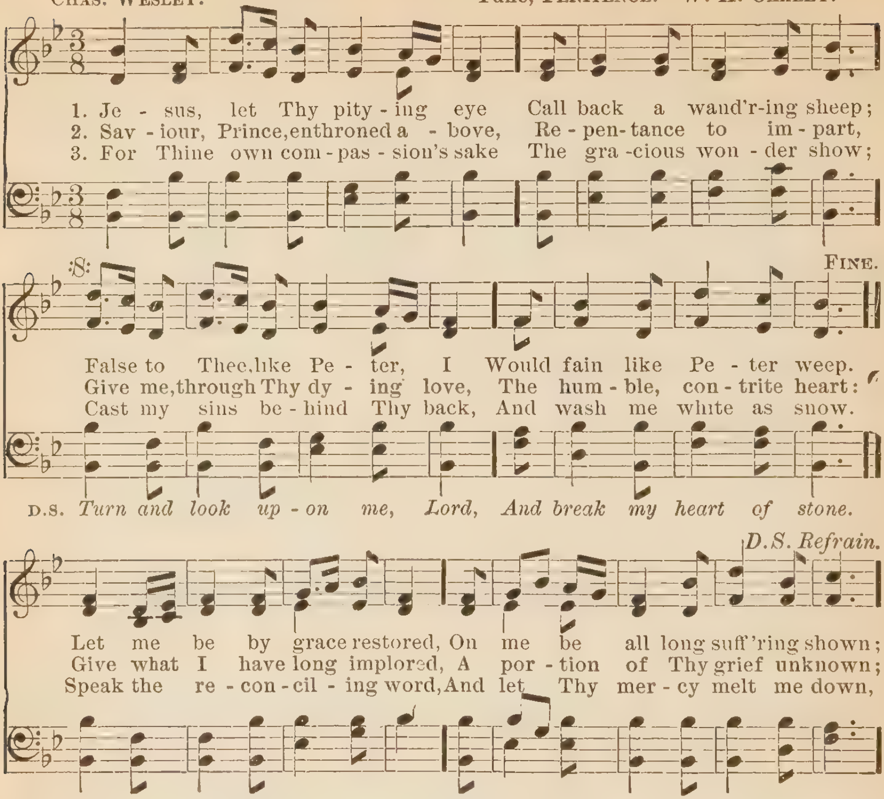
5 When at my post I fall,
My ransom'd soul shall rise,
And "Jesus paid it all"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

6 And when in heav'n above,
At Jesus feet I fall,
My song shall ever be—
Jesus has paid it all,

Arr. by Rev. W. McDONAL

## 343 Jesus, Let Thy Pitying Eye.

CHAS. WESLEY. Tune, PENITENCE. W. H. OAKLEY.


1. Je - sus, let Thy pity - ing eye Call back a wand'r-ing sheep;
2. Sav - iour, Prince, enthroned a - bove, Re - pen - tance to im - part,
3. For Thine own com - pas - sion's sake The gra - cious won - der show;
𝄋
FINE.
False to Thee, like Pe - ter, I Would fain like Pe - ter weep.
Give me, through Thy dy - ing love, The hum - ble, con - trite heart:
Cast my sins be - hind Thy back, And wash me white as snow.
D.S. Turn and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.
D.S. Refrain.
Let me be by grace restored, On me be all long suff'ring shown;
Give what I have long implored, A por - tion of Thy grief unknown;
Speak the re - con - cil - ing word, And let Thy mer - cy melt me down,

## 344 Vain, Delusive World.

1 Vain delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good;
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with His blood.
All thy pleasures I forego,
I trample on thy wealth and pride;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

2 Other knowledge I disdain:
'T is all but vanity;
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,—
He tasted death for me;
Me to save from endless woe,
The sin-atoning Victim died;
Only Jesus, etc.

3 Here will I set up my rest;
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of His breast
Shall nevermore depart:
Whither should a sinner go?
His wounds for me stand open wide;
Only Jesus, etc.

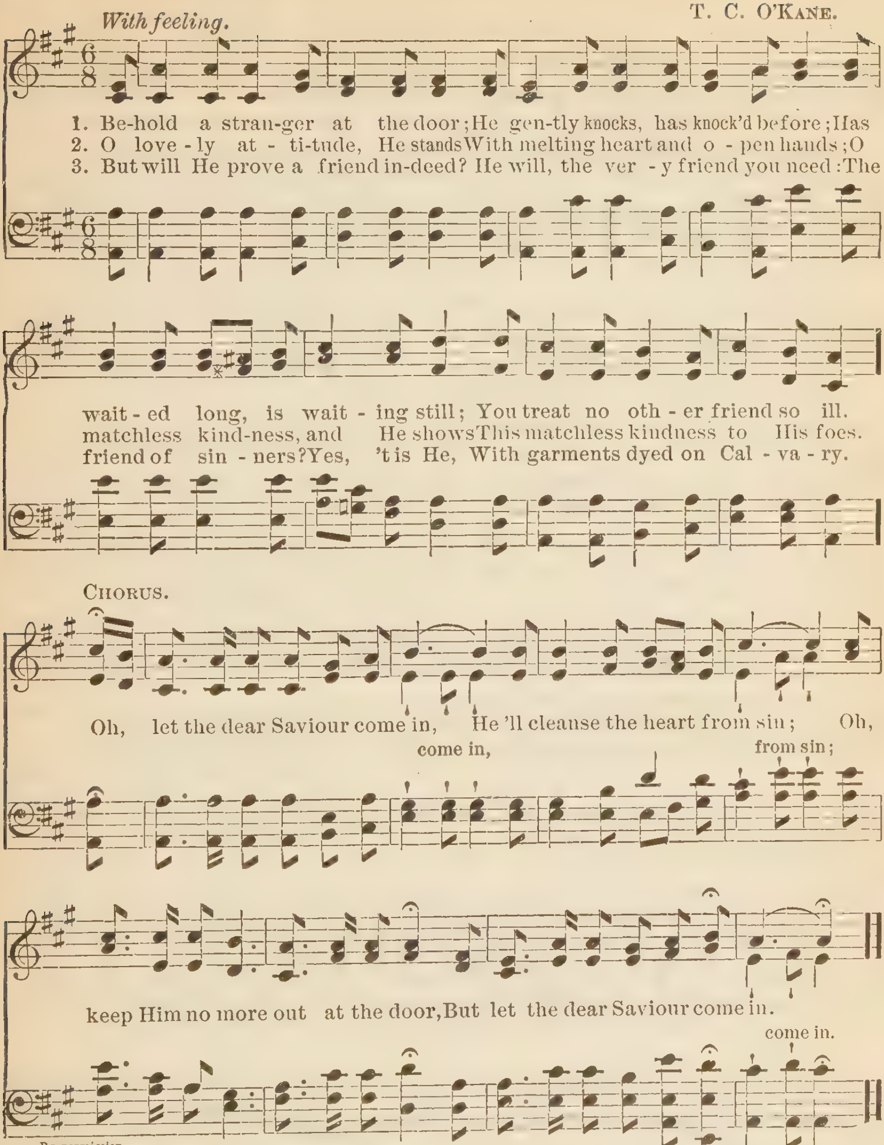
4 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend:
Daily in His grace to grow,
And ever in His faith abide.
Only Jesus, etc.

5 Oh, that I could all invite,
This saving truth to prove;
Show the length, the breadth, the height
And depth of Jesus's love!
Fain I would to sinners show
The blood by faith alone applied:
Only Jesus, etc

CHAS. WESLEY

# 345 The Stranger at the Door.

T. C. O'KANE.


With feeling.
1. Be-hold a stran-ger at the door; He gen-tly knocks, has knock'd be-fore; Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
2. O love-ly at-ti-tude, He stands With melting heart and o-pen hands; O matchless kind-ness, and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
3. But will He prove a friend in-deed? He will, the ver-y friend you need: The friend of sin-ners? Yes, 't is He, With garments dyed on Cal-va-ry.
CHORUS.
Oh, let the dear Saviour come in, He 'll cleanse the heart from sin; Oh, keep Him no more out at the door, But let the dear Saviour come in.
come in,
from sin;
come in.

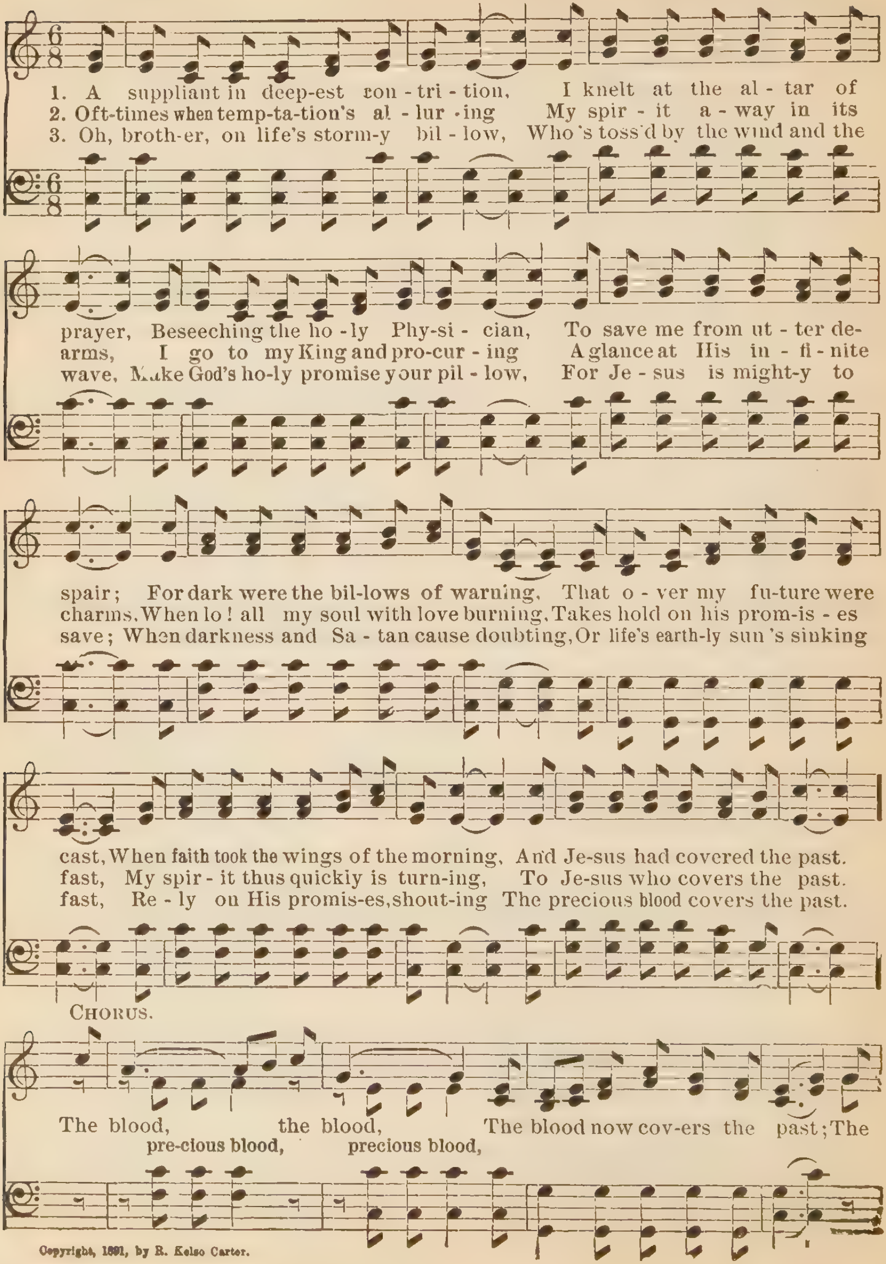
By permission.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine;
Turn out His enemy and thine;
That soul-destroying monster, Sin,
And let the heavenly stranger in.

5 Admit Him ere His anger burn,—
His feet, departed, ne'er return;
Admit Him, or the hour 's at hand,
You 'll at *His* door rejected stand.

# The Blood now Covers the Past.

A. L. SKILTON. DAVID B. UPDEGRAFF. Arr. by R. K. CARTER.


1. A suppliant in deep-est con-tri-tion, I knelt at the al-tar of
2. Oft-times when temp-ta-tion's al-lur-ing My spir-it a-way in its
3. Oh, broth-er, on life's storm-y bil-low, Who's toss'd by the wind and the
prayer, Beseeching the ho-ly Phy-si-cian, To save me from ut-ter de-
arms, I go to my King and pro-cur-ing A glance at His in-fi-nite
wave, Make God's ho-ly promise your pil-low, For Je-sus is might-y to
spair; For dark were the bil-lows of warning, That o-ver my fu-ture were
charms, When lo! all my soul with love burning, Takes hold on his prom-is-es
save; When darkness and Sa-tan cause doubting, Or life's earth-ly sun's sinking
cast, When faith took the wings of the morning, And Je-sus had covered the past.
fast, My spir-it thus quickly is turn-ing, To Je-sus who covers the past.
fast, Re-ly on His promis-es, shout-ing The precious blood covers the past.
CHORUS.
The blood, pre-cious blood, the blood, precious blood,
The blood now cov-ers the past; The

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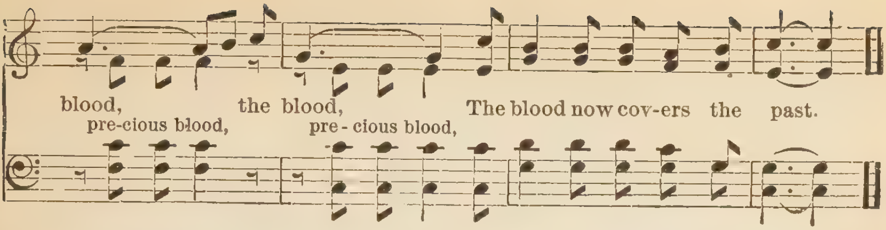
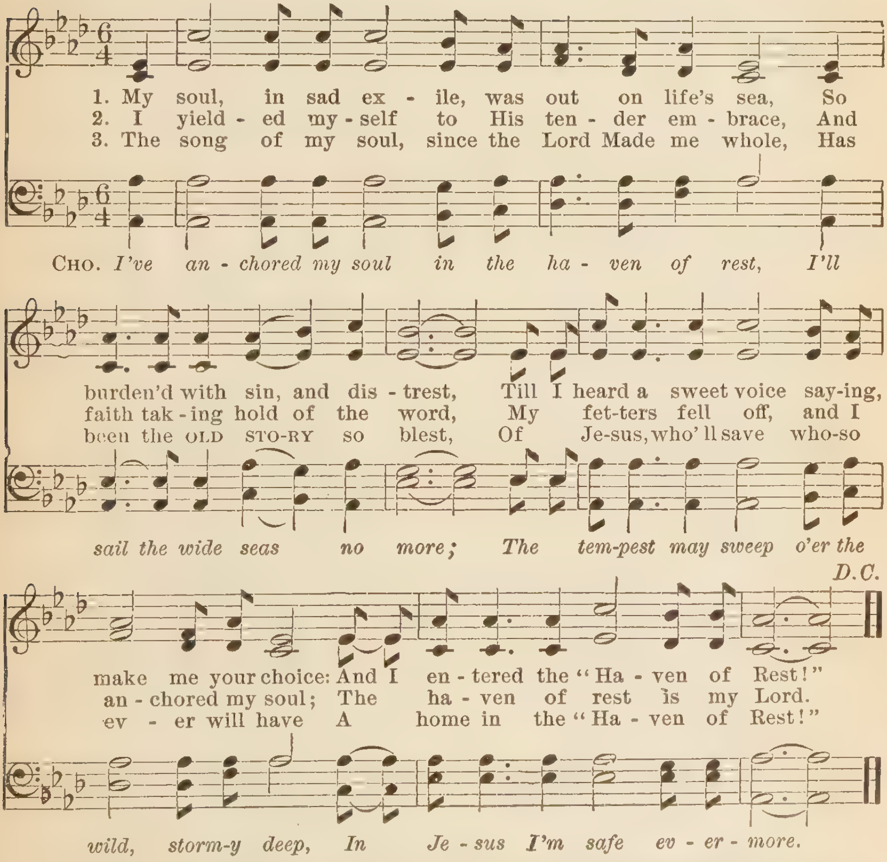

blood, the blood, The blood now cov-ers the past.
pre-cious blood, pre-cious blood,

## 347

## The Haven of Rest.

Dr. H. L. Gilmour. Geo. D. Moore.


1. My soul, in sad ex - ile, was out on life's sea, So
2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord Made me whole, Has
Cho. I've an - chored my soul in the ha - ven of rest, I'll
burden'd with sin, and dis - trest, Till I heard a sweet voice say-ing,
faith tak - ing hold of the word, My fet-ters fell off, and I
been the old sto-ry so blest, Of Je-sus, who'll save who-so
sail the wide seas no more; The tem-pest may sweep o'er the
D.C.
make me your choice: And I en - tered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
an - chored my soul; The ha - ven of rest is my Lord.
ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
wild, storm-y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

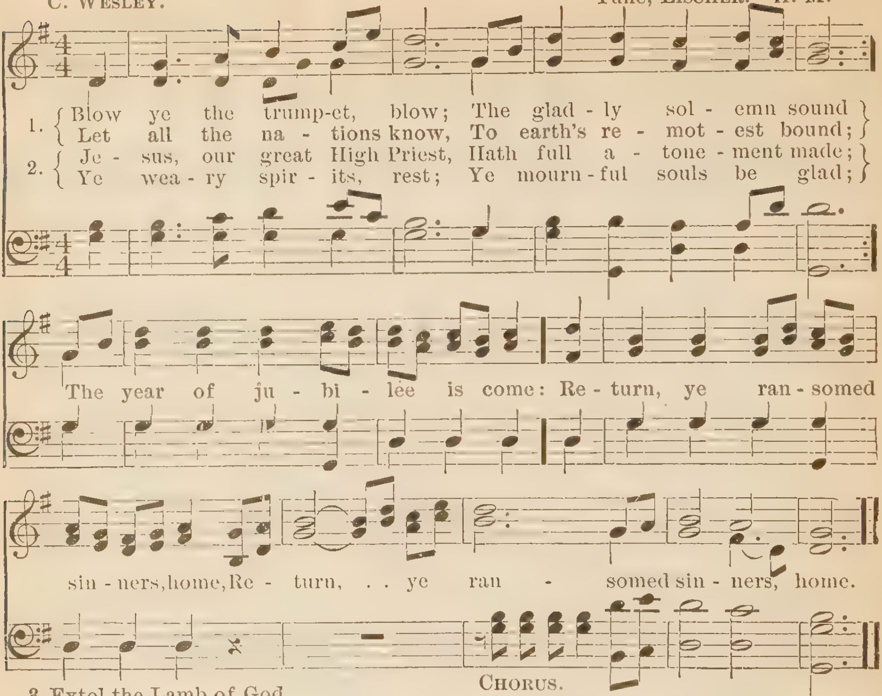
4 How precious the thought that we all may recline,
Like John the beloved and blest,
On Jesus' strong arm, where no tempest can harm,
Secure in the "Haven of Rest?"

5 Oh, come to the Saviour, He patiently waits,
To save by His power divine;
Come, anchor your souls in the haven of rest,
And say, "My Beloved is mine."

From "The Silver Trumpet," by per. Jno. J. Hood.

# Blow Ye the Trumpet.

C. WESLEY. Tune, LISCHER. H. M.


1. { Blow ye the trump-et, blow; The glad - ly sol - emn sound }
{ Let all the na - tions know, To earth's re - mot - est bound; }
2. { Je - sus, our great High Priest, Hath full a - tone - ment made; }
{ Ye wea - ry spir - its, rest; Ye mourn - ful souls be glad; }
The year of ju - bi - lee is come: Re - turn, ye ran - somed
sin - ners, home, Re - turn, . . ye ran - somed sin - ners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live.

5 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace,
And saved from earth appear
Before your Saviour's face.

## 349 I Love to Tell the Story

*Key A-flat.*

1 I love to tell the story
Of unseen things above;
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love!
I love to tell the story!
Because I know its true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else would do.

CHORUS.
I love to tell the story,
'T will be my theme in glory
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and His love.

2 I love to tell the story!
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story!
It did so much for me,
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the story!
'T is pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story!
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own Holy Word.

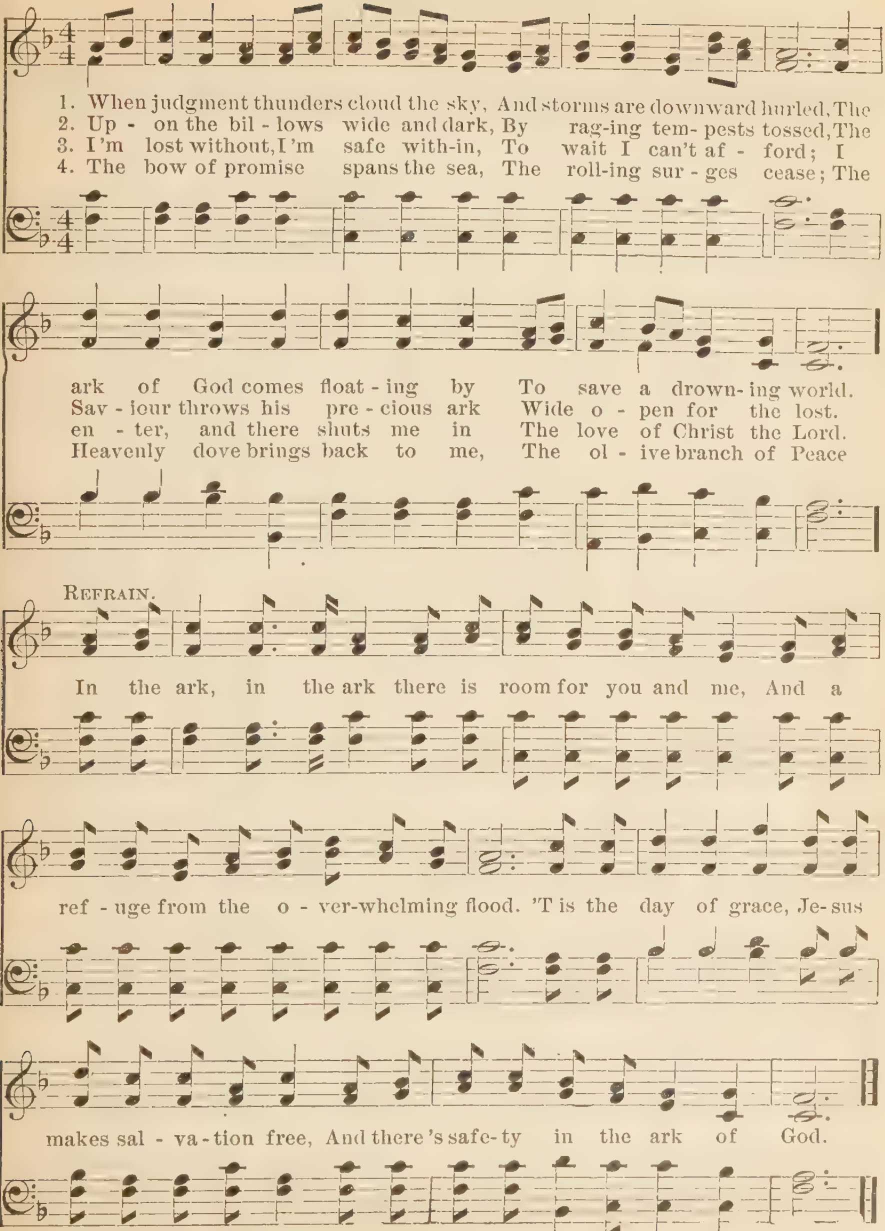
4 I love to tell the story!
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the *New, New Song*,
'T will be the *Old, Old Story*,
That I have lov'd so long.

MISS KATE HANKEY.

# In the Ark.

R. K. C.

R. Kelso Carter.


1. When judgment thunders cloud the sky, And storms are downward hurled, The
2. Up - on the bil - lows wide and dark, By rag-ing tem- pests tossed, The
3. I'm lost without, I'm safe with-in, To wait I can't af - ford; I
4. The bow of promise spans the sea, The roll-ing sur - ges cease; The
ark of God comes float - ing by To save a drown- ing world.
Sav - iour throws his pre - cious ark Wide o - pen for the lost.
en - ter, and there shuts me in The love of Christ the Lord.
Heavenly dove brings back to me, The ol - ive branch of Peace
Refrain.
In the ark, in the ark there is room for you and me, And a
ref - uge from the o - ver-whelming flood. 'T is the day of grace, Je- sus
makes sal - va - tion free, And there's safe- ty in the ark of God.

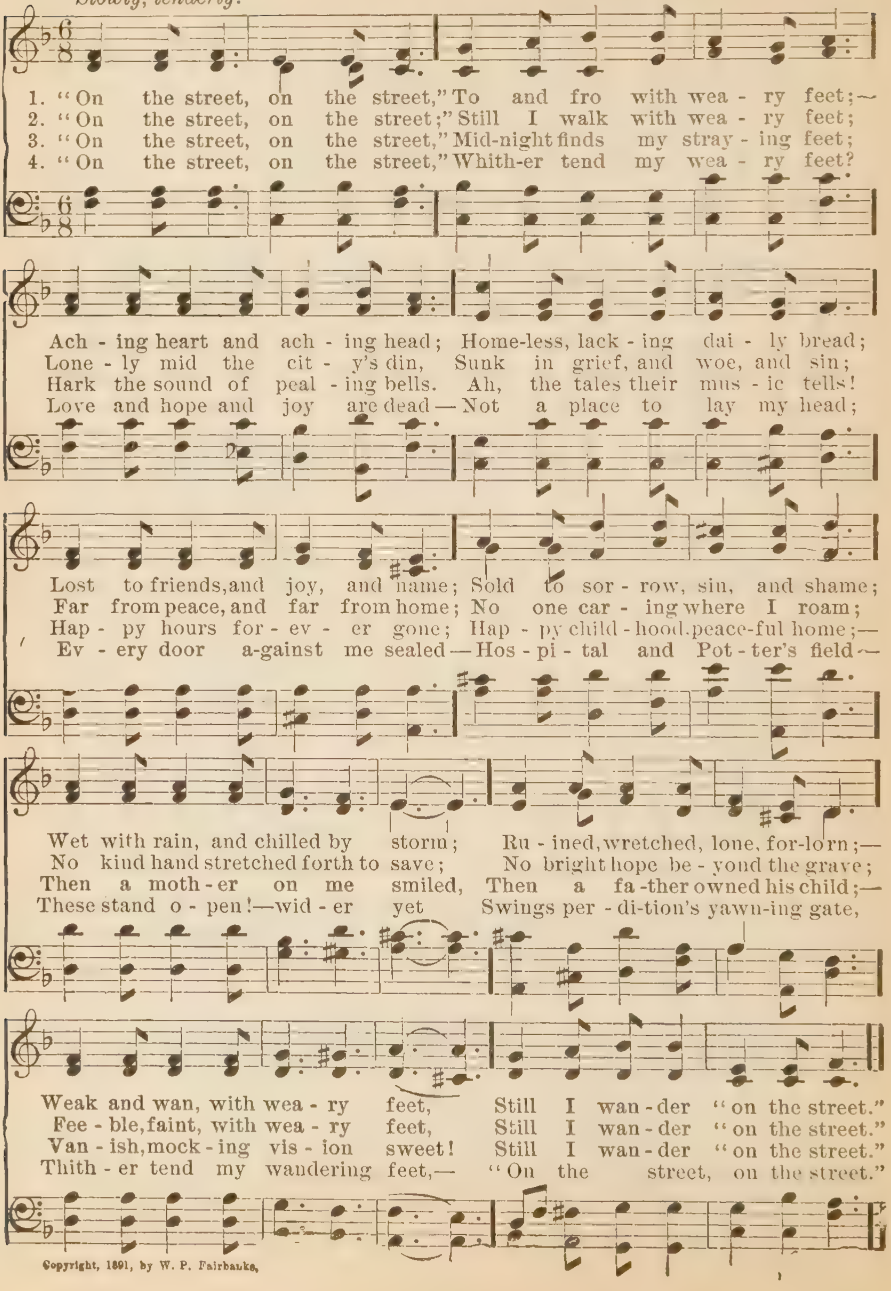
Copyright, 1887, by R. Kelso Carter.

# On the Street.

*Broadway, N. Y., midnight, Apr. 19, 1876.*

H. L. HASTINGS. W. P. FAIRBANKS, by per.

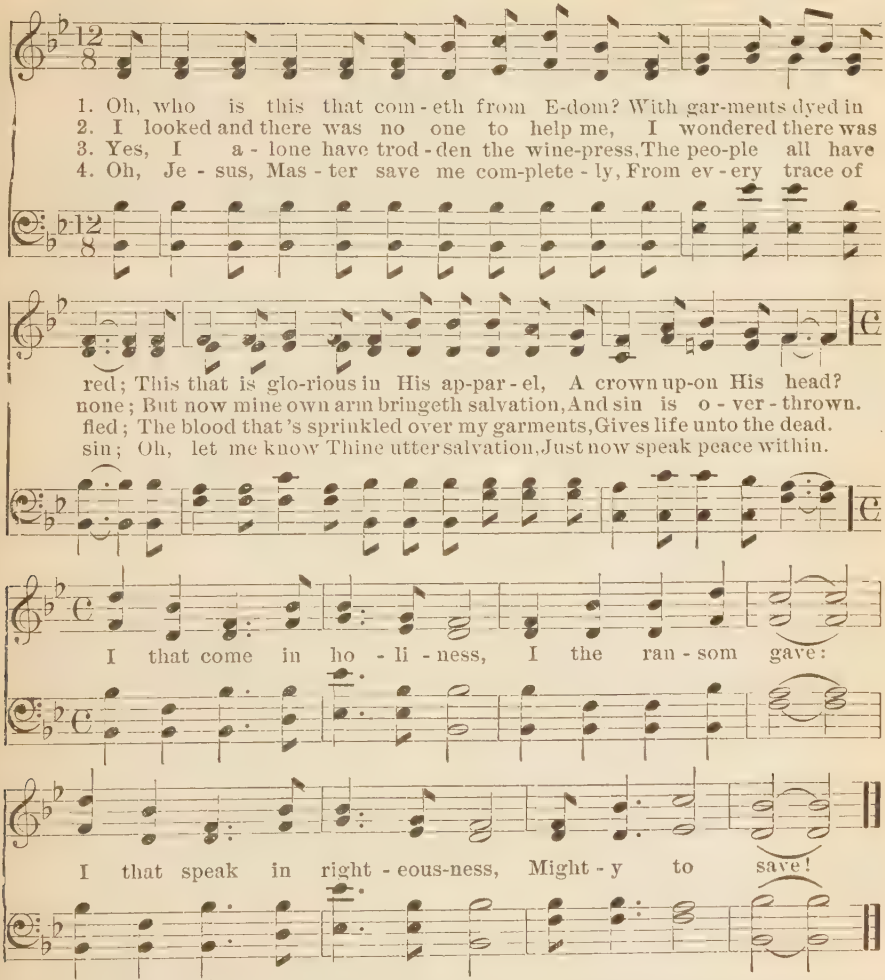
*Slowly, tenderly.*


1. "On the street, on the street," To and fro with wea - ry feet;—
2. "On the street, on the street;" Still I walk with wea - ry feet;
3. "On the street, on the street," Mid-night finds my stray - ing feet;
4. "On the street, on the street," Whith-er tend my wea - ry feet?
Ach - ing heart and ach - ing head; Home-less, lack - ing dai - ly bread;
Lone - ly mid the cit - y's din, Sunk in grief, and woe, and sin;
Hark the sound of peal - ing bells. Ah, the tales their mus - ic tells!
Love and hope and joy are dead — Not a place to lay my head;
Lost to friends, and joy, and name; Sold to sor - row, sin, and shame;
Far from peace, and far from home; No one car - ing where I roam;
Hap - py hours for - ev - er gone; Hap - py child - hood, peace-ful home;—
Ev - ery door a-gainst me sealed — Hos - pi - tal and Pot - ter's field —
Wet with rain, and chilled by storm; Ru - ined, wretched, lone, for-lorn;—
No kind hand stretched forth to save; No bright hope be - yond the grave;
Then a moth - er on me smiled, Then a fa - ther owned his child;—
These stand o - pen!—wid - er yet Swings per - di-tion's yawn-ing gate,
Weak and wan, with wea - ry feet, Still I wan - der "on the street."
Fee - ble, faint, with wea - ry feet, Still I wan - der "on the street."
Van - ish, mock - ing vis - ion sweet! Still I wan - der "on the street."
Thith - er tend my wandering feet,— "On the street, on the street."

Copyright, 1891, by W. P. Fairbanks.

# Mighty to Save.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.


1. Oh, who is this that com-eth from E-dom? With gar-ments dyed in
2. I looked and there was no one to help me, I wondered there was
3. Yes, I a-lone have trod-den the wine-press, The peo-ple all have
4. Oh, Je-sus, Mas-ter save me com-plete-ly, From ev-ery trace of
red; This that is glo-rious in His ap-par-el, A crown up-on His head?
none; But now mine own arm bringeth salvation, And sin is o-ver-thrown.
fled; The blood that 's sprinkled over my garments, Gives life unto the dead.
sin; Oh, let me know Thine utter salvation, Just now speak peace within.
I that come in ho-li-ness, I the ran-som gave:
I that speak in right-eous-ness, Might-y to save!

Copyright, 1891, by R. Kelso Carter.

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*Music on opposite page.*

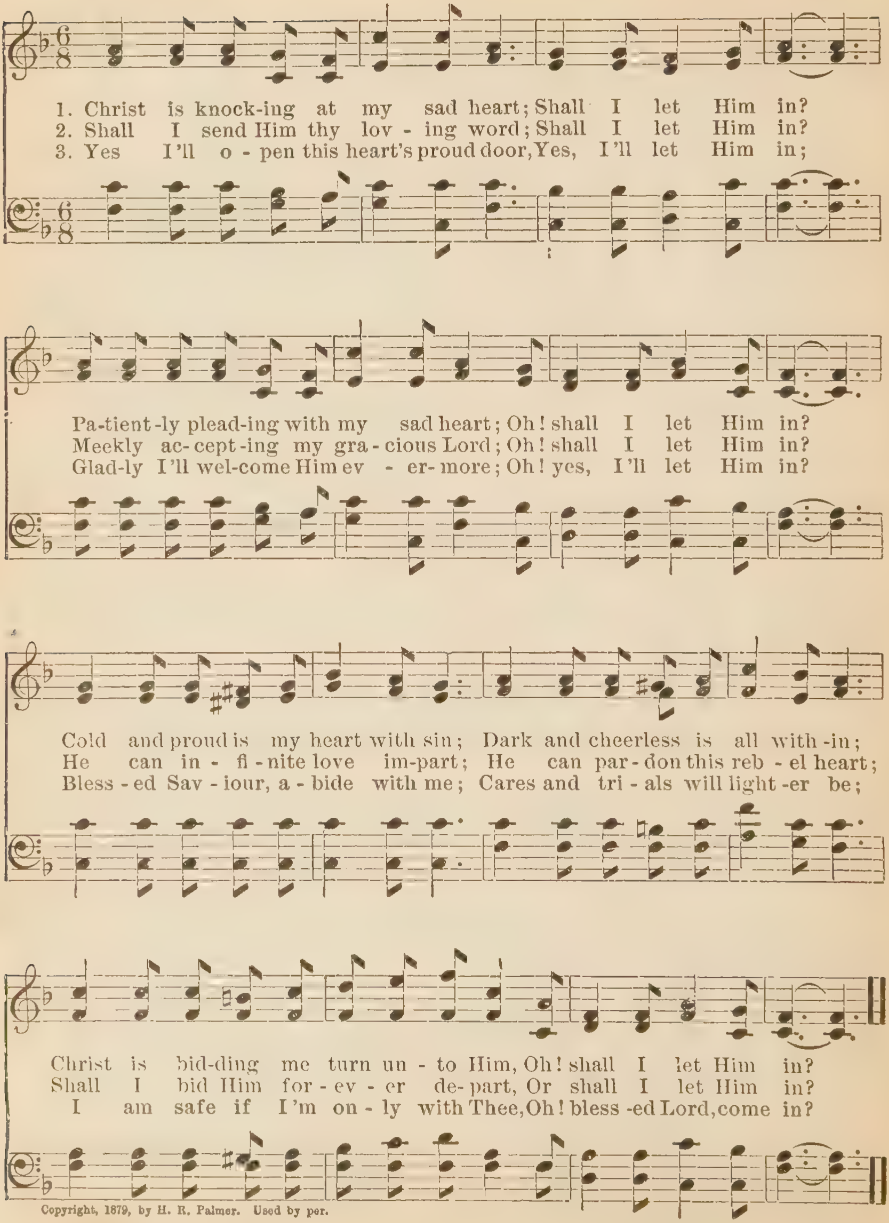
5 "On the street, on the street,"
Late I walk with weary feet:
Oh, that this sad life might end,
Oh, that I might find One Friend;
One who would not from me turn,
Nor my prayer of sorrow spurn;
Oh, that I *that* Friend could see,
He would pitying look on me;
Such as *I* have kissed His feet,—
"On the street, on the street!"

6 "On the street, on the street!"
Might I *here* a Saviour meet!
From the blessed far off years,
Comes the story of *her* tears,
Whose sad heart with sorrow broke,
Heard the words of love He spoke,—
Heard Him bid her anguish cease,
Heard Him whisper, "Go in peace!"
Oh, that I might kiss His feet,
"On the street, on the street."

# Shall I Let Him In.

H. R. P.

H. R. PALMER.

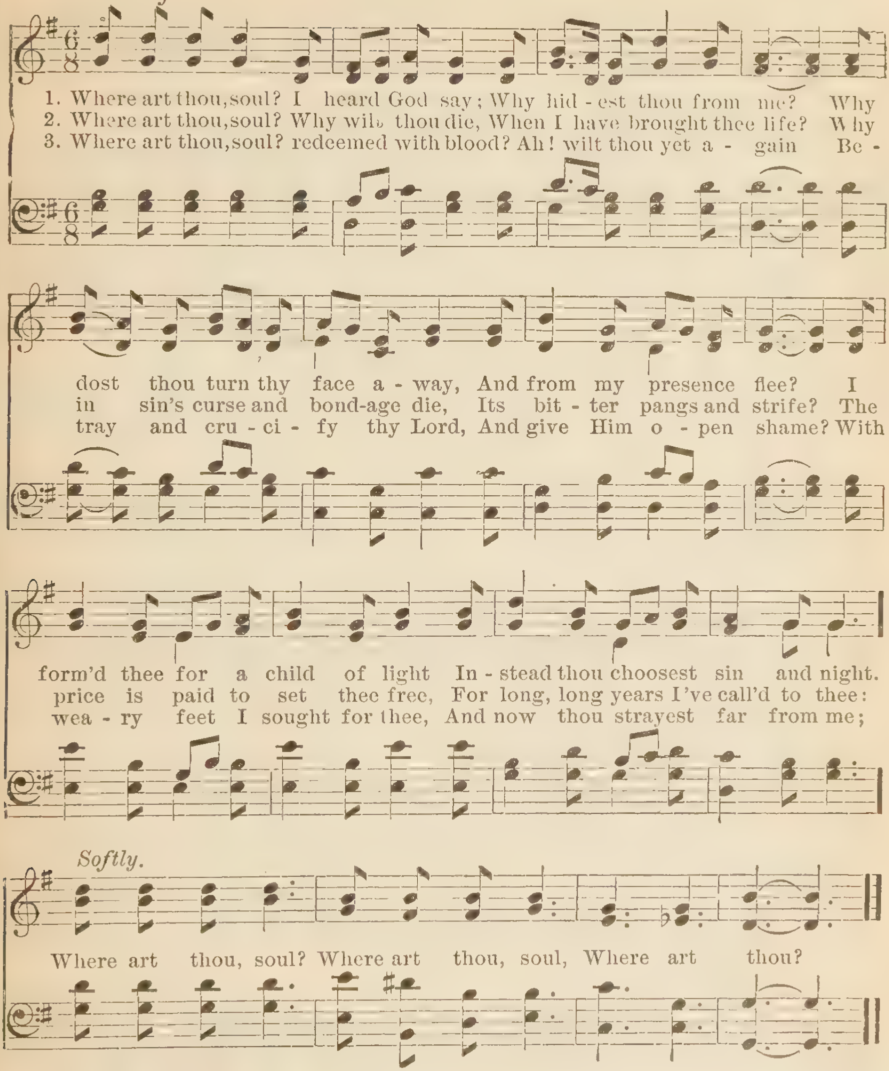

1. Christ is knock-ing at my sad heart; Shall I let Him in?
2. Shall I send Him thy lov - ing word; Shall I let Him in?
3. Yes I'll o - pen this heart's proud door, Yes, I'll let Him in;
Pa-tient-ly plead-ing with my sad heart; Oh! shall I let Him in?
Meekly ac-cept-ing my gra - cious Lord; Oh! shall I let Him in?
Glad-ly I'll wel-come Him ev - er-more; Oh! yes, I'll let Him in?
Cold and proud is my heart with sin; Dark and cheerless is all with-in;
He can in - fi - nite love im-part; He can par-don this reb - el heart;
Bless-ed Sav - iour, a - bide with me; Cares and tri - als will light-er be;
Christ is bid-ding me turn un - to Him, Oh! shall I let Him in?
Shall I bid Him for - ev - er de-part, Or shall I let Him in?
I am safe if I'm on - ly with Thee, Oh! bless-ed Lord, come in?

Copyright, 1879, by H. R. Palmer. Used by per.

# Where Art Thou, Soul?

A. J. GORDON. ISABEL KENNEDY.

*Not too fast.*


1. Where art thou, soul? I heard God say; Why hid - est thou from me? Why
2. Where art thou, soul? Why wilt thou die, When I have brought thee life? Why
3. Where art thou, soul? redeemed with blood? Ah! wilt thou yet a - gain Be -
dost thou turn thy face a - way, And from my presence flee? I
in sin's curse and bond-age die, Its bit - ter pangs and strife? The
tray and cru - ci - fy thy Lord, And give Him o - pen shame? With
form'd thee for a child of light In - stead thou choosest sin and night.
price is paid to set thee free, For long, long years I've call'd to thee:
wea - ry feet I sought for thee, And now thou strayest far from me;
Softly.
Where art thou, soul? Where art thou, soul, Where art thou?

4 Where art thou, soul? I'm calling yet,
I cannot give thee o'er;
I've followed thee, with patient feet,
Thro' wild and wood and moor.
Oh, that thy bleating heart would say,
"Like a lost sheep I've gone astray."
Where art thou, soul, where art thou?

5 Where art thou, soul? The day draws near
When thou, too late, shalt sigh,
"My God, why dost Thou shut Thine ear
To my despairing cry?"
Ah! then, give heed, while yet there's room;
It hastens on, that day of doom;
Where art thou soul, where art thou?

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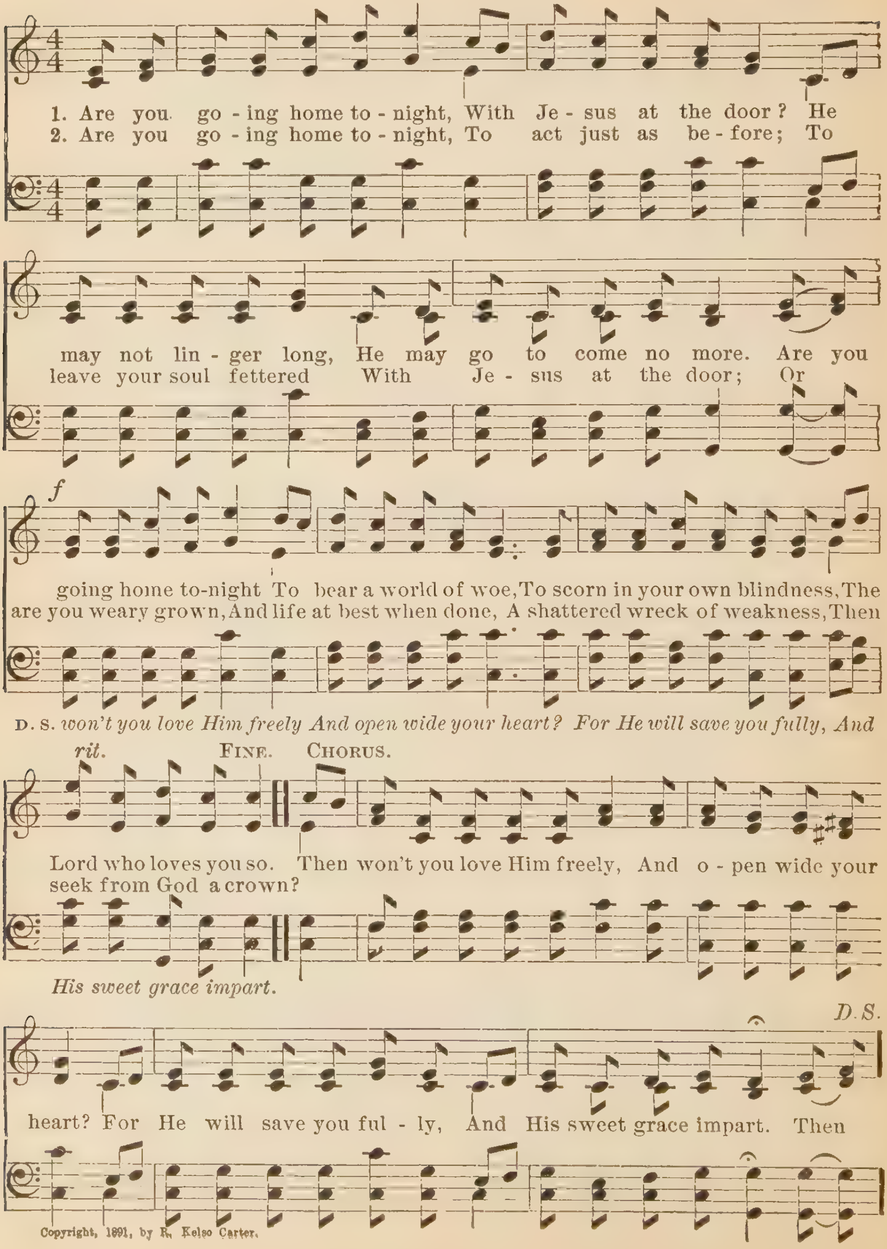
# Are You Going Home To-night?

WARREN COLLINS. WARREN COLLINS, arr. by R. K. CARTER.


1. Are you go - ing home to - night, With Je - sus at the door? He
2. Are you go - ing home to - night, To act just as be - fore; To
may not lin - ger long, He may go to come no more. Are you
leave your soul fettered With Je - sus at the door; Or
f
going home to-night To bear a world of woe, To scorn in your own blindness, The
are you weary grown, And life at best when done, A shattered wreck of weakness, Then
D. S. won't you love Him freely And open wide your heart? For He will save you fully, And
rit.
FINE.
CHORUS.
Lord who loves you so. Then won't you love Him freely, And o - pen wide your
seek from God a crown?
His sweet grace impart.
D.S.
heart? For He will save you ful - ly, And His sweet grace impart. Then

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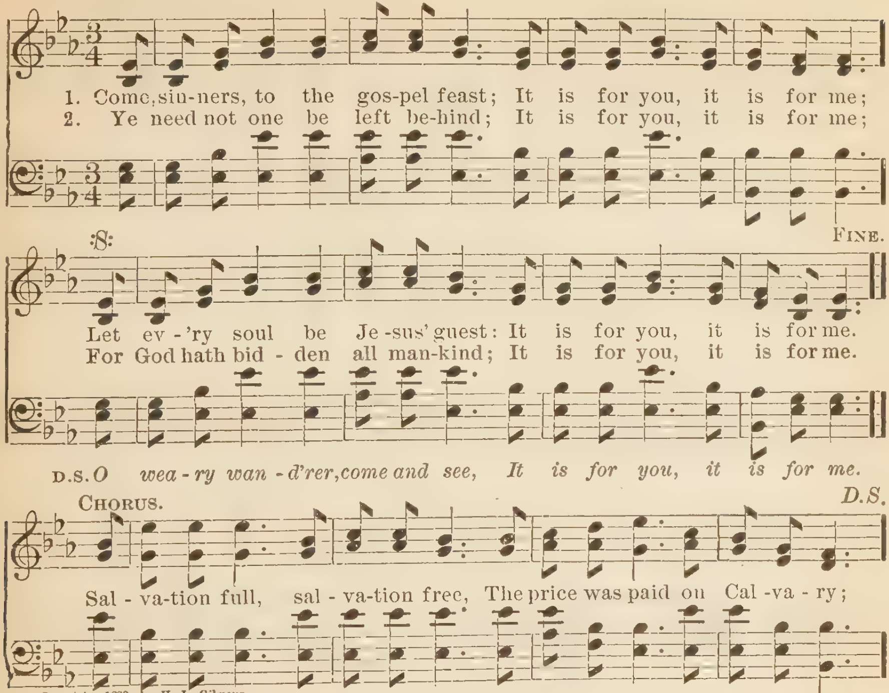
## The Gospel Feast.

*"Come, for all things are ready."* LUKE xiv: 16.

CHARLES WESLEY, Cho. by H. L. G. H. L. GILMOUR.


1. Come, sin-ners, to the gos-pel feast; It is for you, it is for me;
2. Ye need not one be left be-hind; It is for you, it is for me;
Let ev-'ry soul be Je-sus' guest: It is for you, it is for me.
For God hath bid-den all man-kind; It is for you, it is for me.
FINE.
D.S. O wea-ry wan-d'rer, come and see, It is for you, it is for me.
CHORUS.
Sal-va-tion full, sal-va-tion free, The price was paid on Cal-va-ry;
D.S.

Copyright, 1889, by H. L. Gilmour.

3 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all.

4 Come, all the world! come, sinner thou!
All things in Christ are ready now,

5 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;

6 Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

7 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live.

8 Oh, let this love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer Him to die in vain.

9 See Him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice.

10 His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

From Silver Trumpet, by per.

357

## And Can I Yet Delay?

*Tune, Shirland.*

AND can I yet delay
My little all to give?—
To tear my soul from earth away
And Jesus to receive?

CHORUS.

Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own Thee conqueror.

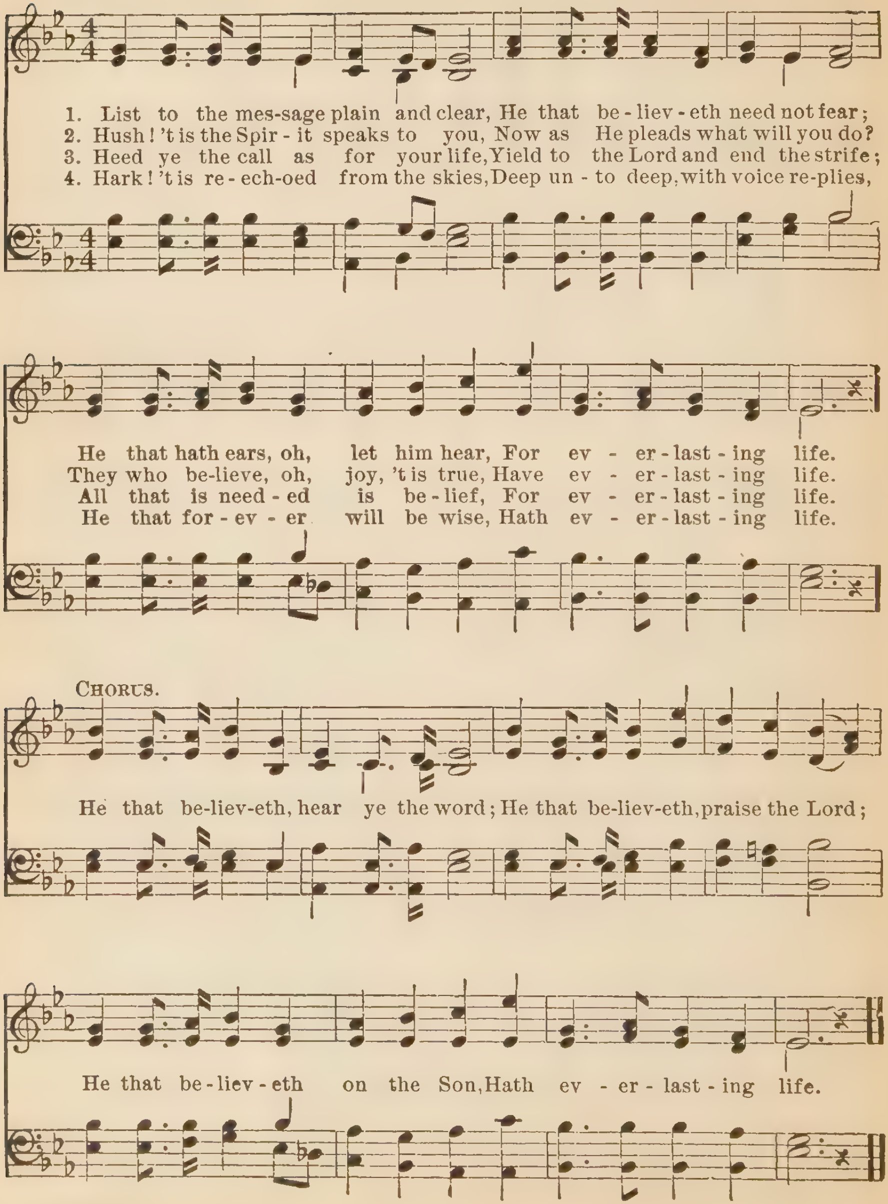
2 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all, resign;
Grecious Redeemer, take, oh take,
And seal me ever Thine!

3 My one desire be this,
Thy love alone to know;
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.

*C. Wesley.*

# He that Believeth.

Mrs. Ella Lauder. D. B. Towner, by per.


1. List to the mes-sage plain and clear, He that be-liev-eth need not fear;
2. Hush! 't is the Spir-it speaks to you, Now as He pleads what will you do?
3. Heed ye the call as for your life, Yield to the Lord and end the strife;
4. Hark! 't is re-ech-oed from the skies, Deep un-to deep, with voice re-plies,
He that hath ears, oh, let him hear, For ev-er-last-ing life.
They who be-lieve, oh, joy, 't is true, Have ev-er-last-ing life.
All that is need-ed is be-lief, For ev-er-last-ing life.
He that for-ev-er will be wise, Hath ev-er-last-ing life.
Chorus.
He that be-liev-eth, hear ye the word; He that be-liev-eth, praise the Lord;
He that be-liev-eth on the Son, Hath ev-er-last-ing life.

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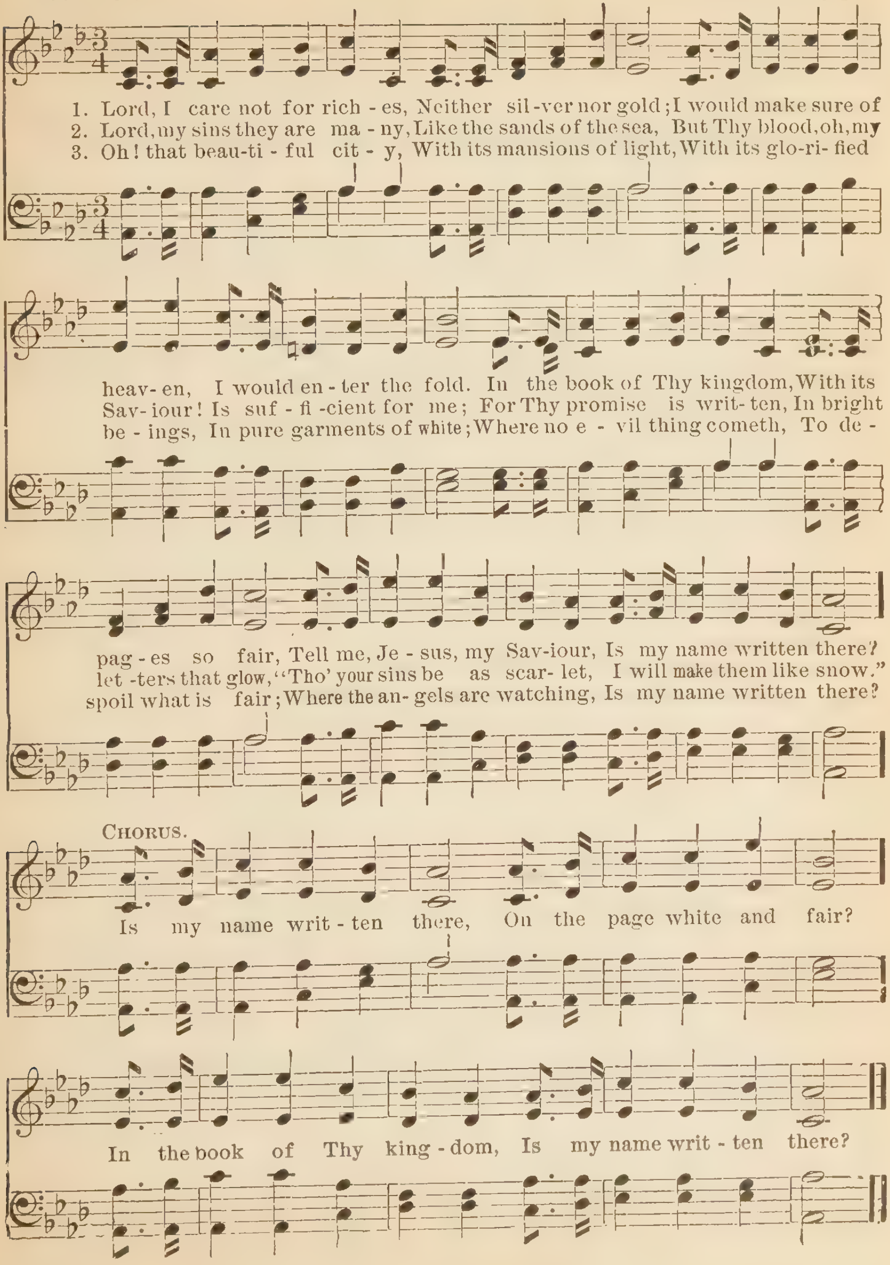
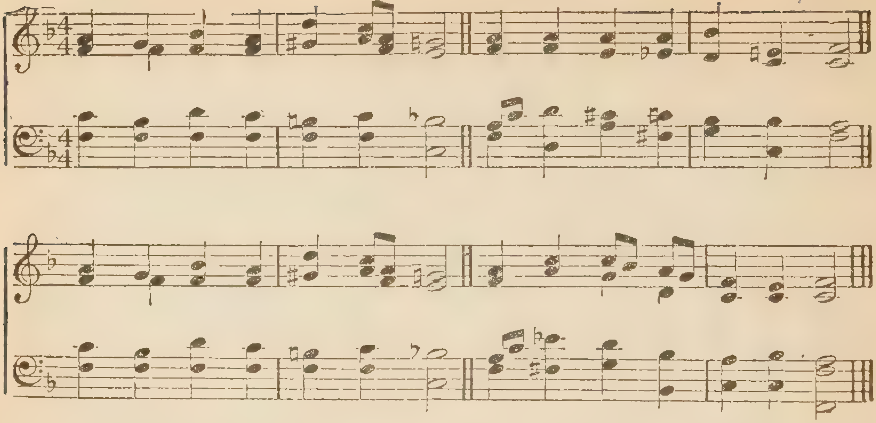
# Is My Name Written There?

M. A. K. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.


1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Neither sil-ver nor gold; I would make sure of
2. Lord, my sins they are ma - ny, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy blood, oh, my
3. Oh! that beau-ti - ful cit - y, With its mansions of light, With its glo-ri- fied
heav- en, I would en - ter the fold. In the book of Thy kingdom, With its
Sav- iour! Is suf - fi -cient for me; For Thy promise is writ- ten, In bright
be - ings, In pure garments of white; Where no e - vil thing cometh, To de -
pag - es so fair, Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav-iour, Is my name written there?
let -ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scar- let, I will make them like snow."
spoil what is fair; Where the an- gels are watching, Is my name written there?
CHORUS.
Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?
In the book of Thy king - dom, Is my name writ - ten there?

# Come, Saith Jesus.

SEYMOUR. 7s.



Come, saith Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home,
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary wanderer, hither haste.

Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn:

Hither come! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound;
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

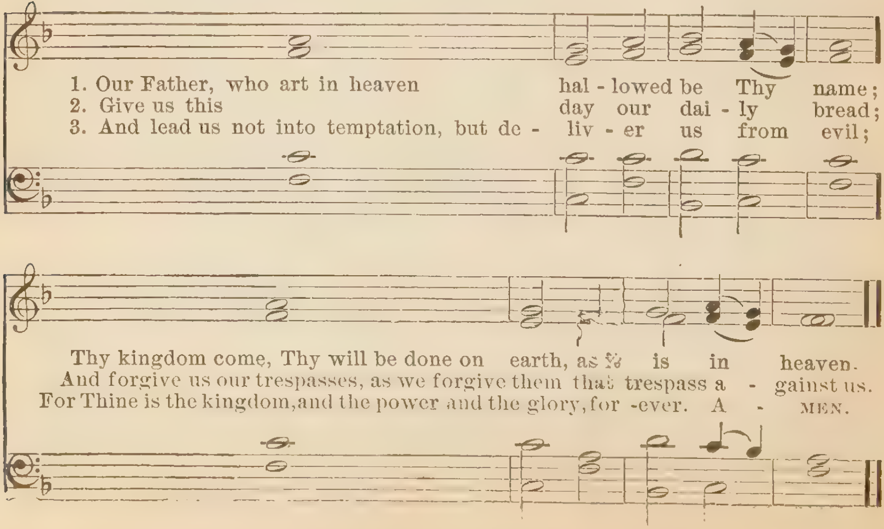
ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD, AE., 1825.

## 364

# The Lord's Prayer.

(CHANT.)

GREGORIAN.


1. Our Father, who art in heaven hal - lowed be Thy name;
2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread;
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de - liv - er us from evil;
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass a - gainst us.
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory, for - ever. A - MEN.

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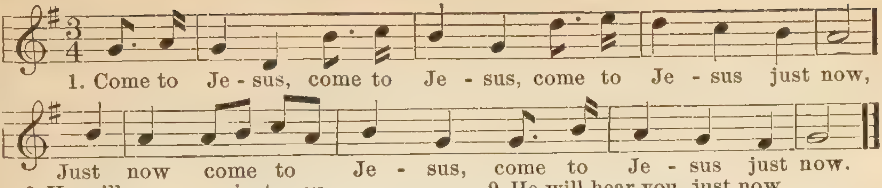
## Come to Jesus, Just Now.


1. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus just now,
Just now come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus just now.

2 He will save you, just now.
3 Oh, believe Him, just now.
4 He is able, just now.
5 He is willing, just now.
6 He 'll receive you, just now.
7 Flee to Jesus, just now.
8 Call unto Him, just now.
9 He will hear you, just now.
10 He 'll have mercy, just now.
11 He 'll forgive you just now.
12 He will cleanse you just now.
13 He 'll renew you just now.
14 He will clothe you just now.
15 Jesus loves you just now.

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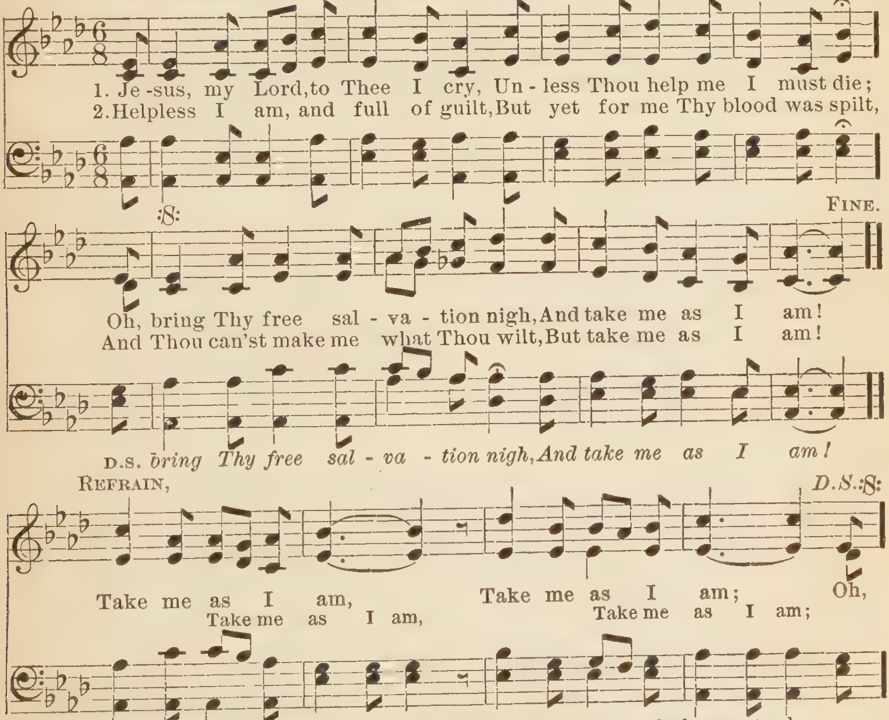
## Take Me As I Am.

From The Garner, by per. Melody by J. H. Stockton, har. by W. J. K.


1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry, Un - less Thou help me I must die;
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
Fine.
Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!
And Thou can'st make me what Thou wilt, But take me as I am!
D.S. bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!
Refrain,
D.S.
Take me as I am, Take me as I am; Oh,
Take me as I am, Take me as I am;

3 No preparation can I make,
My best resolves I only break,
Yet save me for Thine own name's sake,
And take me as I am!

4 I thirst, I long to know Thy love,
Thy full salvation I would prove;
But since to Thee I cannot move,
Oh, take me as I am!

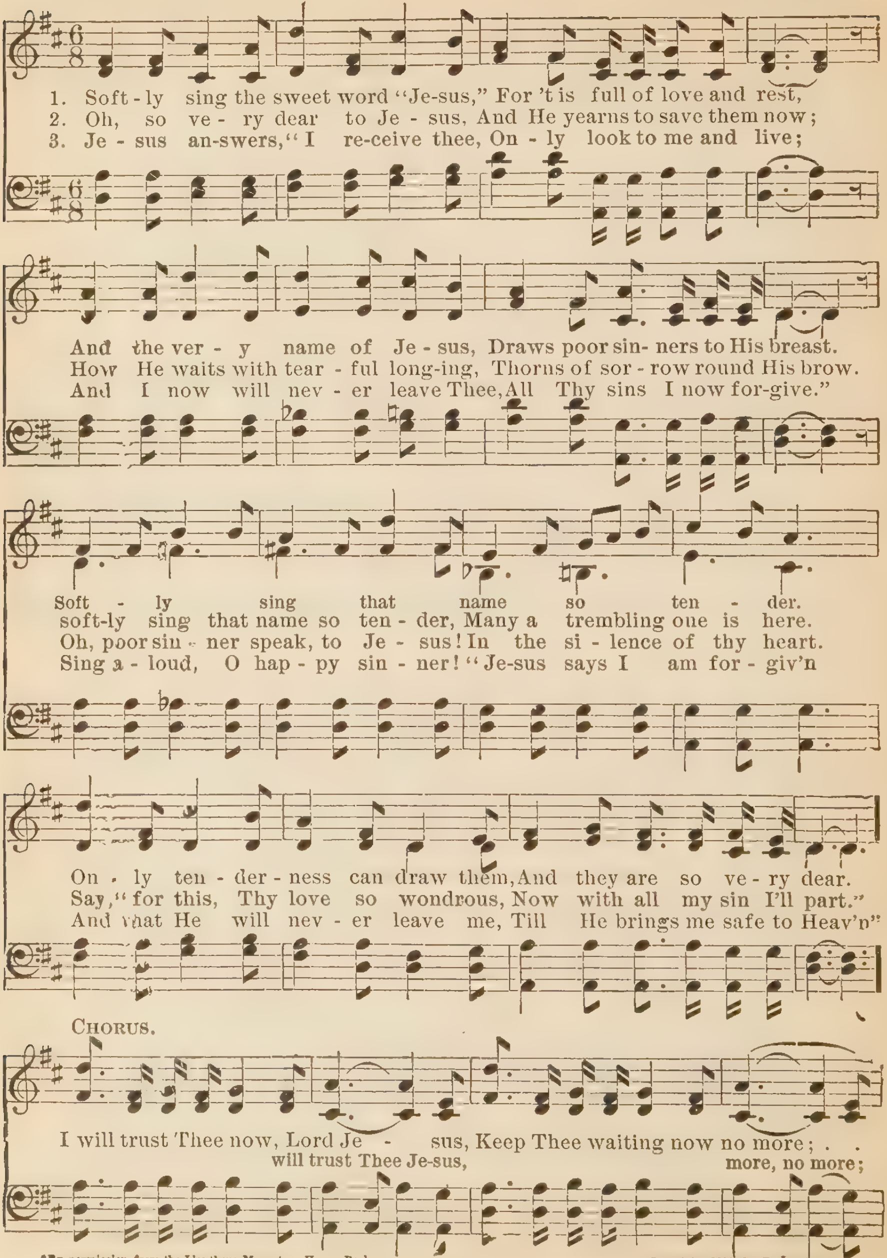
5 If thou hast work for me to do,
Inspire my will, my heart renew,
And work both in and by me too,
But take me as I am!

6 And when at last the work is done,
The battle o'er, the vic'try won,
Still, still my cry shall be alone,
Lord, take me as I am!

## 367

# The Sweet Word, Jesus.

Father Ignatius.* F. Louise Shepard.


1. Soft-ly sing the sweet word "Je-sus," For 't is full of love and rest,
2. Oh, so ve-ry dear to Je-sus, And He yearns to save them now;
3. Je-sus an-swers, "I re-ceive thee, On-ly look to me and live;
And the ver-y name of Je-sus, Draws poor sin-ners to His breast.
How He waits with tear-ful long-ing, Thorns of sor-row round His brow.
And I now will nev-er leave Thee, All Thy sins I now for-give."
Soft-ly sing that name so ten-der.
soft-ly sing that name so ten-der, Many a trembling one is here.
Oh, poor sin-ner speak, to Je-sus! In the si-lence of thy heart.
Sing a-loud, O hap-py sin-ner! "Je-sus says I am for-giv'n
On-ly ten-der-ness can draw them, And they are so ve-ry dear.
Say, "for this, Thy love so wondrous, Now with all my sin I'll part."
And that He will nev-er leave me, Till He brings me safe to Heav'n"
Chorus.
I will trust Thee now, Lord Je-sus, Keep Thee waiting now no more; . .
will trust Thee Je-sus,
more, no more;

---

*By permission from the Llanthony Monastery Hymn Book,

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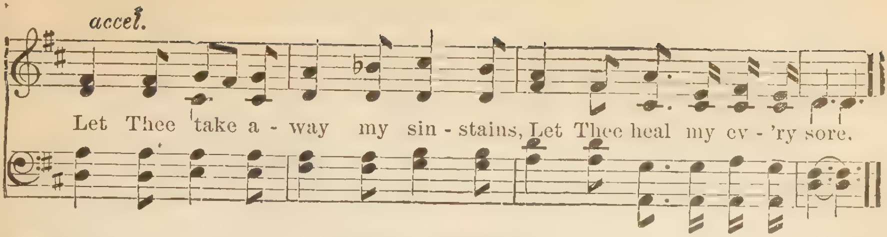
accel.
Let Thee take a - way my sin - stains, Let Thee heal my ev - 'ry sore.

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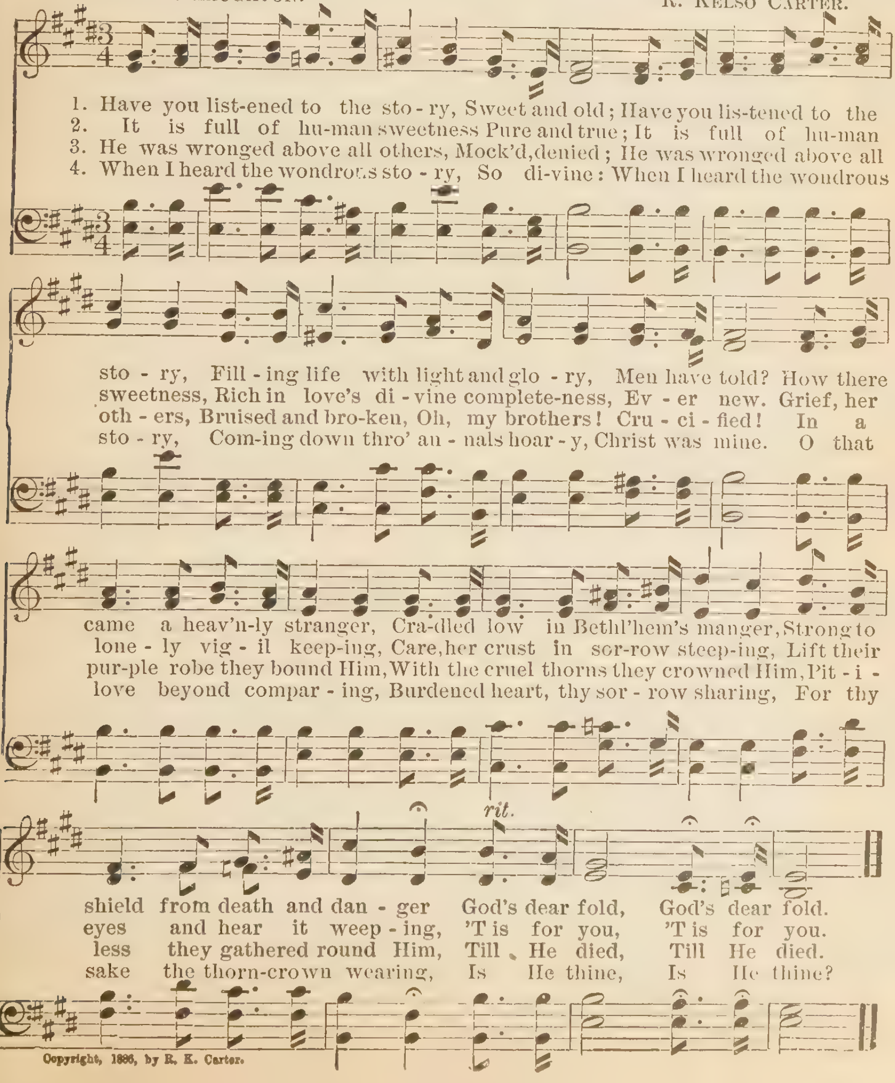
# The Story.

Rev. W. Haughton. R. Kelso Carter.


1. Have you list-ened to the sto - ry, Sweet and old; Have you lis-tened to the
2. It is full of hu-man sweetness Pure and true; It is full of hu-man
3. He was wronged above all others, Mock'd, denied; He was wronged above all
4. When I heard the wondrous sto - ry, So di-vine: When I heard the wondrous
sto - ry, Fill - ing life with light and glo - ry, Men have told? How there
sweetness, Rich in love's di - vine complete-ness, Ev - er new. Grief, her
oth - ers, Bruised and bro-ken, Oh, my brothers! Cru - ci - fied! In a
sto - ry, Com-ing down thro' an - nals hoar - y, Christ was mine. O that
came a heav'n-ly stranger, Cra-dled low in Bethl'hem's manger, Strong to
lone - ly vig - il keep-ing, Care, her crust in sor-row steep-ing, Lift their
pur-ple robe they bound Him, With the cruel thorns they crowned Him, Pit - i -
love beyond compar - ing, Burdened heart, thy sor - row sharing, For thy
rit.
shield from death and dan - ger God's dear fold, God's dear fold.
eyes and hear it weep - ing, 'T is for you, 'T is for you.
less they gathered round Him, Till He died, Till He died.
sake the thorn-crown wearing, Is He thine, Is He thine?

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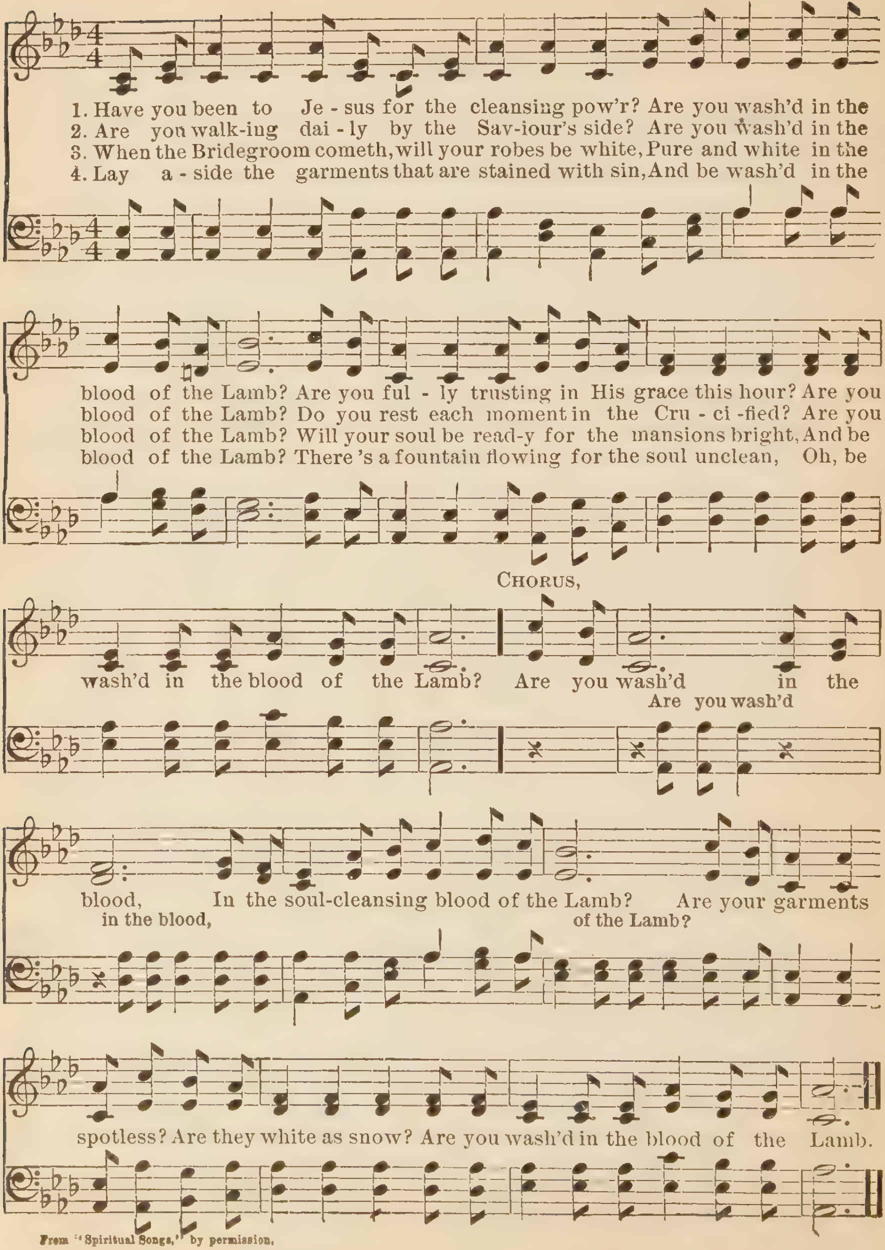
# Are You Wash'd in the Blood?

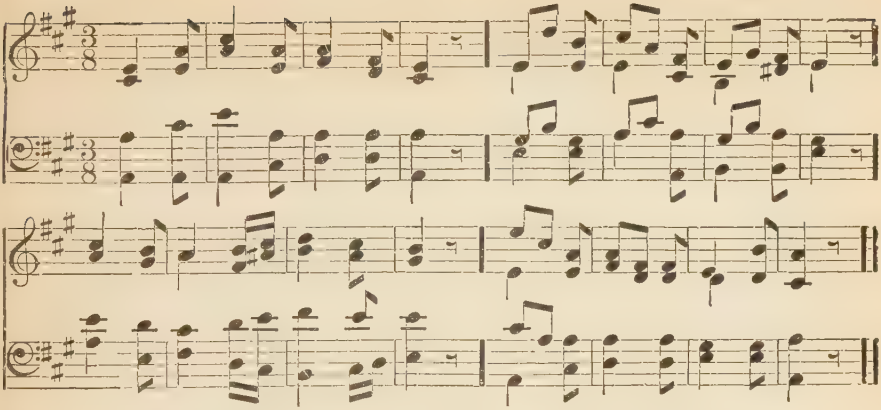
Words and music by Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.


1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you wash'd in the
2. Are you walk-ing dai - ly by the Sav-iour's side? Are you wash'd in the
3. When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white, Pure and white in the
4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be wash'd in the
blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trusting in His grace this hour? Are you
blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cru - ci -fied? Are you
blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read-y for the mansions bright, And be
blood of the Lamb? There 's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean, Oh, be
CHORUS,
wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Are you wash'd in the
Are you wash'd
blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your garments
in the blood, of the Lamb?
spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

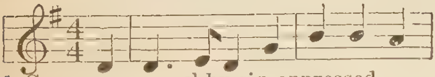
From "Spiritual Songs," by permission.

# Horton. 7s

X. S. VON WARTENSEE, b. 1786



## 370 Only Trust Him.



1 Come, every soul by sin oppressed,
There 's mercy with the Lord,
And He will surely give you rest,
By trusting in His word.

CHORUS.
Only trust Him, only trust Him,
Only trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.

2 For Jesus shed His precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

## 371 Chief of Sinners.

CHIEF of sinners though I be,
Jesus shed His blood for me;
Died that I might live on high,
Died that I might never die;
As the branch is to the vine,
I am His, and He is mine.

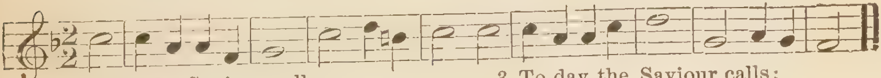
2 Oh, the height of Jesus' love!
Higher than the heavens above,
Deeper than the depths of sea,
Lasting as eternity;
Love that found me, wondrous thought!
Found me when I sought Him not!

3 Chief of sinners though I be,
Christ is all in all to me;
All my wants to Him are known,
All my sorrows are His own;
Safe with Him from earthly strife,
He sustains my hidden life.

*William McComb.*

## 372 To-day the Saviour Calls.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH. DR. LOWELL MASON.



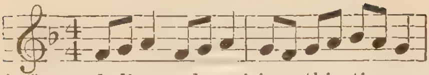
1 To-day the Saviour calls;
Ye wand'rers, come;
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls
Oh, hear Him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls
And death is nigh,

4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to His power,
Oh, grieve Him not away.
'T is mercy's hour.

## 373 Come, Believer.



1 Come, believer, hung'ring, thirsting,
Come, a living sacrifice,
God will sanctify you wholly,
Cleanse and fit you for the skies.

CHORUS.

Come to the cross for full salvation,
Now the Comforter receive,
Perfect peace, and full salvation
God the Holy Ghost will give.

2 Now, believer, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify,
Come in faith and consecration,
All your fleshly hopes deny.

3 Lo! the Holy Ghost descending!
Now behold the cleansing blood.
Venture on Him, venture freely,
Plunge beneath the crimson flood.

4 Christ the Comforter has promised
To the pardoned child of God,
Oh, believer, come and seek Him,
Let your soul be His abode.

5 He will 'stablish, fix and keep you,
Rooted, grounded in His love,
Calm your wav'ring heart and seal it,
Seal it for His courts above.

6 Into all His truth He'll lead you,
All things teach you as you go,
In the dying hour be with you,
Death's dark river guide you through.

## 374 Oh, Turn Ye.

1 Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Since Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, come!
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away;
Come, wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
Oh, how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will ye not come?
'T is you He bids welcome; he bids you come home.

4 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain,
To bear up your spirit when summoned to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

5 Why will ye be starving and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting make trial and see,
And prove that His mercy is boundless and free.

6 Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour your heart,
And trusting in heaven, we never shall part;
Oh, how can we leave you? why will you not come?
We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

## 375 Come, Thou Fount.

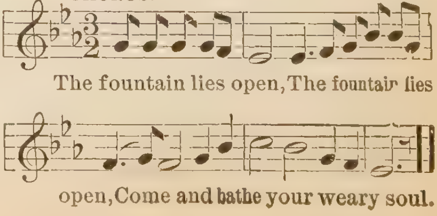
1 Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount — I'm fixed upon it —
Mount of Thy redeeming love!

3 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

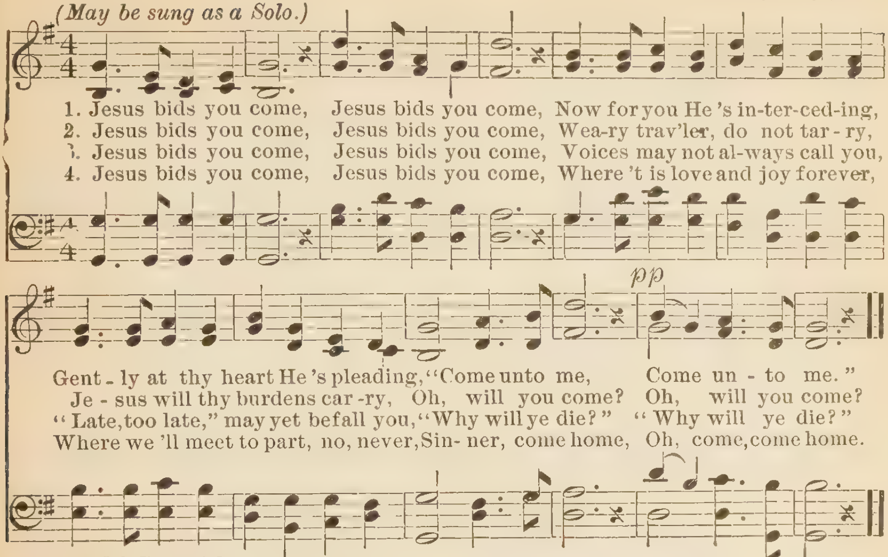
CHORUS.


The fountain lies open, The fountain lies
open, Come and bathe your weary soul.

# Jesus Bids You Come.

W. L. T. W. L. Thompson.

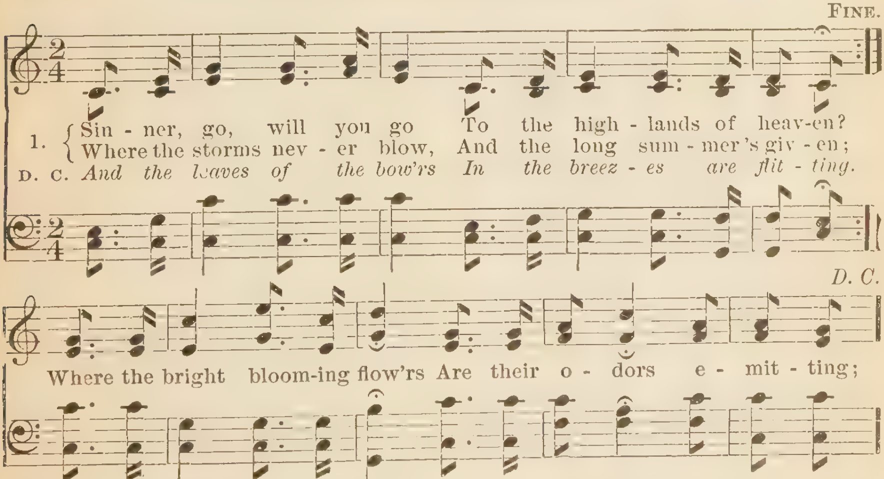
*(May be sung as a Solo.)*


1. Jesus bids you come, Jesus bids you come, Now for you He 's in-ter-ced-ing,
2. Jesus bids you come, Jesus bids you come, Wea-ry trav'ler, do not tar-ry,
3. Jesus bids you come, Jesus bids you come, Voices may not al-ways call you,
4. Jesus bids you come, Jesus bids you come, Where 't is love and joy forever,
pp
Gent-ly at thy heart He 's pleading, "Come unto me, Come un-to me."
Je-sus will thy burdens car-ry, Oh, will you come? Oh, will you come?
"Late, too late," may yet befall you, "Why will ye die?" "Why will ye die?"
Where we 'll meet to part, no, never, Sin-ner, come home, Oh, come, come home.

By per. of W. L. Thompson & Co.

## 377

# The Sinner's Invitation.

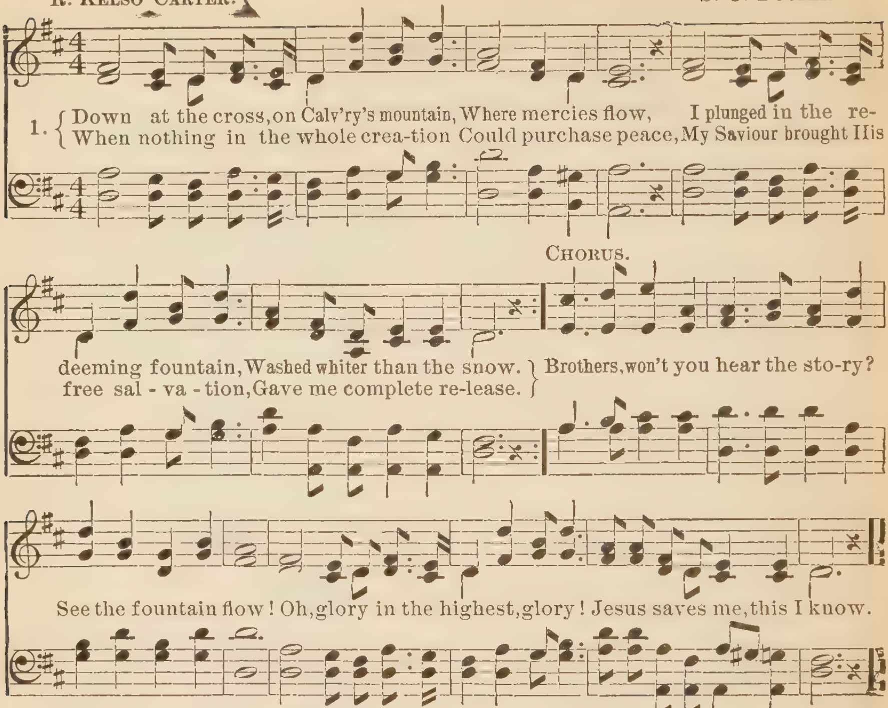

Fine.
1. { Sin-ner, go, will you go To the high-lands of heav-en?
{ Where the storms nev-er blow, And the long sum-mer 's giv-en;
D. C. And the leaves of the bow'rs In the breez-es are flit-ting.
D. C.
Where the bright bloom-ing flow'rs Are their o-dors e-mit-ting;

2 Where the saints, robed in white,
Cleansed in life's flowing fountain,
Shining beauteous and bright,
They inhabit the mountain;
Where no sin nor dismay,
Neither trouble nor sorrow,
Will be felt for a day,
Nor be feared for the morrow

3 He 's prepared thee a home,—
Sinner, canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come,—
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
Oh, come, sinner come,
For the tide is receding;
And the Saviour will soon
And forever cease pleading

# 378 Salvation's River.

R. KELSO CARTER. S. C. FOSTER.


1. { Down at the cross, on Calv'ry's mountain, Where mercies flow, I plunged in the re-
{ When nothing in the whole crea-tion Could purchase peace, My Saviour brought His
deeming fountain, Washed whiter than the snow. }
free sal - va - tion, Gave me complete re-lease. }
CHORUS.
Brothers, won't you hear the sto-ry?
See the fountain flow! Oh, glory in the highest, glory! Jesus saves me, this I know.

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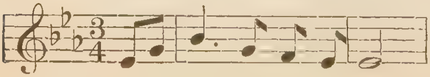
2 When lost in sin, my all I squandered,
Far from the fold:
My Saviour sought me where I wandered,
Gave me His wealth untold.
All bonds of sin and Satan rending,
Christ made me whole:
I'll ne'er forget that joy transcending,
When Jesus saved my soul.

3 All round my way the sun is shining,
Darkness has fled;
On Jesus' breast I am reclining,
Daily by Him I'm fed.
My Lord has cast His robe around me,
No more I'll roam;
The Shepherd of the sheep has found me,
Jesus has brought me home.

# 379 I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.



1 I hear Thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to Thee,
For cleansing in Thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.

CHORUS.

I am coming, Lord,
Coming now to Thee!
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.

2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.

3 'T is Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

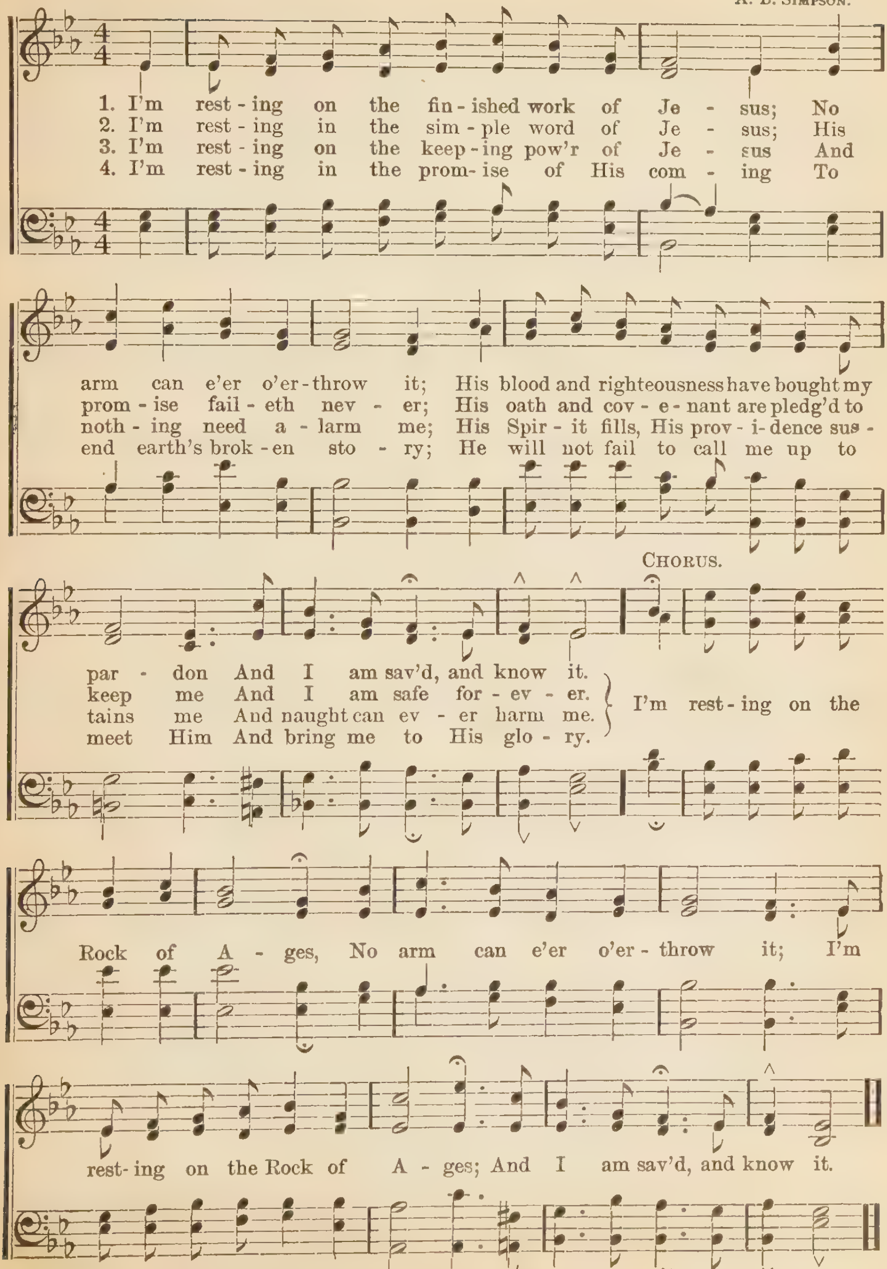
4 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the gift of Christ our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!

REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

380

# I'm Saved and I Know It.

A. B. S. A. B. SIMPSON.


1. I'm rest - ing on the fin - ished work of Je - sus; No
2. I'm rest - ing in the sim - ple word of Je - sus; His
3. I'm rest - ing on the keep - ing pow'r of Je - sus And
4. I'm rest - ing in the prom - ise of His com - ing To
arm can e'er o'er - throw it; His blood and righteousness have bought my
prom - ise fail - eth nev - er; His oath and cov - e - nant are pledg'd to
noth - ing need a - larm me; His Spir - it fills, His prov - i - dence sus -
end earth's brok - en sto - ry; He will not fail to call me up to
par - don And I am sav'd, and know it.
keep me And I am safe for - ev - er.
tains me And naught can ev - er harm me.
meet Him And bring me to His glo - ry.
CHORUS.
I'm rest - ing on the
Rock of A - ges, No arm can e'er o'er - throw it; I'm
rest - ing on the Rock of A - ges; And I am sav'd, and know it.

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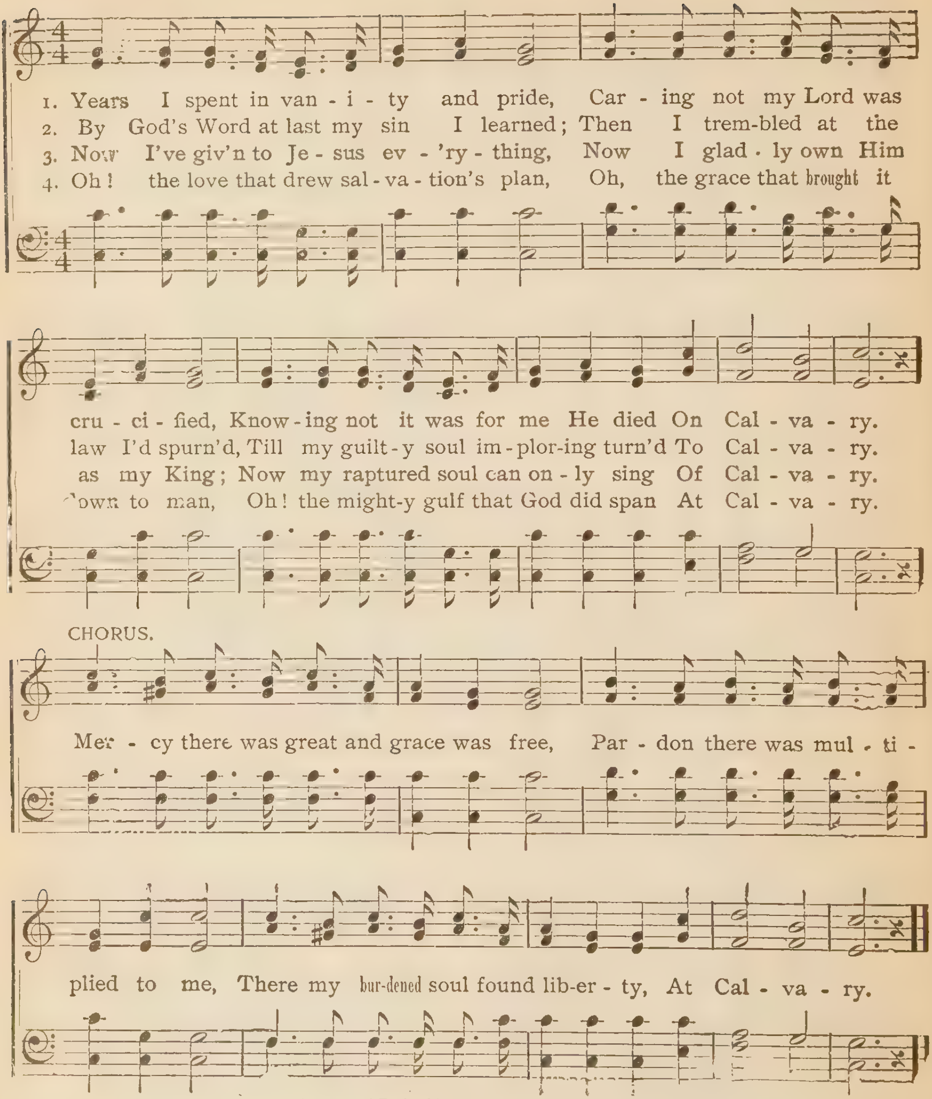
## 381

# At Calvary.

Wm. R. Newell. D. B. Towner.


1. Years I spent in van - i - ty and pride, Car - ing not my Lord was
2. By God's Word at last my sin I learned; Then I trem-bled at the
3. Now I've giv'n to Je - sus ev - 'ry - thing, Now I glad - ly own Him
4. Oh! the love that drew sal - va - tion's plan, Oh, the grace that brought it
cru - ci - fied, Know - ing not it was for me He died On Cal - va - ry.
law I'd spurn'd, Till my guilt - y soul im - plor-ing turn'd To Cal - va - ry.
as my King; Now my raptured soul can on - ly sing Of Cal - va - ry.
down to man, Oh! the might-y gulf that God did span At Cal - va - ry.
CHORUS.
Mer - cy there was great and grace was free, Par - don there was mul - ti -
plied to me, There my bur-dened soul found lib-er - ty, At Cal - va - ry.

By per. of D. B. Towner, owner of copyright.

## 382

# None but Christ.

*Tune, Bartimæus*

None but Christ; His merit hides me,
He was faultless—I am fair:
None but Christ, His wisdom guides me,
He was out-cast—I'm His care.

2 None but Christ: His Spirit seals me,
Gives me freedom with control;
None but Christ, His bruising heals me,
And His sorrow soothes my soul.

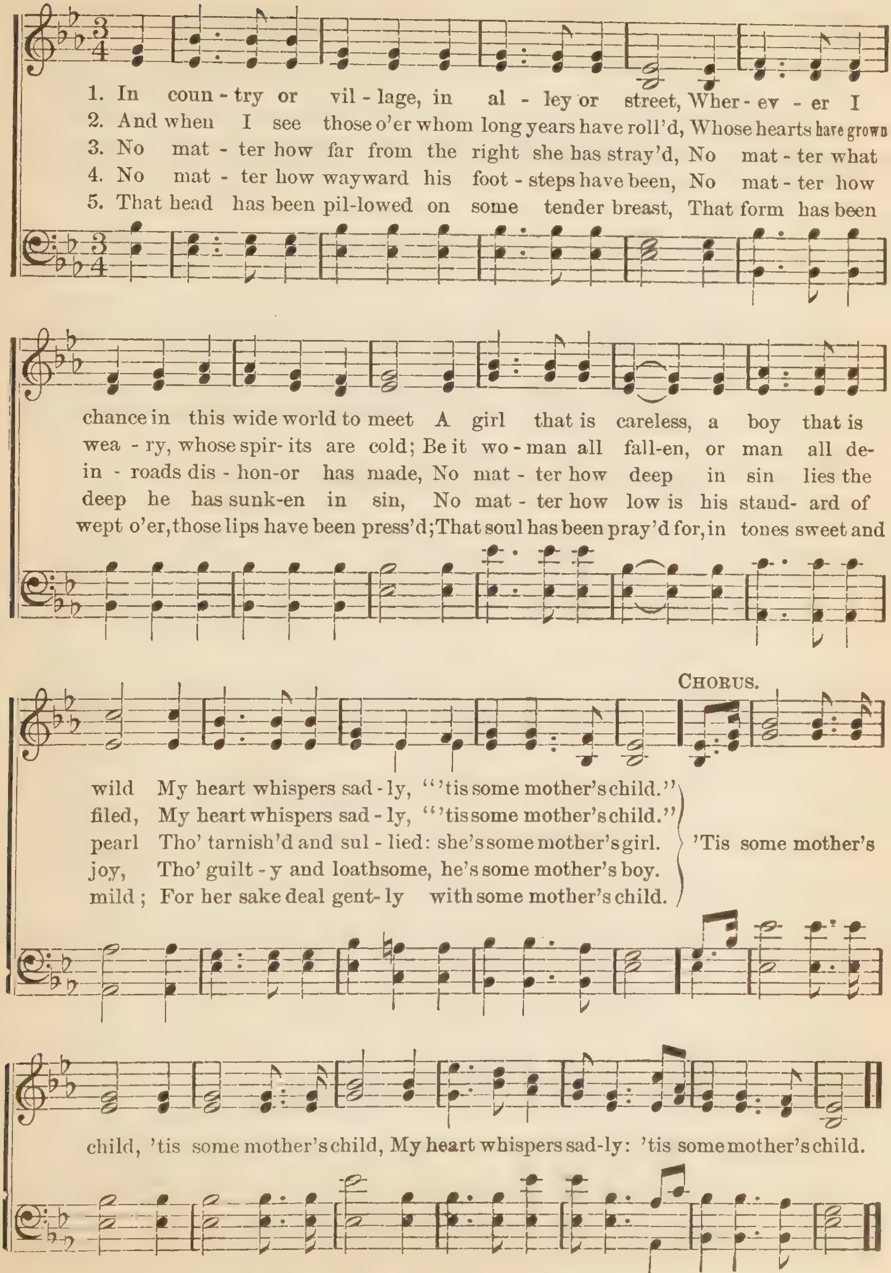
3 None but Christ: His life sustains me,
Strength and song to me He is;
None but Christ, His love constrains me,
He is mine, and I am His.

383

# Some Mother's Child.

Anon.

Arr. by May Agnew Stephens.


1. In coun - try or vil - lage, in al - ley or street, Wher - ev - er I
2. And when I see those o'er whom long years have roll'd, Whose hearts have grown
3. No mat - ter how far from the right she has stray'd, No mat - ter what
4. No mat - ter how wayward his foot - steps have been, No mat - ter how
5. That head has been pil-lowed on some tender breast, That form has been
chance in this wide world to meet A girl that is careless, a boy that is
wea - ry, whose spir- its are cold; Be it wo - man all fall-en, or man all de-
in - roads dis - hon-or has made, No mat - ter how deep in sin lies the
deep he has sunk-en in sin, No mat - ter how low is his stand- ard of
wept o'er, those lips have been press'd; That soul has been pray'd for, in tones sweet and
CHORUS.
wild My heart whispers sad - ly, "'tis some mother's child."
filed, My heart whispers sad - ly, "'tis some mother's child."
pearl Tho' tarnish'd and sul - lied: she's some mother's girl.
joy, Tho' guilt - y and loathsome, he's some mother's boy.
mild; For her sake deal gent- ly with some mother's child.
'Tis some mother's
child, 'tis some mother's child, My heart whispers sad-ly: 'tis some mother's child.

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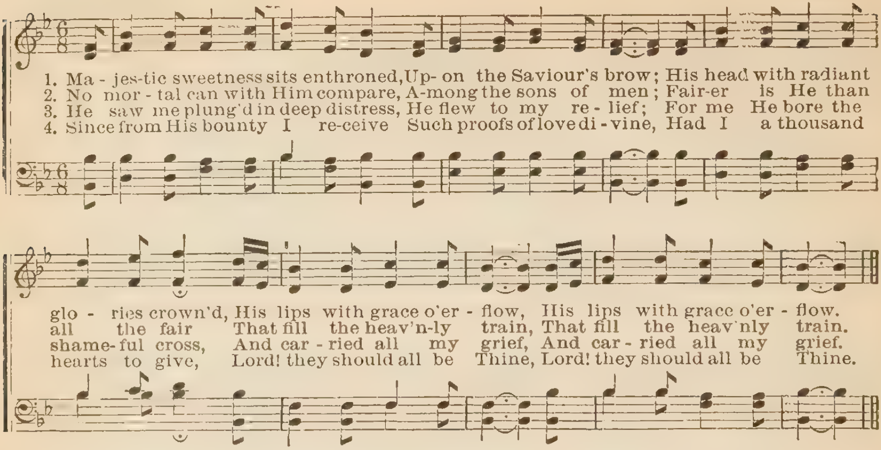
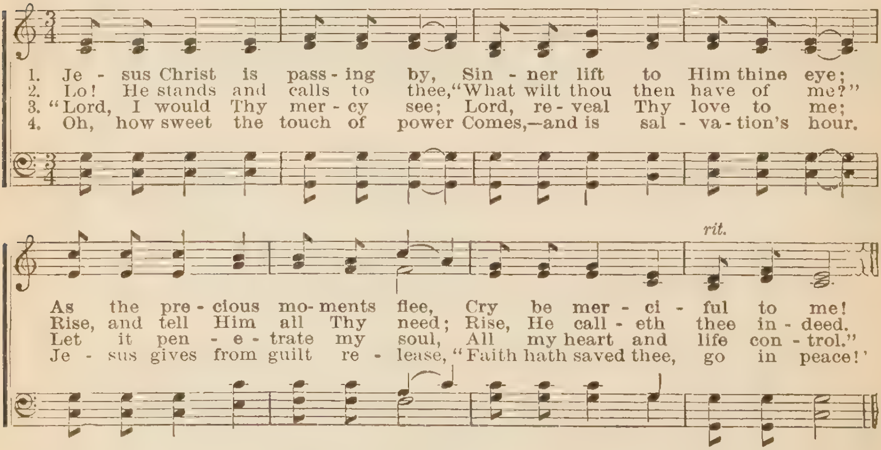
## 384 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

Samuel Stennett. T. Hastings.


1. Ma - jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned,Up- on the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant
2. No mor - tal can with Him compare, A-mong the sons of men; Fair-er is He than
3. He saw me plung'd in deep distress, He flew to my re - lief; For me He bore the
4. Since from His bounty I re-ceive Such proofs of love di - vine, Had I a thousand
glo - ries crown'd, His lips with grace o'er - flow, His lips with grace o'er - flow.
all the fair That fill the heav'n-ly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
shame-ful cross, And car - ried all my grief, And car - ried all my grief.
hearts to give, Lord! they should all be Thine, Lord! they should all be Thine.

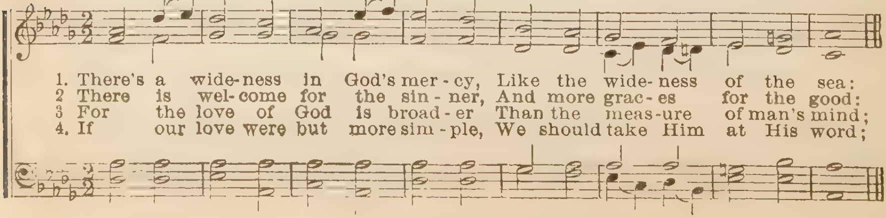
## 385 Jesus Christ is Passing By.

J. Denham Smith. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp. By per.

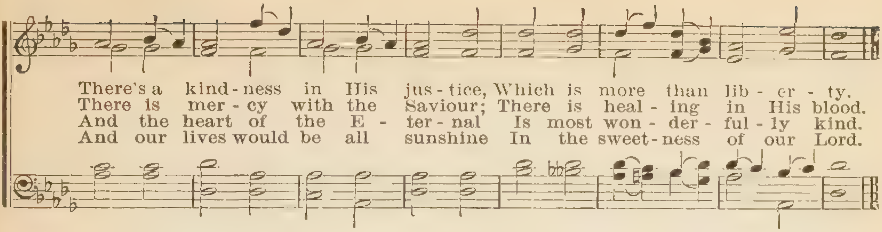

1. Je - sus Christ is pass - ing by, Sin - ner lift to Him thine eye;
2. Lo! He stands and calls to thee,"What wilt thou then have of me?"
3. "Lord, I would Thy mer - cy see; Lord, re - veal Thy love to me;
4. Oh, how sweet the touch of power Comes,—and is sal - va - tion's hour.
rit.
As the pre - cious mo- ments flee, Cry be mer - ci - ful to me!
Rise, and tell Him all Thy need; Rise, He call - eth thee in - deed.
Let it pen - e - trate my soul, All my heart and life con - trol."
Je - sus gives from guilt re - lease, "Faith hath saved thee, go in peace!"

## 386 There's a Wideness.

Frederick W. Faber. Lizzie S. Tourjee.

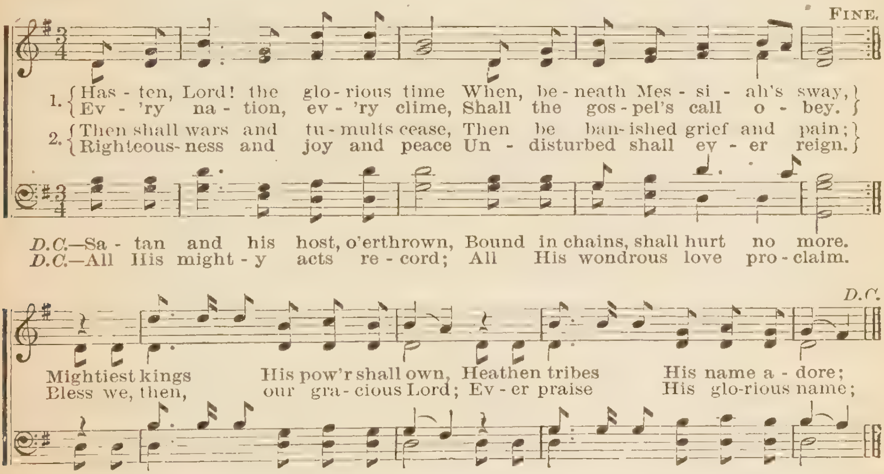

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea:
2 There is wel-come for the sin - ner, And more grac - es for the good:
3 For the love of God is broad - er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim - ple, We should take Him at His word;

## There's a Wideness.—Concluded.


There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er-ty.
There is mer-cy with the Saviour; There is heal-ing in His blood.
And the heart of the E-ter-nal Is most won-der-ful-ly kind.
And our lives would be all sunshine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.

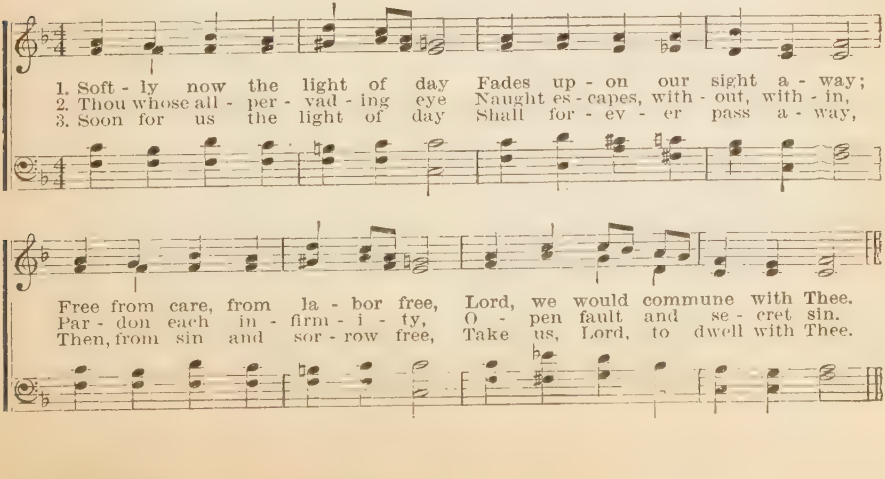
## 387 Hasten, Lord, the Glorious Time.

HARRIET AUBER. LOWELL MASON.


FINE.
1. Has-ten, Lord! the glo-rious time When, be-neath Mes-si-ah's sway,
Ev-'ry na-tion, ev-'ry clime, Shall the gos-pel's call o-bey.
2. Then shall wars and tu-mults cease, Then be ban-ished grief and pain;
Righteous-ness and joy and peace Un-disturbed shall ev-er reign.
D.C.—Sa-tan and his host, o'erthrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.
D.C.—All His might-y acts re-cord; All His wondrous love pro-claim.
D.C.
Mightiest kings His pow'r shall own, Heathen tribes His name a-dore;
Bless we, then, our gra-cious Lord; Ev-er praise His glo-rious name;

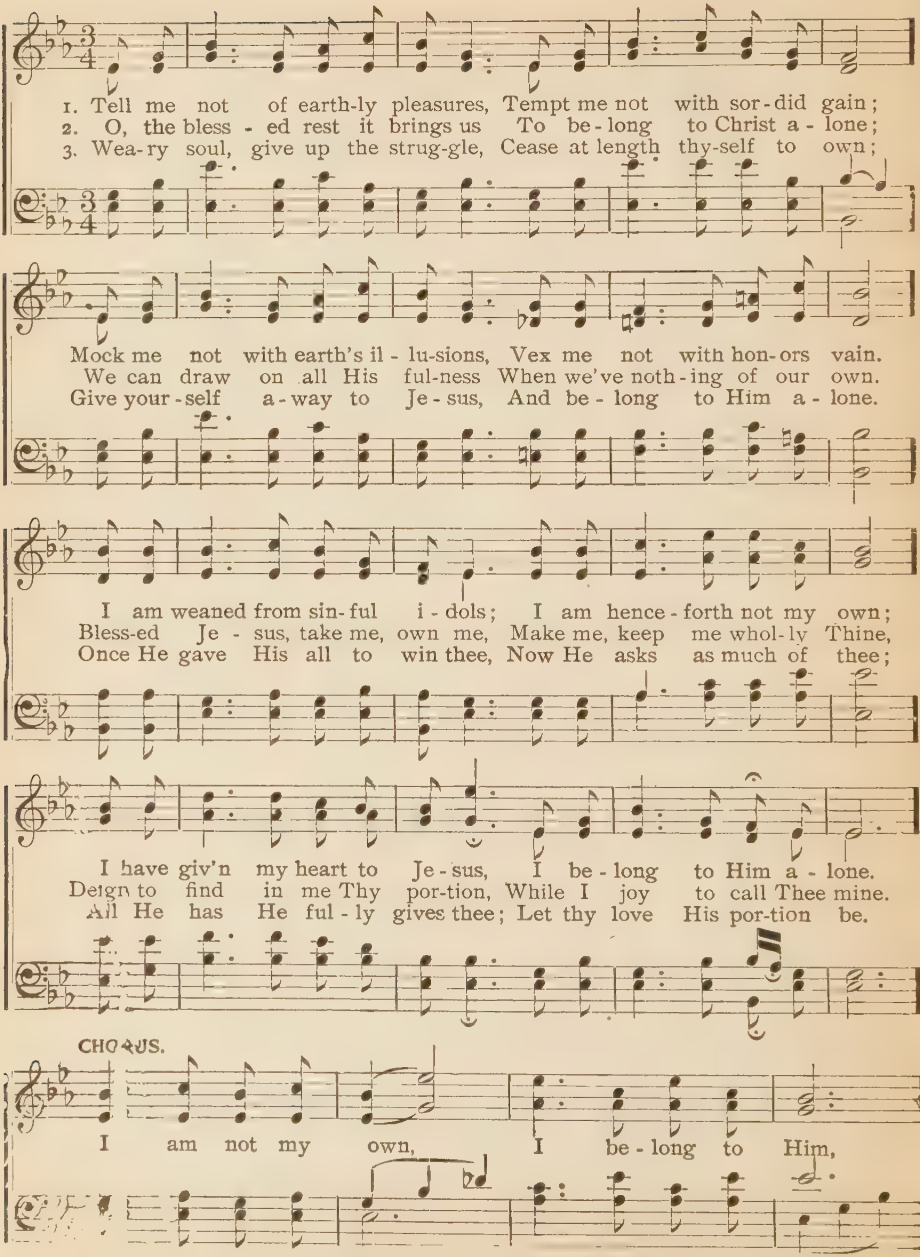
## 388 Softly Now the Light of Day.

GEO. W. DOANE. CARL M. VON WEBER.


1. Soft-ly now the light of day Fades up-on our sight a-way;
2. Thou whose all-per-vad-ing eye Naught es-capes, with-out, with-in,
3. Soon for us the light of day Shall for-ev-er pass a-way,
Free from care, from la-bor free, Lord, we would commune with Thee.
Par-don each in-firm-i-ty, O-pen fault and se-cret sin.
Then, from sin and sor-row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

# 389 I Belong to Him.

A. B. Simpson. Margaret M. Simpson.


1. Tell me not of earth-ly pleasures, Tempt me not with sor-did gain;
2. O, the bless - ed rest it brings us To be-long to Christ a - lone;
3. Wea-ry soul, give up the strug-gle, Cease at length thy-self to own;
Mock me not with earth's il - lu-sions, Vex me not with hon-ors vain.
We can draw on all His ful-ness When we've noth-ing of our own.
Give your-self a-way to Je-sus, And be-long to Him a - lone.
I am weaned from sin-ful i - dols; I am hence-forth not my own;
Bless-ed Je - sus, take me, own me, Make me, keep me whol-ly Thine,
Once He gave His all to win thee, Now He asks as much of thee;
I have giv'n my heart to Je-sus, I be-long to Him a - lone.
Deign to find in me Thy por-tion, While I joy to call Thee mine.
All He has He ful-ly gives thee; Let thy love His por-tion be.
CHORUS.
I am not my own, I be-long to Him,

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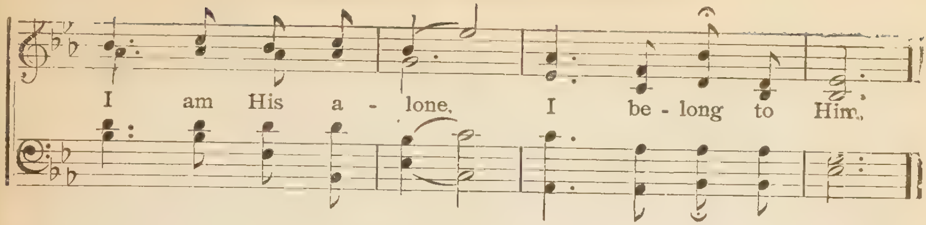

I am His a - lone, I be - long to Him.

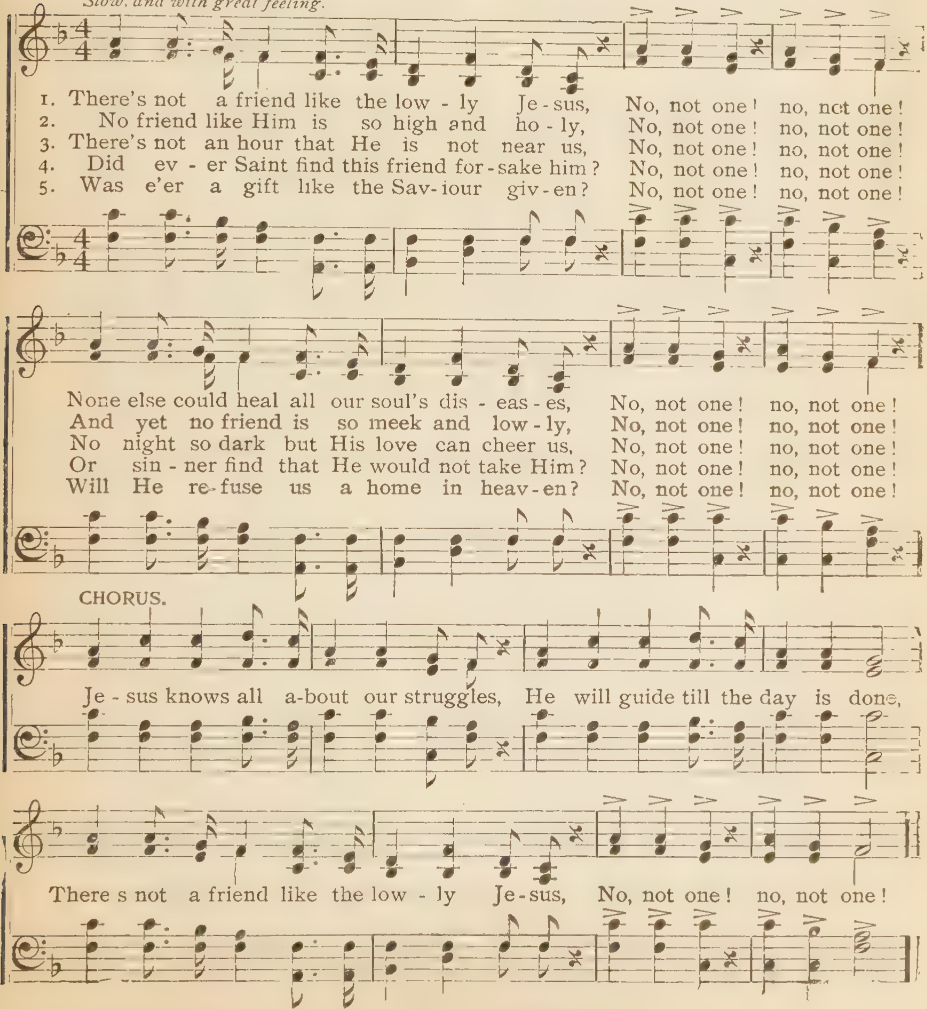
## 390

## No, Not One!

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

Geo. C. Hugg.

*Slow, and with great feeling.*


1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev - er Saint find this friend for - sake him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav - iour giv - en? No, not one! no, not one!
None else could heal all our soul's dis - eas - es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin - ner find that He would not take Him? No, not one! no, not one!
Will He re - fuse us a home in heav - en? No, not one! no, not one!
CHORUS.
Je - sus knows all a - bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done,
There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!

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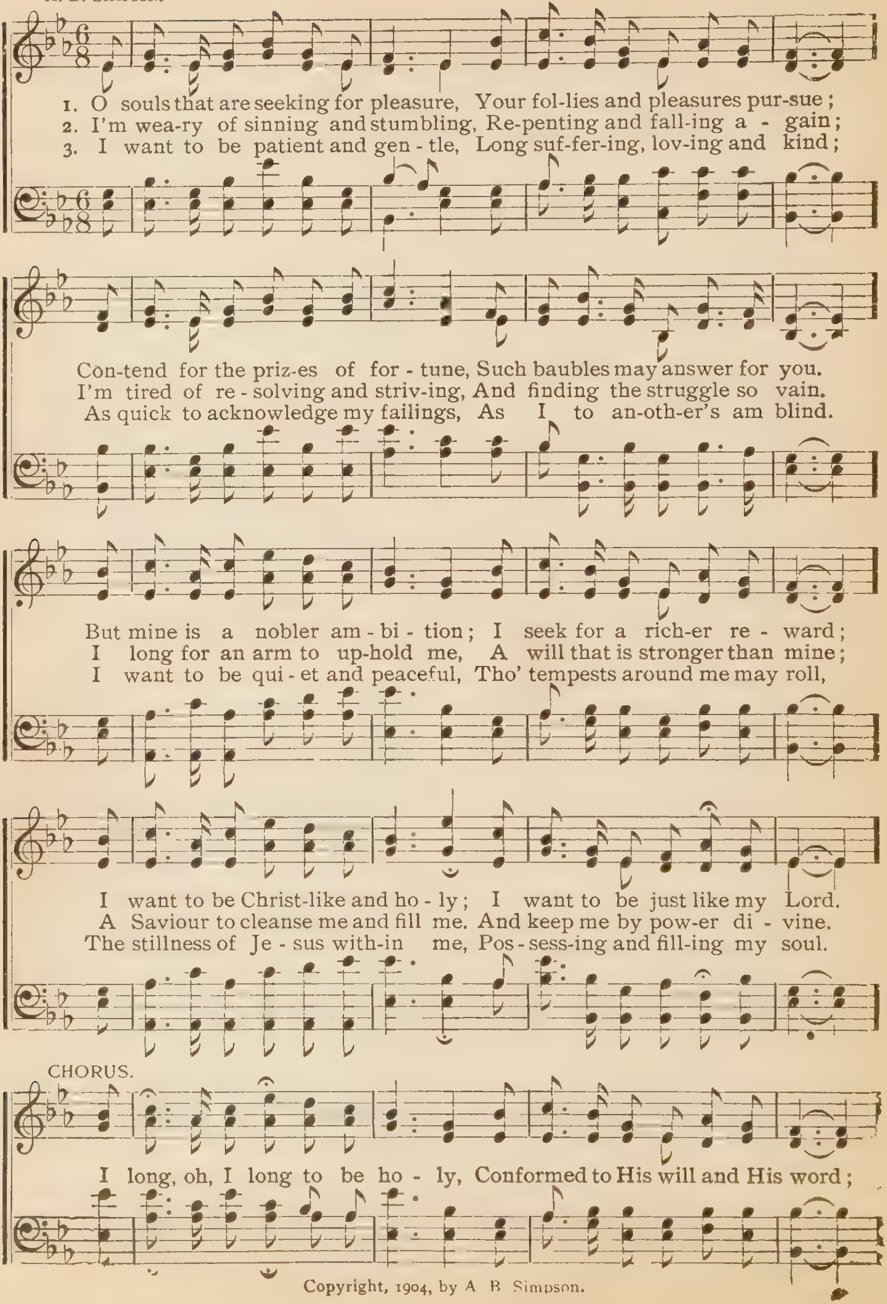
# I Want to be Holy.

A. B. Simpson.
Margaret M. Simpson.


1. O souls that are seeking for pleasure, Your fol-lies and pleasures pur-sue;
2. I'm wea-ry of sinning and stumbling, Re-penting and fall-ing a - gain;
3. I want to be patient and gen - tle, Long suf-fer-ing, lov-ing and kind;
Con-tend for the priz-es of for - tune, Such baubles may answer for you.
I'm tired of re - solving and striv-ing, And finding the struggle so vain.
As quick to acknowledge my failings, As I to an-oth-er's am blind.
But mine is a nobler am - bi - tion; I seek for a rich-er re - ward;
I long for an arm to up-hold me, A will that is stronger than mine;
I want to be qui - et and peaceful, Tho' tempests around me may roll,
I want to be Christ-like and ho - ly; I want to be just like my Lord.
A Saviour to cleanse me and fill me. And keep me by pow-er di - vine.
The stillness of Je - sus with-in me, Pos - sess-ing and fill-ing my soul.
CHORUS.
I long, oh, I long to be ho - ly, Conformed to His will and His word;

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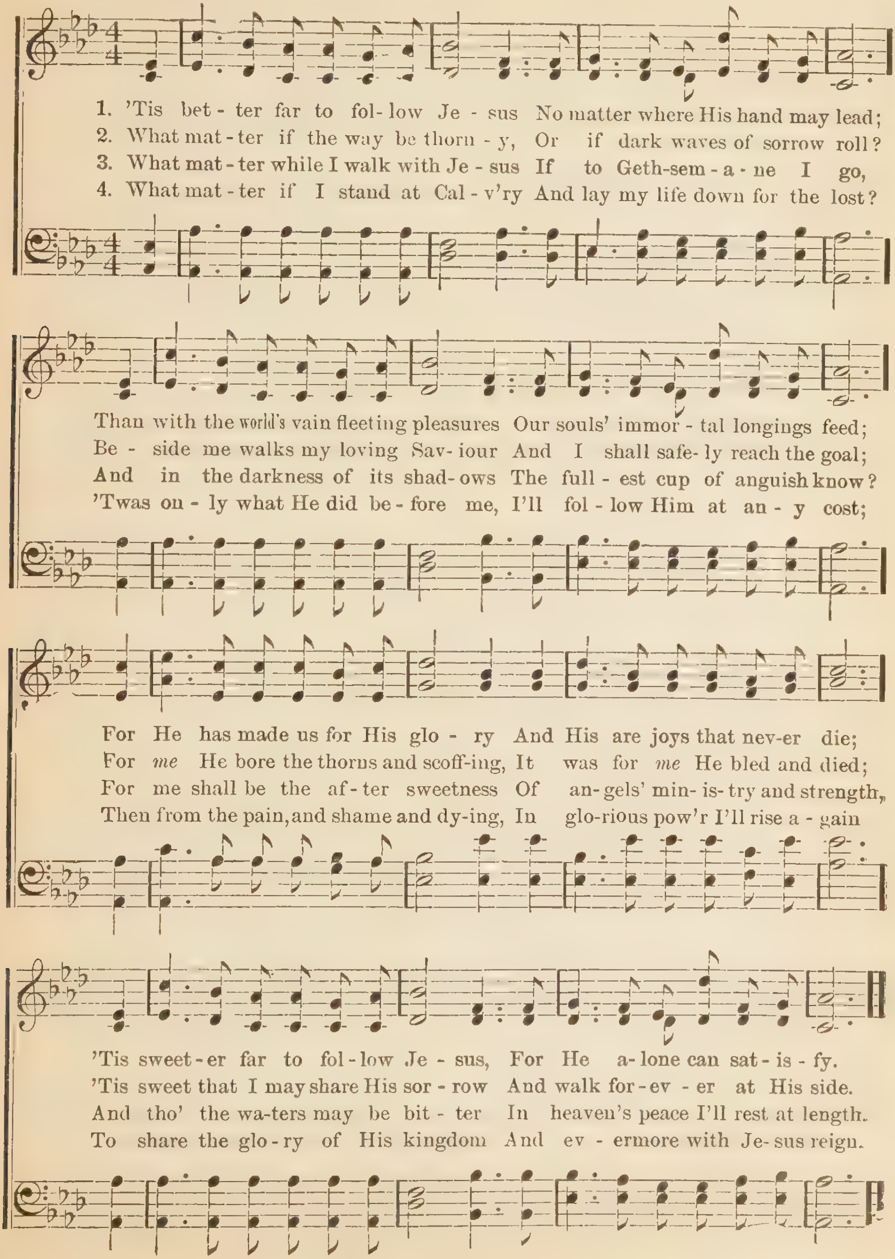
395

# 'Tis Better Far to Follow Jesus.

May Agnew Stephens. Arr. by May Agnew Stephens.


1. 'Tis bet - ter far to fol- low Je - sus No matter where His hand may lead;
2. What mat - ter if the way be thorn - y, Or if dark waves of sorrow roll?
3. What mat - ter while I walk with Je - sus If to Geth-sem - a - ne I go,
4. What mat - ter if I stand at Cal - v'ry And lay my life down for the lost?
Than with the world's vain fleeting pleasures Our souls' immor - tal longings feed;
Be - side me walks my loving Sav- iour And I shall safe- ly reach the goal;
And in the darkness of its shad- ows The full - est cup of anguish know?
'Twas on - ly what He did be - fore me, I'll fol - low Him at an - y cost;
For He has made us for His glo - ry And His are joys that nev-er die;
For *me* He bore the thorns and scoff-ing, It was for *me* He bled and died;
For me shall be the af - ter sweetness Of an-gels' min- is- try and strength,
Then from the pain, and shame and dy-ing, In glo-rious pow'r I'll rise a - gain
'Tis sweet- er far to fol - low Je - sus, For He a- lone can sat - is - fy.
'Tis sweet that I may share His sor - row And walk for - ev - er at His side.
And tho' the wa-ters may be bit - ter In heaven's peace I'll rest at length.
To share the glo - ry of His kingdom And ev - ermore with Je- sus reign.

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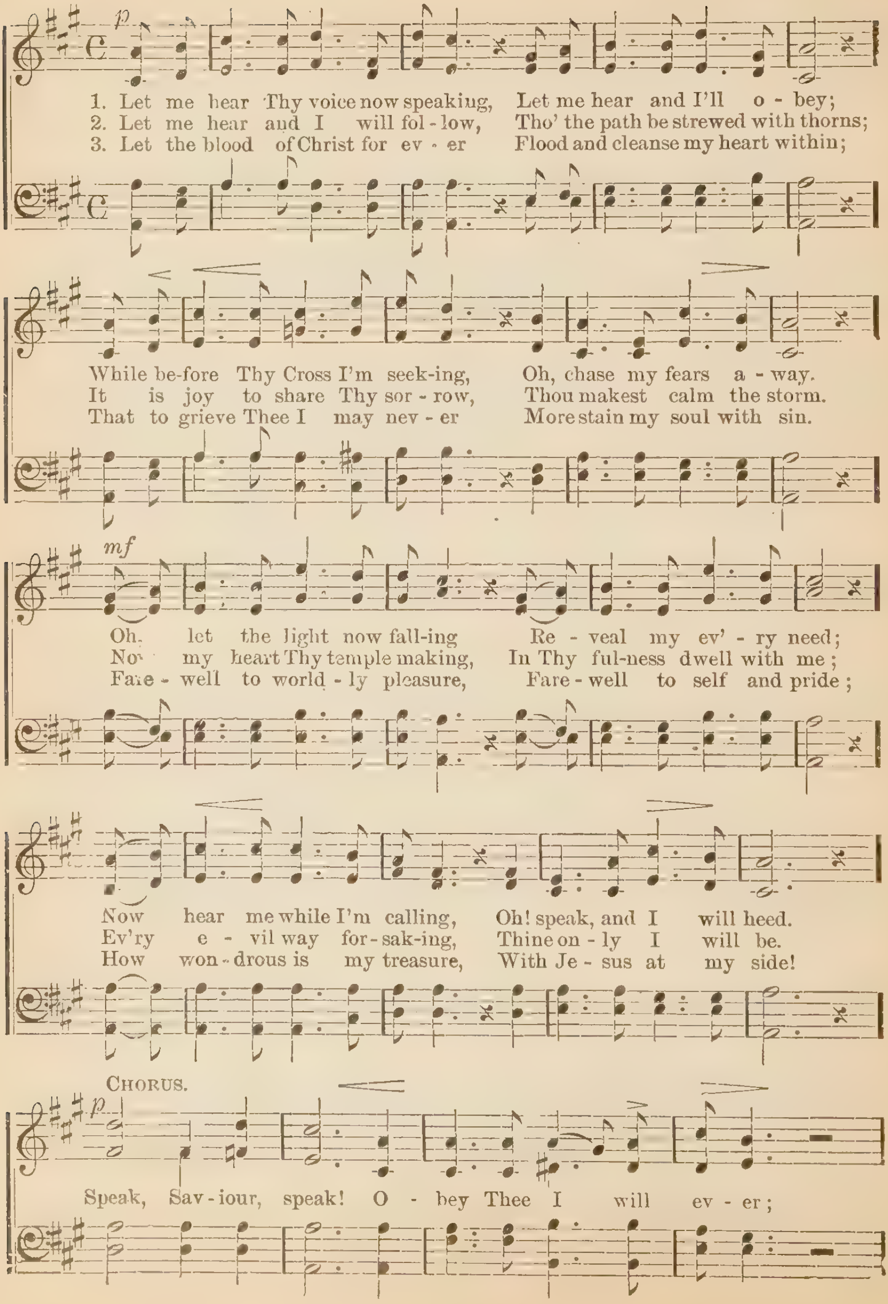
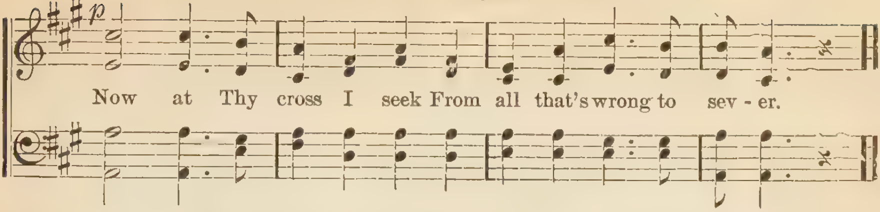
# 396 Speak, Saviour, Speak!

H. B. HERBERT BOOTH.

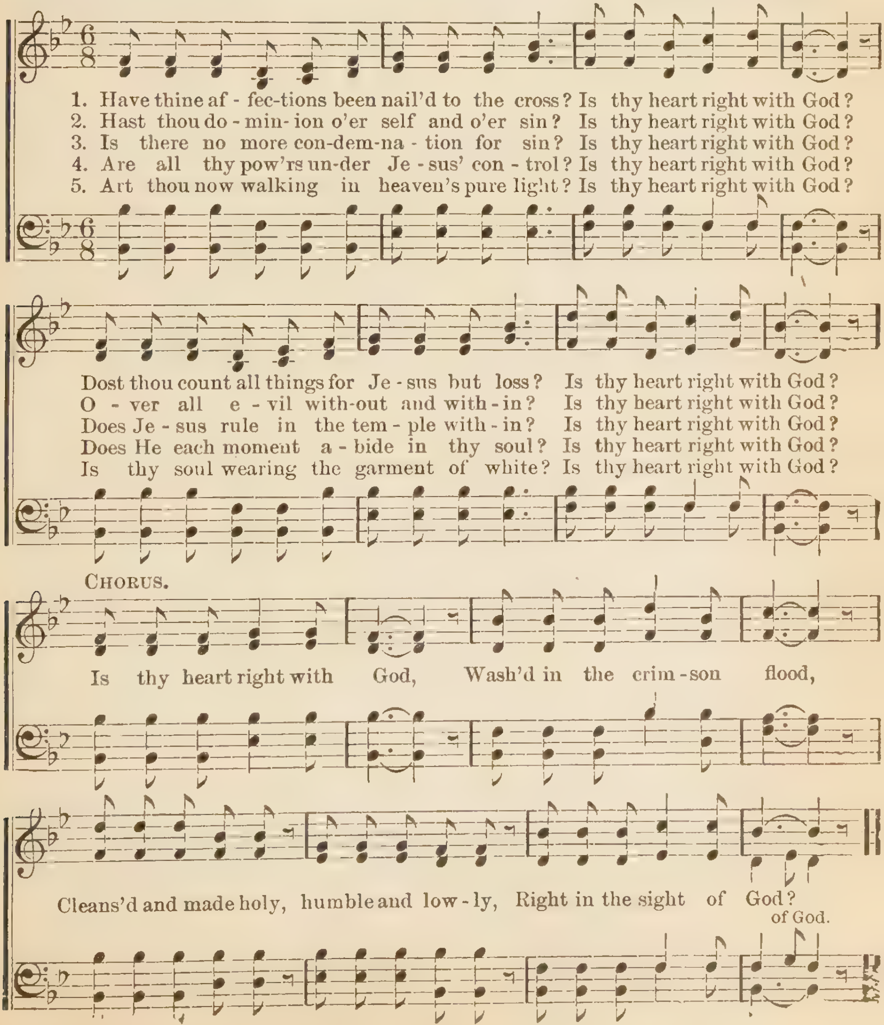

p
1. Let me hear Thy voice now speaking, Let me hear and I'll o - bey;
2. Let me hear and I will fol - low, Tho' the path be strewed with thorns;
3. Let the blood of Christ for ev - er Flood and cleanse my heart within;
While be-fore Thy Cross I'm seek-ing, Oh, chase my fears a - way.
It is joy to share Thy sor - row, Thou makest calm the storm.
That to grieve Thee I may nev - er More stain my soul with sin.
mf
Oh, let the light now fall-ing Re - veal my ev' - ry need;
Now my heart Thy temple making, In Thy ful-ness dwell with me;
Fare - well to world - ly pleasure, Fare - well to self and pride;
Now hear me while I'm calling, Oh! speak, and I will heed.
Ev'ry e - vil way for-sak-ing, Thine on - ly I will be.
How won - drous is my treasure, With Je - sus at my side!
CHORUS.
p
Speak, Sav - iour, speak! O - bey Thee I will ev - er;

## Speak, Saviour, Speak!—Concluded.


Now at Thy cross I seek From all that's wrong to sev - er.

## 397 Is Thy Heart Right with God?

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.


1. Have thine af - fec-tions been nail'd to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do - min- ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con-dem-na - tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs un-der Je - sus' con - trol? Is thy heart right with God?
5. Art thou now walking in heaven's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?
Dost thou count all things for Je - sus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
O - ver all e - vil with-out and with - in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does Je - sus rule in the tem - ple with - in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does He each moment a - bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
Is thy soul wearing the garment of white? Is thy heart right with God?
CHORUS.
Is thy heart right with God, Wash'd in the crim - son flood,
Cleans'd and made holy, humble and low - ly, Right in the sight of God?
of God.

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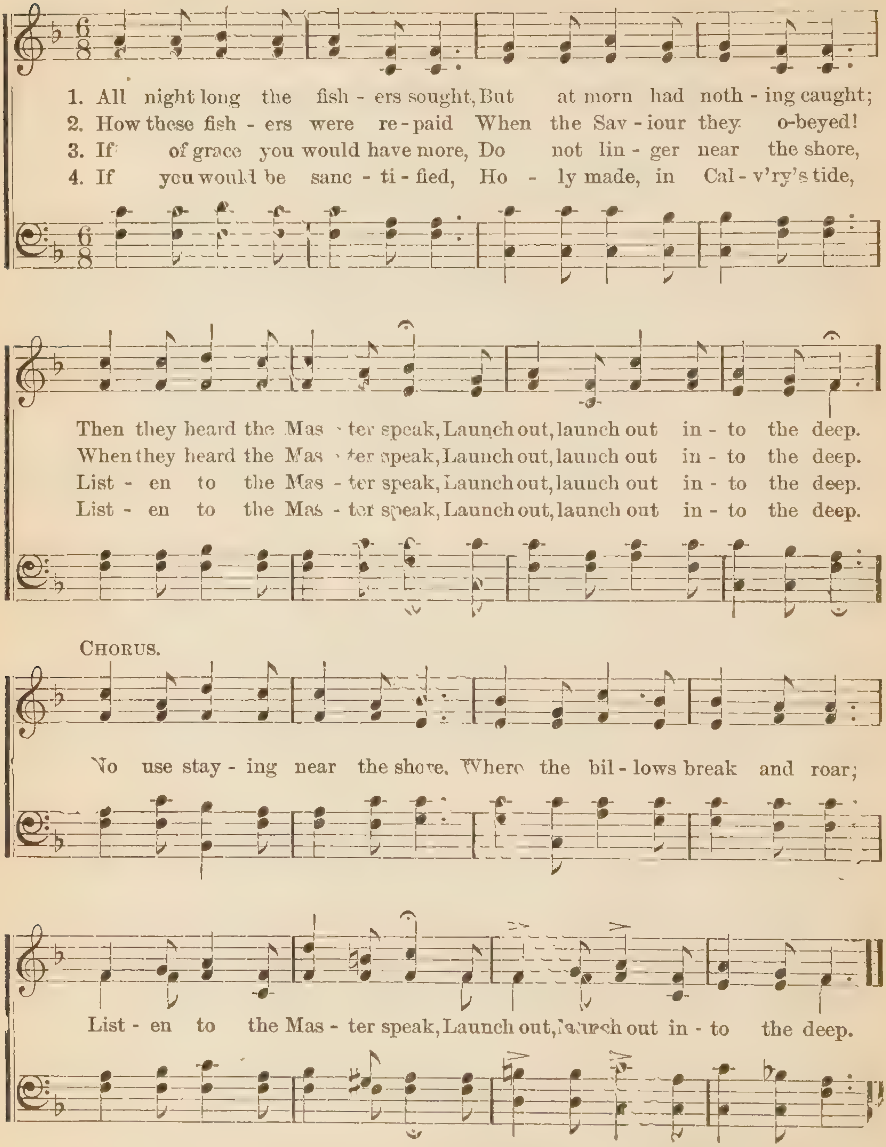
398

# Launch Out Into the Deep.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. — Geo. C. Hugg.


6/8
1. All night long the fish - ers sought, But at morn had noth - ing caught;
2. How these fish - ers were re - paid When the Sav - iour they o-beyed!
3. If of grace you would have more, Do not lin - ger near the shore,
4. If you would be sanc - ti - fied, Ho - ly made, in Cal - v'ry's tide,
Then they heard the Mas - ter speak, Launch out, launch out in - to the deep.
When they heard the Mas - ter speak, Launch out, launch out in - to the deep.
List - en to the Mas - ter speak, Launch out, launch out in - to the deep.
List - en to the Mas - ter speak, Launch out, launch out in - to the deep.
CHORUS.
No use stay - ing near the shore, Where the bil - lows break and roar;
List - en to the Mas - ter speak, Launch out, launch out in - to the deep.

5 Fishers would you be, of men?
Cut loose every shore line, then;
Listen to the Master speak,
Launch out, launch out into the deep.

6 Would you gain that blessed shore,
There to rest forever more?
Listen to the Master speak,
Launch out, launch out into the deep.

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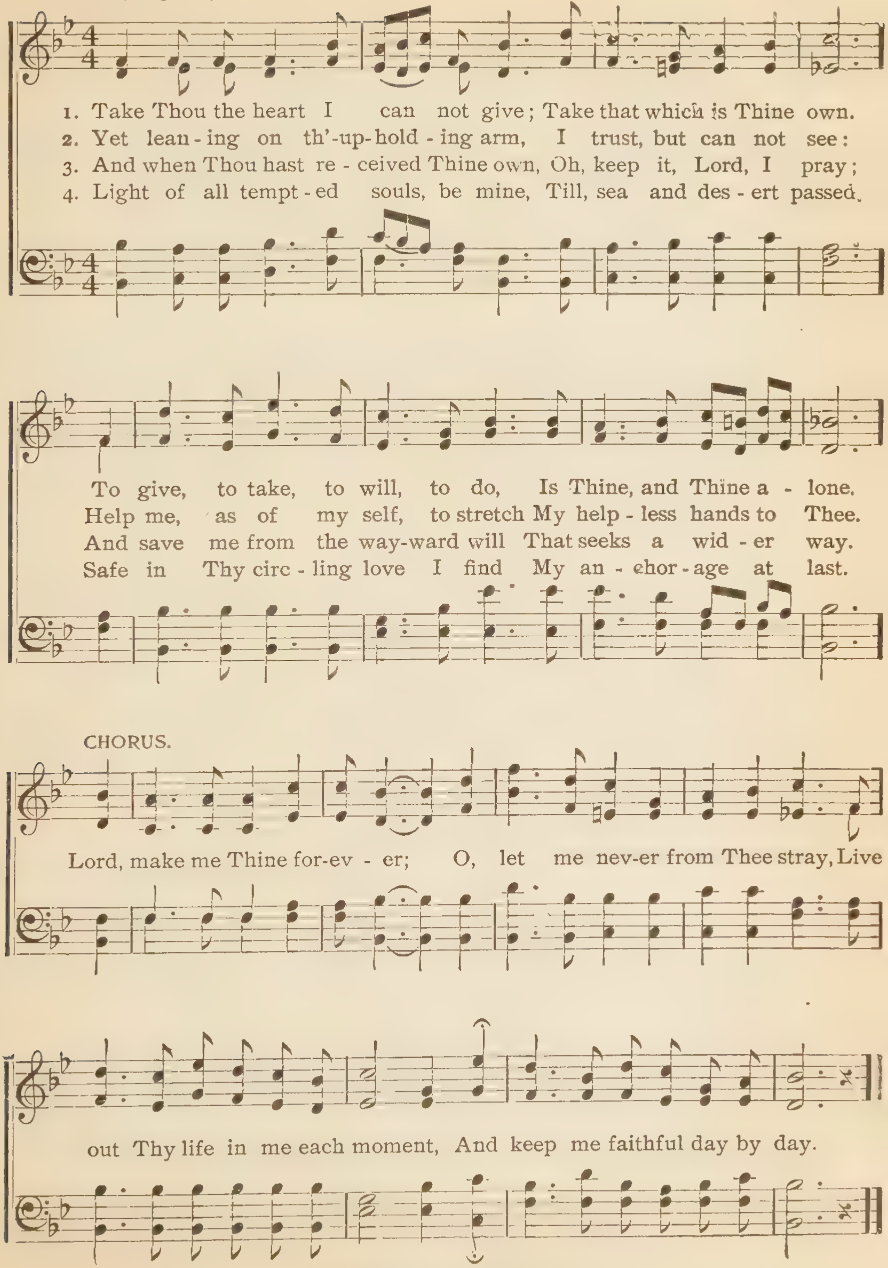
399

# Not My Will.

M. A. L., adapted by A. B. S. — Margaret M. Simpson.


1. Take Thou the heart I can not give; Take that which is Thine own.
2. Yet lean - ing on th'-up-hold - ing arm, I trust, but can not see:
3. And when Thou hast re - ceived Thine own, Oh, keep it, Lord, I pray;
4. Light of all tempt - ed souls, be mine, Till, sea and des - ert passed,
To give, to take, to will, to do, Is Thine, and Thine a - lone.
Help me, as of my self, to stretch My help - less hands to Thee.
And save me from the way-ward will That seeks a wid - er way.
Safe in Thy circ - ling love I find My an - chor - age at last.
CHORUS.
Lord, make me Thine for-ev - er; O, let me nev-er from Thee stray, Live
out Thy life in me each moment, And keep me faithful day by day.

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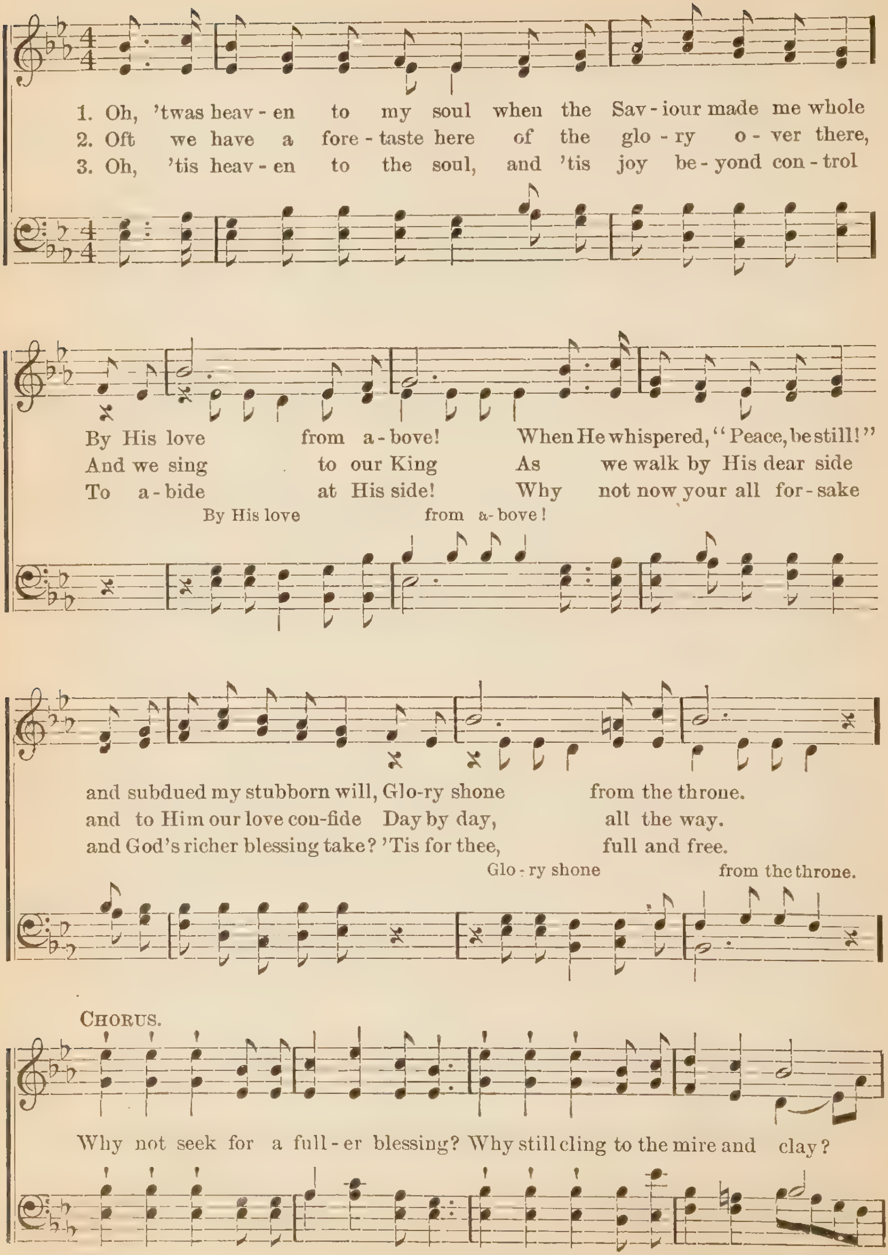
# Heaven to the Soul.

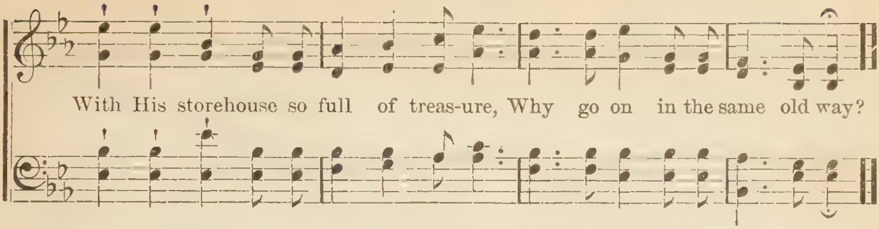
G. B. F.

G. B. Fields.


1. Oh, 'twas heav - en to my soul when the Sav - iour made me whole
2. Oft we have a fore - taste here of the glo - ry o - ver there,
3. Oh, 'tis heav - en to the soul, and 'tis joy be - yond con - trol
By His love from a - bove! When He whispered, "Peace, be still!"
And we sing to our King As we walk by His dear side
To a - bide at His side! Why not now your all for - sake
By His love from a - bove!
and subdued my stubborn will, Glo-ry shone from the throne.
and to Him our love con-fide Day by day, all the way.
and God's richer blessing take? 'Tis for thee, full and free.
Glo - ry shone from the throne.
Chorus.
Why not seek for a full - er blessing? Why still cling to the mire and clay?

By per. of E. A. Hoffman.

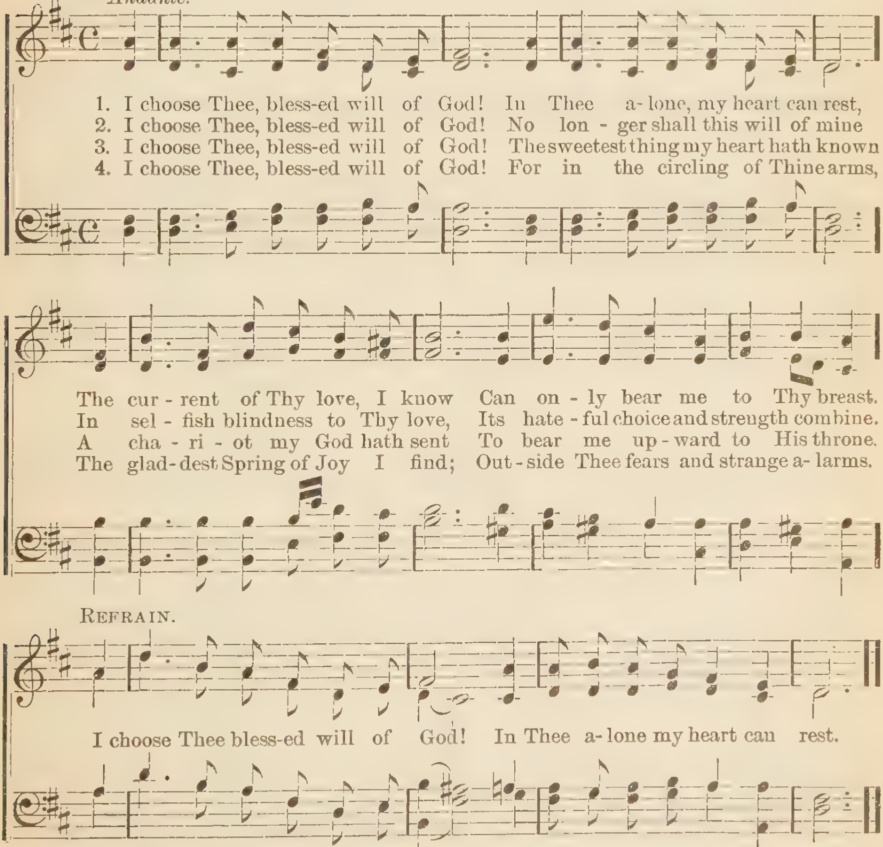
# Heaven to the Soul.—Concluded.


With His storehouse so full of treas-ure, Why go on in the same old way?

## 401 I Choose Thee, Blessed Will of God.

May Agnew Stephens. Rev. K. Mackenzie, Jr.

*Andante.*


1. I choose Thee, bless-ed will of God! In Thee a-lone, my heart can rest,
2. I choose Thee, bless-ed will of God! No lon - ger shall this will of mine
3. I choose Thee, bless-ed will of God! The sweetest thing my heart hath known
4. I choose Thee, bless-ed will of God! For in the circling of Thine arms,
The cur - rent of Thy love, I know Can on - ly bear me to Thy breast.
In sel - fish blindness to Thy love, Its hate - ful choice and strength combine.
A cha - ri - ot my God hath sent To bear me up - ward to His throne.
The glad-dest Spring of Joy I find; Out - side Thee fears and strange a- larms.
Refrain.
I choose Thee bless-ed will of God! In Thee a- lone my heart can rest.

5 I choose Thee, blessed will of God!
For all Thou art is wondrous love;
The bitterest cup Thy hand extends
Becomes a draught from streams above.

6 I choose Thee, blessed will of God!
And all Thou art! Why should I fear?
Heaven is translated to my soul,
And life's deep mysteries grow clear.

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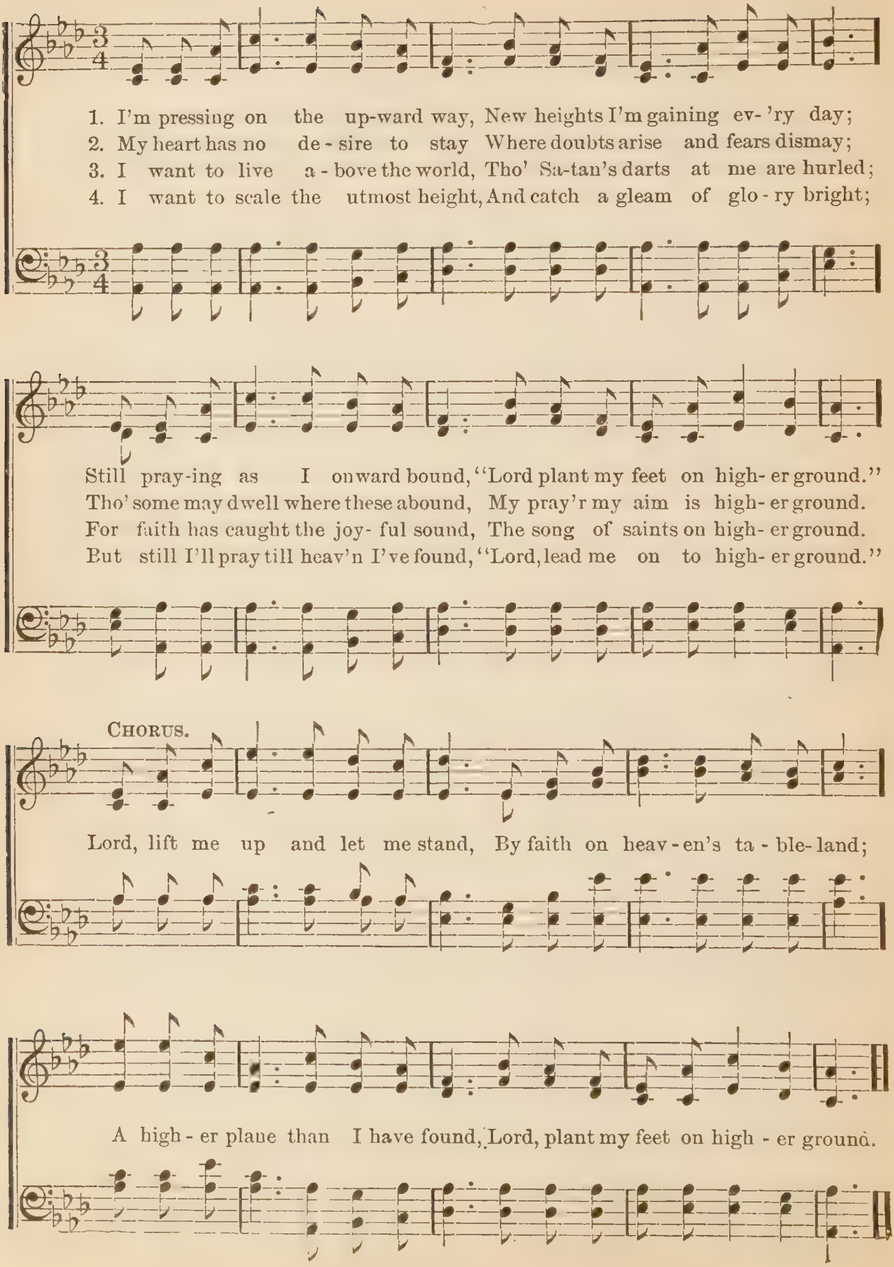
# Higher Ground.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. I'm pressing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gaining ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dismay;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;
Still pray-ing as I onward bound, "Lord plant my feet on high-er ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My pray'r my aim is high-er ground.
For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.
But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground."
Chorus.
Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith on heav-en's ta-ble-land;
A high-er plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.

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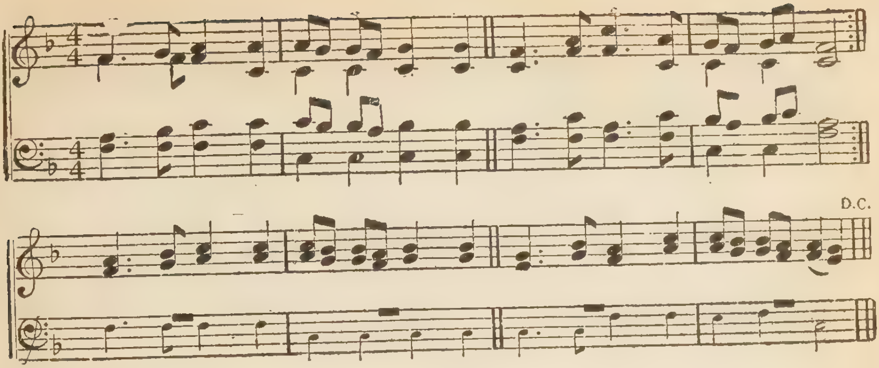
## 403 Glorious Things. 8, 7s D.



Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for His own abode;
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove;
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage—
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age?

Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near;
Thus deriving from the banner
Light by night and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which He gives them when they pray

## 404 Jesus, I My Cross have Taken.

Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be!
Perish, every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
Oh, while Thou dost smile upon me
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest!
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
Oh, 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

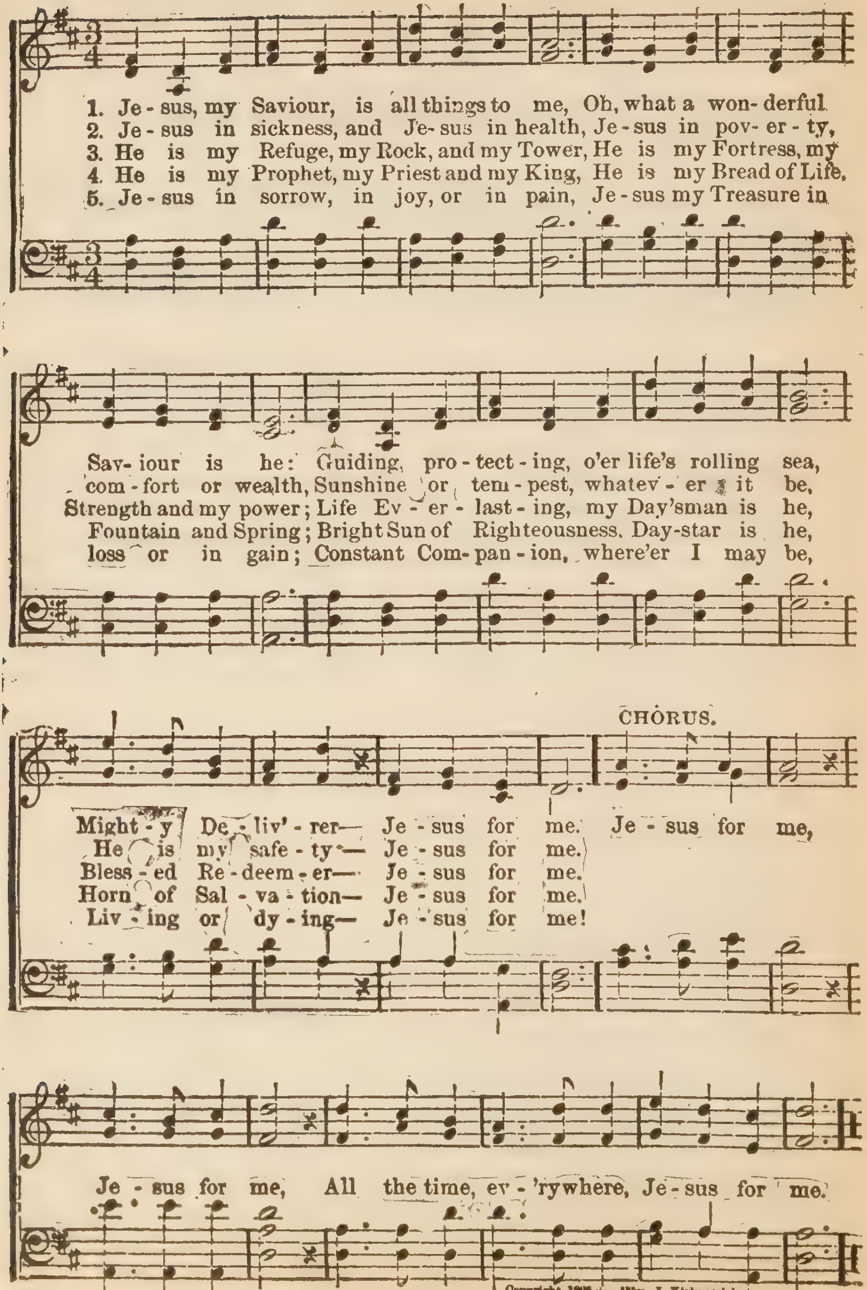
4 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure,
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee—Abba, Father!
I have stayed my heart on Thee!
Storms may howl and tempests gathe
All must work for God to me.

405

# Jesus for Me.

W. F.

By per., Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Jesus, my Saviour, is all things to me, Oh, what a wonderful
2. Jesus in sickness, and Jesus in health, Jesus in poverty,
3. He is my Refuge, my Rock, and my Tower, He is my Fortress, my
4. He is my Prophet, my Priest and my King, He is my Bread of Life,
5. Jesus in sorrow, in joy, or in pain, Jesus my Treasure in
Saviour is he: Guiding, protecting, o'er life's rolling sea,
comfort or wealth, Sunshine or tempest, whatever it be,
Strength and my power; Life Everlasting, my Day'sman is he,
Fountain and Spring; Bright Sun of Righteousness, Day-star is he,
loss or in gain; Constant Companion, where'er I may be,
Mighty Deliv'rer— Jesus for me.
He is my safety— Jesus for me.
Blessed Redeemer— Jesus for me.
Horn of Salvation— Jesus for me.
Living or dying— Jesus for me!
CHORUS.
Jesus for me,
Jesus for me, All the time, ev'rywhere, Jesus for me.

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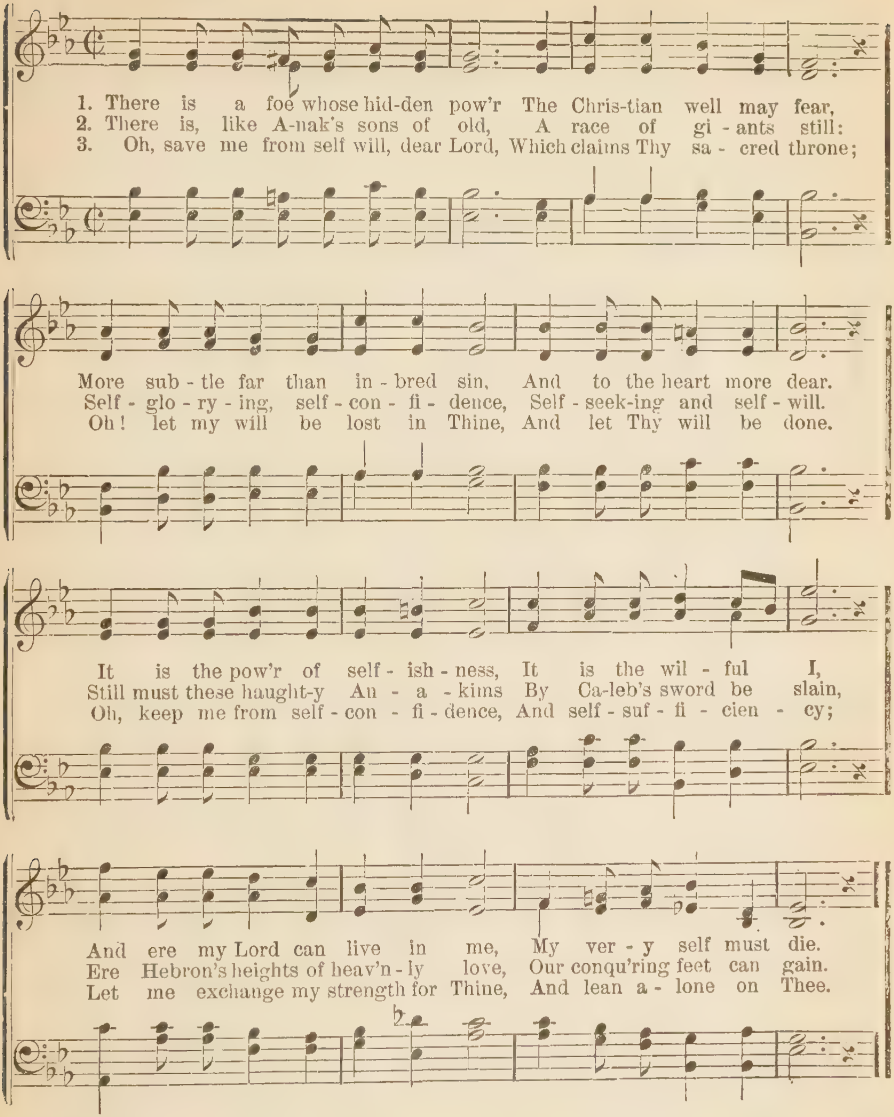
# Not I, but Christ.

Rev. A. B. Simpson. Miss. L. Shepard.


1. There is a foe whose hid-den pow'r The Chris-tian well may fear,
2. There is, like A-nak's sons of old, A race of gi - ants still:
3. Oh, save me from self will, dear Lord, Which claims Thy sa - cred throne;
More sub - tle far than in - bred sin, And to the heart more dear.
Self - glo - ry - ing, self - con - fi - dence, Self - seek-ing and self - will.
Oh! let my will be lost in Thine, And let Thy will be done.
It is the pow'r of self - ish - ness, It is the wil - ful I,
Still must these haught-y An - a - kims By Ca-leb's sword be slain,
Oh, keep me from self - con - fi - dence, And self - suf - fi - cien - cy;
And ere my Lord can live in me, My ver - y self must die.
Ere Hebron's heights of heav'n - ly love, Our conqu'ring feet can gain.
Let me exchange my strength for Thine, And lean a - lone on Thee.

4 Oh, save me from self-seeking, Lord,
Let me not be my own;
A living sacrifice I come,
Lord, keep me Thine alone.
From proud vain glory save me, Lord,
From pride of praise and fame;
To Christ be all the honor given,
The glory to His name.

5 Oh, Jesus, slay the self in me
By Thy consuming breath;
Show me Thy heart, Thy wounds, Thy shame,
And love my soul to death.
When the Sechinah flame came down,
E'en Moses could not stay;
So let Thy glory fill me now,
And self forever slay.

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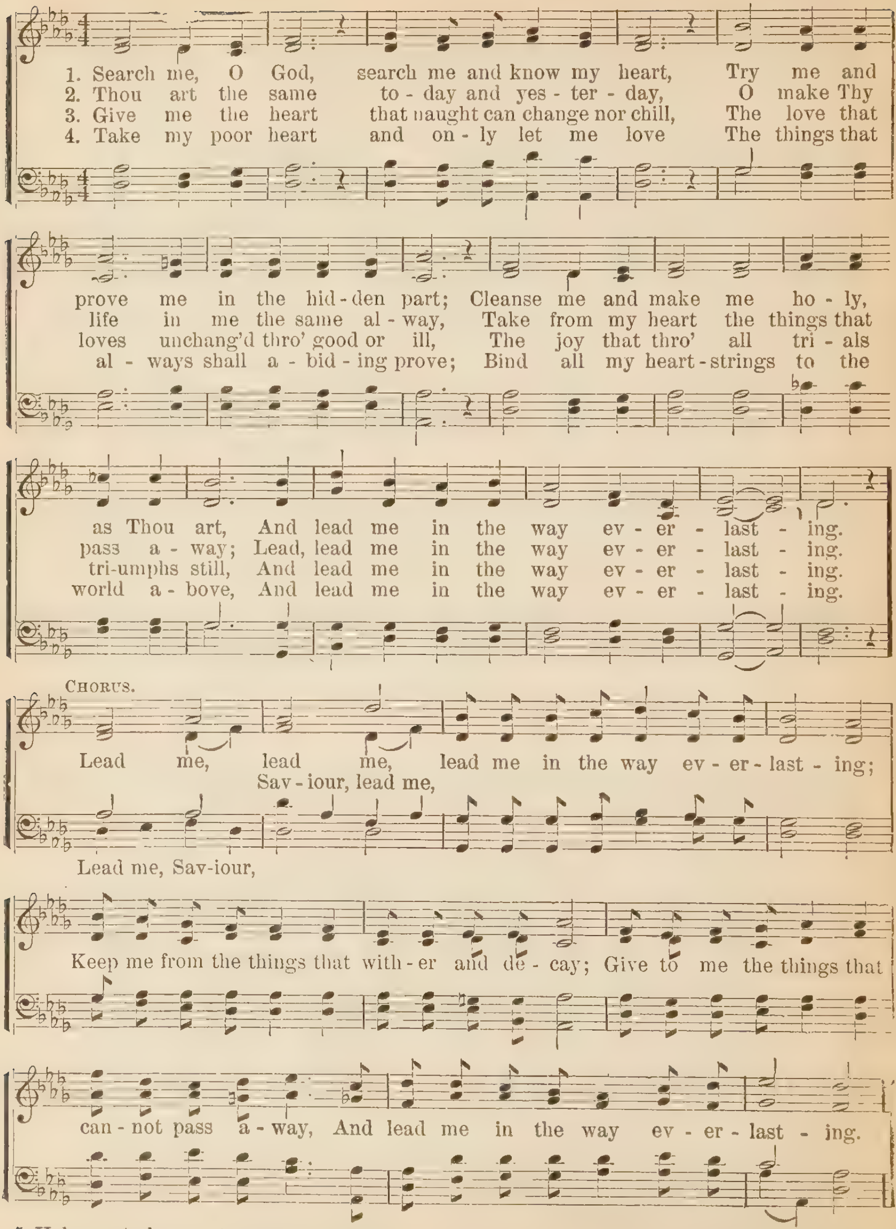
# Search Me, O God.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. Search me, O God, search me and know my heart, Try me and
2. Thou art the same to-day and yes-ter-day, O make Thy
3. Give me the heart that naught can change nor chill, The love that
4. Take my poor heart and on-ly let me love The things that
prove me in the hid-den part; Cleanse me and make me ho-ly,
life in me the same al-way, Take from my heart the things that
loves unchang'd thro' good or ill, The joy that thro' all tri-als
al-ways shall a-bid-ing prove; Bind all my heart-strings to the
as Thou art, And lead me in the way ev-er-last-ing.
pass a-way; Lead, lead me in the way ev-er-last-ing.
tri-umphs still, And lead me in the way ev-er-last-ing.
world a-bove, And lead me in the way ev-er-last-ing.
Chorus.
Lead me, lead me, lead me in the way ev-er-last-ing;
Sav-iour, lead me,
Lead me, Sav-iour,
Keep me from the things that with-er and de-cay; Give to me the things that
can-not pass a-way, And lead me in the way ev-er-last-ing.

5 Help me to lay my treasures up on high;
Teach me to seek my future in the sky;
Give me my portion yonder by and by,
And lead me in the way everlasting.

6 Oh, let my work abide the testing day
That shall consume the stubble and the hay;
Oh, build my house upon the rock, I pray,
And lead me in the way everlasting.

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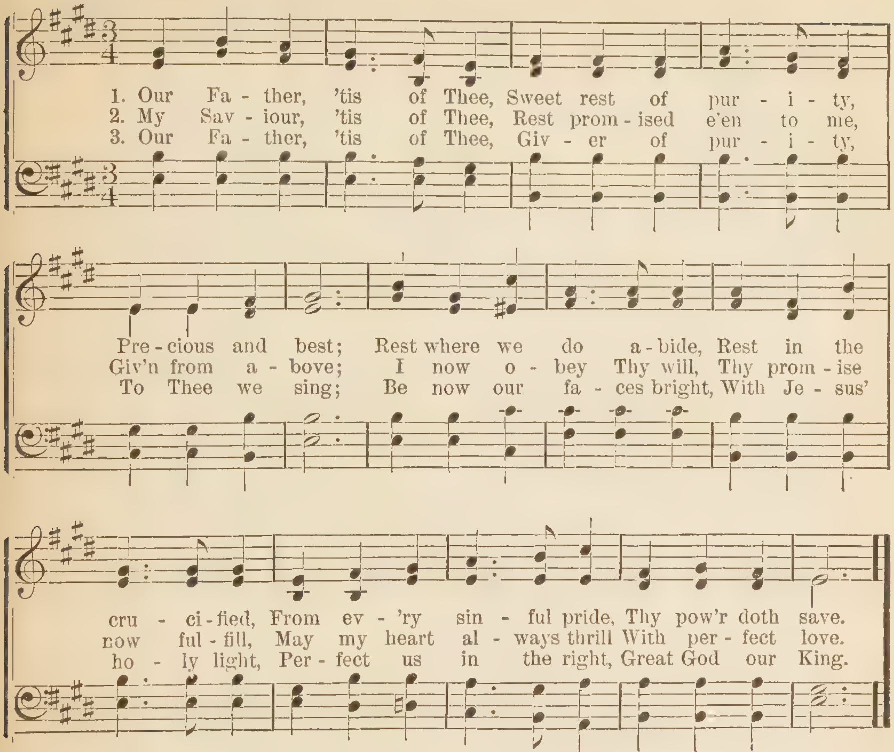
## 408

# Sweet Rest of Purity.

*"There remaineth therefore a rest unto the people of God."—Heb. iv. 9.*

J. B. GUINN. From S. F. SMITH.


1. Our Father, 'tis of Thee, Sweet rest of purity,
2. My Saviour, 'tis of Thee, Rest promised e'en to me,
3. Our Father, 'tis of Thee, Giver of purity,
Precious and best; Rest where we do abide, Rest in the
Giv'n from above; I now obey Thy will, Thy promise
To Thee we sing; Be now our faces bright, With Jesus'
crucified, From ev'ry sinful pride, Thy pow'r doth save.
now fulfill, May my heart always thrill With perfect love.
holy light, Perfect us in the right, Great God our King.

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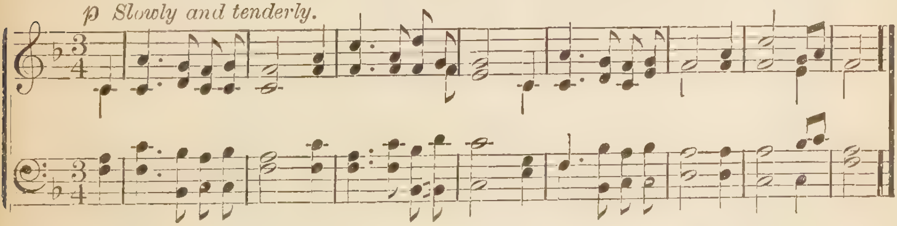
## 409

# I am Thine Own, O Christ!

Mrs. H. BRADLEY. Rev. A. A. WRIGHT.

*p Slowly and tenderly.*



1 I am Thine own, O Christ;
Henceforth entirely Thine;
And life from this glad hour,
New life is mine.

2 No earthly joy can lure
My quiet soul from Thee;
This deep delight, so pure,
Is heaven to me.

3 My joyful song of praise
In sweet content I sing;
To Thee the note I raise,
My King! my King!

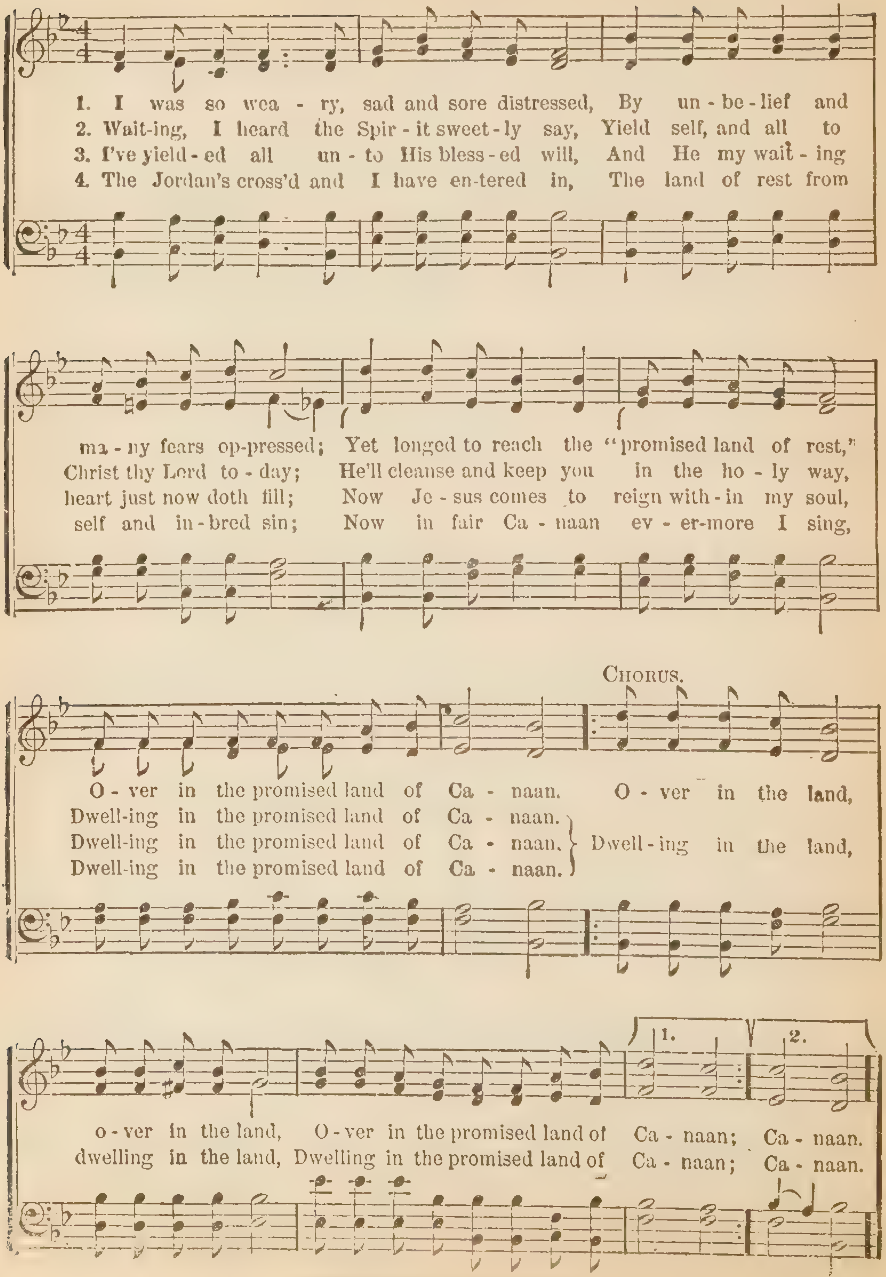
4 I cannot tell the art
By which such bliss is given;
I know Thou hast my heart,
And I—have heaven.

5 O peace,—O holy rest,
O balmy breath of love;
O heart, divinest, best,—
Thy depth I prove.

6 I ask this gift of Thee—
A life all lily-fair.
And fragrant as the place,
Where seraphs are.

# Dwelling in Canaan.

Rev. D. W. Myland. Jas. M. Kirk.


1. I was so wea - ry, sad and sore distressed, By un - be - lief and ma - ny fears op-pressed; Yet longed to reach the "promised land of rest,"
2. Wait-ing, I heard the Spir - it sweet - ly say, Yield self, and all to Christ thy Lord to - day; He'll cleanse and keep you in the ho - ly way,
3. I've yield - ed all un - to His bless - ed will, And He my wait - ing heart just now doth fill; Now Je - sus comes to reign with - in my soul,
4. The Jordan's cross'd and I have en-tered in, The land of rest from self and in - bred sin; Now in fair Ca - naan ev - er-more I sing,
O - ver in the promised land of Ca - naan.
Dwell-ing in the promised land of Ca - naan.
Dwell-ing in the promised land of Ca - naan.
Dwell-ing in the promised land of Ca - naan.
Chorus.
O - ver in the land, o - ver in the land, O - ver in the promised land of Ca - naan; Ca - naan.
Dwell - ing in the land, dwelling in the land, Dwelling in the promised land of Ca - naan; Ca - naan.
1.
2.

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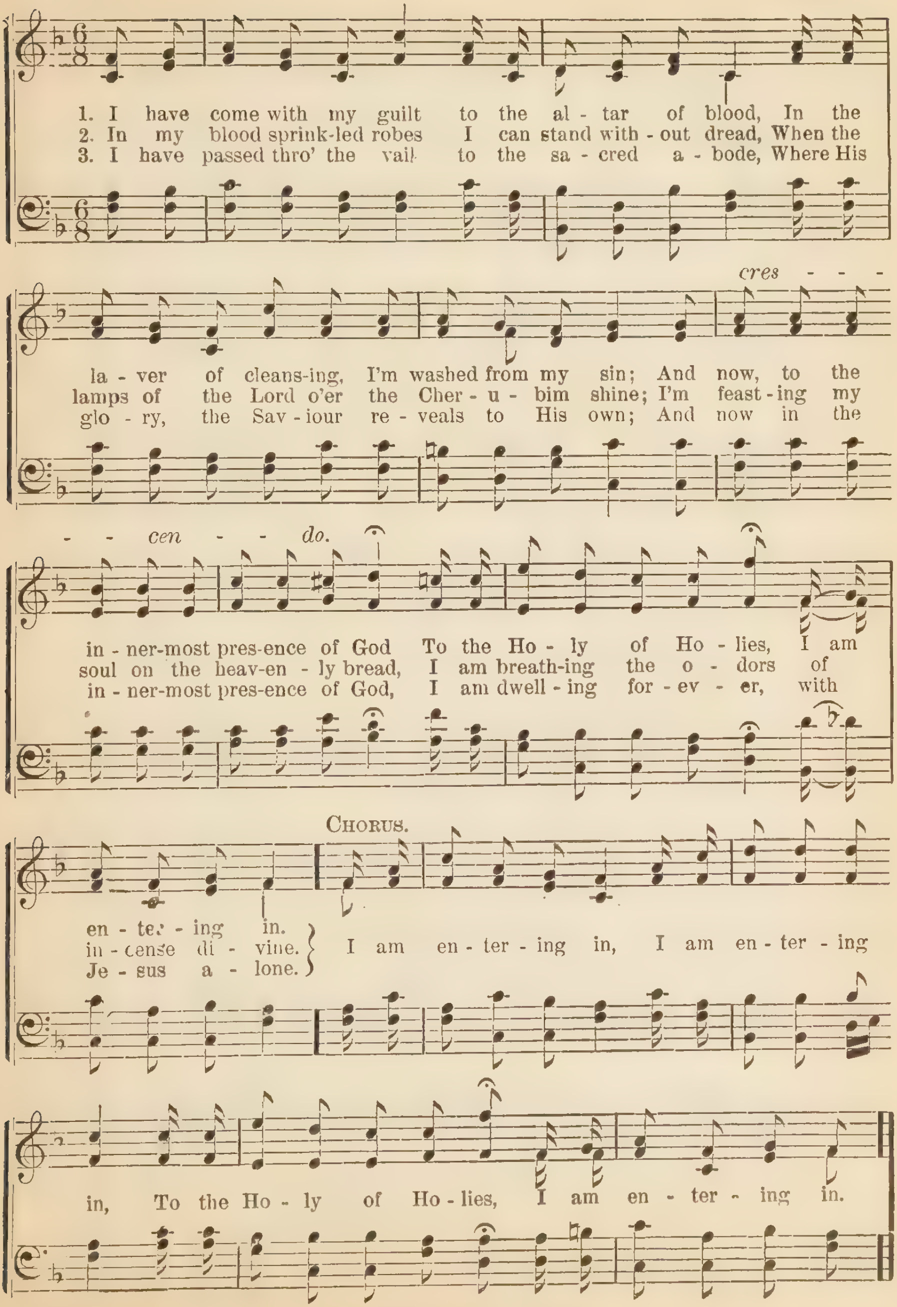
411

# I Am Entering In.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. I have come with my guilt to the al - tar of blood, In the
2. In my blood sprink-led robes I can stand with - out dread, When the
3. I have passed thro' the vail to the sa - cred a - bode, Where His
la - ver of cleans-ing, I'm washed from my sin; And now, to the
lamps of the Lord o'er the Cher - u - bim shine; I'm feast - ing my
glo - ry, the Sav - iour re - veals to His own; And now in the
cres - - - cen - - do.
in - ner-most pres-ence of God To the Ho - ly of Ho - lies, I am
soul on the heav-en - ly bread, I am breath-ing the o - dors of
in - ner-most pres-ence of God, I am dwell - ing for - ev - er, with
en - ter - ing in.
in - cense di - vine.
Je - sus a - lone.
Chorus.
I am en - ter - ing in, I am en - ter - ing
in, To the Ho - ly of Ho - lies, I am en - ter - ing in.

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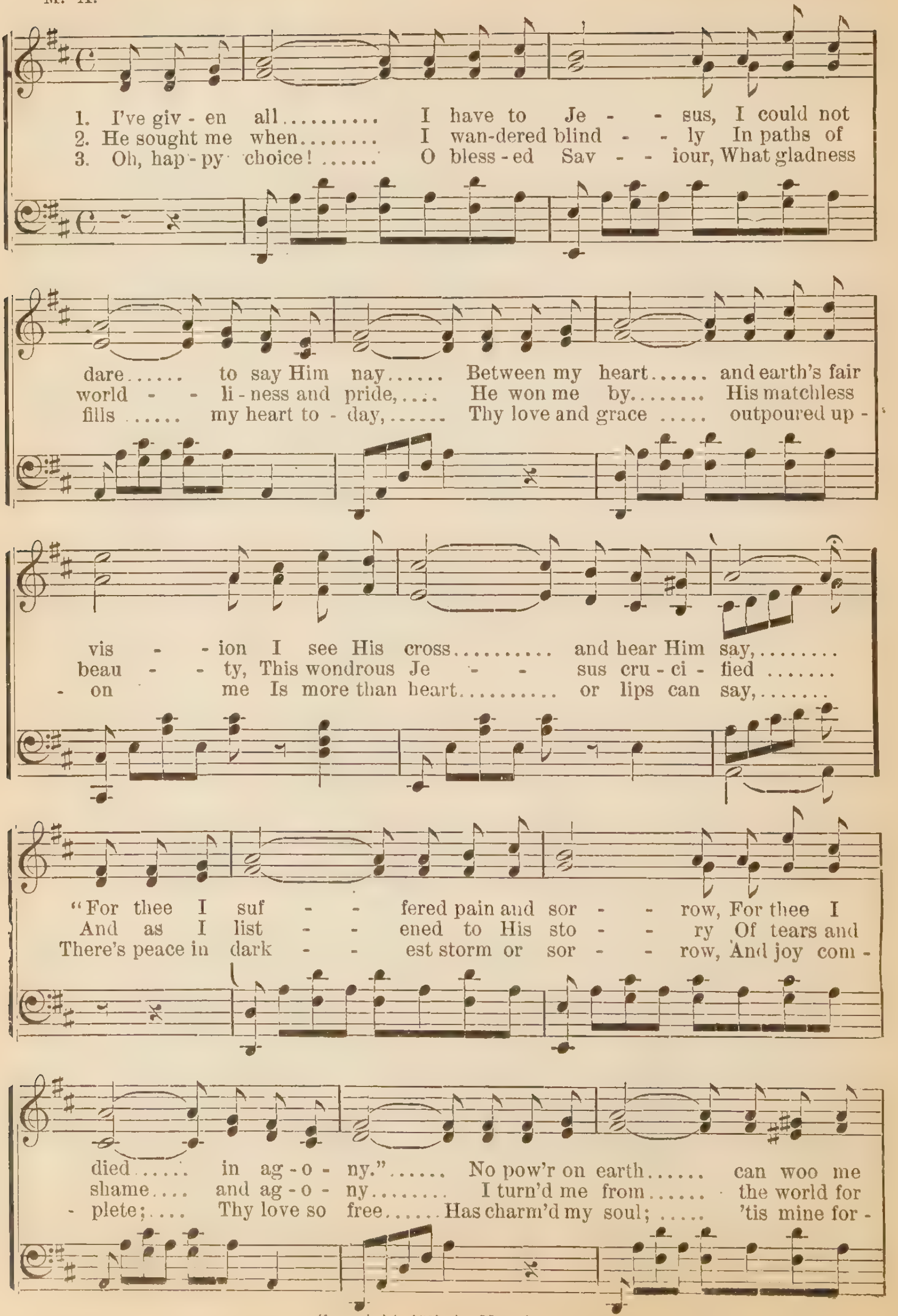
# O Lamb of God.

M. A. May Agnew.


1. I've giv - en all .......... I have to Je - - sus, I could not
2. He sought me when........ I wan-dered blind - - ly In paths of
3. Oh, hap - py choice! ...... O bless - ed Sav - - iour, What gladness
dare...... to say Him nay...... Between my heart...... and earth's fair
world - - li - ness and pride,.... He won me by........ His matchless
fills ...... my heart to - day,...... Thy love and grace ..... outpoured up -
vis - - ion I see His cross.......... and hear Him say,........
beau - - ty, This wondrous Je - - sus cru - ci - fied .......
- on me Is more than heart.......... or lips can say,.......
"For thee I suf - - fered pain and sor - - row, For thee I
And as I list - - ened to His sto - - ry Of tears and
There's peace in dark - - est storm or sor - - row, And joy com -
died ..... in ag - o - ny."...... No pow'r on earth...... can woo me
shame.... and ag - o - ny........ I turn'd me from...... the world for
- plete;.... Thy love so free...... Has charm'd my soul; ..... 'tis mine for -

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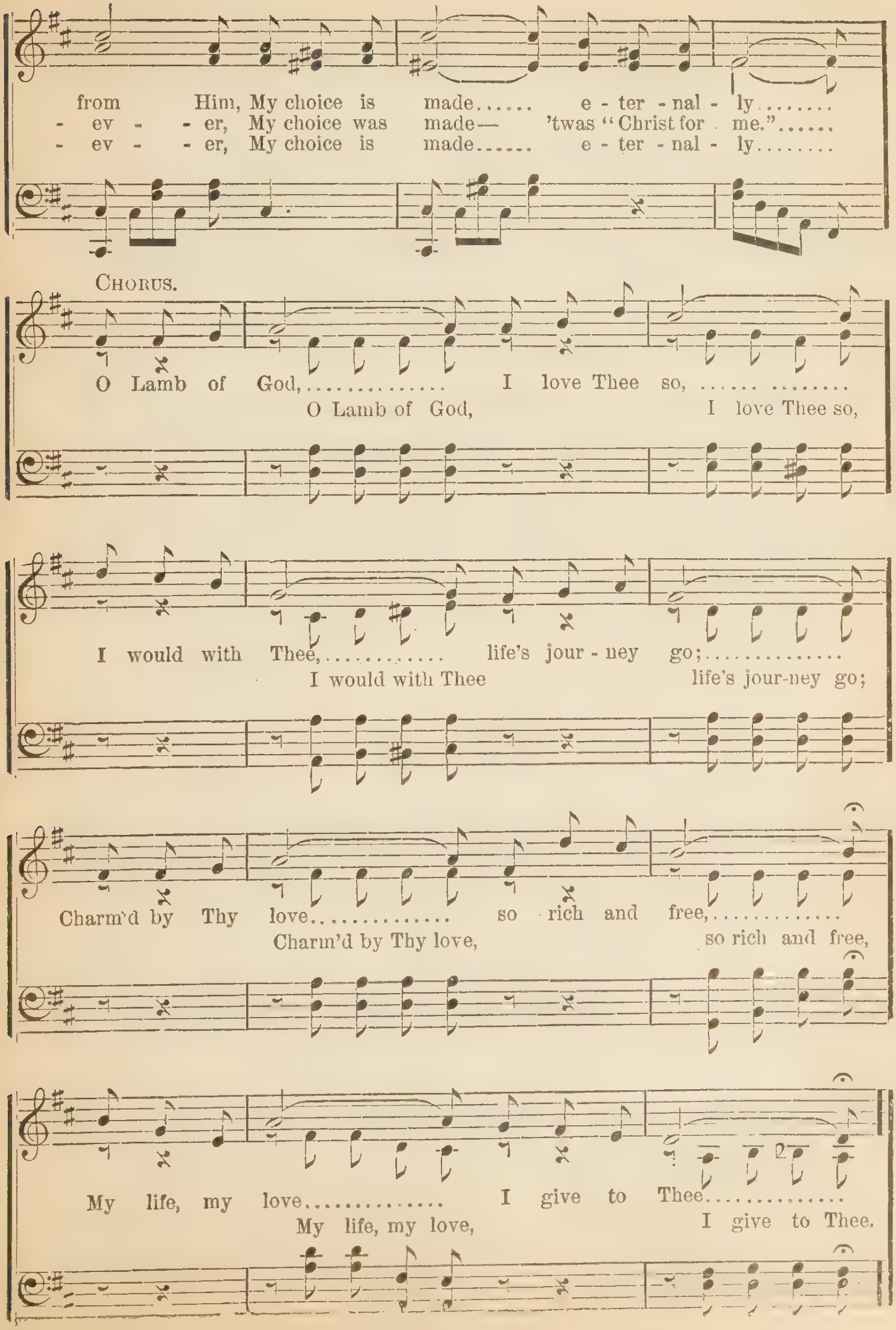
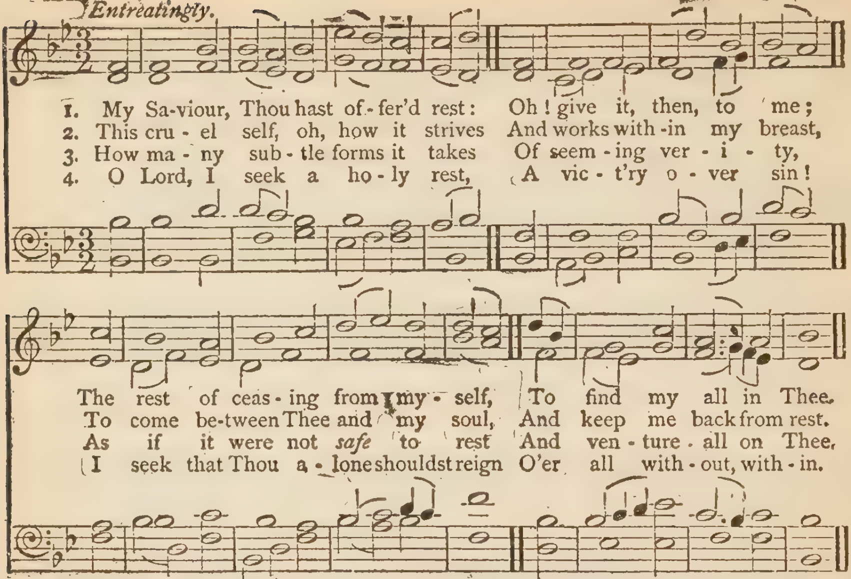

from Him, My choice is made...... e - ter - nal - ly.......
- ev - - er, My choice was made— 'twas "Christ for me."......
- ev - - er, My choice is made...... e - ter - nal - ly........
Chorus.
O Lamb of God,.............. I love Thee so, ...... ........
O Lamb of God, I love Thee so,
I would with Thee,.............. life's jour - ney go;..............
I would with Thee life's jour-ney go;
Charm'd by Thy love.............. so rich and free,..............
Charm'd by Thy love, so rich and free,
My life, my love.............. I give to Thee..............
My life, my love, I give to Thee.

## 413 O, Give Me Rest from Self.

E. H. H. SIR GEORGE SMART.

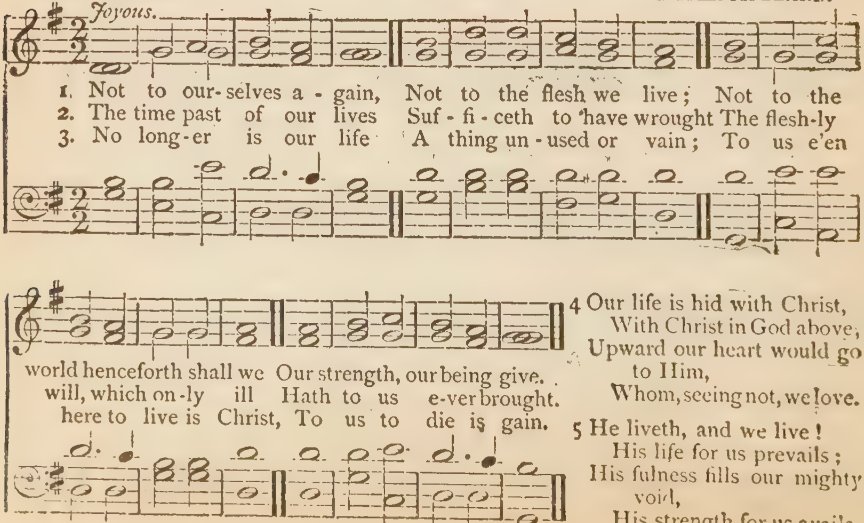

Entreatingly.
1. My Saviour, Thou hast offer'd rest: Oh! give it, then, to me; The rest of ceasing from myself, To find my all in Thee.
2. This cruel self, oh, how it strives And works within my breast, To come between Thee and my soul, And keep me back from rest.
3. How many subtle forms it takes Of seeming verity, As if it were not *safe* to rest And venture all on Thee.
4. O Lord, I seek a holy rest, A vict'ry over sin! I seek that Thou alone shouldst reign O'er all without, within.

5 In Thy strong hand I lay me down,
So shall the work be done:
For who can work so wondrously
As the Almighty One?

6 Work on, then, Lord, till on my soul
Eternal light shall break,
And, in Thy likeness perfected,
I "satisfied" shall wake.

## 414 Not to Ourselves We Live.

DR. H. BONAR. PETER ABELARD.


Joyous.
1. Not to ourselves again, Not to the flesh we live; Not to the world henceforth shall we Our strength, our being give.
2. The time past of our lives Sufficeth to have wrought The fleshly will, which only ill Hath to us ever brought.
3. No longer is our life A thing unused or vain; To us e'en here to live is Christ, To us to die is gain.

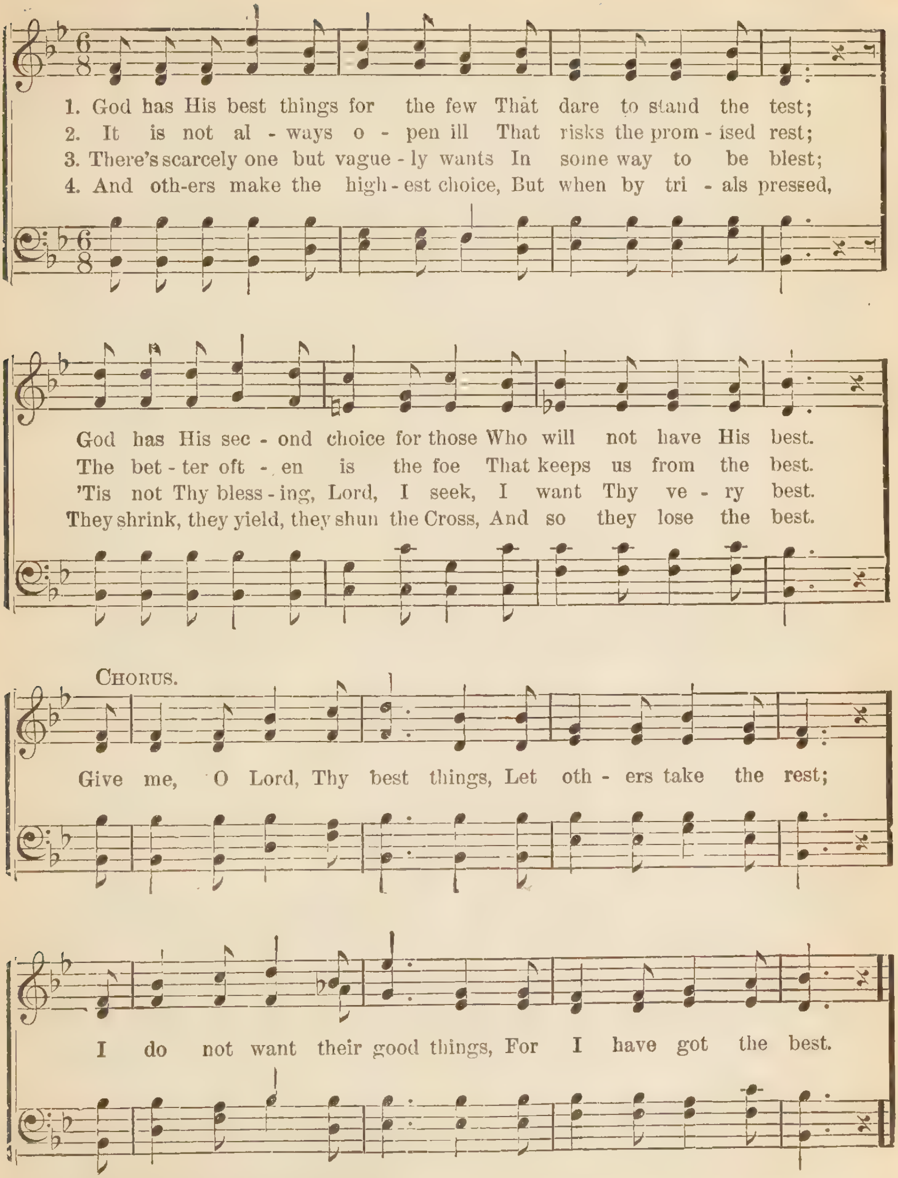
4 Our life is hid with Christ,
With Christ in God above;
Upward our heart would go to Him,
Whom, seeing not, we love.

5 He liveth, and we live!
His life for us prevails;
His fulness fills our mighty void,
His strength for us avails.

415

# God's Best.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. God has His best things for the few That dare to stand the test;
2. It is not al - ways o - pen ill That risks the prom - ised rest;
3. There's scarcely one but vague - ly wants In some way to be blest;
4. And oth-ers make the high - est choice, But when by tri - als pressed,
God has His sec - ond choice for those Who will not have His best.
The bet - ter oft - en is the foe That keeps us from the best.
'Tis not Thy bless - ing, Lord, I seek, I want Thy ve - ry best.
They shrink, they yield, they shun the Cross, And so they lose the best.
Chorus.
Give me, O Lord, Thy best things, Let oth - ers take the rest;
I do not want their good things, For I have got the best.

5 I want, in this short life of mine,
As much as can be pressed,
Of service true for God and man;
Help me to be my best.

6 I want, among the victor throng,
To have my name confessed;
And hear my Master say at last,
"Well done, you did your best."

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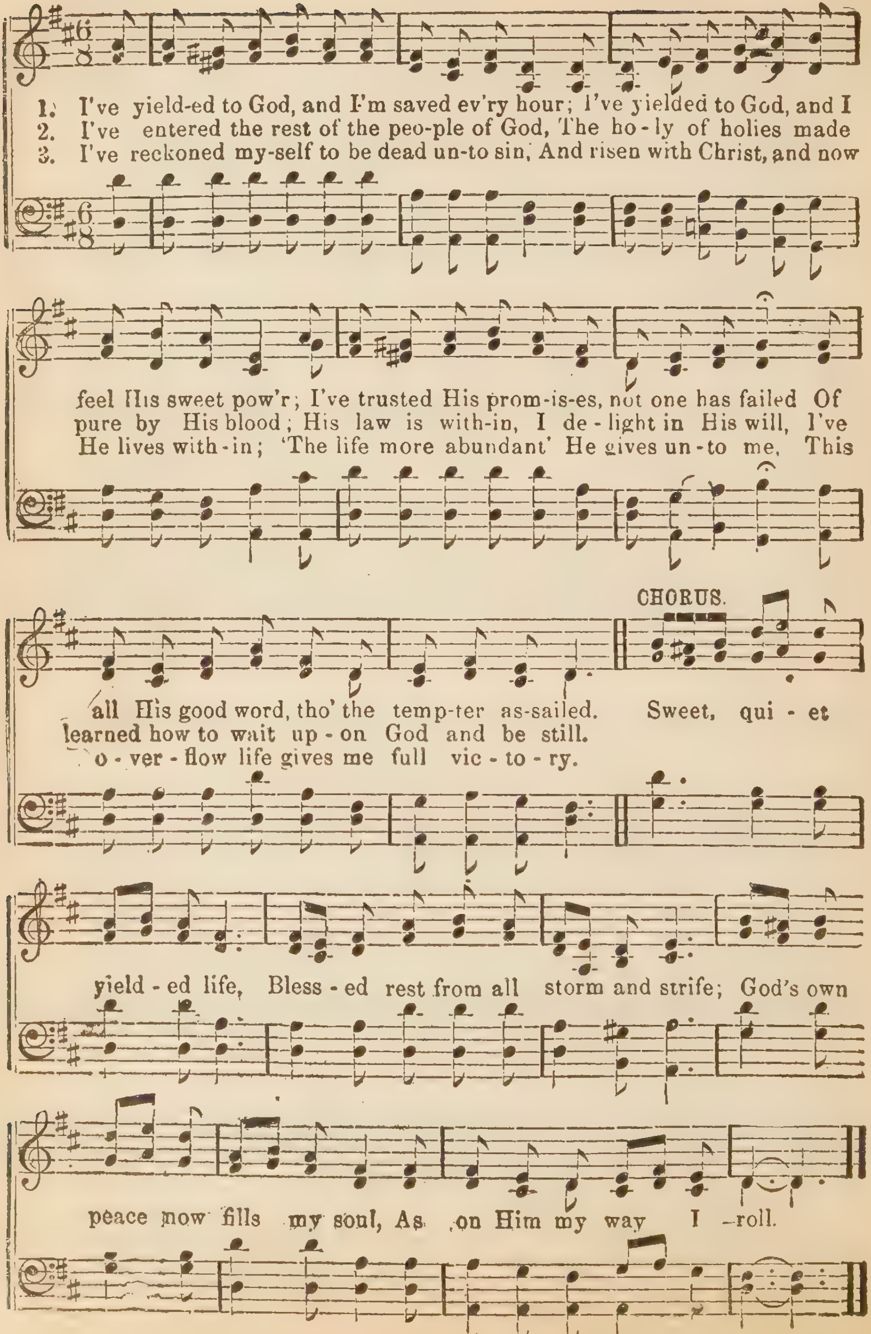
# Yielded to God.

(J. M. K.) Rom. 6 : 13. (Jas. M. Kirk.)


1. I've yield-ed to God, and I'm saved ev'ry hour; I've yielded to God, and I
2. I've entered the rest of the peo-ple of God, The ho - ly of holies made
3. I've reckoned my-self to be dead un-to sin, And risen with Christ, and now
feel His sweet pow'r; I've trusted His prom-is-es, not one has failed Of
pure by His blood; His law is with-in, I de - light in His will, I've
He lives with-in; 'The life more abundant' He gives un-to me, This
all His good word, tho' the temp-ter as-sailed.
learned how to wait up - on God and be still.
o - ver - flow life gives me full vic - to - ry.
CHORUS.
Sweet, qui - et
yield - ed life, Bless - ed rest from all storm and strife; God's own
peace now fills my soul, As on Him my way I roll.

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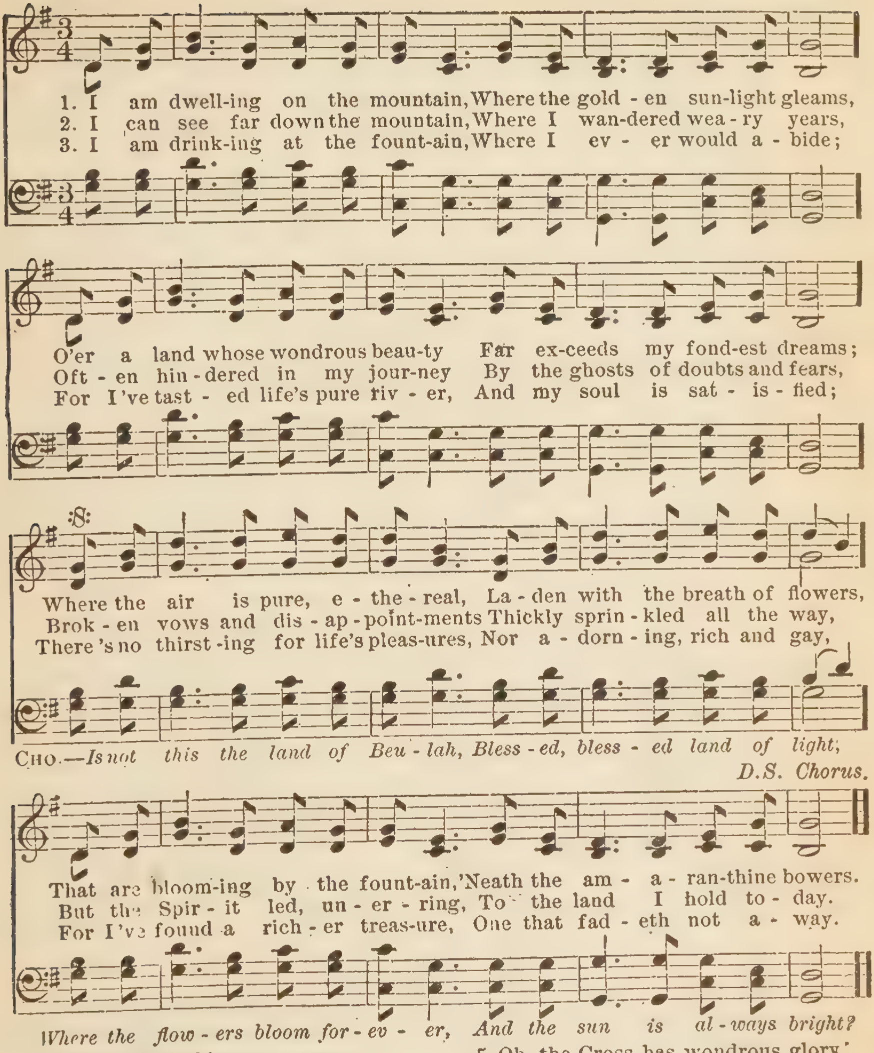
417

# Is Not This the Land of Beulah.

ANON. Arranged.


1. I am dwell-ing on the mountain, Where the gold - en sun-light gleams,
2. I can see far down the mountain, Where I wan-dered wea - ry years,
3. I am drink-ing at the fount-ain, Where I ev - er would a - bide;
O'er a land whose wondrous beau-ty Far ex-ceeds my fond-est dreams;
Oft - en hin - dered in my jour-ney By the ghosts of doubts and fears,
For I've tast - ed life's pure riv - er, And my soul is sat - is - fied;
Where the air is pure, e - the - real, La - den with the breath of flowers,
Brok - en vows and dis - ap - point-ments Thickly sprin - kled all the way,
There's no thirst - ing for life's pleas-ures, Nor a - dorn - ing, rich and gay,
CHO.—Is not this the land of Beu - lah, Bless - ed, bless - ed land of light,
D.S. Chorus.
That are bloom-ing by the fount-ain, 'Neath the am - a - ran-thine bowers.
But the Spir - it led, un - er - ring, To the land I hold to - day.
For I've found a rich - er treas-ure, One that fad - eth not a - way.
Where the flow - ers bloom for - ev - er, And the sun is al - ways bright?

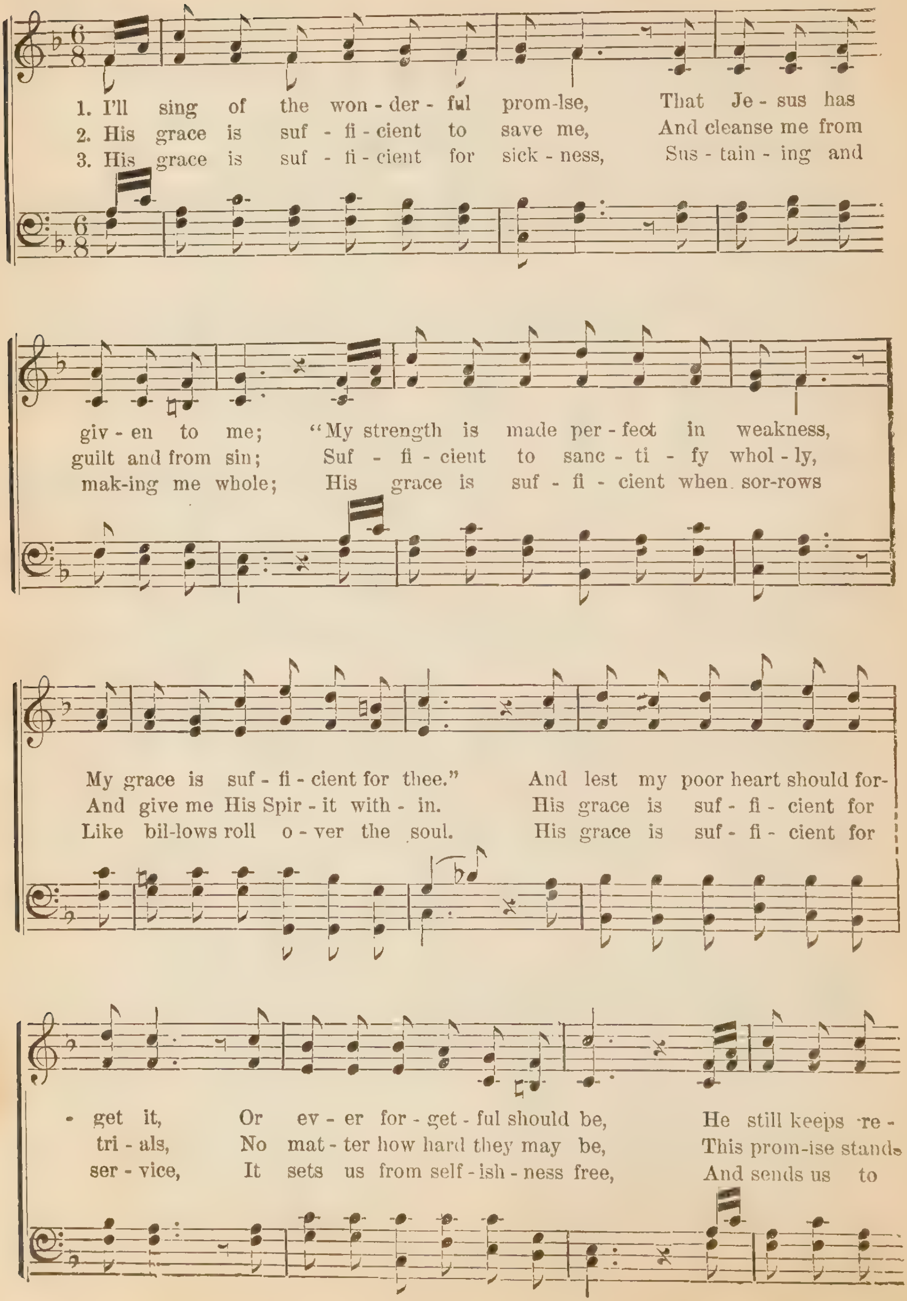
4 Tell me not of heavy crosses,
Nor of burdens hard to bear,
For I've found this great salvation
Makes each burden light appear;
And I love to follow Jesus,
Gladly counting all but dross,
Worldly honors all forsaking
For the glory of the Cross.

5 Oh, the Cross has wondrous glory!
Oft I've proved this to be true;
When I'm in the way so narrow
I can see a pathway through;
And how sweetly Jesus whispers:
"Take the Cross, thou need'st not fear,
For I've tried this way before thee,
And the glory lingers near."

# My Grace Is Sufficient for Thee.

A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. I'll sing of the won - der - ful prom-ise, That Je - sus has
2. His grace is suf - fi - cient to save me, And cleanse me from
3. His grace is suf - fi - cient for sick - ness, Sus - tain - ing and
giv - en to me; "My strength is made per - fect in weakness,
guilt and from sin; Suf - fi - cient to sanc - ti - fy whol - ly,
mak-ing me whole; His grace is suf - fi - cient when sor-rows
My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee." And lest my poor heart should for-
And give me His Spir - it with - in. His grace is suf - fi - cient for
Like bil-lows roll o - ver the soul. His grace is suf - fi - cient for
- get it, Or ev - er for - get - ful should be, He still keeps re -
tri - als, No mat - ter how hard they may be, This prom-ise stands
ser - vice, It sets us from self - ish - ness free, And sends us to

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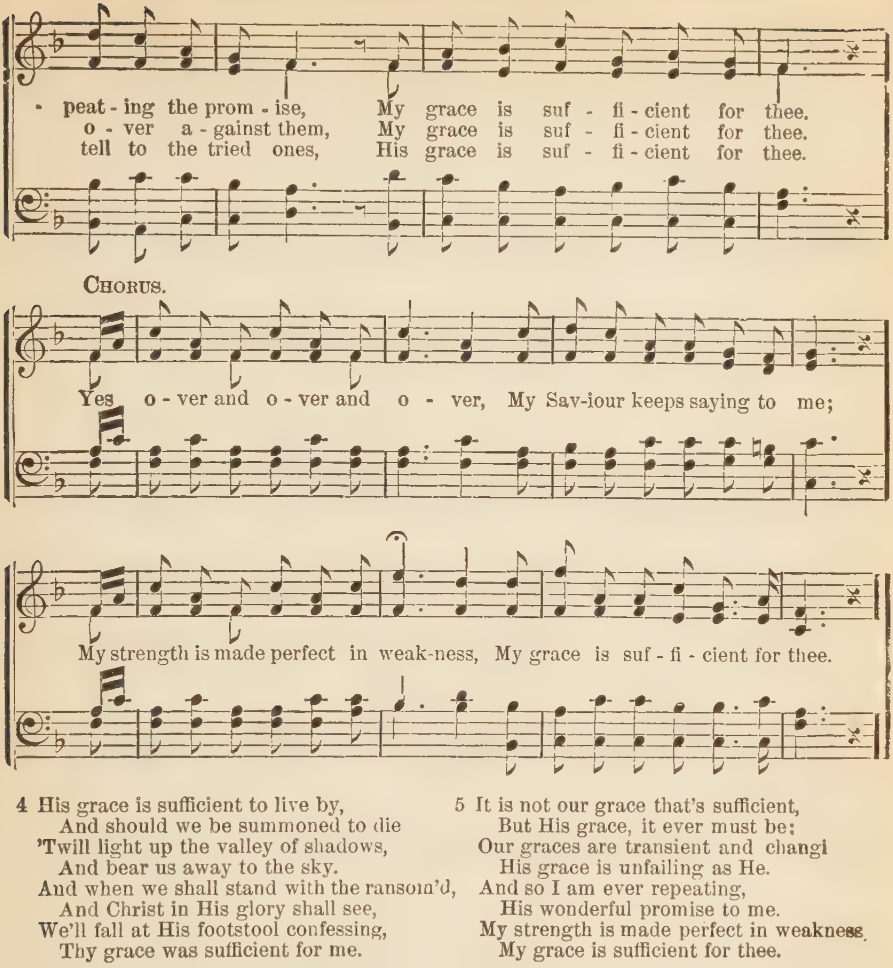
## My Grace Is Sufficient for Thee. Concluded.


peat - ing the prom - ise, My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee.
o - ver a - gainst them, My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee.
tell to the tried ones, His grace is suf - fi - cient for thee.
CHORUS.
Yes o - ver and o - ver and o - ver, My Sav-iour keeps saying to me;
My strength is made perfect in weak-ness, My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee.

4 His grace is sufficient to live by,
And should we be summoned to die
'Twill light up the valley of shadows,
And bear us away to the sky.
And when we shall stand with the ransom'd,
And Christ in His glory shall see,
We'll fall at His footstool confessing,
Thy grace was sufficient for me.

5 It is not our grace that's sufficient,
But His grace, it ever must be;
Our graces are transient and changi
His grace is unfailing as He.
And so I am ever repeating,
His wonderful promise to me.
My strength is made perfect in weakness,
My grace is sufficient for thee.

## 419

## Tarry With Me.

8 & 7s.

Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
For the day is passing by;
See! the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh.

Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west,
Swift the night of death advances
Shall it be the night of rest?

Lonely seems the vale of shadow;
Sinks my heart with troubled fear;
Give me faith for clearer vision,
Speak thou, Lord, in words of cheer.

Let me hear thy voice behind me,
Calming all these wild alarms;
Let me, underneath my weakness,
Feel the everlasting arms.

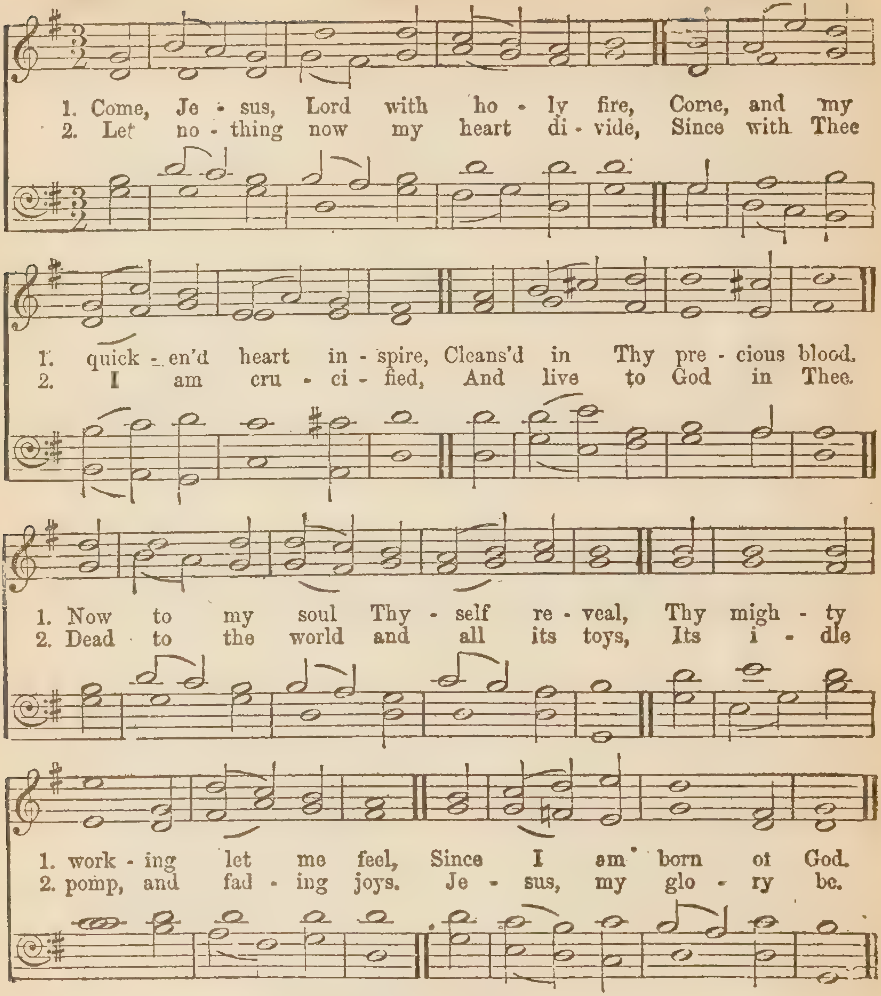
Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on Thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness;
While I sleep, still watch by me.

Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
Lay my head upon Thy breast
Till the morning; then awake me—
Morning of eternal rest!

CAROLINE SPRAGUE SMITH, 1855.

# Come, Jesus, Lord.

C. Wesley. (Pembroke. 8.8.6.8.8.6.) J. Foster (*by per.*)


1. Come, Je - sus, Lord with ho - ly fire, Come, and my
2. Let no - thing now my heart di - vide, Since with Thee
1. quick - en'd heart in - spire, Cleans'd in Thy pre - cious blood.
2. I am cru - ci - fied, And live to God in Thee.
1. Now to my soul Thy - self re - veal, Thy migh - ty
2. Dead to the world and all its toys, Its i - dle
1. work - ing let me feel, Since I am born of God.
2. pomp, and fad - ing joys. Je - sus, my glo - ry be.

3. Me with a quenchless thirst inspire,
A longing, infinite desire,
And fill my craving heart.
Less than Thyself, oh, do not give;
In might Thyself within me live;
Come, all Thou hast and art!

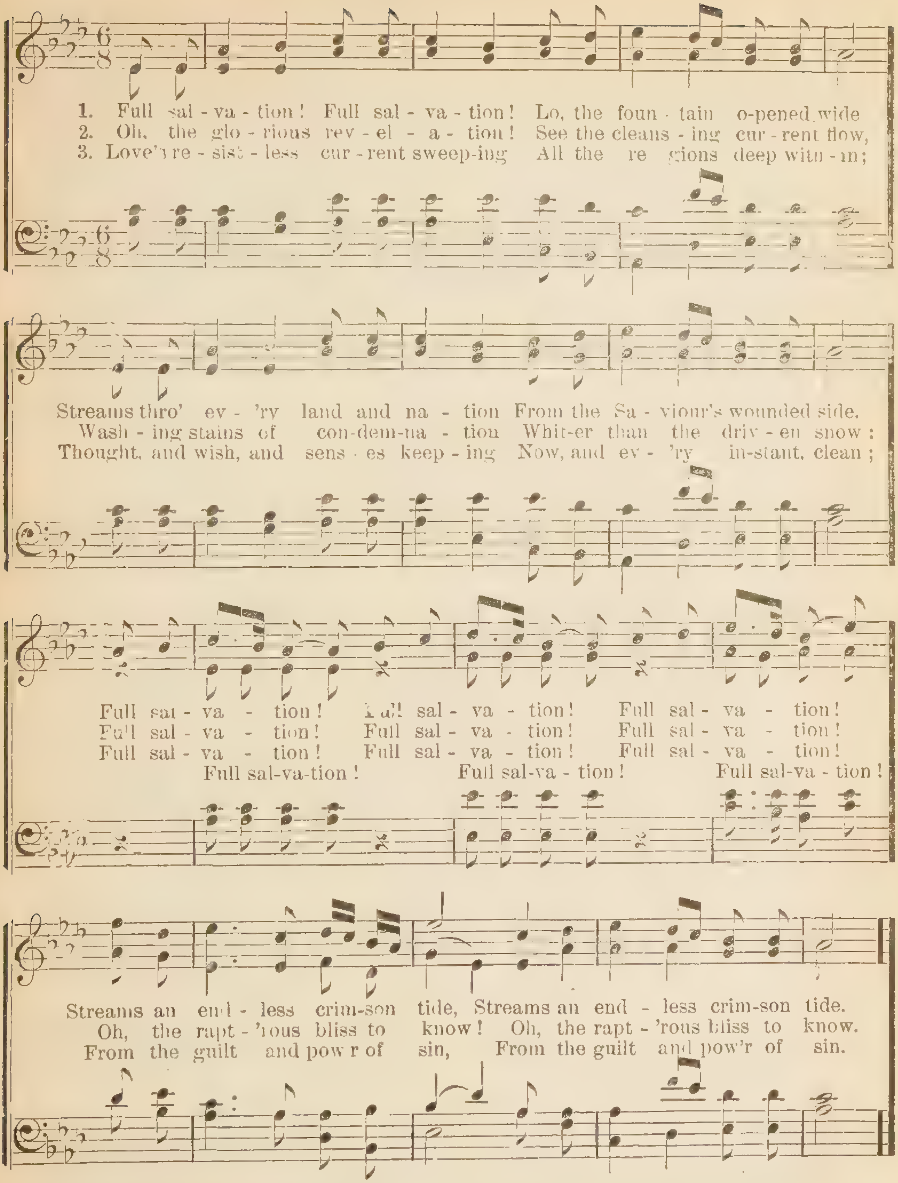
4. My will be swallowed up in Thee,
Light in Thy light still may I see
In Thine unclouded face.
Called the full strength of trust to prove
Let all my quickened heart be love
My spotless life be praise.

421

# Full Salvation.

Rev. F. Bottome, D. D.

English Air.

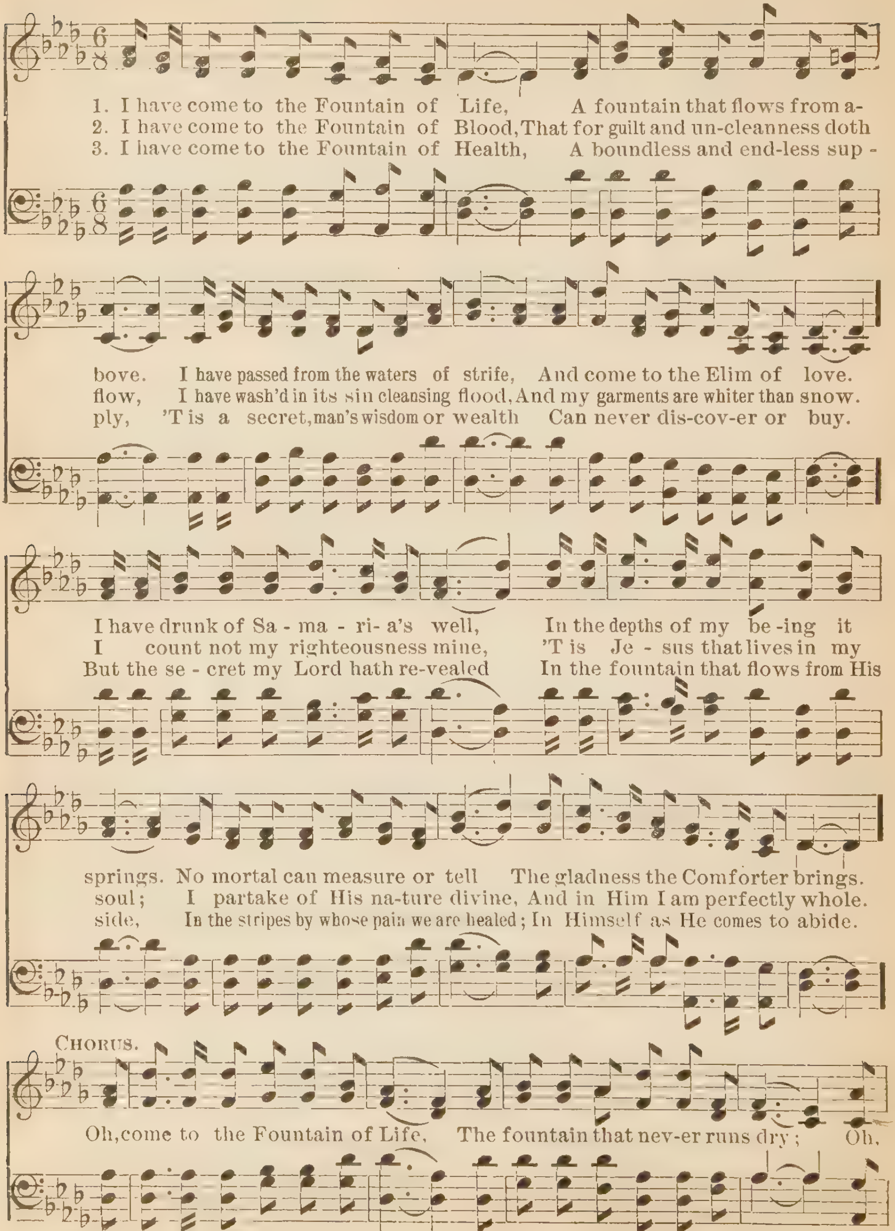

1. Full sal - va - tion! Full sal - va - tion! Lo, the foun - tain o-pened wide
2. Oh, the glo - rious rev - el - a - tion! See the cleans - ing cur - rent flow,
3. Love's re - sist - less cur - rent sweep-ing All the re - gions deep with - in;
Streams thro' ev - 'ry land and na - tion From the Sa - viour's wounded side.
Wash - ing stains of con-dem-na - tion Whit-er than the driv - en snow:
Thought, and wish, and sens - es keep - ing Now, and ev - 'ry in-stant, clean;
Full sal - va - tion! Full sal - va - tion! Full sal - va - tion!
Full sal - va - tion! Full sal - va - tion! Full sal - va - tion!
Full sal - va - tion! Full sal - va - tion! Full sal - va - tion!
Full sal-va-tion! Full sal-va - tion! Full sal-va - tion!
Streams an end - less crim-son tide, Streams an end - less crim-son tide.
Oh, the rapt - 'rous bliss to know! Oh, the rapt - 'rous bliss to know.
From the guilt and pow'r of sin, From the guilt and pow'r of sin.

4 Life immortal, heaven descending,
Lo! my heart the Spirit's shrine!
God and man in oneness blending—
Oh, what fellowship is mine!
Full salvation!
Raised in Christ to life divine!

5 Care and doubting, gloom and sorrow,
Fear and shame are mine no more;
Faith knows naught of dark to morrow,
For my Saviour goes before:
Full salvation!
Full and free for evermore.

# The Fountain of Life.

A. B. S. A. B. Simpson.


1. I have come to the Fountain of Life, A fountain that flows from a-
2. I have come to the Fountain of Blood, That for guilt and un-cleanness doth
3. I have come to the Fountain of Health, A boundless and end-less sup-
bove. I have passed from the waters of strife, And come to the Elim of love.
flow, I have wash'd in its sin cleansing flood, And my garments are whiter than snow.
ply, 'T is a secret, man's wisdom or wealth Can never dis-cov-er or buy.
I have drunk of Sa-ma-ri-a's well, In the depths of my be-ing it
I count not my righteousness mine, 'T is Je-sus that lives in my
But the se-cret my Lord hath re-vealed In the fountain that flows from His
springs. No mortal can measure or tell The gladness the Comforter brings.
soul; I partake of His na-ture divine, And in Him I am perfectly whole.
side, In the stripes by whose pain we are healed; In Himself as He comes to abide.
Chorus.
Oh, come to the Fountain of Life, The fountain that nev-er runs dry; Oh,

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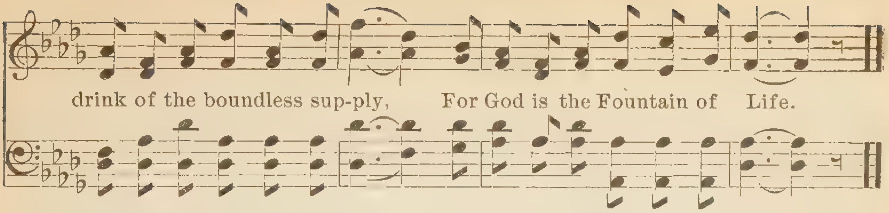

drink of the boundless sup-ply, For God is the Fountain of Life.

4 I have come to the Fountain of Love,
He fills all the springs of my heart,
Enthroned all others above,
Our friendship no power can part;
And so long as the fountain is full,
The streams without measure must flow,
And the love that He pours in my soul
To others in blessing must go.

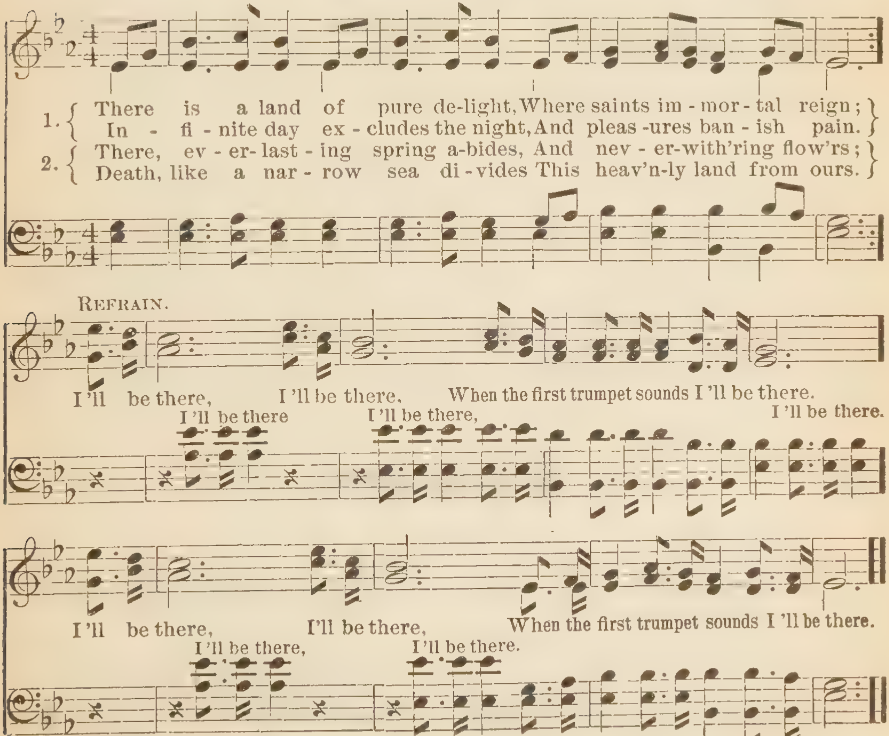
5 I have come to the Fountain of Joy,
His joy is the strength of my heart.
My delight is unmixed with alloy,
My sunshine can never depart;
The fig tree may wither and die,
Earth's pleasure and prospects decline,
But my fountains can never be dry,
My portion, my joy is divine.

## 423

## I'll be There.

Isaac Watts.

Adapted by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. { There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;
In-fi-nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban-ish pain. }
2. { There, ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er-with'ring flow'rs;
Death, like a nar-row sea di-vides This heav'n-ly land from ours. }
Refrain.
I'll be there, I'll be there, When the first trumpet sounds I'll be there.
I'll be there I'll be there, I'll be there.
I'll be there, I'll be there, When the first trumpet sounds I'll be there.
I'll be there, I'll be there.

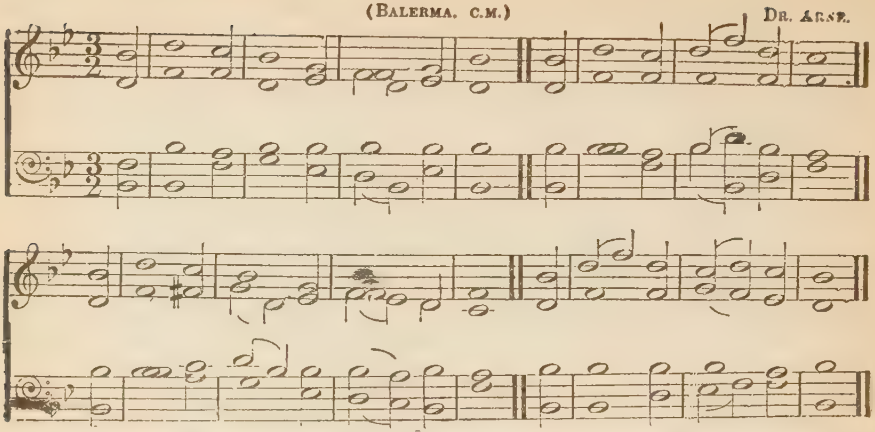
Copyright, 1887, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

## 424 There is a Name I Love to Hear.

C. M.



There is a name I love to hear,
I love to sing its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.

It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

It tells me of a Father's smile,
Beaming upon His child;
It cheers me through this ‘little while,”
Through desert, waste and wild.

It bids my trembling soul rejoice,
And dries each rising tear;
It tells me in a “still small voice,”
To trust and not to fear.

Jesus, the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear!
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thory road—
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.

Rev. F. Whitfield.

## 425 O, Jesus Christ.

C. M.

O, Jesus Christ, grow Thou in me,
And all things else recede;
My heart be daily nearer Thee,
From sin be daily freed.

Each day, let Thy supporting might
My weakness still embrace;
My darkness vanish in Thy light;
Thy life my death efface.

In Thy bright beams, which on me fall,
Fade every evil thought;
That I am nothing, Thou art all,
I would be daily taught.

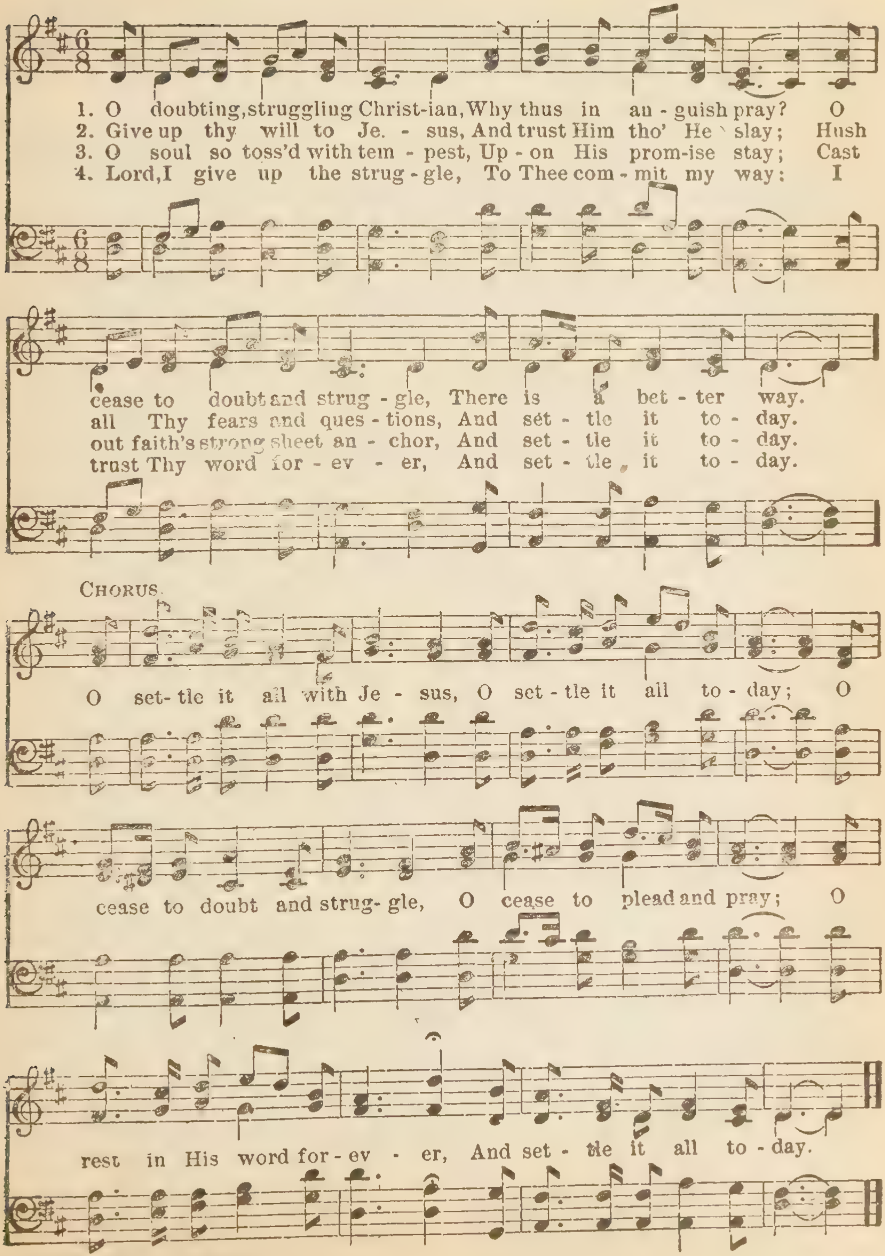
Make this poor self grow less and less,
Be Thou my life and aim;
O, make me daily, through Thy grace,
More worthy of Thy name.

Let faith in Thee and in Thy might
My every motive move;
Be Thou alone my soul's delight,
My passion and my love.

Rev. J. C. Lavater

# O Settle it All with Jesus.

A. B. S. A. B. Simpson.


1. O doubting, struggling Christ-ian, Why thus in an - guish pray? O
2. Give up thy will to Je - sus, And trust Him tho' He slay; Hush
3. O soul so toss'd with tem - pest, Up - on His prom-ise stay; Cast
4. Lord, I give up the strug - gle, To Thee com - mit my way: I
cease to doubt and strug - gle, There is a bet - ter way.
all Thy fears and ques - tions, And set - tle it to - day.
out faith's strong sheet an - chor, And set - tle it to - day.
trust Thy word for - ev - er, And set - tle it to - day.
Chorus.
O set - tle it all with Je - sus, O set - tle it all to - day; O
cease to doubt and strug - gle, O cease to plead and pray; O
rest in His word for - ev - er, And set - tle it all to - day.

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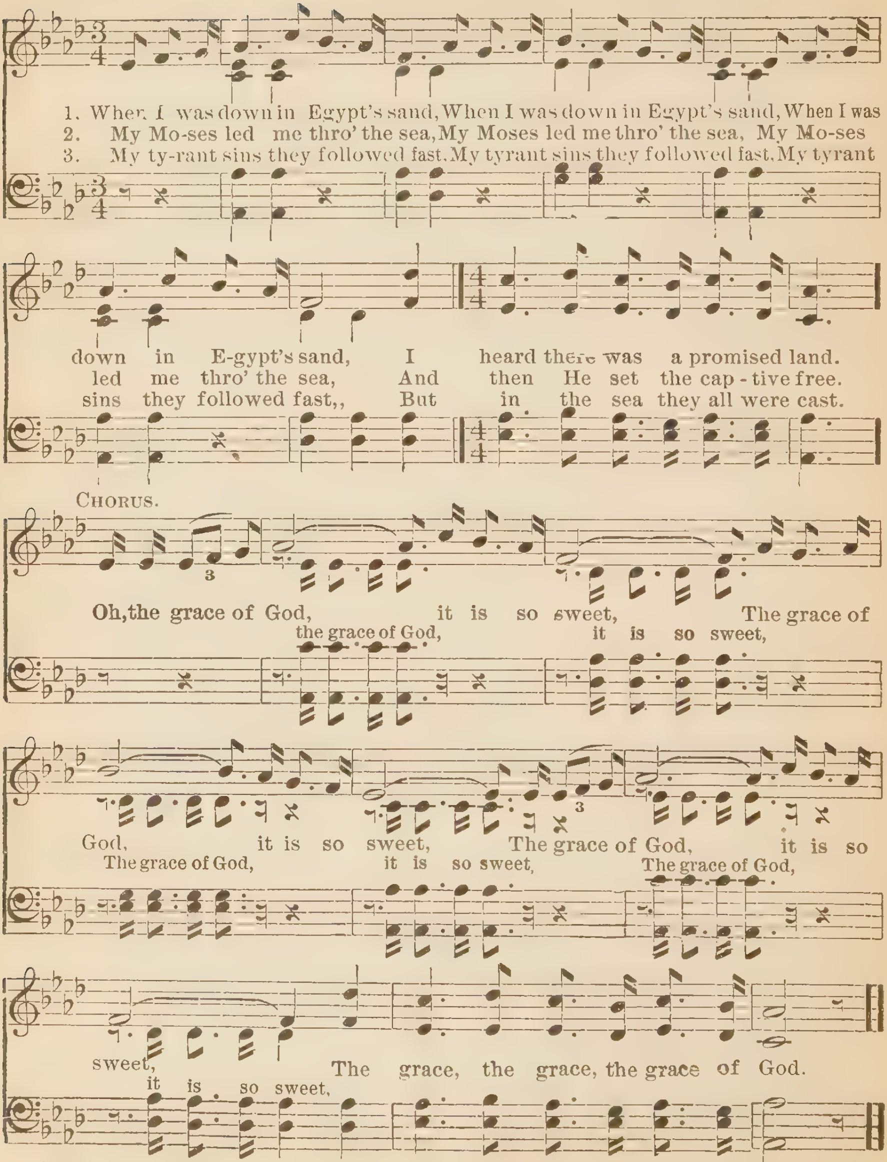
# The Grace of God.

R. K. C.

Adapted and arr. by R. Kelso Carter.


1. When I was down in Egypt's sand, When I was down in Egypt's sand, When I was down in Egypt's sand, I heard there was a promised land.
2. My Mo-ses led me thro' the sea, My Moses led me thro' the sea, My Mo-ses led me thro' the sea, And then He set the cap-tive free.
3. My ty-rant sins they followed fast, My tyrant sins they followed fast, My tyrant sins they followed fast,, But in the sea they all were cast.
Chorus.
Oh, the grace of God, it is so sweet, The grace of God, it is so sweet, The grace of God, it is so sweet, The grace, the grace, the grace of God.
the grace of God, it is so sweet, The grace of God, it is so sweet, The grace of God, it is so sweet,

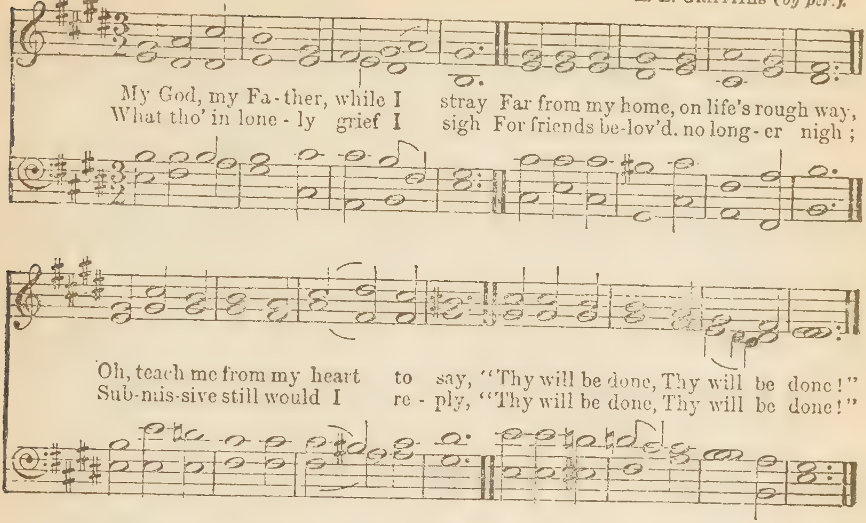
Copyright, 1891, by R. K. Carter.

4 Upon the shore I sang the Psalm,
Upon the shore I sang the Psalm,
Upon the shore I sang the Psalm,
The song of Moses and the Lamb.

5 My Joshua led me by the hand,
My Joshua led me by the hand,
My Joshua led me by the hand,
And brought me to the promised land.

# "Thy Will Be Done."

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. (ERDINGTON. 8.8.8.4.) A. E. GRIFFITHS (*by per.*).


My God, my Fa-ther, while I stray Far from my home, on life's rough way,
What tho' in lone-ly grief I sigh For friends be-lov'd. no long-er nigh;
Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done, Thy will be done!"
Sub-mis-sive still would I re-ply, "Thy will be done, Thy will be done!"

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine:
I only yield Thee what was Thine·
"Thy will be done!"

If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
"Thy will be done!"

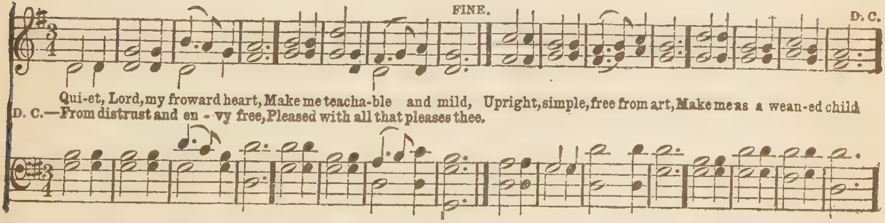
Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
Whate'er now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done!"

## 429

# Quiet, Lord, My Froward Heart.

GUIDE. 7s, 6l. M. M. WELLS.


FINE.
D. C.
Qui-et, Lord, my froward heart, Make me teacha-ble and mild, Upright, simple, free from art, Make me as a wean-ed child
D. C.—From distrust and en-vy free, Pleased with all that pleases thee.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child:
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone;—
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

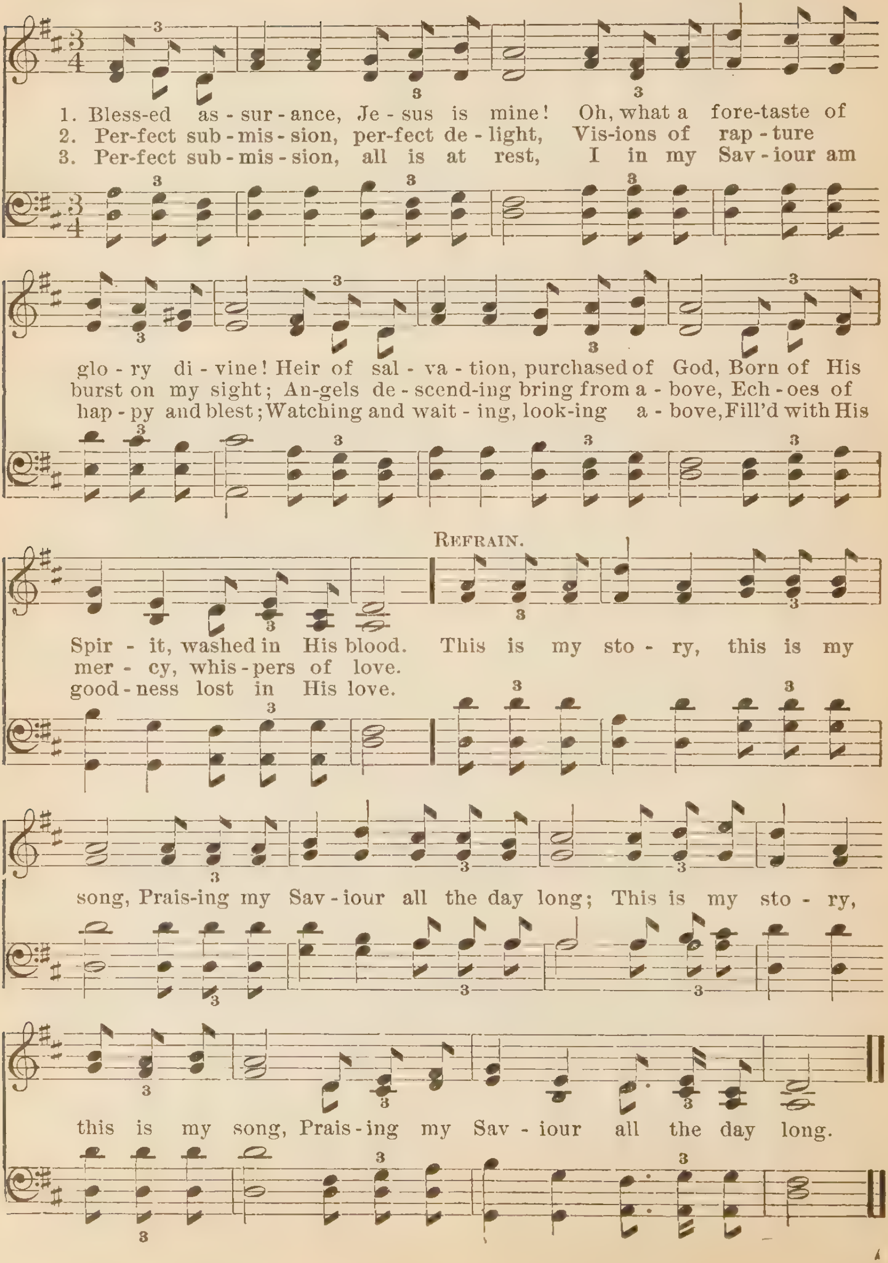
*John Newton.*

430

# Blessed Assurance.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp, by per.

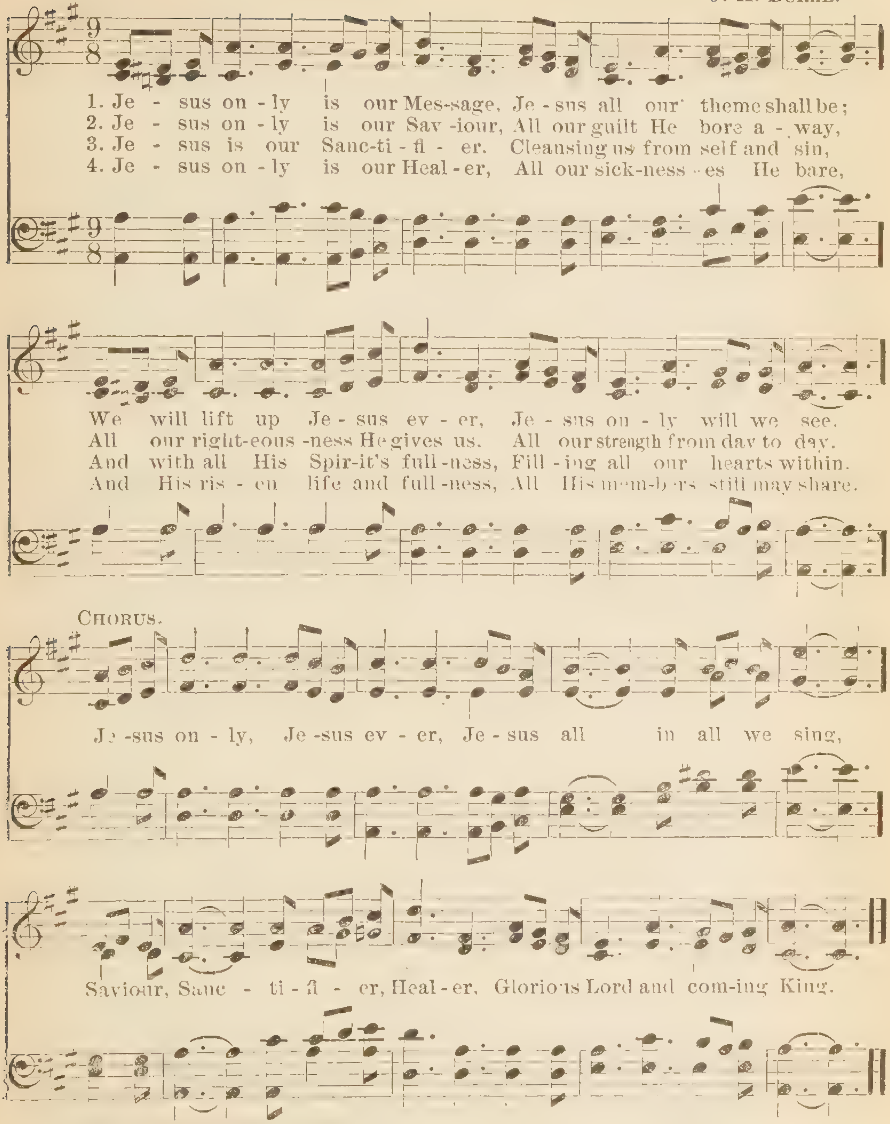

1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
2. Per-fect sub - mis - sion, per-fect de - light, Vis-ions of rap - ture
3. Per-fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am
glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchased of God, Born of His
burst on my sight; An-gels de - scend-ing bring from a - bove, Ech - oes of
hap - py and blest; Watching and wait - ing, look-ing a - bove, Fill'd with His
Spir - it, washed in His blood.
mer - cy, whis - pers of love.
good - ness lost in His love.
Refrain.
This is my sto - ry, this is my
song, Prais-ing my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my sto - ry,
this is my song, Prais - ing my Sav - iour all the day long.

431

# Jesus Only.

SIMPSON.

J. H. BURKE.


1. Je - sus on - ly is our Mes-sage, Je - sus all our theme shall be;
2. Je - sus on - ly is our Sav - iour, All our guilt He bore a - way,
3. Je - sus is our Sanc-ti - fi - er. Cleansing us from self and sin,
4. Je - sus on - ly is our Heal - er, All our sick-ness - es He bare,
We will lift up Je - sus ev - er, Je - sus on - ly will we see.
All our right-eous -ness He gives us. All our strength from day to day.
And with all His Spir-it's full-ness, Fill - ing all our hearts within.
And His ris - en life and full-ness, All His mem-bers still may share.
CHORUS.
Je -sus on - ly, Je -sus ev - er, Je - sus all in all we sing,
Saviour, Sanc - ti - fi - er, Heal - er, Glorious Lord and com-ing King.

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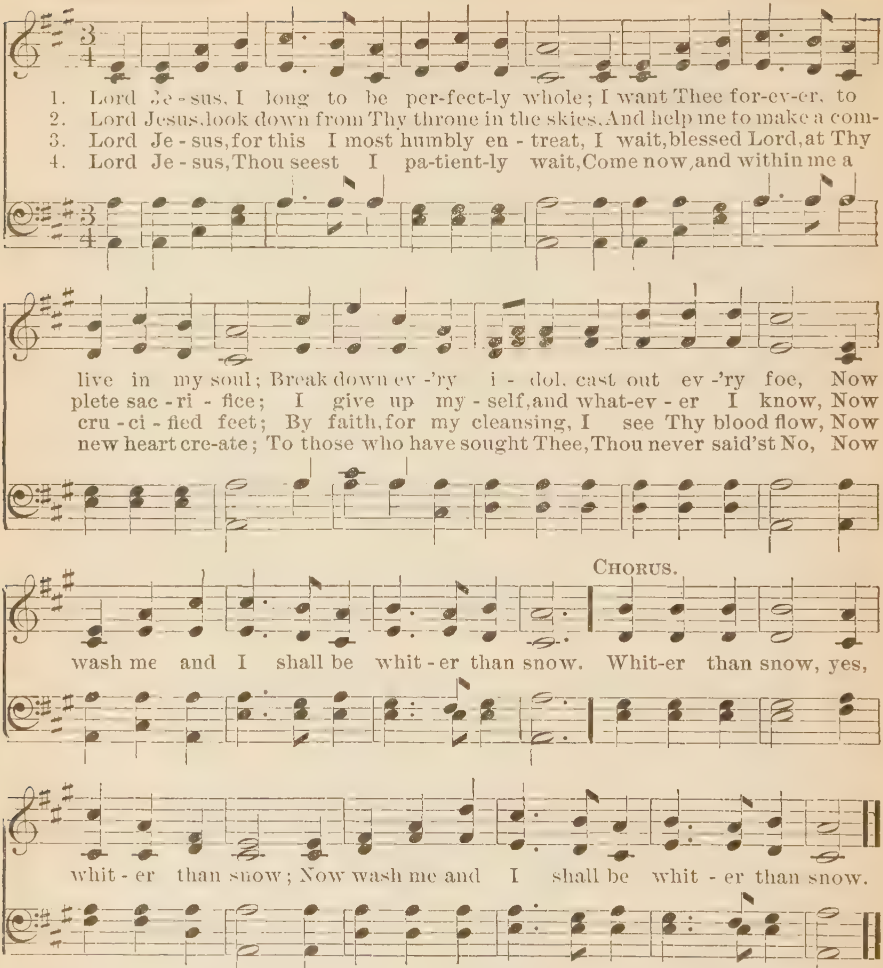
5 Jesus only is our Power,
His the gift of Pentecost;
Jesus, breathe Thy power upon us,
Fill us with the Holy Ghost.

6 And for Jesus we are waiting,
Listening for the Advent Call;
But 't will still be Jesus only,
Jesus ever, all in all.

# Whiter than Snow.

James Nicholson. Wm. G. Fischer.


1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want Thee for-ev-er, to
2. Lord Jesus,look down from Thy throne in the skies,And help me to make a com-
3. Lord Je-sus,for this I most humbly en-treat, I wait,blessed Lord,at Thy
4. Lord Je-sus,Thou seest I pa-tient-ly wait,Come now,and within me a
live in my soul; Break down ev-'ry i-dol, cast out ev-'ry foe, Now
plete sac-ri-fice; I give up my-self,and what-ev-er I know, Now
cru-ci-fied feet; By faith,for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow, Now
new heart cre-ate; To those who have sought Thee,Thou never said'st No, Now
wash me and I shall be whit-er than snow.
Chorus.
Whit-er than snow, yes,
whit-er than snow; Now wash me and I shall be whit-er than snow.

By Permission.

## 433

*Tune, Beulah Land. Key G.*

1 My soul with steadfast hope believes,
From Jesus daily strength receives,
So in the strife I overcome,
Gain foretastes of the heavenly home.

CHORUS.

From Beulah land, sweet Beulah land,
I soon shall gain the heavenly strand.
Across the waters, comes to me,
While visions pure and bright I see,
A voice that speaks of rest and home,
With Him by whom I overcome.

2 The soul that thirsts for righteousness,
In spotless garments fain would dress,
With "hidden manna" may be fed,
In robes of righteousness arrayed.

3 My dear Redeemer still the same,
Will gently whisper my new name,
And call His child to rest and home,
If to the end I overcome.

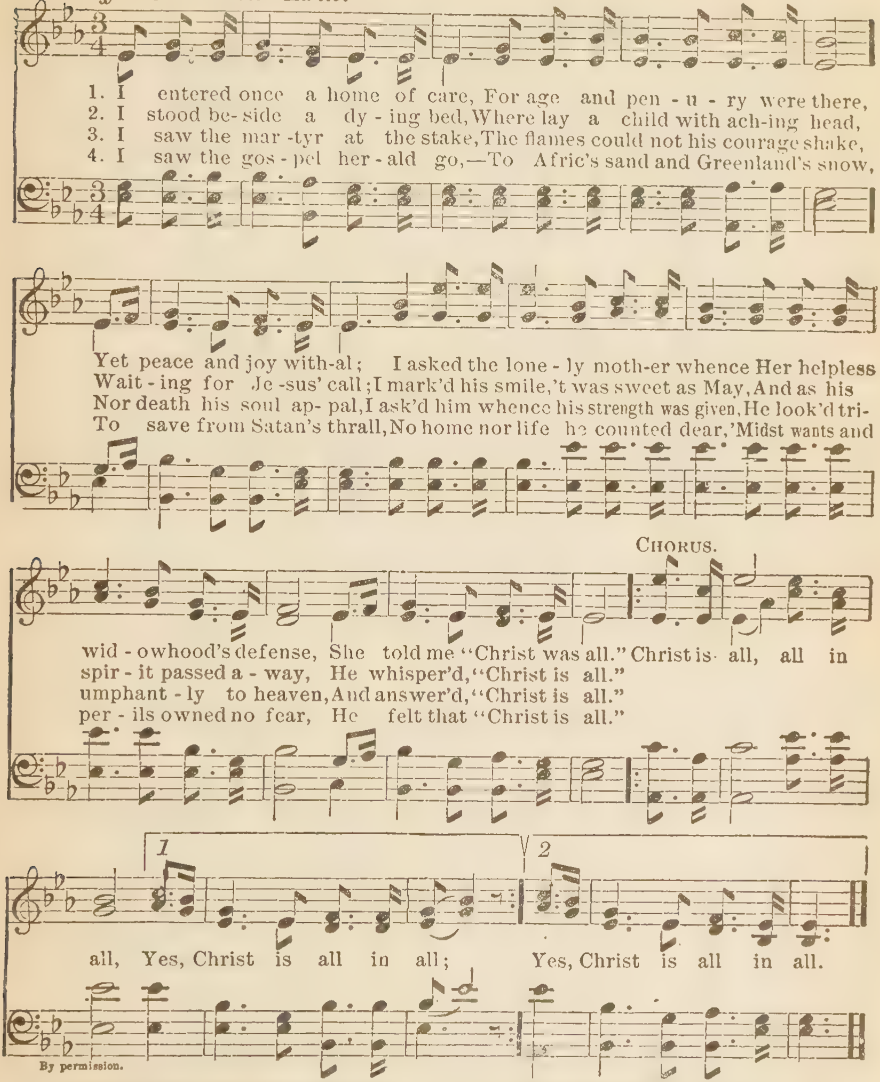
FRANCES BARROWS.

# Christ is All.

*"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."* 1 Peter ii: 7.

W. A. WILLIAMS.

*Effective as a Solo. Ad lib.*


1. I entered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were there,
2. I stood be- side a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with ach-ing head,
3. I saw the mar -tyr at the stake, The flames could not his courage shake,
4. I saw the gos - pel her - ald go,—To Afric's sand and Greenland's snow,
Yet peace and joy with-al; I asked the lone - ly moth-er whence Her helpless
Wait - ing for Je -sus' call; I mark'd his smile,'t was sweet as May, And as his
Nor death his soul ap- pal, I ask'd him whence his strength was given, He look'd tri-
To save from Satan's thrall, No home nor life he counted dear, 'Midst wants and
CHORUS.
wid - owhood's defense, She told me "Christ was all." Christ is all, all in
spir - it passed a - way, He whisper'd, "Christ is all."
umphant - ly to heaven, And answer'd, "Christ is all."
per - ils owned no fear, He felt that "Christ is all."
1
2
all, Yes, Christ is all in all; Yes, Christ is all in all.

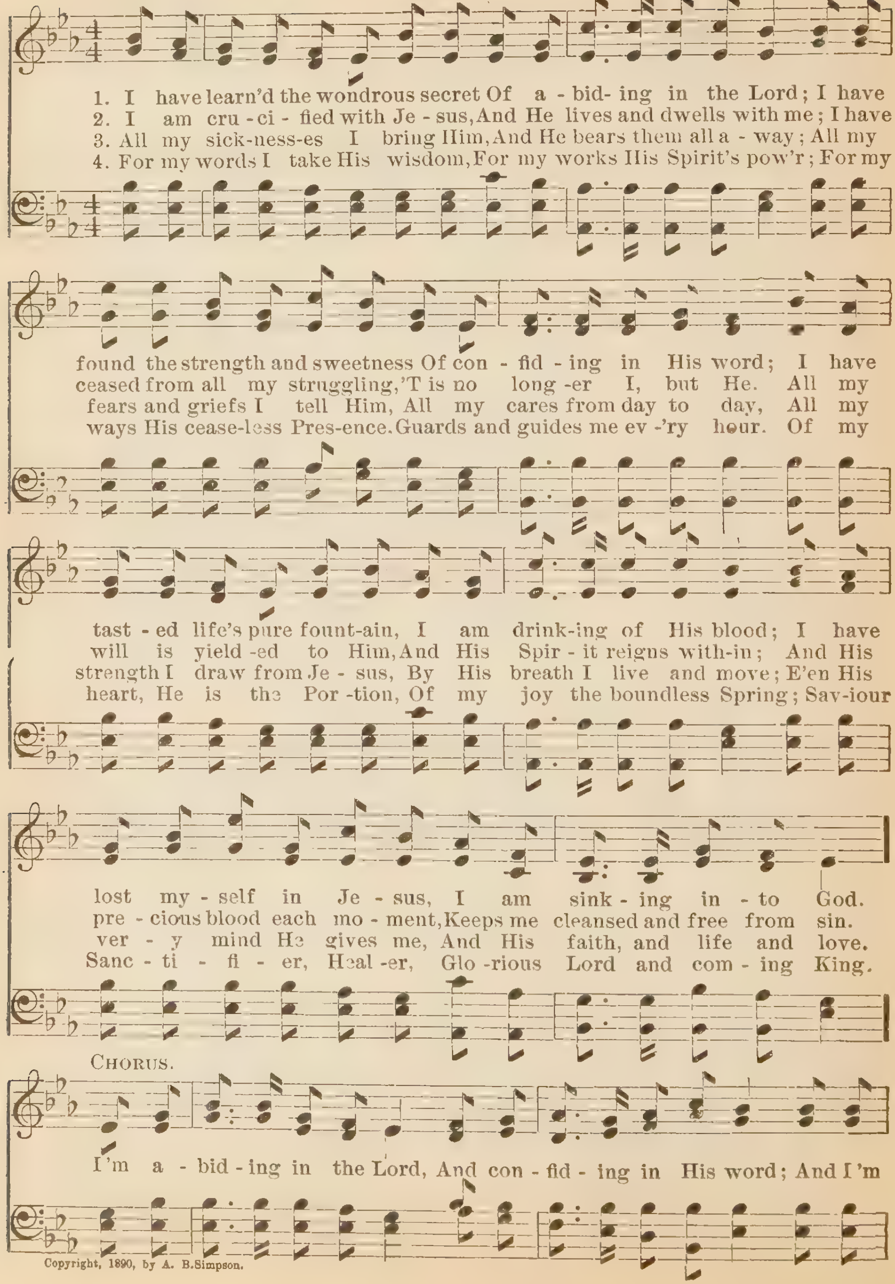
By permission.

5 I dreamed that hoary time had fled,
And earth and sea gave up their dead,
A fire dissolved this ball,
I saw the church's ransomed throng
I heard the burden of their song,
'T was "Christ is all in all."

6 Then come to Christ, oh, come today,
The Father, Son, and Spirit say;
The Bride repeats the call,
For He will cleanse your guilty stains,
His love will soothe your weary pains,
For "Christ is all in all."

# Abiding and Confiding.

Rev. A. B. Simpson. J. H. Burke.


1. I have learn'd the wondrous secret Of a - bid- ing in the Lord; I have
2. I am cru - ci - fied with Je - sus, And He lives and dwells with me; I have
3. All my sick-ness-es I bring Him, And He bears them all a - way; All my
4. For my words I take His wisdom, For my works His Spirit's pow'r; For my
found the strength and sweetness Of con - fid - ing in His word; I have
ceased from all my struggling, 'T is no long - er I, but He. All my
fears and griefs I tell Him, All my cares from day to day, All my
ways His cease-less Pres-ence. Guards and guides me ev - 'ry hour. Of my
tast - ed life's pure fount-ain, I am drink-ing of His blood; I have
will is yield - ed to Him, And His Spir - it reigns with-in; And His
strength I draw from Je - sus, By His breath I live and move; E'en His
heart, He is the Por - tion, Of my joy the boundless Spring; Sav-iour
lost my - self in Je - sus, I am sink - ing in - to God.
pre - cious blood each mo - ment, Keeps me cleansed and free from sin.
ver - y mind He gives me, And His faith, and life and love.
Sanc - ti - fi - er, Heal - er, Glo - rious Lord and com - ing King.
Chorus.
I'm a - bid - ing in the Lord, And con - fid - ing in His word; And I'm

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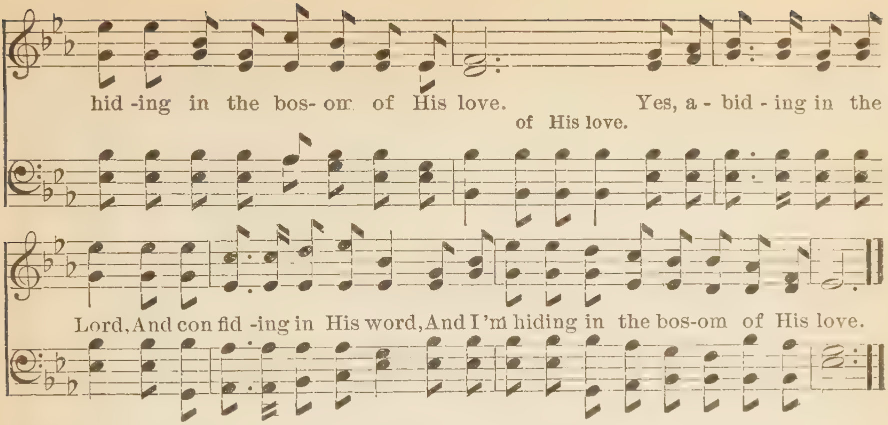
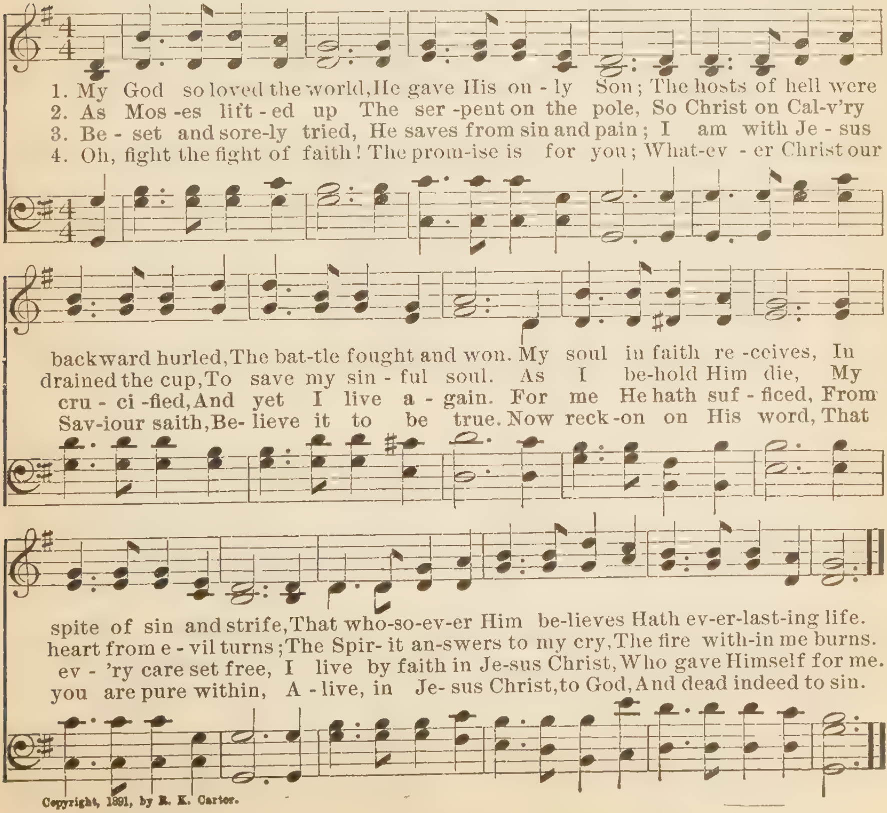

hid-ing in the bos-om of His love. Yes, a-bid-ing in the
of His love.
Lord, And con-fid-ing in His word, And I'm hiding in the bos-om of His love.

## 436 Crucified with Christ. S. M. D.

R. K. C. K. Kelso Carter.


1. My God so loved the world, He gave His on-ly Son; The hosts of hell were
2. As Mos-es lift-ed up The ser-pent on the pole, So Christ on Cal-v'ry
3. Be-set and sore-ly tried, He saves from sin and pain; I am with Je-sus
4. Oh, fight the fight of faith! The prom-ise is for you; What-ev-er Christ our
backward hurled, The bat-tle fought and won. My soul in faith re-ceives, In
drained the cup, To save my sin-ful soul. As I be-hold Him die, My
cru-ci-fied, And yet I live a-gain. For me He hath suf-ficed, From
Sav-iour saith, Be-lieve it to be true. Now reck-on on His word, That
spite of sin and strife, That who-so-ev-er Him be-lieves Hath ev-er-last-ing life.
heart from e-vil turns; The Spir-it an-swers to my cry, The fire with-in me burns.
ev-'ry care set free, I live by faith in Je-sus Christ, Who gave Himself for me.
you are pure within, A-live, in Je-sus Christ, to God, And dead indeed to sin.

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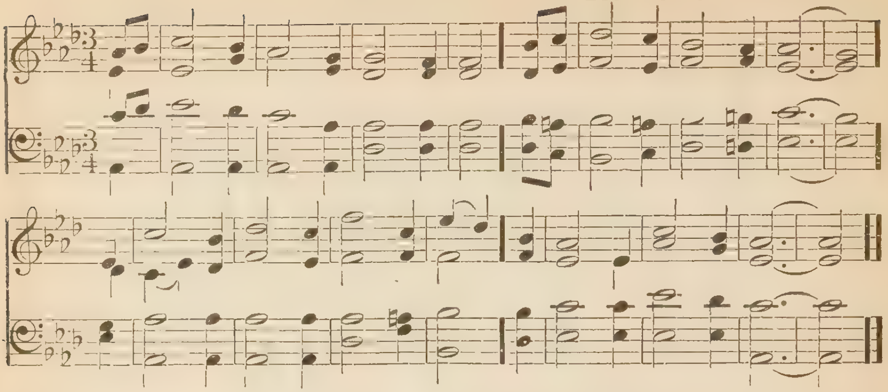
# Manoah. C. M.

From Mehul and Haydn.



## 437

*Tune, Manoah.*

1 Oh, how the thought of God attracts
And draws the heart from earth;
And sickens it of passing shows
And dissipating mirth.

2 'T is not enough to save our souls,
To shun eternal fires;
The thought of God will move the heart
To win sublime desires.

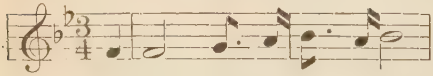
3 The freedom from all wilful sin
The Christians daily task,—
Are then our graces far below
What longing love would ask?

4 The perfect way is hard to flesh;
It is not hard to love;
If thou wert sick for want of God
How swiftly wouldst thou move!

5 A trusting faith, a glowing eye,
Can win their way above;
If mountains can be moved by faith,
Is there less power in love?

Frederick Faber.

## 438 Oh, Bliss.



1 Oh, bliss of the purified, bliss of the free,
I plunge in the crimson tide opened for me;
O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I stand,
And point to the print of the nails in his hand.

Cho.—Oh, sing of His mighty love,
‖: Sing of His mighty love, :‖
Mighty to save.

2 Oh, bliss of the purified, Jesus is mine,
No longer in dread condemnation I pine;
In conscious salvation I sing of His grace,
Who lifteth upon me the light of His face.

3 Oh, bliss of the purified, bliss of the pure,
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.

4 O Jesus the crucified, Thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King.
My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save."

Rev. F. Bottome.

## 439 Dear Lord, Baptize.

1 Dear Lord, baptize my soul with fire,
Burn out all dross, refine,
And sanctify, and then inspire
With love, this heart of mine.

2 Blest Saviour, at Thy feet I wait —
Wait for Thy blessing Lord;
Transform my soul, the work complete,
According to Thy word.

3 I feel Thy sanctifying grace,
Which Thou dost now impart;
Gladly that love I now embrace,
E'en now within my heart.

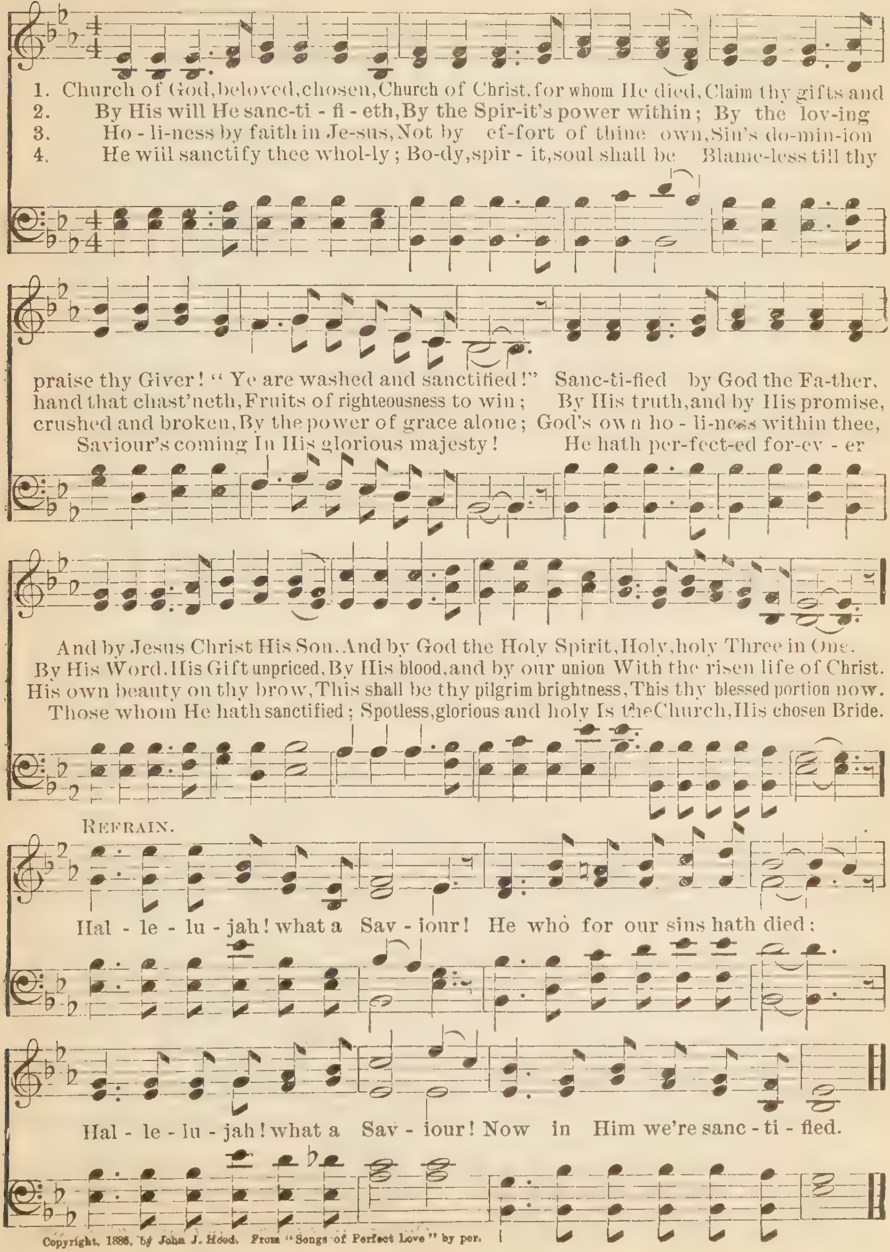
4 'T is sweet, dear Saviour, here to rest,
To trust Thy blessed name;
To lean upon Thy sacred breast
And Thy sure promise claim.

Mrs. S. M. Sperry.

# Sanctified.

"*Sanctified in Christ Jesus.*" 1 Cor. i: 2.

FRANCIS R. HAVERGAL. R. KELSO CARTER.


1. Church of God, beloved, chosen, Church of Christ, for whom He died, Claim thy gifts and
2. By His will He sanc-ti - fi - eth, By the Spir-it's power within; By the lov-ing
3. Ho - li-ness by faith in Je-sus, Not by ef-fort of thine own, Sin's do-min-ion
4. He will sanctify thee whol-ly; Bo-dy, spir - it, soul shall be Blame-less till thy
praise thy Giver! "Ye are washed and sanctified!" Sanc-ti-fied by God the Fa-ther,
hand that chast'neth, Fruits of righteousness to win; By His truth, and by His promise,
crushed and broken, By the power of grace alone; God's own ho - li-ness within thee,
Saviour's coming In His glorious majesty! He hath per-fect-ed for-ev - er
And by Jesus Christ His Son, And by God the Holy Spirit, Holy, holy Three in One.
By His Word, His Gift unpriced, By His blood, and by our union With the risen life of Christ.
His own beauty on thy brow, This shall be thy pilgrim brightness, This thy blessed portion now.
Those whom He hath sanctified; Spotless, glorious and holy Is the Church, His chosen Bride.
REFRAIN.
Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour! He who for our sins hath died;
Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour! Now in Him we're sanc - ti - fied.

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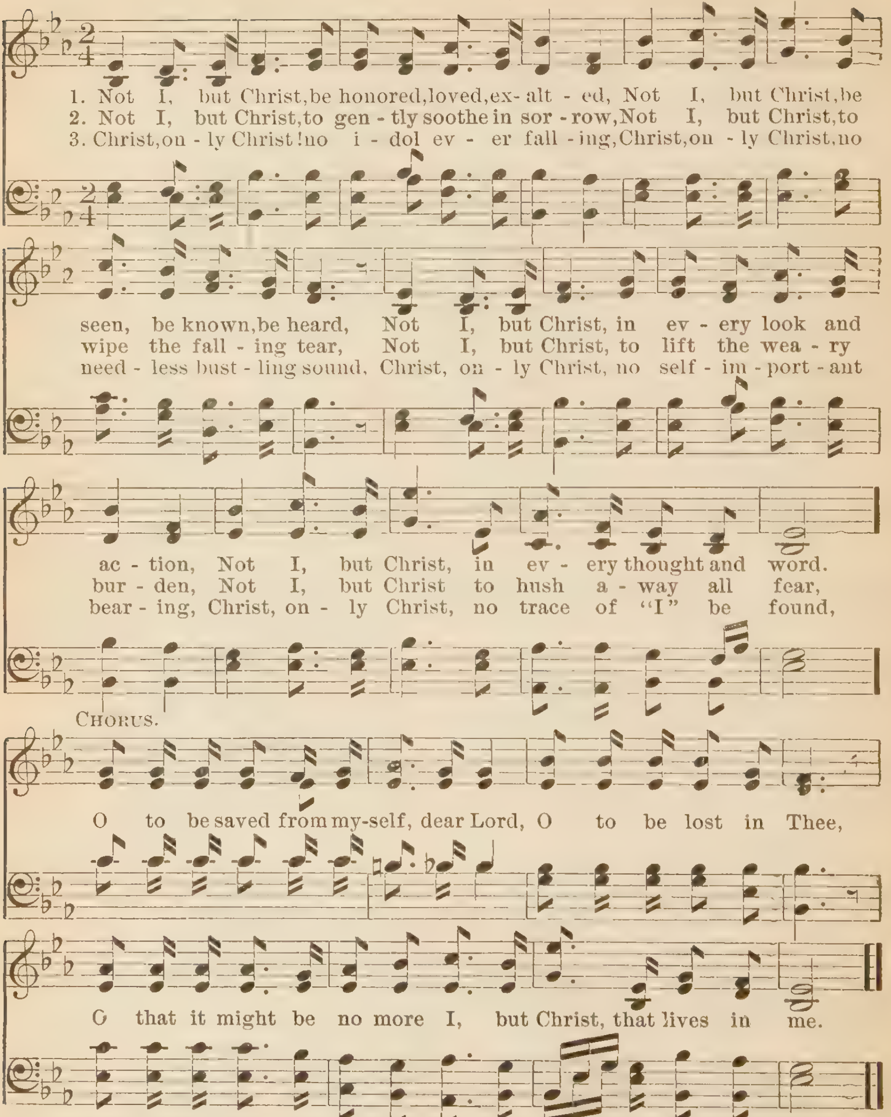
# 441 Not I, But Christ.

A. A. F. A. B. Simpson.


1. Not I, but Christ, be honored, loved, ex-alt - ed, Not I, but Christ, be seen, be known, be heard, Not I, but Christ, in ev - ery look and ac - tion, Not I, but Christ, in ev - ery thought and word.
2. Not I, but Christ, to gen - tly soothe in sor - row, Not I, but Christ, to wipe the fall - ing tear, Not I, but Christ, to lift the wea - ry bur - den, Not I, but Christ to hush a - way all fear,
3. Christ, on - ly Christ! no i - dol ev - er fall - ing, Christ, on - ly Christ, no need - less bust - ling sound, Christ, on - ly Christ, no self - im - port - ant bear - ing, Christ, on - ly Christ, no trace of "I" be found,
Chorus.
O to be saved from my-self, dear Lord, O to be lost in Thee,
O that it might be no more I, but Christ, that lives in me.

5 Not I, but Christ, my every need supplying,
Not I, but Christ, my strength and health to be;
Christ, only Christ, for body, soul, and spirit,
Christ, only Christ, live then Thy life in me.

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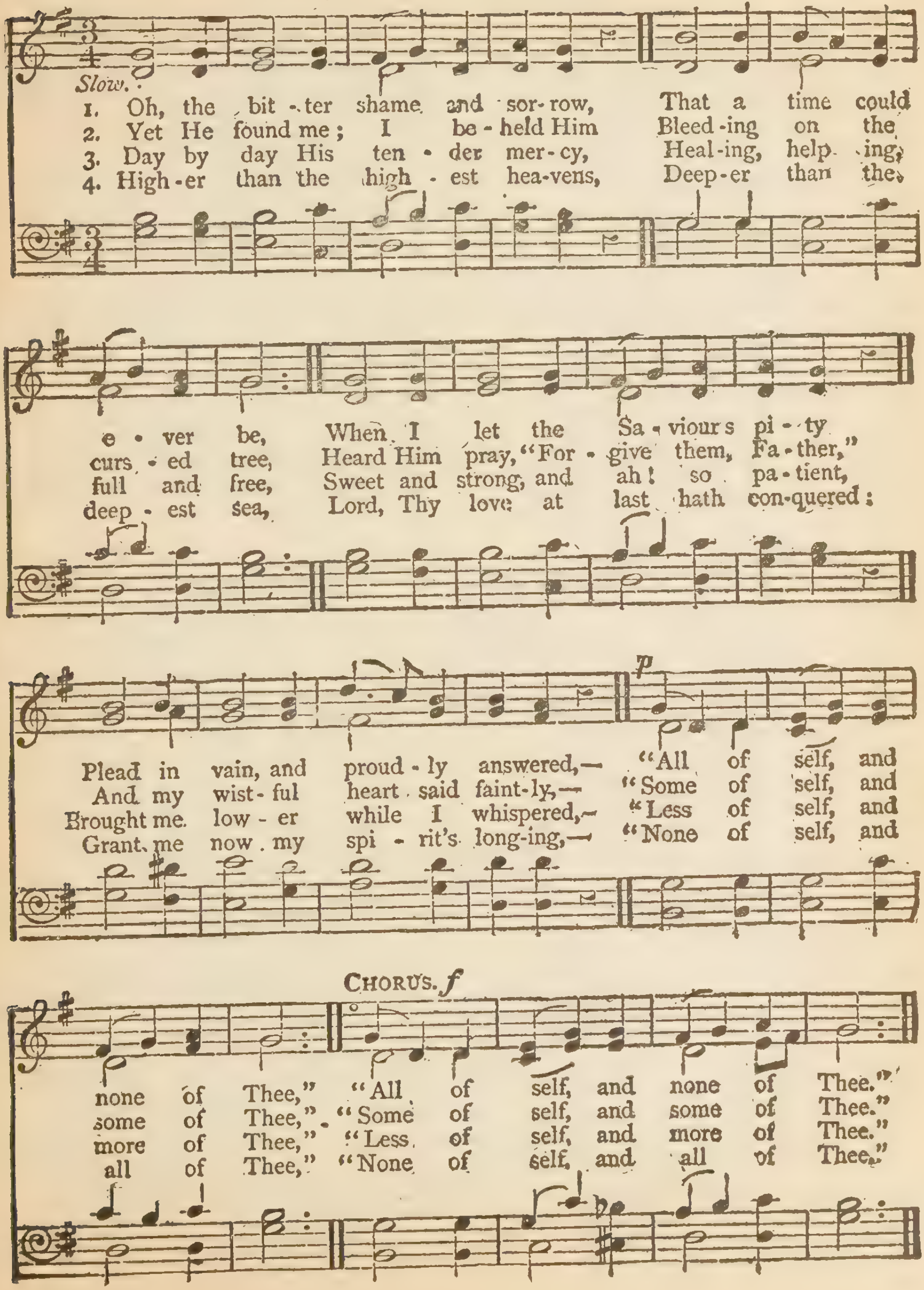
5 Christ, only Christ, ere long will fill my vision;
Glory excelling soon, full soon I'll see
Christ, only Christ, my every wish fulfilling—
Christ, only Christ, my all in all to be.

# None of Self and All of Thee.

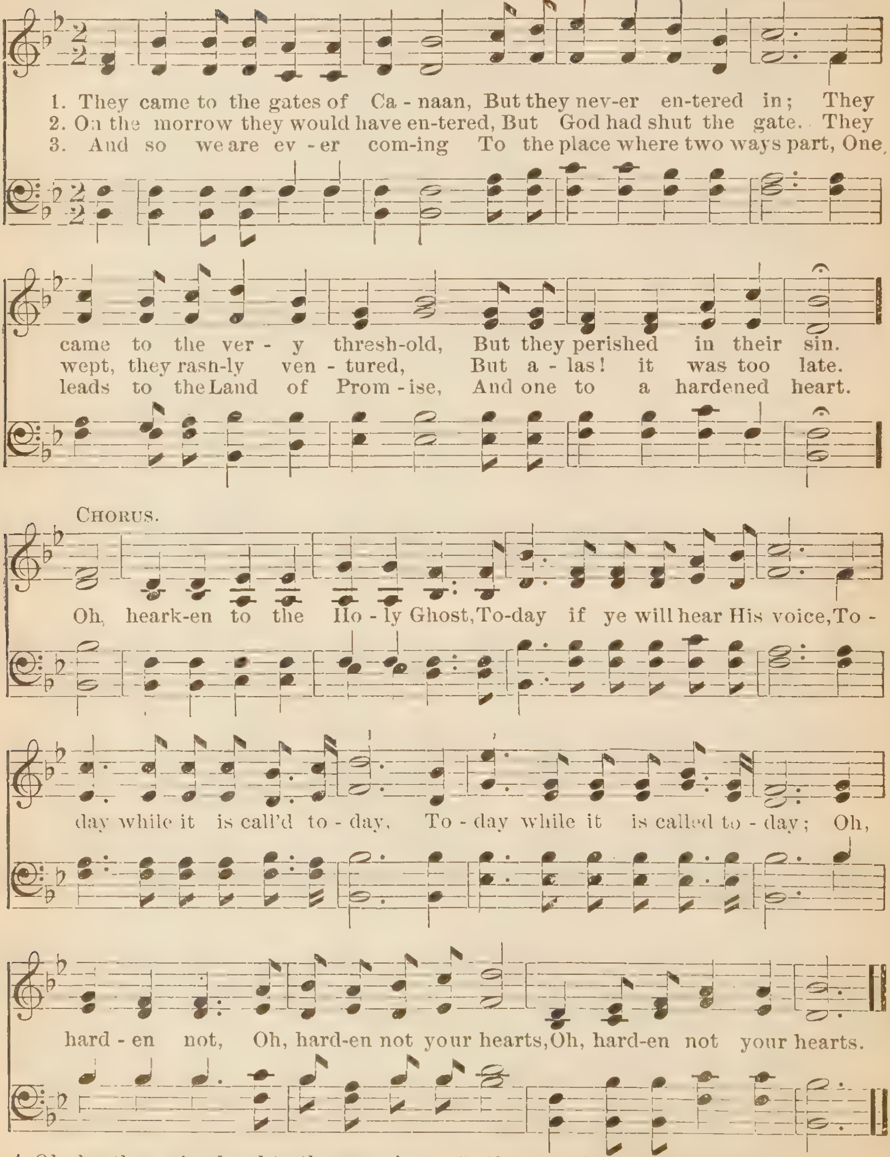
Pasteur Theod. Monod. J. Mountain.


Slow.
1. Oh, the bit - ter shame and sor - row, That a time could
2. Yet He found me; I be - held Him Bleed - ing on the
3. Day by day His ten - der mer - cy, Heal - ing, help - ing,
4. High - er than the high - est hea - vens, Deep - er than the
e - ver be, When I let the Sa - viour's pi - ty
curs - ed tree, Heard Him pray, "For - give them, Fa - ther,"
full and free, Sweet and strong, and ah! so pa - tient,
deep - est sea, Lord, Thy love at last hath con - quered:
Plead in vain, and proud - ly answered,— "All of self, and
And my wist - ful heart said faint - ly,— "Some of self, and
Brought me low - er while I whispered,— "Less of self, and
Grant me now my spi - rit's long - ing,— "None of self, and
p
Chorus. f
none of Thee," "All of self, and none of Thee."
some of Thee," "Some of self, and some of Thee."
more of Thee," "Less of self, and more of Thee."
all of Thee," "None of self, and all of Thee."

443

# Kadesh Barnea.

A. B. S. A. B. Simpson.


1. They came to the gates of Ca - naan, But they nev-er en-tered in; They came to the ver - y thresh-old, But they perished in their sin.
2. On the morrow they would have en-tered, But God had shut the gate. They wept, they rash-ly ven - tured, But a - las! it was too late.
3. And so we are ev - er com-ing To the place where two ways part, One leads to the Land of Prom - ise, And one to a hardened heart.
Chorus.
Oh, heark-en to the Ho - ly Ghost, To-day if ye will hear His voice, To - day while it is call'd to - day, To - day while it is called to - day; Oh, hard - en not, Oh, hard-en not your hearts, Oh, hard-en not your hearts.

4 Oh, brother, give heed to the warning,
And obey His voice today;
The Spirit to thee is calling,
Oh, do not grieve Him away.

5 Oh, come in complete surrender,
Oh, turn from thy doubt and sin;
Pass on from Kadesh to Canaan,
And a crown and kingdom win.

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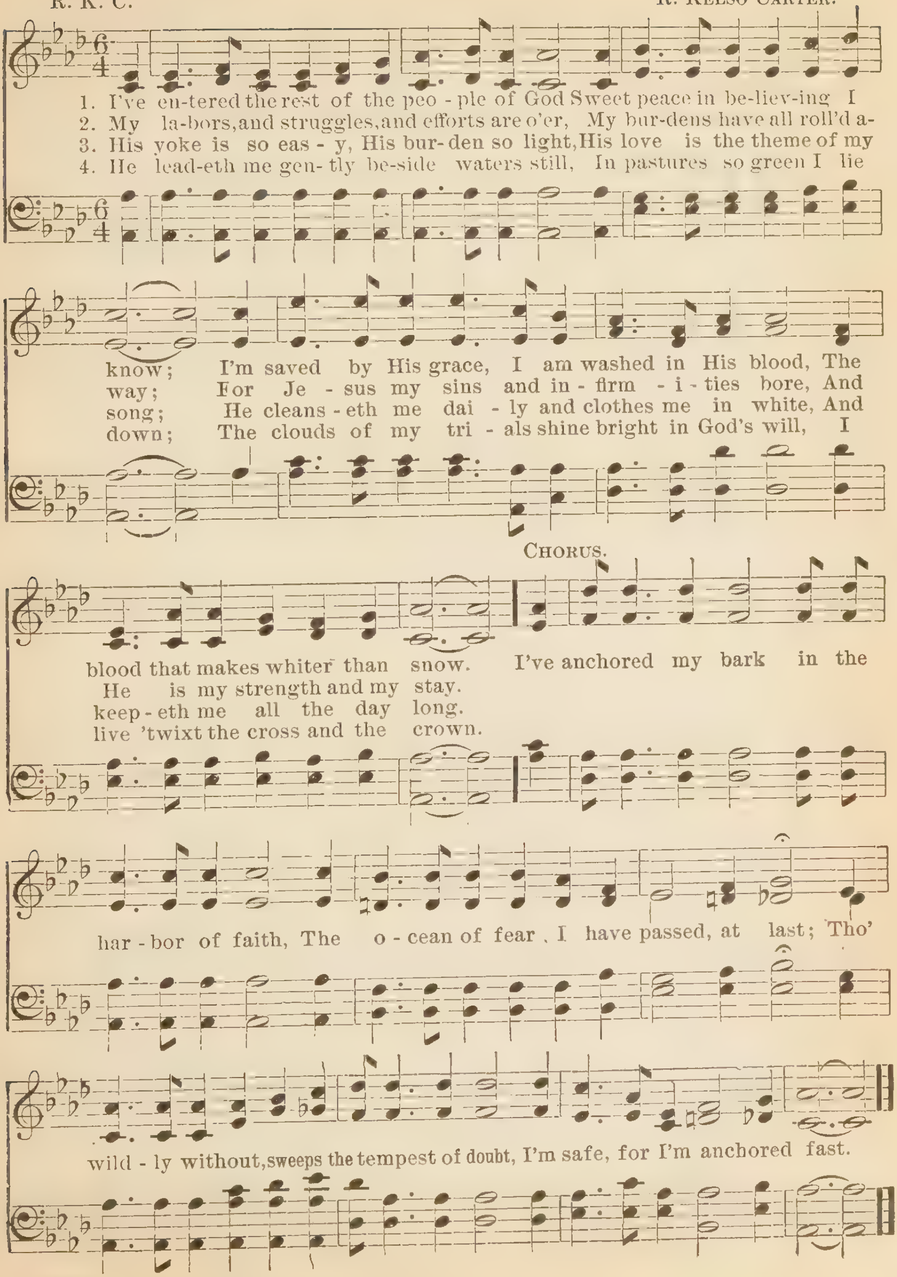
# Anchored Fast.

R. K. C.

R. Kelso Carter.


1. I've en-tered the rest of the peo - ple of God Sweet peace in be-liev-ing I
2. My la-bors, and struggles, and efforts are o'er, My bur-dens have all roll'd a-
3. His yoke is so eas - y, His bur-den so light, His love is the theme of my
4. He lead-eth me gen-tly be-side waters still, In pastures so green I lie
know; I'm saved by His grace, I am washed in His blood, The
way; For Je - sus my sins and in - firm - i - ties bore, And
song; He cleans - eth me dai - ly and clothes me in white, And
down; The clouds of my tri - als shine bright in God's will, I
blood that makes whiter than snow.
He is my strength and my stay.
keep - eth me all the day long.
live 'twixt the cross and the crown.
Chorus.
I've anchored my bark in the
har - bor of faith, The o - cean of fear I have passed, at last; Tho'
wild - ly without, sweeps the tempest of doubt, I'm safe, for I'm anchored fast.

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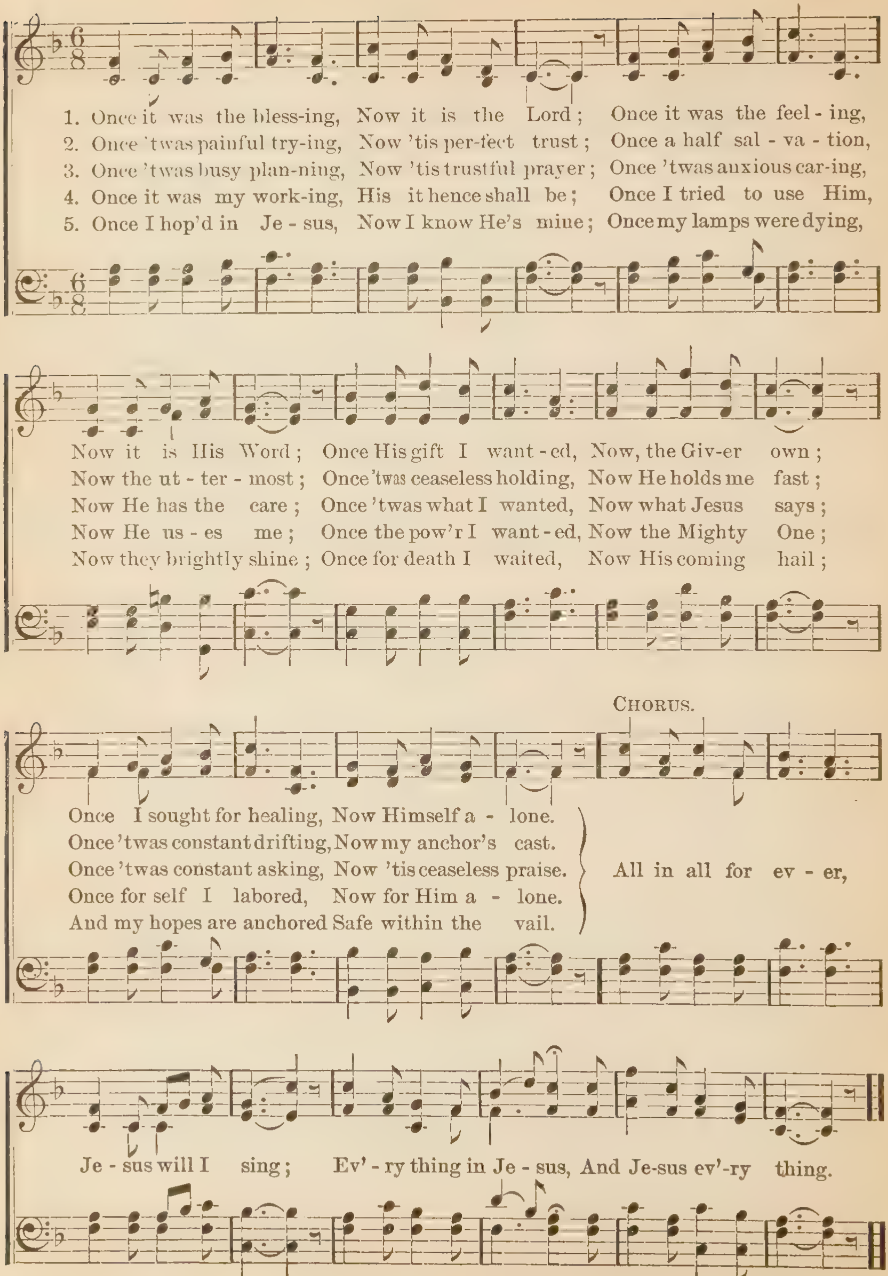
445

# Himself.

A. B. S. A. B. Simpson.


1. Once it was the bless-ing, Now it is the Lord; Once it was the feel-ing,
2. Once 'twas painful try-ing, Now 'tis per-fect trust; Once a half sal-va-tion,
3. Once 'twas busy plan-ning, Now 'tis trustful prayer; Once 'twas anxious car-ing,
4. Once it was my work-ing, His it hence shall be; Once I tried to use Him,
5. Once I hop'd in Je-sus, Now I know He's mine; Once my lamps were dying,
Now it is His Word; Once His gift I want-ed, Now, the Giv-er own;
Now the ut-ter-most; Once 'twas ceaseless holding, Now He holds me fast;
Now He has the care; Once 'twas what I wanted, Now what Jesus says;
Now He us-es me; Once the pow'r I want-ed, Now the Mighty One;
Now they brightly shine; Once for death I waited, Now His coming hail;
Once I sought for healing, Now Himself a-lone.
Once 'twas constant drifting, Now my anchor's cast.
Once 'twas constant asking, Now 'tis ceaseless praise.
Once for self I labored, Now for Him a-lone.
And my hopes are anchored Safe within the vail.
CHORUS.
All in all for ev-er,
Je-sus will I sing; Ev'-ry thing in Je-sus, And Je-sus ev'-ry thing.

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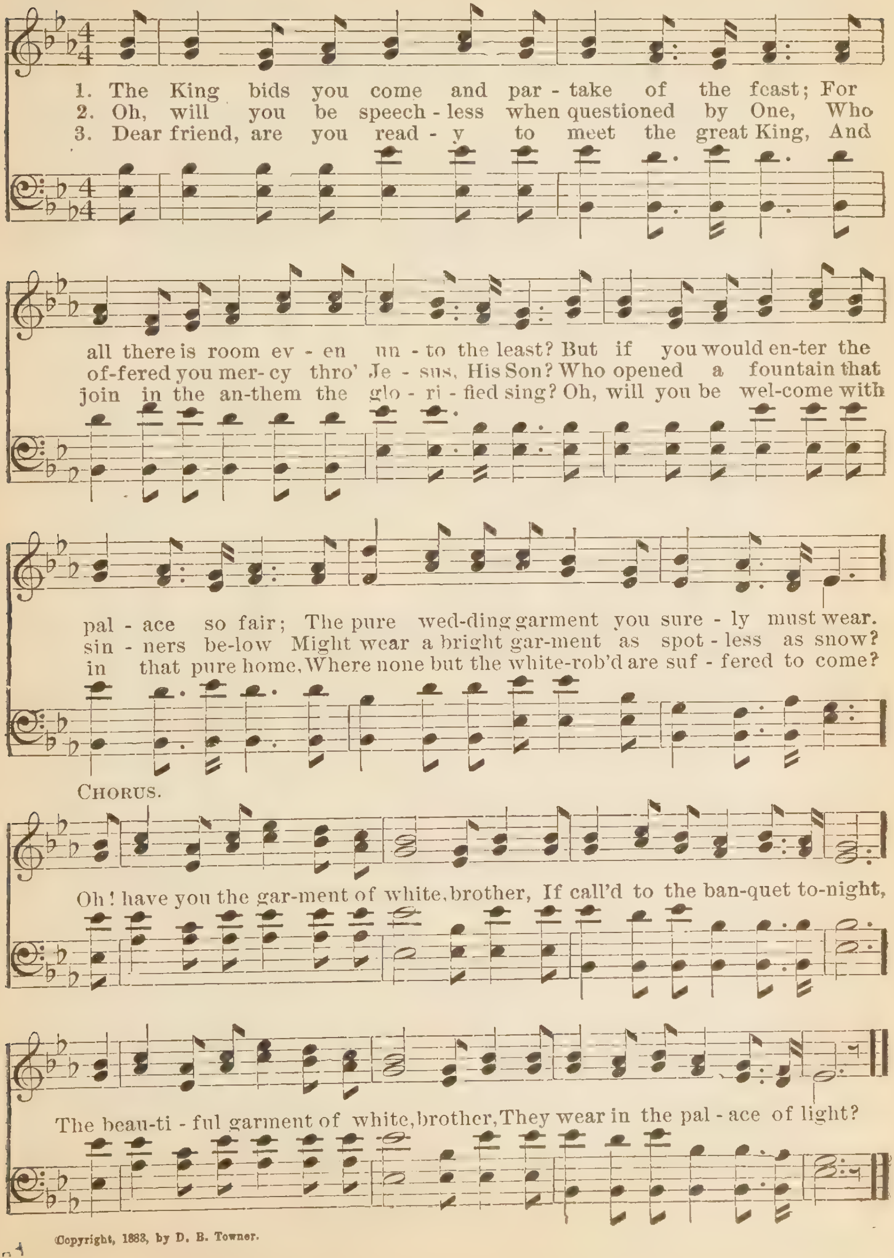
446

# Have You the Garment of White?

HARRIET JONES. D. B. TOWNER, by per.


1. The King bids you come and par - take of the feast; For
2. Oh, will you be speech - less when questioned by One, Who
3. Dear friend, are you read - y to meet the great King, And
all there is room ev - en un - to the least? But if you would en-ter the
of-fered you mer- cy thro' Je - sus, His Son? Who opened a fountain that
join in the an-them the glo - ri - fied sing? Oh, will you be wel-come with
pal - ace so fair; The pure wed-ding garment you sure - ly must wear.
sin - ners be-low Might wear a bright gar-ment as spot - less as snow?
in that pure home, Where none but the white-rob'd are suf - fered to come?
CHORUS.
Oh! have you the gar-ment of white, brother, If call'd to the ban-quet to-night,
The beau-ti - ful garment of white, brother, They wear in the pal - ace of light?

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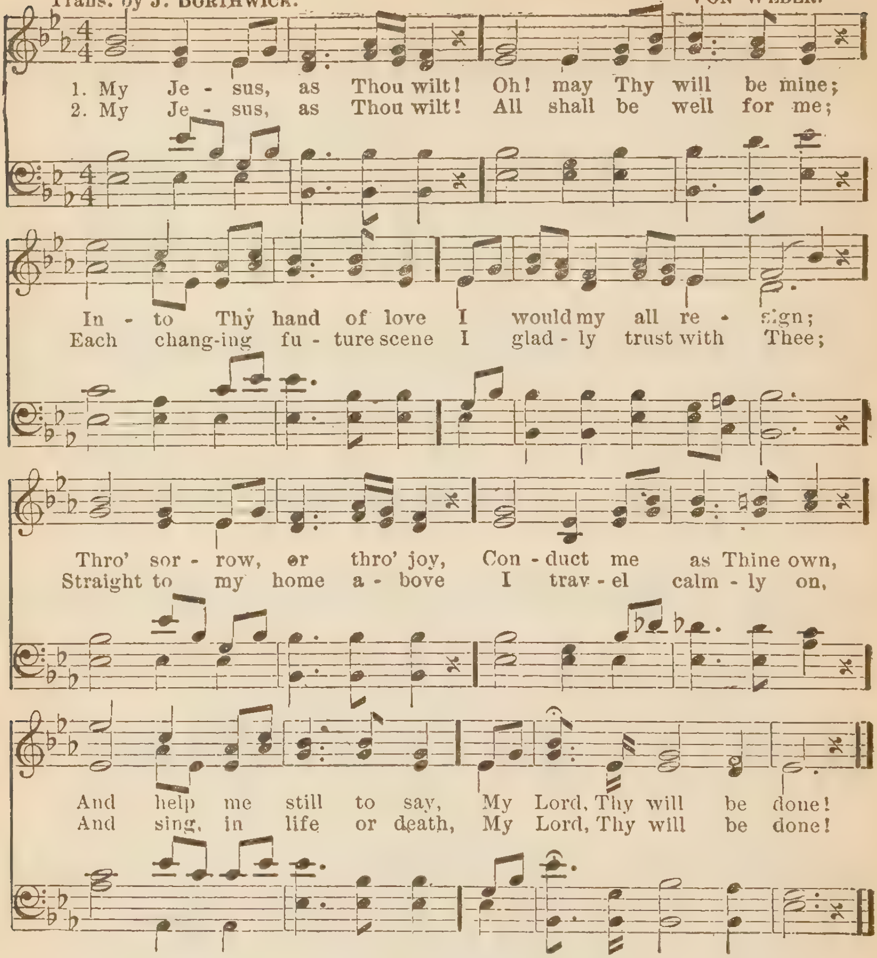
447

## My Jesus, As Thou Wilt.

Trans. by J. Borthwick.

Von Weber.


1. My Jesus, as Thou wilt! Oh! may Thy will be mine;
2. My Jesus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me;
Into Thy hand of love I would my all resign;
Each changing future scene I gladly trust with Thee;
Thro' sorrow, or thro' joy, Conduct me as Thine own,
Straight to my home above I travel calmly on,
And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done!
And sing, in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done!

448

## He Gave me Back the Bond.

He gave me back the bond;
It was a heavy debt;
And as He gave He smiled and said,
"Thou wilt not Me forget."

2 He gave me back the bond;
The seal was torn away;
And as He gave He smiled and said,
"Think thou of Me alway."

3 That bond I still will keep,
Although it canceled be,
It tells me of the love of Him
Who paid the debt for me.

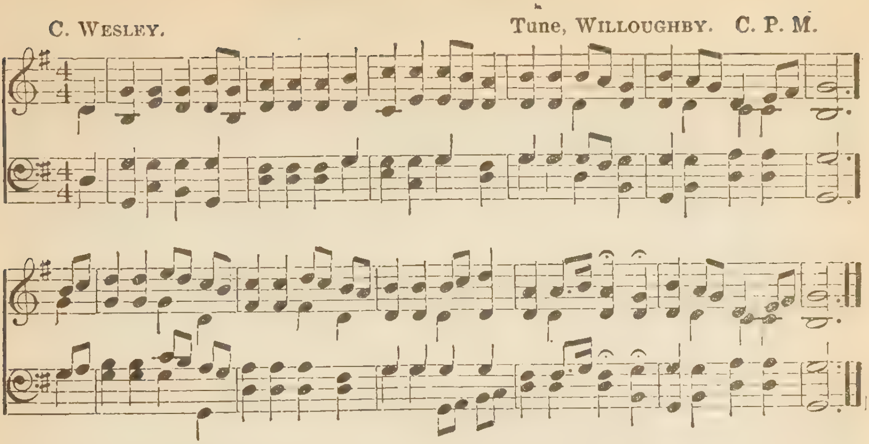
4 I look on it and smile;
I look again and weep;
That record of His love for me
I will for ever keep.

5 It is a bond no more;
But it shall ever tell
All that I owed was fully paid
By my Immanuel.

*Sabine*

# O Glorious Hope.

C. WESLEY. Tune, WILLOUGHBY. C. P. M.



1 O glorious hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below;
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps His own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

4 Oh, that I might at once go up;
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess;
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,
A howling wilderness!

## 450 The Blessed Hope.

*Tune, Willoughby.*

1 But can it be that I should prove
Forever faithful to Thy love,
From sin forever cease?
I thank Thee for the blessed hope;
It lifts my drooping spirits up;
It gives me back my peace.

2 In Thee, O Lord, I put my trust,
Mighty, and merciful, and just;
Thy sacred word is passed;
And I, who dare Thy word believe,
Without committing sin shall live,
Shall live to God at last.

3 I rest in Thy almighty power;
The name of Jesus is my tower
That hides my life above;
Thou canst, Thou wilt, my helper be;
My confidence is all in Thee,
The faithful God of love.

4 Wherefore, in never-ceasing prayer,
My soul to Thy continual care
I faithfully commend;
Assured that Thou through life wilt save,
And show Thyself beyond the grave
My everlasting Friend.

C. WESLEY.

## 451 For Purity of Heart.

*Tune, Willoughby.*

1 Saviour, on me the grace bestow,
That, with Thy children, I may know
My sins on earth forgiven;
Give me to prove the kingdom mine,
And taste, in holiness divine,
The happiness of heaven.

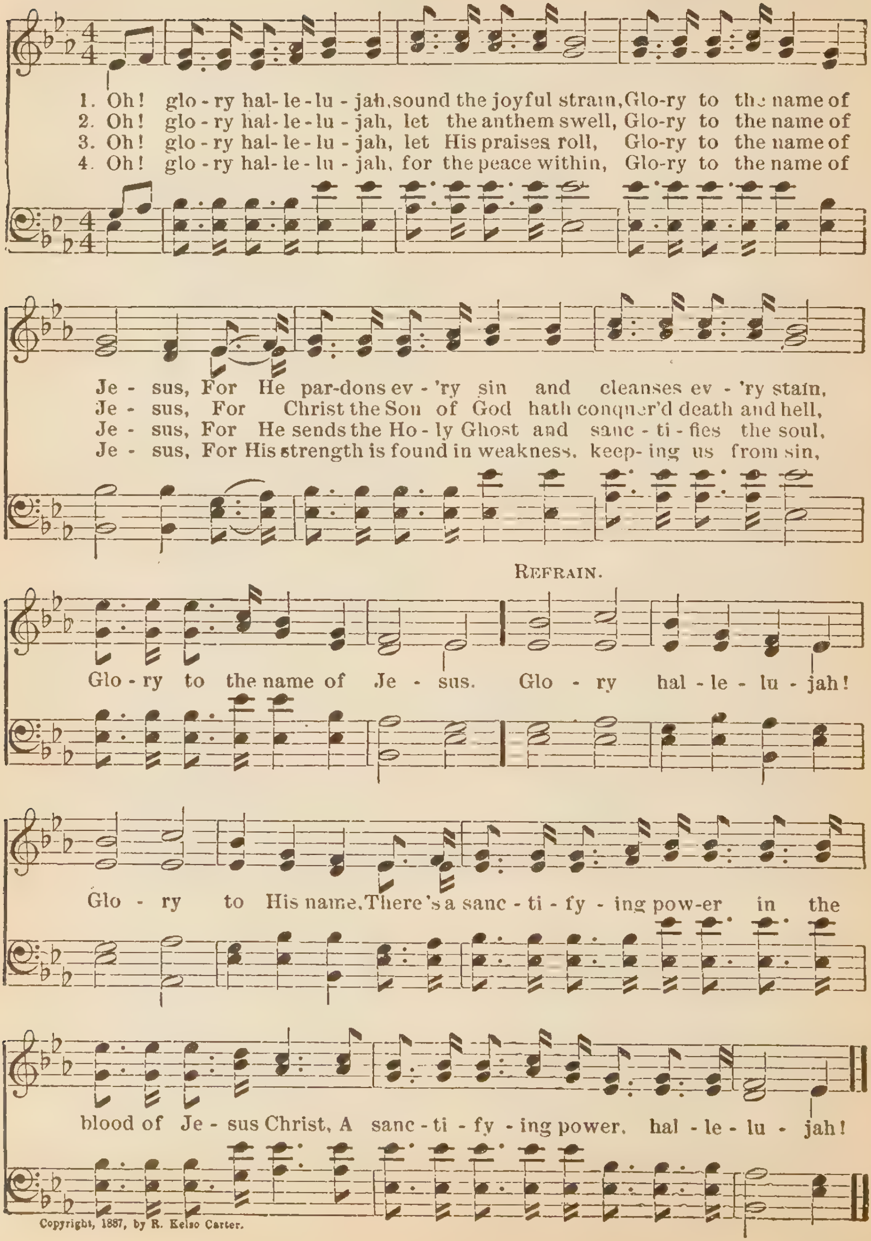
2 Me with that restless thirst inspire,
That sacred, infinite desire,
And feast my hungry heart;
Less than Thyself cannot suffice;
My soul for all Thy fullness cries,
For all Thou hast and art.

3 Jesus, the crowning grace impart;
Bless me with purity of heart,
That, now beholding Thee,
I soon may view Thy open face,
On all Thy glorious beauties gaze,
And God forever see.

C. WESLEY.

# The Sanctifying Power.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.


1. Oh! glo - ry hal- le - lu - jah, sound the joyful strain, Glo-ry to the name of
2. Oh! glo - ry hal- le - lu - jah, let the anthem swell, Glo-ry to the name of
3. Oh! glo - ry hal- le - lu - jah, let His praises roll, Glo-ry to the name of
4. Oh! glo - ry hal- le - lu - jah, for the peace within, Glo-ry to the name of
Je - sus, For He par-dons ev - 'ry sin and cleanses ev - 'ry stain,
Je - sus, For Christ the Son of God hath conquer'd death and hell,
Je - sus, For He sends the Ho - ly Ghost and sanc - ti - fies the soul,
Je - sus, For His strength is found in weakness, keep- ing us from sin,
Glo - ry to the name of Je - sus.
Refrain.
Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
Glo - ry to His name. There's a sanc - ti - fy - ing pow-er in the
blood of Je - sus Christ, A sanc - ti - fy - ing power, hal - le - lu - jah!

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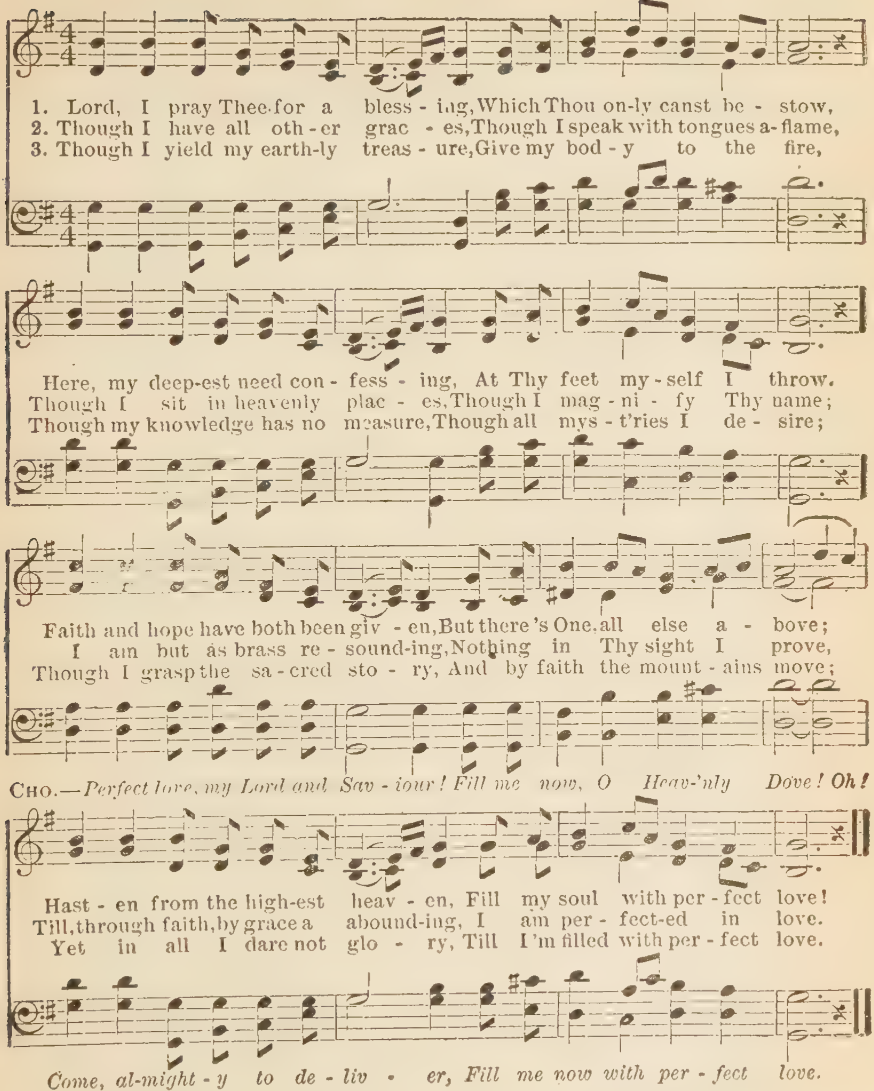
453

# Perfect Love.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.


1. Lord, I pray Thee for a bless - ing, Which Thou on-ly canst be - stow,
2. Though I have all oth - er grac - es, Though I speak with tongues a-flame,
3. Though I yield my earth-ly treas - ure, Give my bod - y to the fire,
Here, my deep-est need con - fess - ing, At Thy feet my - self I throw.
Though I sit in heavenly plac - es, Though I mag - ni - fy Thy name;
Though my knowledge has no measure, Though all mys - t'ries I de - sire;
Faith and hope have both been giv - en, But there's One, all else a - bove;
I am but as brass re - sound-ing, Nothing in Thy sight I prove,
Though I grasp the sa - cred sto - ry, And by faith the mount - ains move;
Cho.—Perfect love, my Lord and Sav - iour! Fill me now, O Heav-'nly Dove! Oh!
Hast - en from the high-est heav - en, Fill my soul with per - fect love!
Till, through faith, by grace a abound-ing, I am per - fect-ed in love.
Yet in all I dare not glo - ry, Till I'm filled with per - fect love.
Come, al-might - y to de - liv - er, Fill me now with per - fect love.

4 Give me love that never faileth,
Love that suffers without moan;
That believeth and prevaileth,
Love that seeketh not her own;
Love that never thinketh evil,
But rejoiceth truth to prove;
Love that fears not man nor devil,—
Give me, give me perfect love!

5 Love that every evil cureth,
Doth not envy, vaunteth not;
Beareth, hopeth, and endureth
All that falleth to my lot.
Faith, and hope, and love abideth,
But there's One, all else above;
Lord, my yearning spirit chideth
For Thy greatest gift of love.

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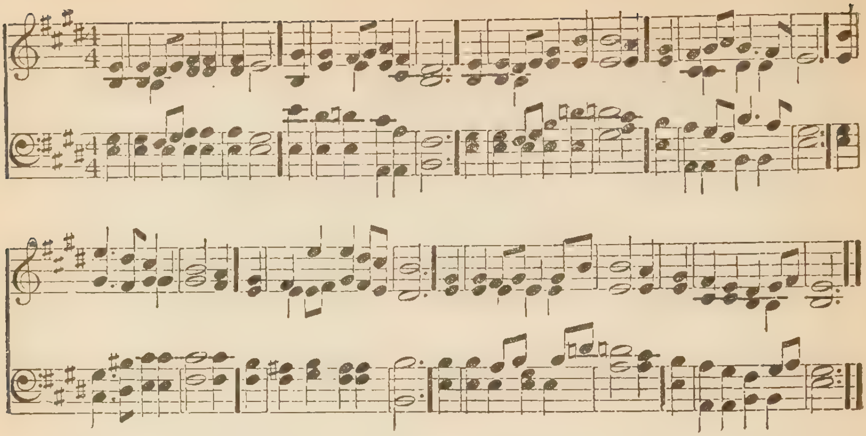
# St. Hilda. 7.6.

Rev. H. Husband.



## 454 I Lay My Sins On Jesus.

1 I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us,
From the accursèd load;
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a stain remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in Him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem;
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline:
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child;
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
And learn the angels' song.

Horatius Bonar.

## 455 Live Out Thy Life Within Me.

1 Live out Thy life within me,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Be Thou Thyself the answer
To all my questionings,
Live out Thy life within me,
In all things have Thy way!
I, the transparent medium
Thy glory to display.

2 The temple has been yielded,
And purified of sin;
Let Thy Shekinah glory
Now flash forth from within.
And all the earth keep silence,
The body henceforth be
Thy silent, docile servant,
Moved only as by Thee.

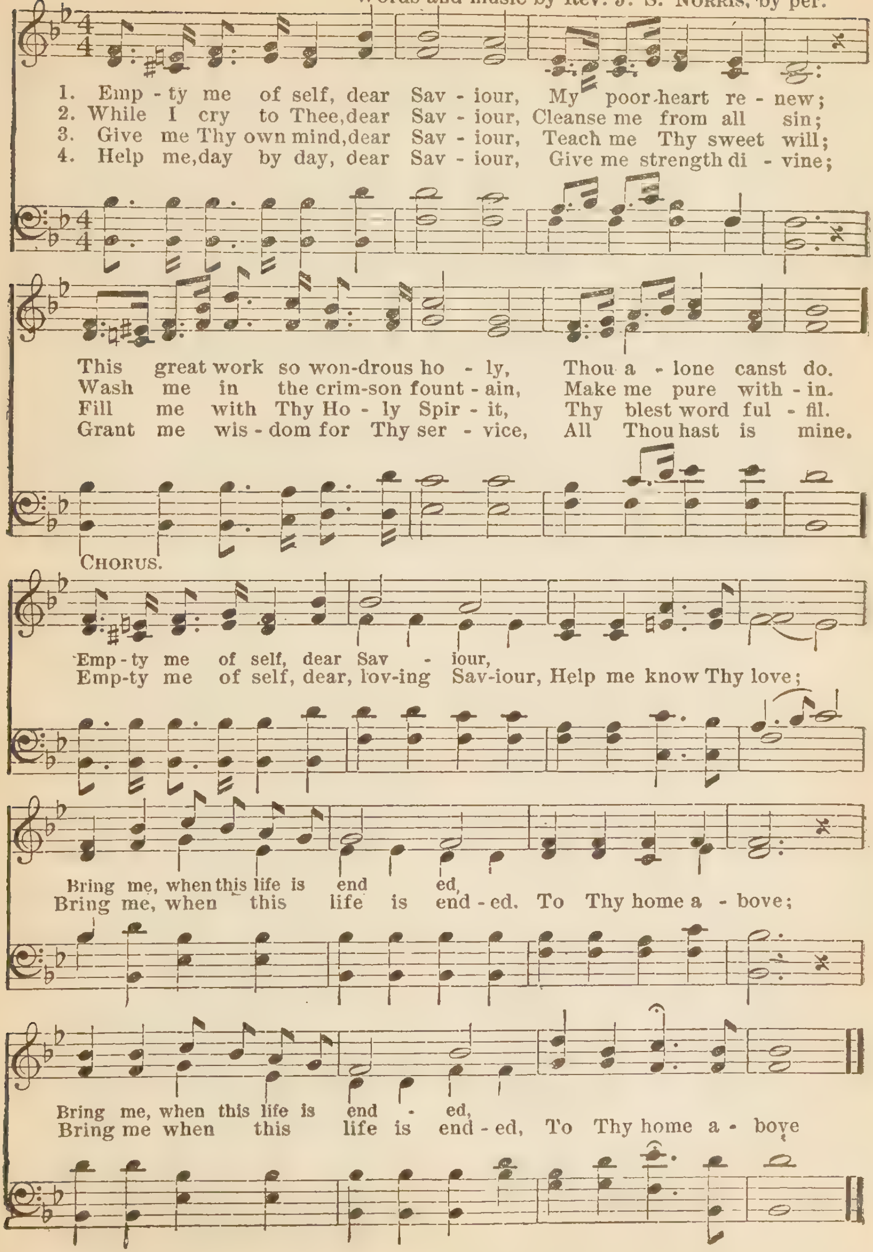
3 Its members every moment
Held subject to Thy call;
Ready to have Thee use them,
Or not be used at all.
Held without restless longing,
Or strain or stress or fret,
Or chafings at Thy dealings,
Or thoughts of vain regret.

4 But restful, calm and pliant,
From bend and bias free,
Permitting Thee to settle
When Thou hast need of me.
Live out Thy life within me,
O Jesus, King of Kings!
Be Thou the glorious answer
To all my questionings.

F. R. Havergal.

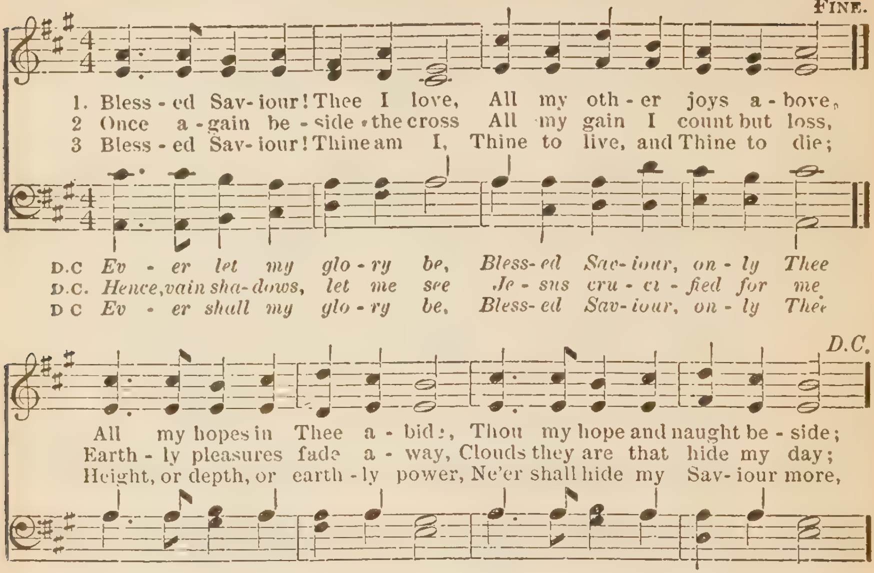
# Empty Me of Self.

Words and music by Rev. J. S. Norris, by per.


1. Emp - ty me of self, dear Sav - iour, My poor heart re - new;
2. While I cry to Thee, dear Sav - iour, Cleanse me from all sin;
3. Give me Thy own mind, dear Sav - iour, Teach me Thy sweet will;
4. Help me, day by day, dear Sav - iour, Give me strength di - vine;
This great work so won-drous ho - ly, Thou a - lone canst do.
Wash me in the crim-son fount - ain, Make me pure with - in.
Fill me with Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Thy blest word ful - fil.
Grant me wis - dom for Thy ser - vice, All Thou hast is mine.
Chorus.
Emp - ty me of self, dear Sav - iour,
Emp-ty me of self, dear, lov-ing Sav-iour, Help me know Thy love;
Bring me, when this life is end ed,
Bring me, when this life is end - ed. To Thy home a - bove;
Bring me, when this life is end - ed,
Bring me when this life is end - ed, To Thy home a - bove

# 457 Blessed Saviour! Thee I Love. 7,D.

GEO DUFFIELD, D.D. (SPANISH HYMN)


FINE.
1. Bless-ed Sav-iour! Thee I love, All my oth-er joys a-bove,
2 Once a-gain be-side the cross All my gain I count but loss,
3 Bless-ed Sav-iour! Thine am I, Thine to live, and Thine to die;
D.C Ev-er let my glo-ry be, Bless-ed Sav-iour, on-ly Thee
D.C. Hence, vain sha-dows, let me see Je-sus cru-ci-fied for me
D C Ev-er shall my glo-ry be, Bless-ed Sav-iour, on-ly Thee
D.C.
All my hopes in Thee a-bide, Thou my hope and naught be-side;
Earth-ly pleasures fade a-way, Clouds they are that hide my day;
Height, or depth, or earth-ly power, Ne'er shall hide my Sav-iour more,

## 458 I Thirst, Thou Wounded Lamb.

*Tune, Rockingham, P*

1 I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in Thy cleansing blood,
To dwell within Thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but Thee;
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by Thee move, and in Thee live.

4 How can it be, Thou heavenly King,
That Thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of Thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?

5 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
"My Lord, my Love, is crucified."

N. L. ZINZENDORF.

## 459 All for Jesus!

*Key, E-flat.*

1 All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
All my being's ransomed powers;
All my thoughts and words and doings,
All my days and all my hours.
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
All my days and all my hours.

2 Let my hands perform His bidding;
Let my feet run in His ways;
Let my eyes see Jesus only;
Let my lips speak forth His praise.
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Let my lips speak forth His praise.

3 Worldlings prize their gems of beauty,
Cling to gilded toys of dust,
Boast of wealth and fame and pleasure:
Only Jesus will I trust.
Only Jesus! only Jesus!
Only Jesus will I trust.

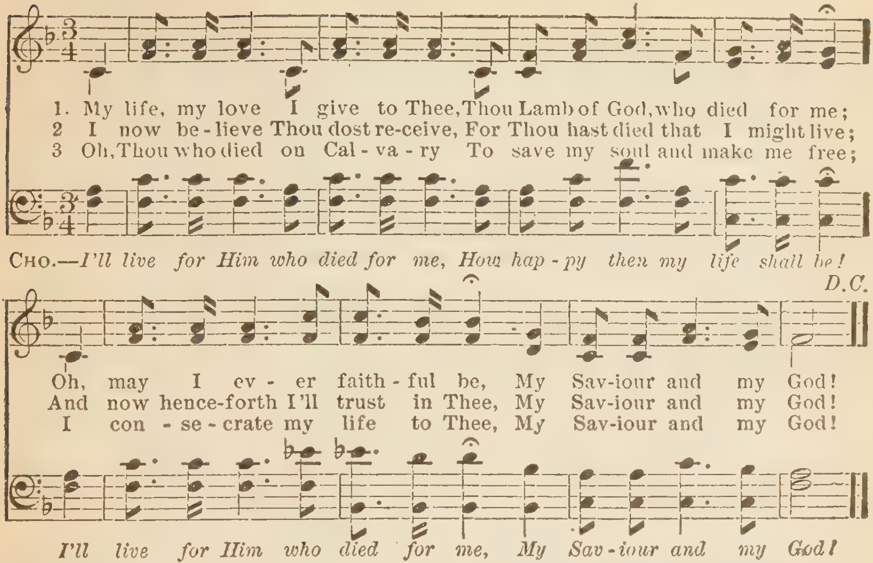
4 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside,
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the crucified.
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
All for Jesus crucified.

5 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus glorious King of kings,
Deigns to call me His beloved,
Lets me rest beneath His wings.
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath His wings.

MARY D. JAMES.

# I'll Live for Him.

**R. E. Hudson.** **C. R. Dunbar.**


1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2 I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3 Oh, Thou who died on Cal-va-ry To save my soul and make me free;
Cho.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!
D.C.
Oh, may I ev-er faith-ful be, My Sav-iour and my God!
And now hence-forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav-iour and my God!
I con-se-crate my life to Thee, My Sav-iour and my God!
I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav-iour and my God!

By permission.

## 461 Everywhere with Jesus.

*Tune, (120 Hymns New and Old.)*

1 Everywhere with Jesus—
Thus I find sweet rest;
Just the way *He* goeth
Is for me the best.
Brightest day without Him,
Has but clouded light;
Walking in His presence,
Even night is bright.

CHORUS.
Everywhere, everywhere,
Thus I find sweet rest;
Just the way He goeth,
Is for me the best.

2 When I follow Jesus,
Pressing to His side,
Even ills seem helpful
As a gracious tide;
If His goings take me
Into pathways strait,
Yet His blessed sunshine
Brightens every state.

3 Everywhere with Jesus,
Counting all but dross—
To behold His glory,
To exalt His cross;
Speaking forth His praises,
Telling men His grace,
Calling to His service,
All who long for peace.

4 Then, at length with Jesus,
In His home so bright,
Where no shadows coming
Can obscure the light:
There I'll dwell with Jesus,
Clothed with Him in white,
Ever see His glory,
Happy in His sight.

JOHN S. HAUGH.

## 462 Brethren, Let Us to the Lord.

*Tune. Take My Life,*

1 Brethren, let us to the Lord,
Give ourselves both heart and sword;
Under His commanding eye
We shall march to victory.

2 Hark, the strains of music roll,
Like a tide they fill the soul;
As they to their highest rise,
We will launch our enterprise.

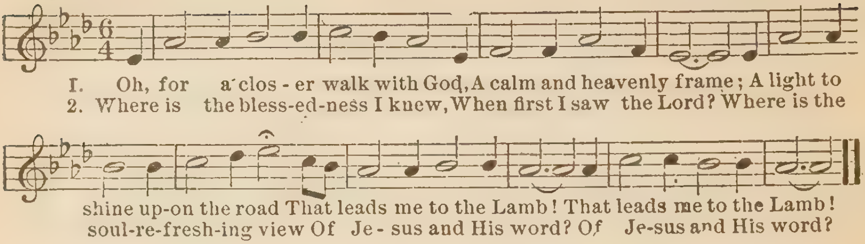
3 Ye who 'list must list in faith,
Fearing neither toil nor scath;
Calm 'mid the bewildering cry,
Confident of victory.

4 Hark the music loud and sweet
Thrills our heart and stirs our feet:
Brethren, hands upon your swords,
Let us shout, "We are the Lord's!"

T. T. LYNCH.

## 463 Oh, for a Closer Walk. C. M.

C. WESLEY. Tune, ORTONVILLE.


1. Oh, for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame; A light to shine up-on the road That leads me to the Lamb! That leads me to the Lamb!
2. Where is the bless-ed-ness I knew, When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul-re-fresh-ing view Of Je - sus and His word? Of Je-sus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

## 464 Lord, I Am Thine.

*Tune, Sessions.*

1 Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent Thine would I be,
And own Thy sov'reign right in me.

2 Thine would I live, Thine would I die
Be Thine through all eternity;
The vow is past, beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

3 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all.

4 Do Thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

DAVIES.

## 465 Thou Lovely Source.

*Tune, Ortonville*

THOU lovely Source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore!
Unvail Thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love Thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;—
But in Thy sacred Word,
I read, in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sin and sorrow rise,
Thy love, with cheering beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

4 But ah! too soon the pleasing scene
Is clouded o'er with pain;
My gloomy fears rise dark between,
And I again complain.

5 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light!
Oh, come with blissful ray;
Break radiant through the shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

*Anne Steele.*

## 466 I Worship Thee. C. M.

*Tune, Ortonville.*

1 I worship thee, sweet will of God!
And all thy ways adore;
And every day I live, I seem
To love thee more and more.

2 And He hath breathed into my soul
A special love of thee;
A love to lose my will in His,
And by that loss be free.

3 I love to kiss each print where thou
Hast set thine unseen feet,
I cannot fear thee, blessed will!
Thine empire is so sweet.

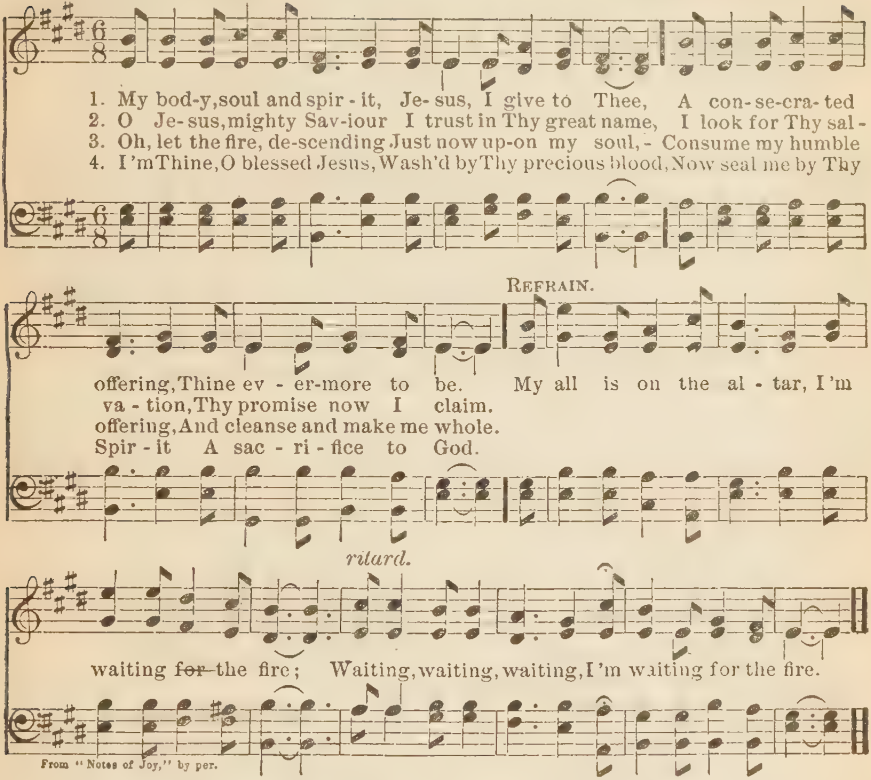
4 When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.

And when it seems no chance, no
From grief can set me free, [change,
Hope finds its strength in helplessness,
And calmly waits on thee

FREDERICK FABER.

# 467 Consecration.

Mrs. Mary D. James. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.


1. My bod-y, soul and spir - it, Je- sus, I give to Thee, A con-se-cra-ted
2. O Je-sus, mighty Sav-iour I trust in Thy great name, I look for Thy sal -
3. Oh, let the fire, de-scending Just now up-on my soul, - Consume my humble
4. I'm Thine, O blessed Jesus, Wash'd by Thy precious blood, Now seal me by Thy
offering, Thine ev - er-more to be.
va - tion, Thy promise now I claim.
offering, And cleanse and make me whole.
Spir - it A sac - ri - fice to God.
Refrain.
My all is on the al - tar, I'm
ritard.
waiting ~~for~~ the fire; Waiting, waiting, waiting, I'm waiting for the fire.

From "Notes of Joy," by per.

## 468 Nearer, my God, to Thee.

*Key G.*

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise;
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

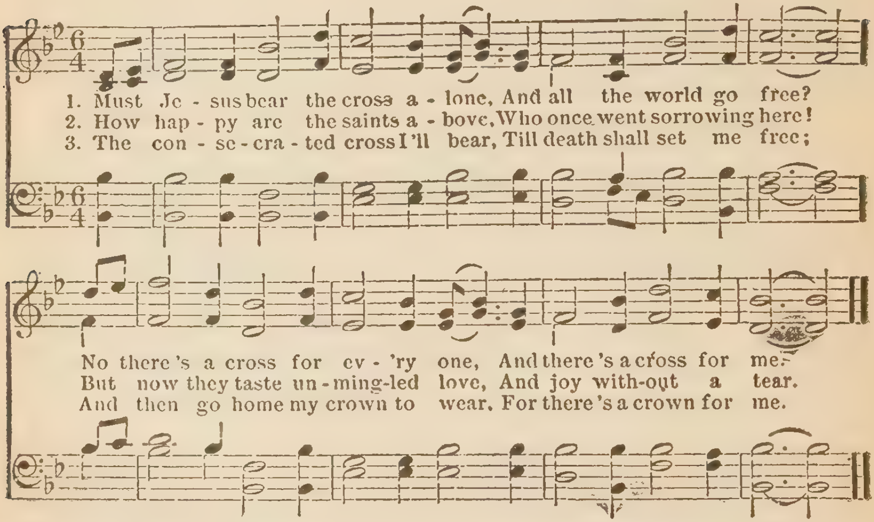
5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Sarah F. Adams.

# 469 Must Jesus Bear the Cross?

THOMAS SHEPHERD, *alt.*

Tune, MAITLAND. C. M.


1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sorrowing here!
3. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
No there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
But now they taste un - ming-led love, And joy with-out a tear.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.

## 470 Jesus Is Mine.

*Tune, Happy Land.*

1 Now I have found a Friend,
Jesus is mine;
His love shall never end,
Jesus is mine.
Though earthly joys decrease,
Though human friendships cease,
Now I have lasting peace;
Jesus is mine.

CHORUS.

This Friend will never fail,
Never, never, never fail,
This Friend will never fail,
No, never fail.

2 Though I grow poor and old,
Jesus is mine,
He will my faith uphold,
Jesus is mine.
He shall my wants supply,
His precious blood is nigh,
Naught can my hope destroy,
Jesus is mine;

3 When earth shall pass away,
Jesus is mine;
In the great judgment day,
Jesus is mine.
Oh! what a glorious thing,
Then to behold my King,
On tuneful harp to sing,
Jesus is mine.

4 Farewell, mortality!
Jesus is mine;
Welcome, eternity!
Jesus is mine.
He my redemption is,
Wisdom and righteousness,
Life, light, and holiness,
Jesus is mine.

## 471 Man's Weakness.

*Tune, Azmon.*

1 Man's weakness waiting upon God,
Its end can never miss,
For men on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.

2 Ride on, ride on triumphantly,
Thou glorious Will! ride on:
Faith's pilgrim sons behind thee take
The road that thou hast gone.

3 He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

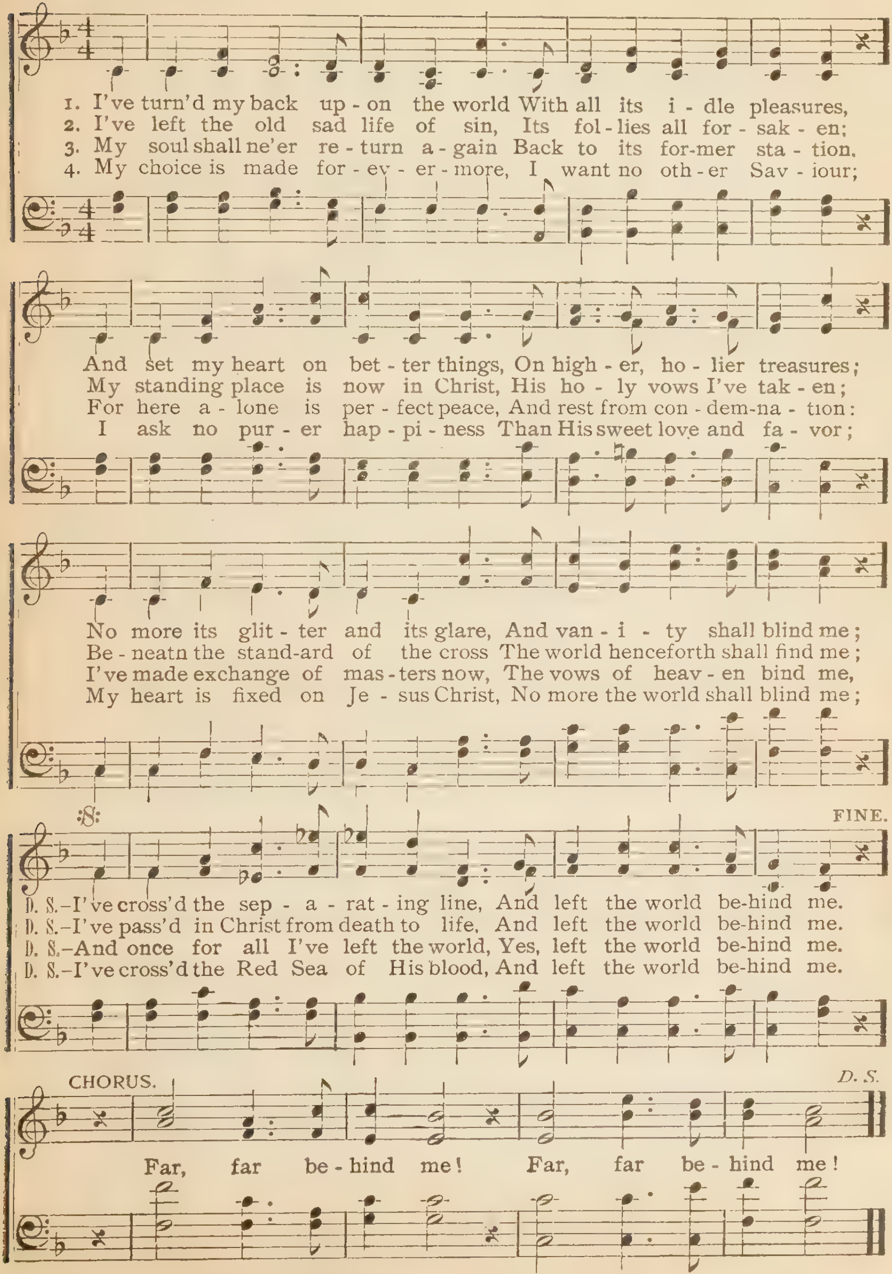
4 Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill:
And all is right that seems most wrong
If it be His sweet will!

FREDERICK FABER

# I've Left the World Behind Me.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

Florence M. Hoffman.


1. I've turn'd my back up - on the world With all its i - dle pleasures,
2. I've left the old sad life of sin, Its fol - lies all for - sak - en;
3. My soul shall ne'er re - turn a - gain Back to its for-mer sta - tion.
4. My choice is made for - ev - er - more, I want no oth - er Sav - iour;
And set my heart on bet - ter things, On high - er, ho - lier treasures;
My standing place is now in Christ, His ho - ly vows I've tak - en;
For here a - lone is per - fect peace, And rest from con - dem-na - tion:
I ask no pur - er hap - pi - ness Than His sweet love and fa - vor;
No more its glit - ter and its glare, And van - i - ty shall blind me;
Be - neatn the stand-ard of the cross The world henceforth shall find me;
I've made exchange of mas - ters now, The vows of heav - en bind me,
My heart is fixed on Je - sus Christ, No more the world shall blind me;
FINE.
D. S.–I've cross'd the sep - a - rat - ing line, And left the world be-hind me.
D. S.–I've pass'd in Christ from death to life, And left the world be-hind me.
D. S.–And once for all I've left the world, Yes, left the world be-hind me.
D. S.–I've cross'd the Red Sea of His blood, And left the world be-hind me.
CHORUS.
Far, far be - hind me! Far, far be - hind me!
D. S.

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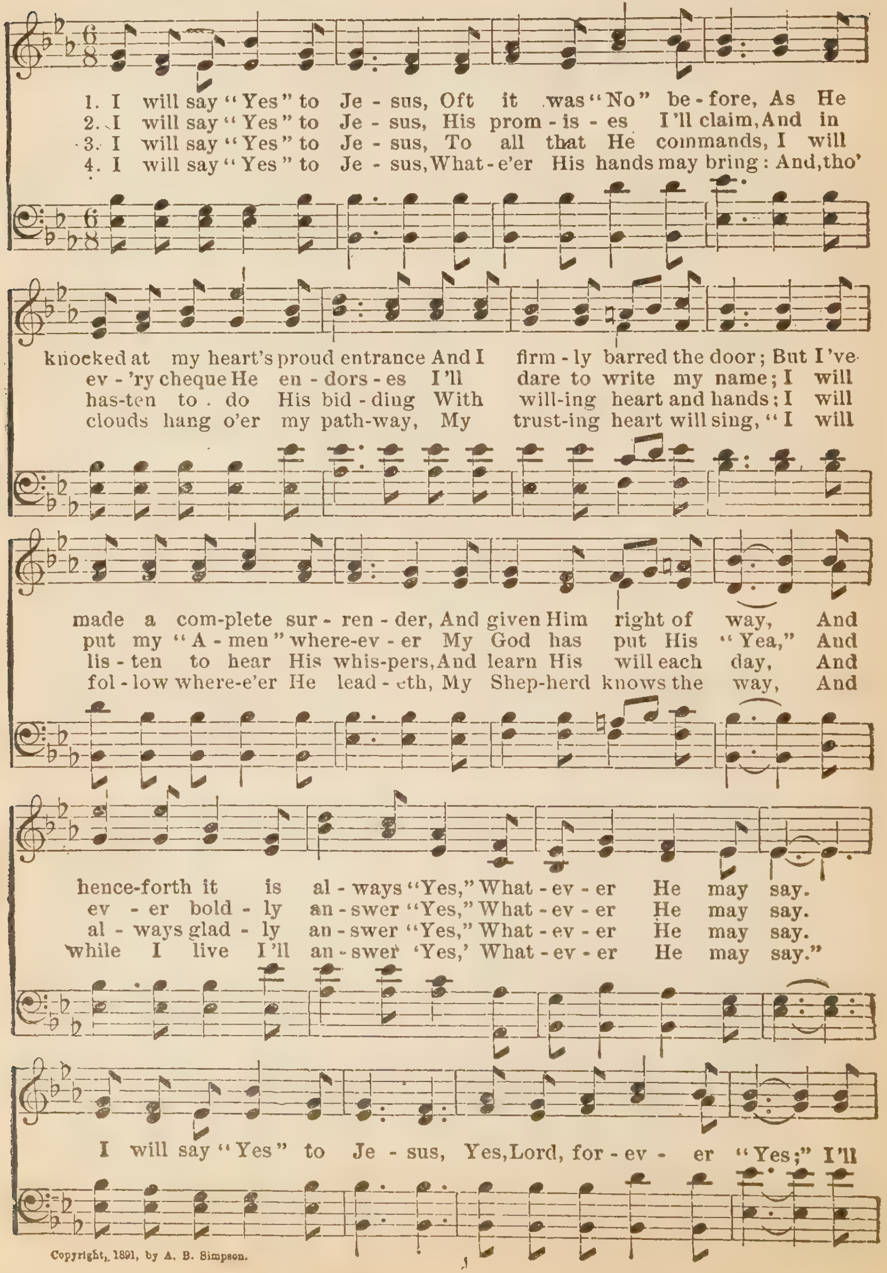
## 473

# I Will Say "Yes" to Jesus.

Rev. A. B. Simpson. J. H. Burke.


1. I will say "Yes" to Je - sus, Oft it was "No" be - fore, As He
2. I will say "Yes" to Je - sus, His prom - is - es I'll claim, And in
3. I will say "Yes" to Je - sus, To all that He commands, I will
4. I will say "Yes" to Je - sus, What - e'er His hands may bring: And, tho'
knocked at my heart's proud entrance And I firm - ly barred the door; But I've
ev - 'ry cheque He en - dors - es I'll dare to write my name; I will
has - ten to do His bid - ding With will - ing heart and hands; I will
clouds hang o'er my path - way, My trust - ing heart will sing, "I will
made a com - plete sur - ren - der, And given Him right of way, And
put my "A - men" where - ev - er My God has put His "Yea," And
lis - ten to hear His whis - pers, And learn His will each day, And
fol - low where - e'er He lead - eth, My Shep - herd knows the way, And
hence - forth it is al - ways "Yes," What - ev - er He may say.
ev - er bold - ly an - swer "Yes," What - ev - er He may say.
al - ways glad - ly an - swer "Yes," What - ev - er He may say.
while I live I'll an - swer 'Yes,' What - ev - er He may say."
I will say "Yes" to Je - sus, Yes, Lord, for - ev - er "Yes;" I'll

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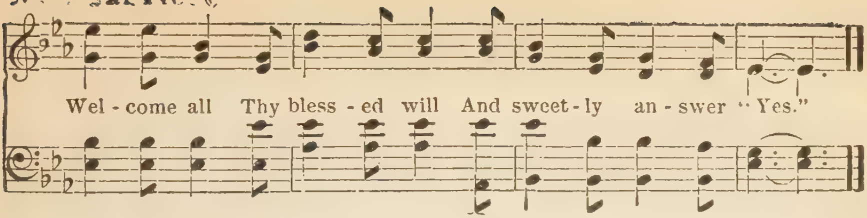
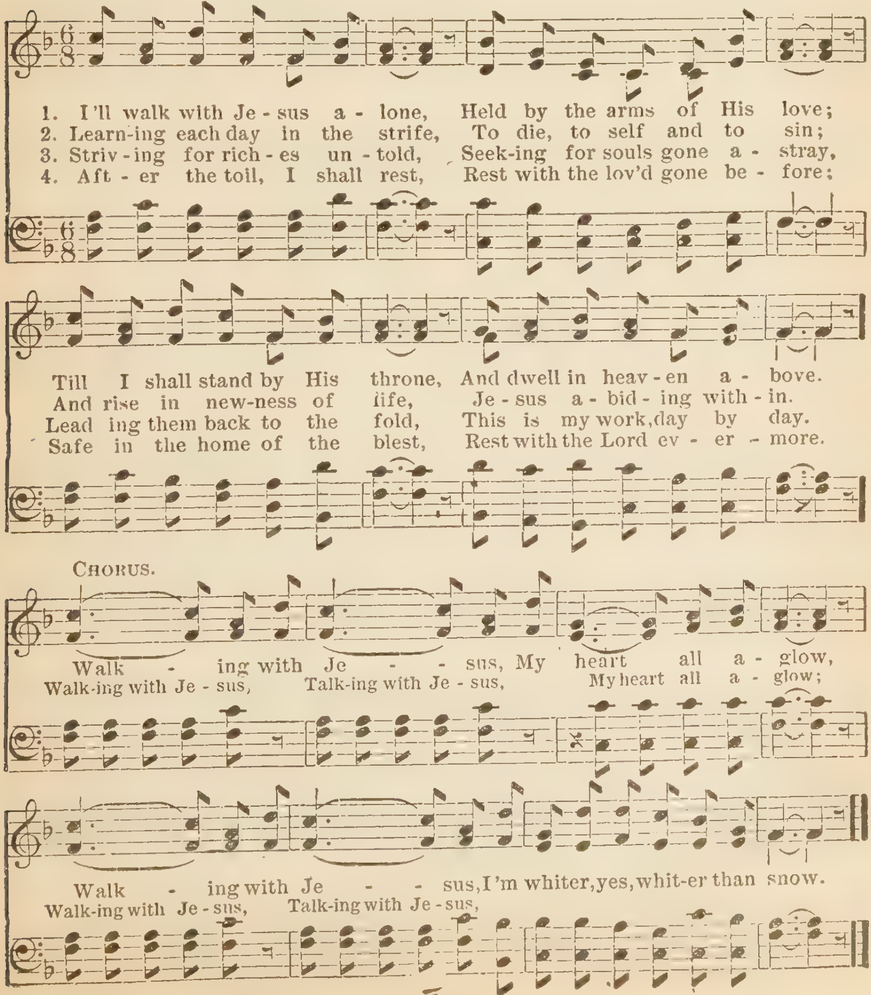

Wel - come all Thy bless - ed will And sweet - ly an - swer "Yes."

474

# Walking with Jesus.

*Did not our hearts burn within us, while He talked with us by the way, and while He opened to us the Scriptures?*—Luke, 24: 32.

TABOR
G. TABOR THOMPSON.

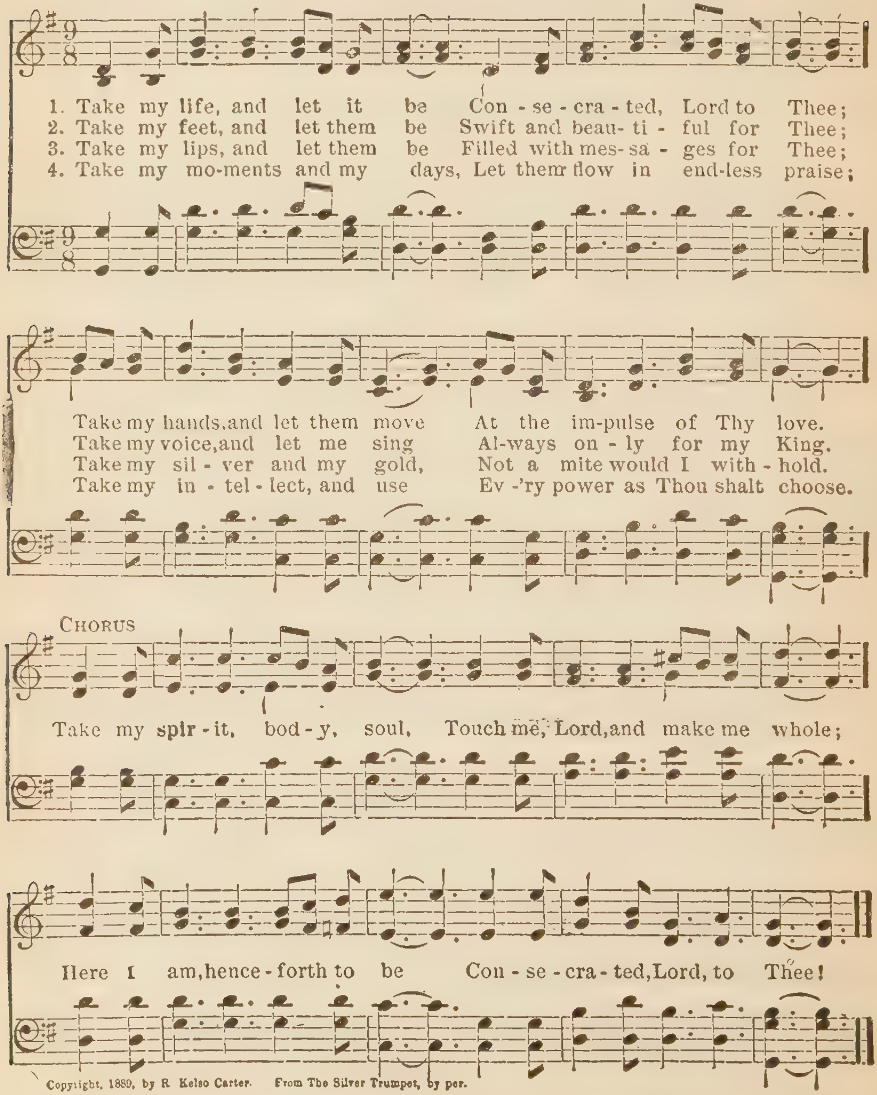

1. I'll walk with Je - sus a - lone, Held by the arms of His love;
2. Learn-ing each day in the strife, To die, to self and to sin;
3. Striv - ing for rich - es un - told, Seek-ing for souls gone a - stray,
4. Aft - er the toil, I shall rest, Rest with the lov'd gone be - fore;
Till I shall stand by His throne, And dwell in heav - en a - bove.
And rise in new-ness of life, Je - sus a - bid - ing with - in.
Lead ing them back to the fold, This is my work, day by day.
Safe in the home of the blest, Rest with the Lord ev - er - more.
CHORUS.
Walk - ing with Je - - sus, My heart all a - glow,
Walk-ing with Je - sus, Talk-ing with Je - sus, My heart all a - glow;
Walk - ing with Je - - sus, I'm whiter, yes, whit-er than snow.
Walk-ing with Je - sus, Talk-ing with Je - sus,

Copyright, 1891, by G. Tabor Thompson.

# Take my Life, and Let it Be.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.
Chorus by R. K. C.

Old English, arr.
Cho. by R. KELSO CARTER


1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord to Thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sa - ges for Thee;
4. Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in end-less praise;
Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways on - ly for my King.
Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold.
Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev -'ry power as Thou shalt choose.
CHORUS
Take my spir - it, bod - y, soul, Touch me, Lord, and make me whole;
Here I am, hence - forth to be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee!

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5 Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart — it is Thine own,—
It shall be Thy royal throne.

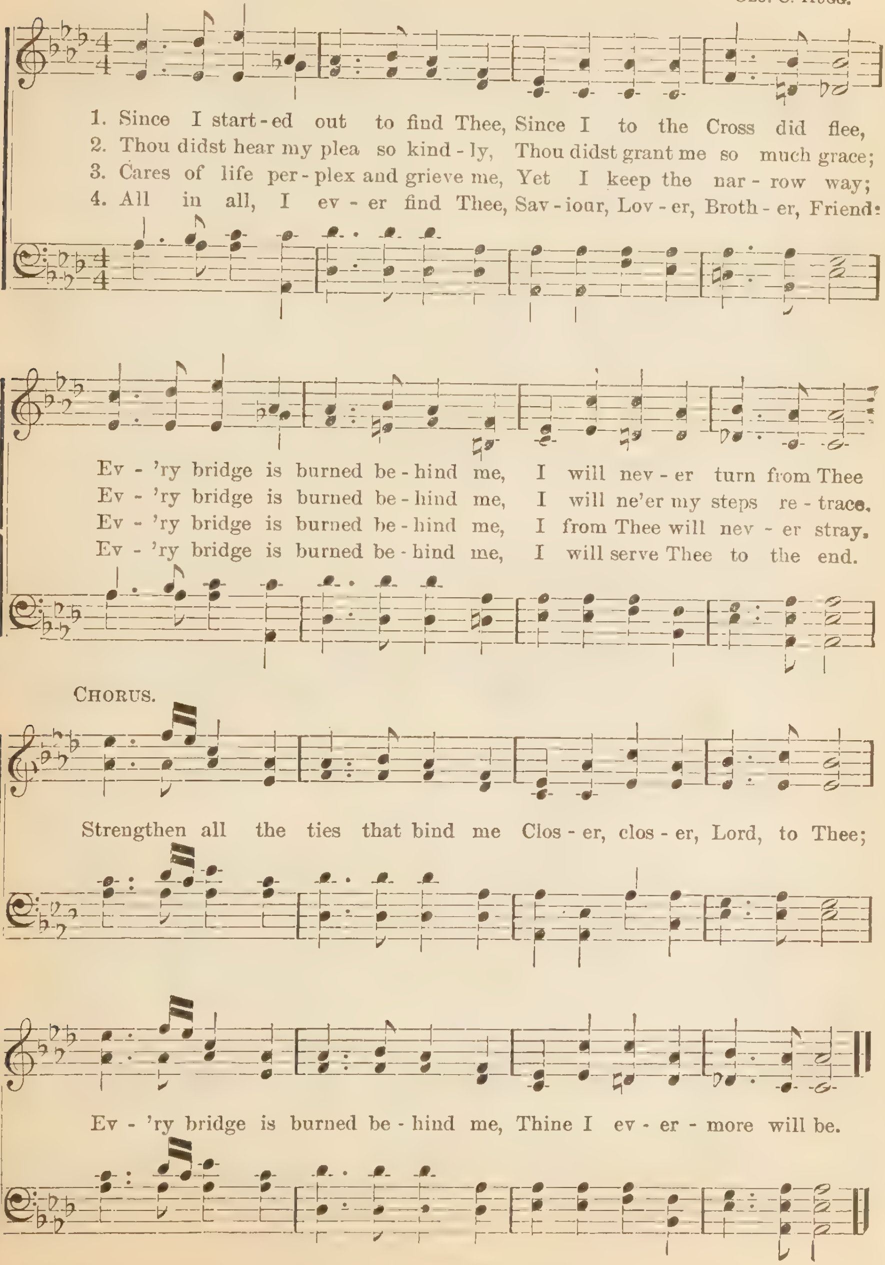
6 Take my love,— my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store!
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee!

476

# Every Bridge is Burned Behind Me.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

Geo. C. Hugg.


1. Since I start-ed out to find Thee, Since I to the Cross did flee,
2. Thou didst hear my plea so kind-ly, Thou didst grant me so much grace;
3. Cares of life per-plex and grieve me, Yet I keep the nar-row way;
4. All in all, I ev-er find Thee, Sav-iour, Lov-er, Broth-er, Friend:
Ev-'ry bridge is burned be-hind me, I will nev-er turn from Thee
Ev-'ry bridge is burned be-hind me, I will ne'er my steps re-trace.
Ev-'ry bridge is burned be-hind me, I from Thee will nev-er stray.
Ev-'ry bridge is burned be-hind me, I will serve Thee to the end.
Chorus.
Strengthen all the ties that bind me Clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to Thee;
Ev-'ry bridge is burned be-hind me, Thine I ev-er-more will be.

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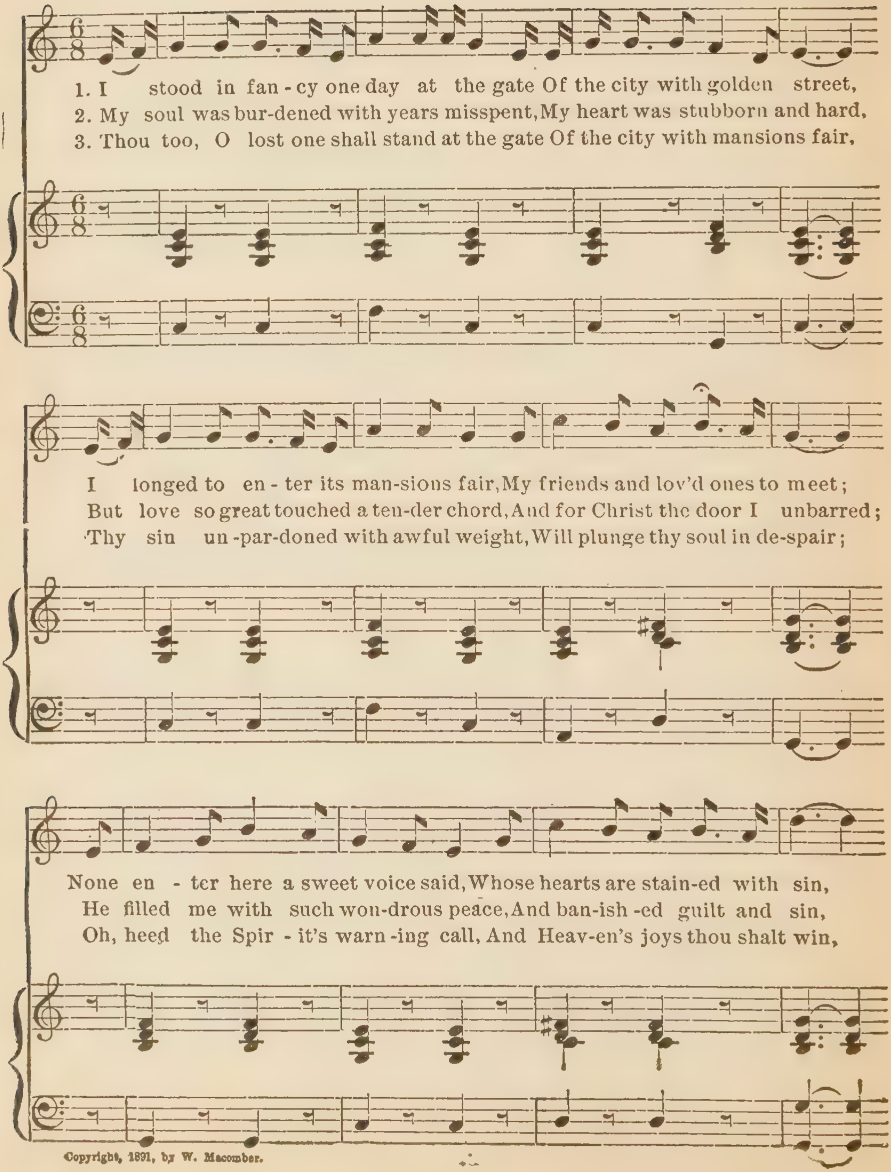
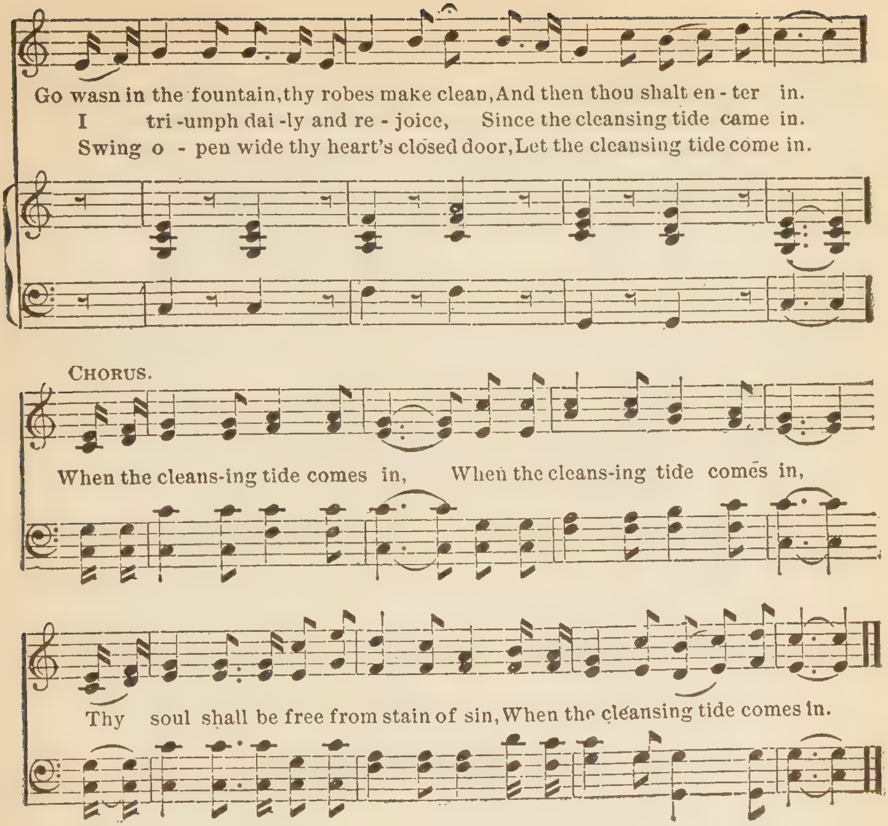
477

# When the Cleansing Tide Comes In.

W. M. | W. Macomber.


1. I stood in fan - cy one day at the gate Of the city with golden street,
2. My soul was bur-dened with years misspent, My heart was stubborn and hard,
3. Thou too, O lost one shall stand at the gate Of the city with mansions fair,
I longed to en - ter its man-sions fair, My friends and lov'd ones to meet;
But love so great touched a ten-der chord, And for Christ the door I unbarred;
Thy sin un -par-doned with awful weight, Will plunge thy soul in de-spair;
None en - ter here a sweet voice said, Whose hearts are stain-ed with sin,
He filled me with such won-drous peace, And ban-ish -ed guilt and sin,
Oh, heed the Spir - it's warn -ing call, And Heav-en's joys thou shalt win,

Copyright, 1891, by W. Macomber.


Go wash in the fountain, thy robes make clean, And then thou shalt en - ter in.
I tri - umph dai - ly and re - joice, Since the cleansing tide came in.
Swing o - pen wide thy heart's closed door, Let the cleansing tide come in.
CHORUS.
When the cleans-ing tide comes in, When the cleans-ing tide comes in,
Thy soul shall be free from stain of sin, When the cleansing tide comes in.

## 478 Sweeter Sounds.

SWEETER sounds than music knows
Charm me in Immanuel's name;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To His birth, and cross, and shame.

2 When He came, the angels sung,
"Glory be to God on high:"
Lord, unloose my stammering tongue;
Who should louder sing than I?

3 Did the Lord a man become,
That He might the law fulfill,
Bleed and suffer in my room,—
And canst Thou, my tongue, be still?

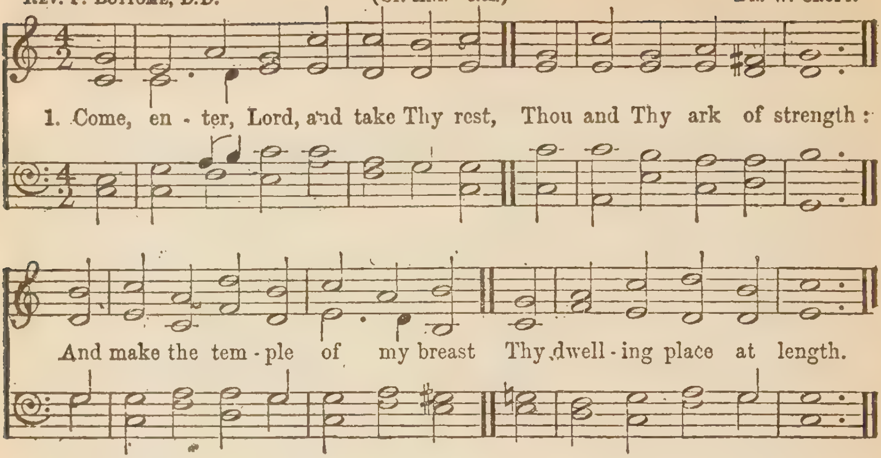
4 No; I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are, and weak;
For should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak.

5 O my Saviour! Shield and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Lord, and Friend,
Every precious name in one!
I will love Thee without end.

John Newton.

## 479 Come Enter, Lord!

Rev. F. Bottome, D.D. (St. Ann C.M.) Dr. W. Croft.


1. Come, en - ter, Lord, and take Thy rest, Thou and Thy ark of strength:
And make the tem - ple of my breast Thy dwell - ing place at length.

My life, my goods, myself I yield
A cheerful sacrifice;
No fond desire that lay concealed
But on Thine altar dies.

I will be Thine, with all my powers,
My memory, mind, and will,
And all my consecrated hours
Thy service to fulfil.

I know how poor and worthless all,
How weak the hand I lift;
But where the sprinkled blood shall fall,
It sanctifies the gift.

'Tis done!—but wilt Thou condescend
To make my heart Thy home?
Call me, a sinful worm, Thy friend?
Lord Jesus, quickly come!

## 480 Spirit Of the Living God.

O, spirit of the living God,
In all Thy plentitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

Be darknesss, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in Thy path;
Souls without strength, inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

Baptize the nations far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

J. MONTGOMERY.

## 481 If Through Unruffled Seas.

If, through unruffled seas,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow—kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to Thy control:
Thy tender mercies shall illume
The midnight of the soul.

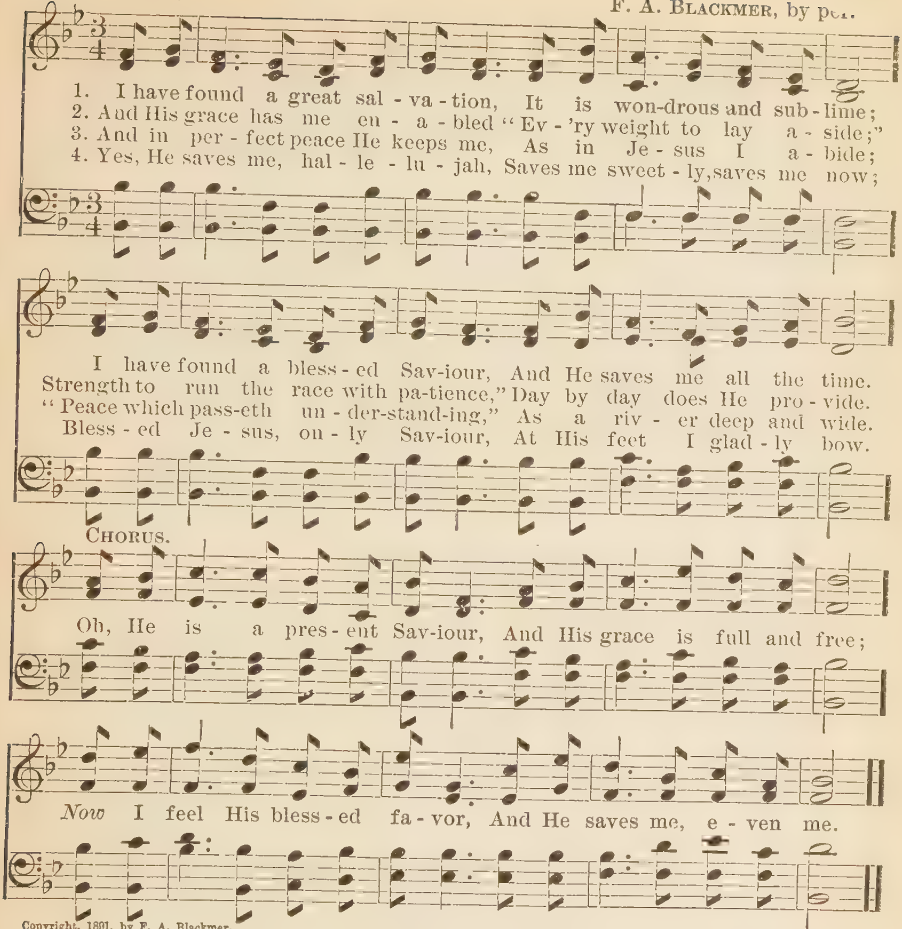
4 Teach us, in every state,
To make Thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

*A. M. Toplady*

# A Present Saviour.

A. Francis.

F. A. Blackmer, by per.


1. I have found a great sal - va - tion, It is won-drous and sub - lime;
2. And His grace has me en - a - bled "Ev - 'ry weight to lay a - side;"
3. And in per - fect peace He keeps me, As in Je - sus I a - bide;
4. Yes, He saves me, hal - le - lu - jah, Saves me sweet - ly, saves me now;
I have found a bless - ed Sav-iour, And He saves me all the time.
Strength to run the race with pa-tience," Day by day does He pro - vide.
"Peace which pass-eth un - der-stand-ing," As a riv - er deep and wide.
Bless - ed Je - sus, on - ly Sav-iour, At His feet I glad - ly bow.
Chorus.
Oh, He is a pres - ent Sav-iour, And His grace is full and free;
Now I feel His bless - ed fa - vor, And He saves me, e - ven me.

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## 483 The Child of a King.

*Key E-flat.*

1 My Father is rich in houses and lands,
He holdeth the wealth of the world in His hands!
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold:
His coffers are full, He has riches untold.

Refrain.

I'm the child of a King,
The child of a King,
With Jesus my Saviour,
I'm the child of a King.

2 My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men!
Once wandered on earth as the poorest of men.
But now He is reigning forever on High,
And will give us a home in the sweet by and by.

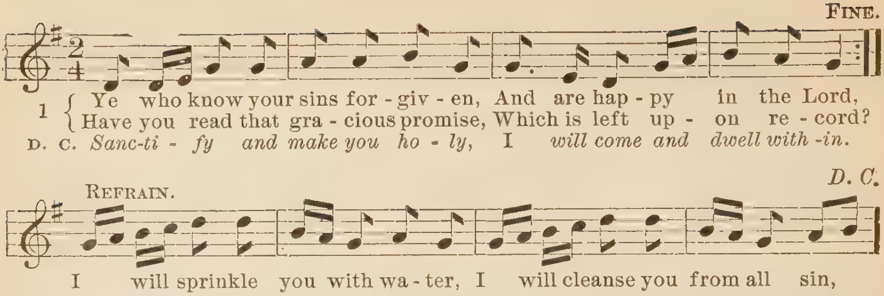
3 I once was an outcast, stranger on earth,
A sinner by choice and an "alien" by birth,
But I've been "adopted," my name's written down:
An heir to a mansion, a robe and a crown.

4 A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
They're building a palace for me over there!
Though exiled from home, yet, still I may sing:
All glory to God, I'm the child of a Kin

Hattie E. Buell.

## 484

# I Will Sprinkle.


Fine.
1 { Ye who know your sins for - giv - en, And are hap - py in the Lord,
Have you read that gra - cious promise, Which is left up - on re - cord?
D. C. Sanc-ti - fy and make you ho - ly, I will come and dwell with -in.
Refrain.
D. C.
I will sprinkle you with wa - ter, I will cleanse you from all sin,

2 Tho' you have much peace and comfort,
Greater things you yet may find;
Freedom from unholy tempers,
Freedom from the carnal mind.

3 Be as holy, and as happy,
And as useful here below,
As it is your Father's pleasure;
Jesus, only Jesus know.

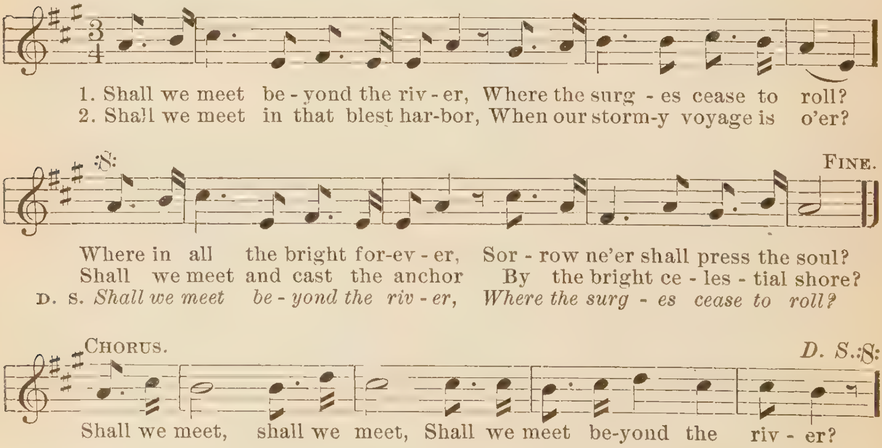
4 Spread, oh, the joyful tidings,
Tell, oh, tell what God has done,
Till the nations are conformed
To the image of His Son.

5 Oh, may every soul be fillèd
With the Holy Ghost to-day;
He is coming, He is coming;
Oh, prepare, prepare the way.

## 485

# Shall We Meet.

H. L. Hastings. Elisha S. Rice.


1. Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest har-bor, When our storm-y voyage is o'er?
Fine.
Where in all the bright for-ev - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor By the bright ce - les - tial shore?
D. S. Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?
Chorus.
D. S.
Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er?

3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine?
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

4 Where the music of the ransomed
Rolls its harmony around,
And creation swells the chorus
With its sweet melodious song.

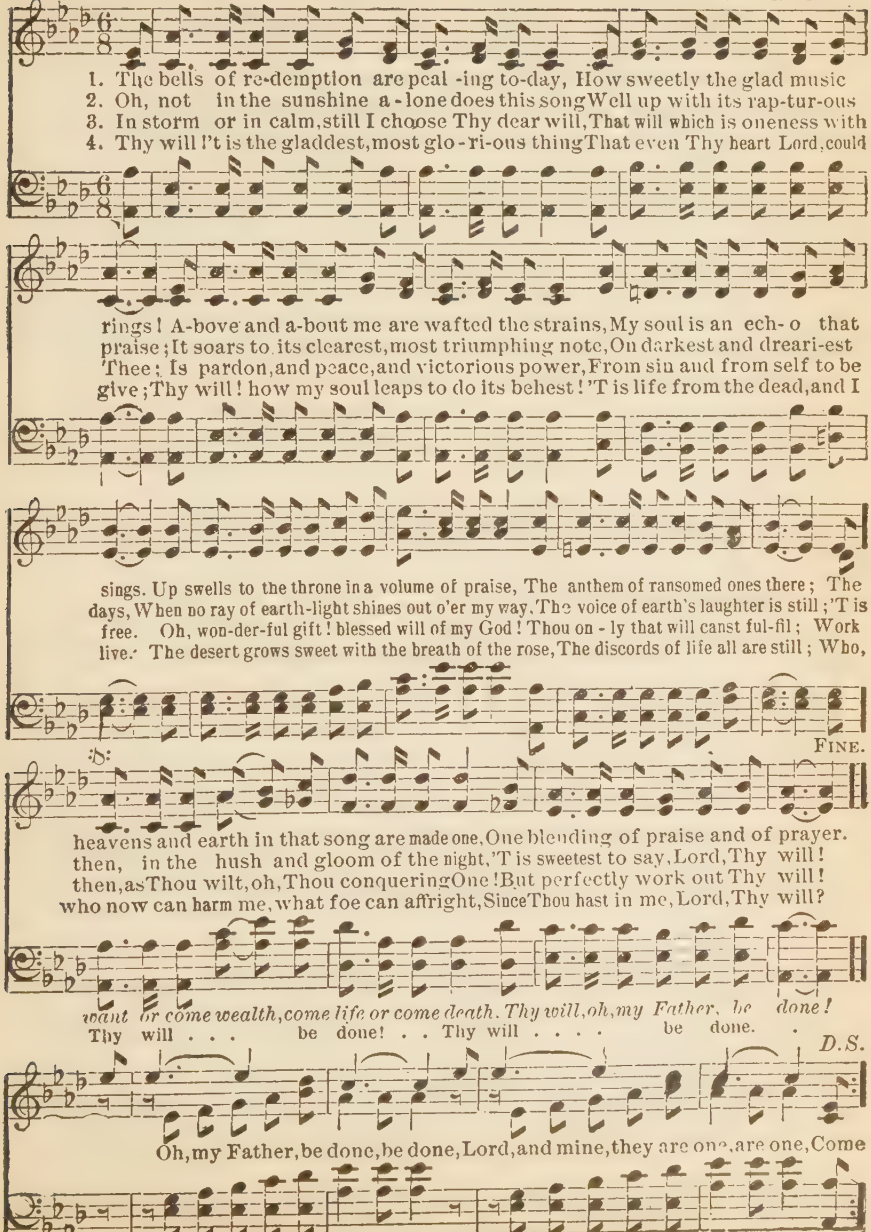
5 Shall we meet there many a loved one,
That was torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?

6 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favor,
And sit down upon His throne?

By per. from "Songs of Pilgrimage."

# Thy Will.

Mrs. Katharine L. Stevenson. R. Kelso Carter.


1. The bells of re-demption are peal-ing to-day, How sweetly the glad music
2. Oh, not in the sunshine a-lone does this song Well up with its rap-tur-ous
3. In storm or in calm, still I choose Thy dear will, That will which is oneness with
4. Thy will! 't is the gladdest, most glo-ri-ous thing That even Thy heart Lord, could
rings! A-bove and a-bout me are wafted the strains, My soul is an ech-o that
praise; It soars to its clearest, most triumphing note, On darkest and dreari-est
Thee; Is pardon, and peace, and victorious power, From sin and from self to be
give; Thy will! how my soul leaps to do its behest! 'T is life from the dead, and I
sings. Up swells to the throne in a volume of praise, The anthem of ransomed ones there; The
days, When no ray of earth-light shines out o'er my way, The voice of earth's laughter is still; 'T is
free. Oh, won-der-ful gift! blessed will of my God! Thou on-ly that will canst ful-fil; Work
live. The desert grows sweet with the breath of the rose, The discords of life all are still; Who,
FINE.
heavens and earth in that song are made one, One blending of praise and of prayer.
then, in the hush and gloom of the night, 'T is sweetest to say, Lord, Thy will!
then, as Thou wilt, oh, Thou conquering One! But perfectly work out Thy will!
who now can harm me, what foe can affright, Since Thou hast in me, Lord, Thy will?
*want or come wealth, come life or come death. Thy will, oh, my Father, be done!*
Thy will . . . be done! . . Thy will . . . . be done. .
D.S.
Oh, my Father, be done, be done, Lord, and mine, they are one, are one, Come

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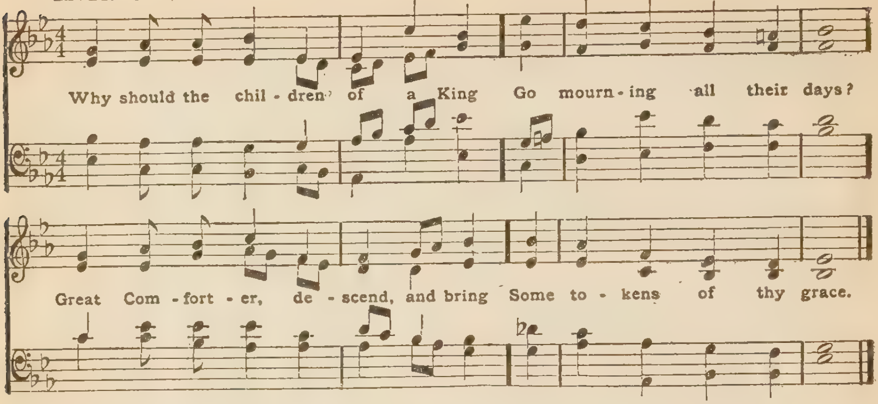
## 48 Why should the Children of a King.

ELVET. C. M.

J. B. Dykes.


Why should the chil - dren of a King Go mourn - ing all their days?
Great Com - fort - er, de - scend, and bring Some to - kens of thy grace.

Why should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend, and bring
Some tokens of Thy grace.

2 Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt Thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear Thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

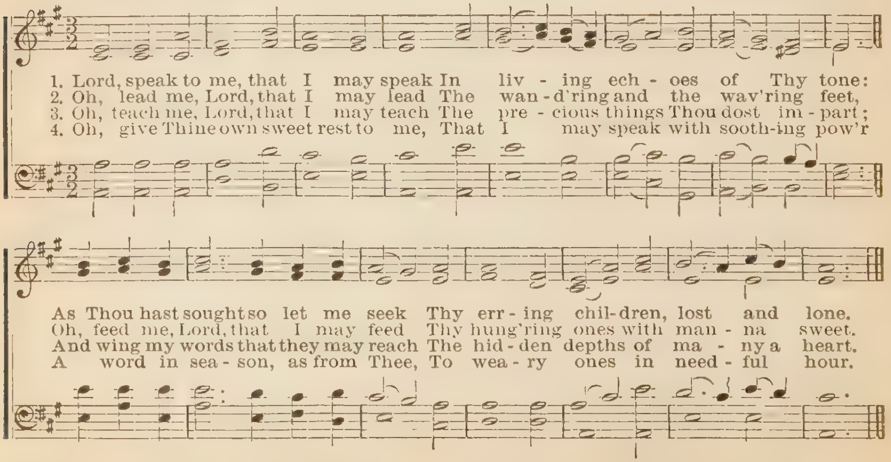
4 Thou art the earnest of His love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And Thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

*Isaac Watts.*

## 488 Lord, Speak to Me.

Frances Ridley Havergal.

Lowell Mason.


1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv - ing ech - oes of Thy tone:
2. Oh, lead me, Lord, that I may lead The wan - d'ring and the wav'ring feet,
3. Oh, teach me, Lord, that I may teach The pre - cious things Thou dost im - part;
4. Oh, give Thine own sweet rest to me, That I may speak with sooth-ing pow'r
As Thou hast sought so let me seek Thy err - ing chil - dren, lost and lone.
Oh, feed me, Lord, that I may feed Thy hung'ring ones with man - na sweet.
And wing my words that they may reach The hid - den depths of ma - ny a heart.
A word in sea - son, as from Thee, To wea - ry ones in need - ful hour.

5 Oh, fill me with Thy fullness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

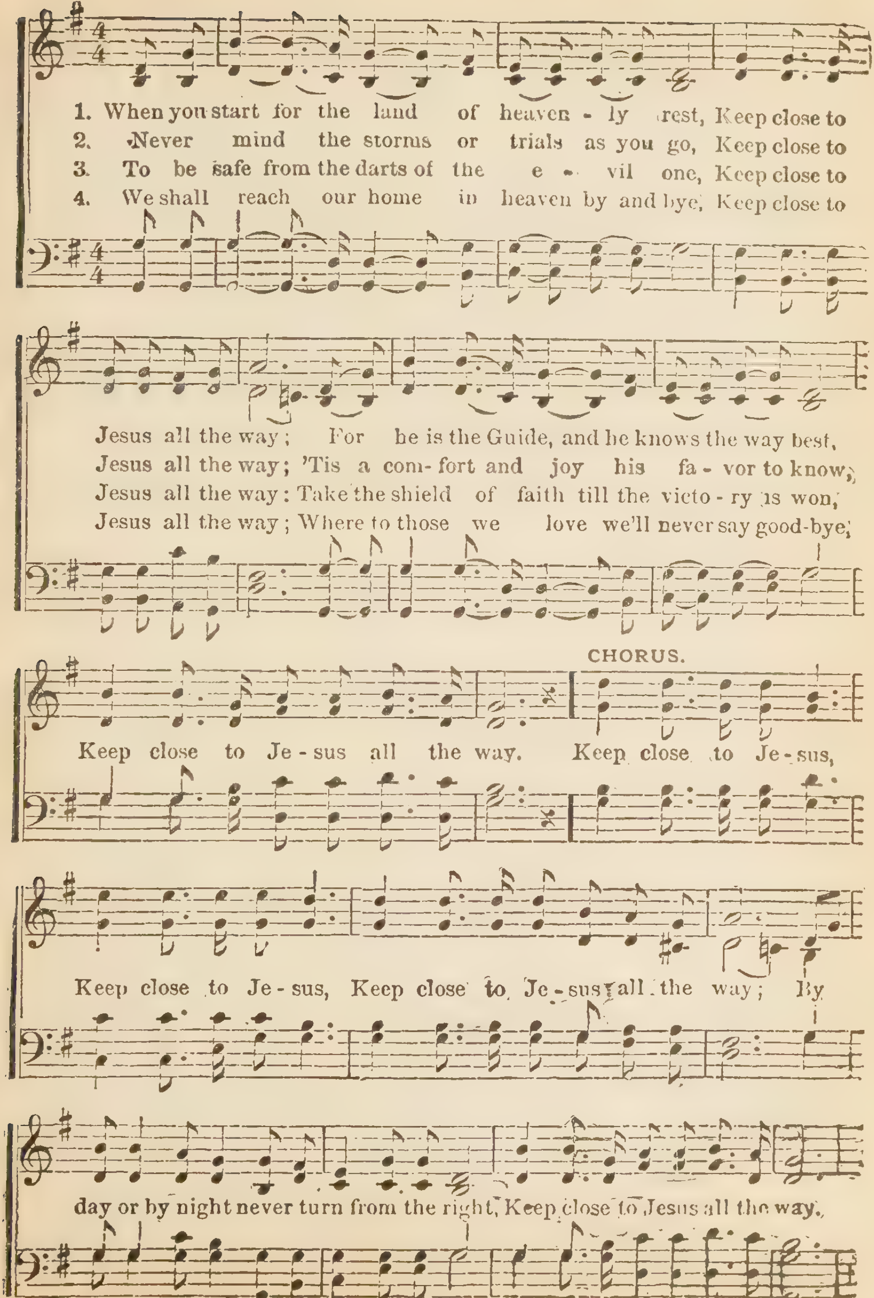
6 Oh, use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share

489

# Keep Close to Jesus.

J. L.

JOHN LANE.


1. When you start for the land of heaven - ly rest, Keep close to
2. Never mind the storms or trials as you go, Keep close to
3. To be safe from the darts of the e - vil one, Keep close to
4. We shall reach our home in heaven by and bye, Keep close to
Jesus all the way; For he is the Guide, and he knows the way best,
Jesus all the way; 'Tis a com- fort and joy his fa - vor to know,
Jesus all the way: Take the shield of faith till the victo - ry is won,
Jesus all the way; Where to those we love we'll never say good-bye,
Keep close to Je - sus all the way.
CHORUS.
Keep close to Je - sus,
Keep close to Je - sus, Keep close to Je - sus all the way; By
day or by night never turn from the right, Keep close to Jesus all the way.

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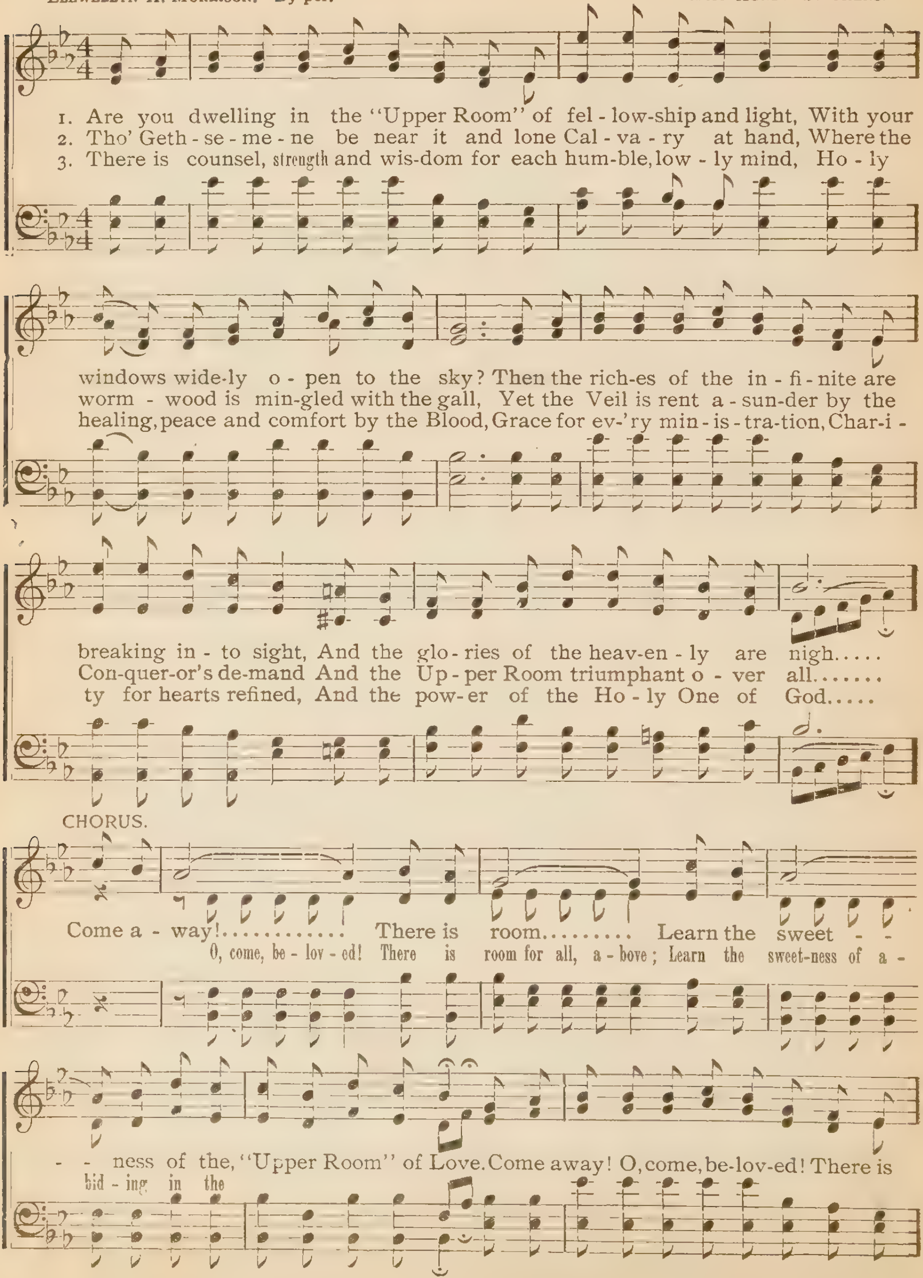
By per.

# The Upper Room of Love.

Llewellyn A. Morrison. By per.  May Agnew Stephens.


1. Are you dwelling in the "Upper Room" of fel-low-ship and light, With your windows wide-ly o-pen to the sky? Then the rich-es of the in-fi-nite are breaking in-to sight, And the glo-ries of the heav-en-ly are nigh.....
2. Tho' Geth-se-me-ne be near it and lone Cal-va-ry at hand, Where the worm-wood is min-gled with the gall, Yet the Veil is rent a-sun-der by the Con-quer-or's de-mand And the Up-per Room triumphant o-ver all.......
3. There is counsel, strength and wis-dom for each hum-ble, low-ly mind, Ho-ly healing, peace and comfort by the Blood, Grace for ev-'ry min-is-tra-tion, Char-i-ty for hearts refined, And the pow-er of the Ho-ly One of God.....
CHORUS.
Come a-way!............ There is room......... Learn the sweet--ness of the, "Upper Room" of Love. Come away! O, come, be-lov-ed! There is
O, come, be-lov-ed! There is room for all, a-bove; Learn the sweet-ness of a-bid-ing in the

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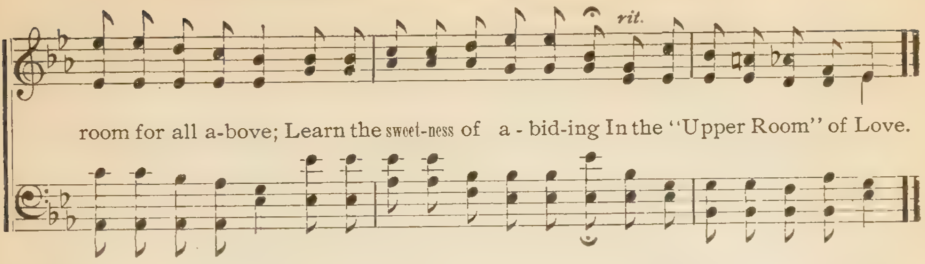
## The Upper Room of Love.—Concluded.

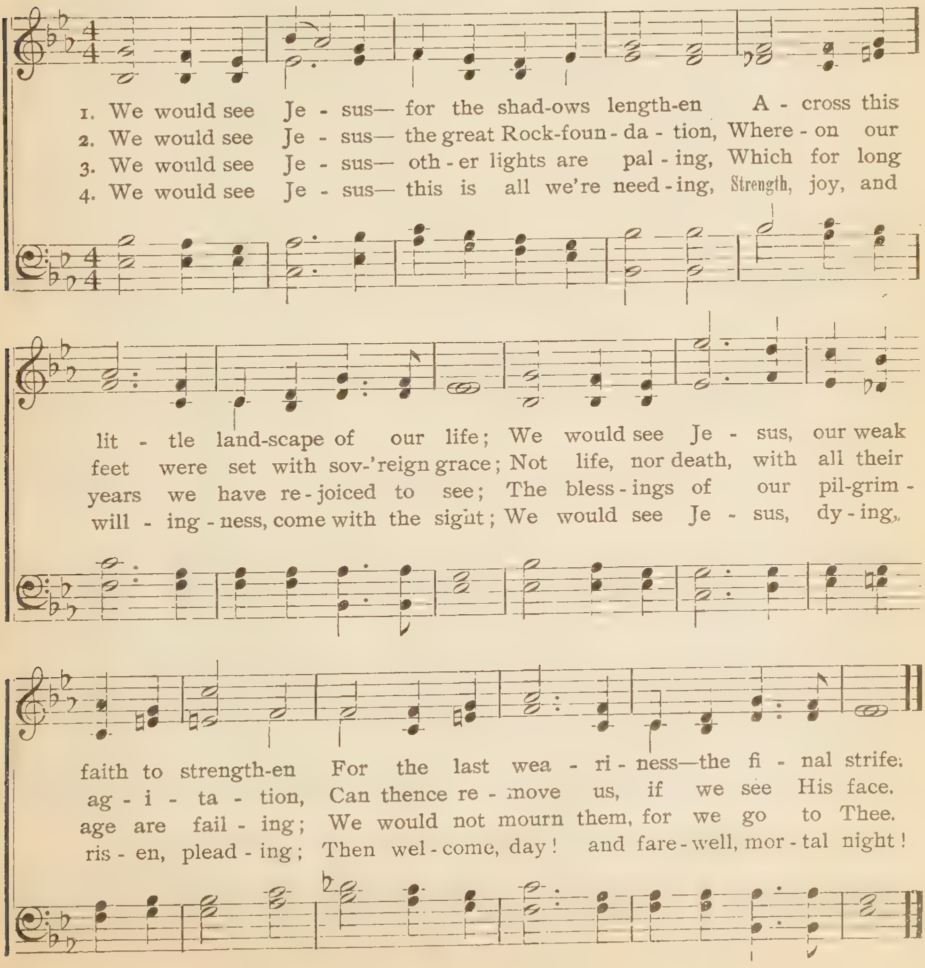

rit.
room for all a-bove; Learn the sweet-ness of a - bid-ing In the "Upper Room" of Love.

## 491

## We Would See Jesus.

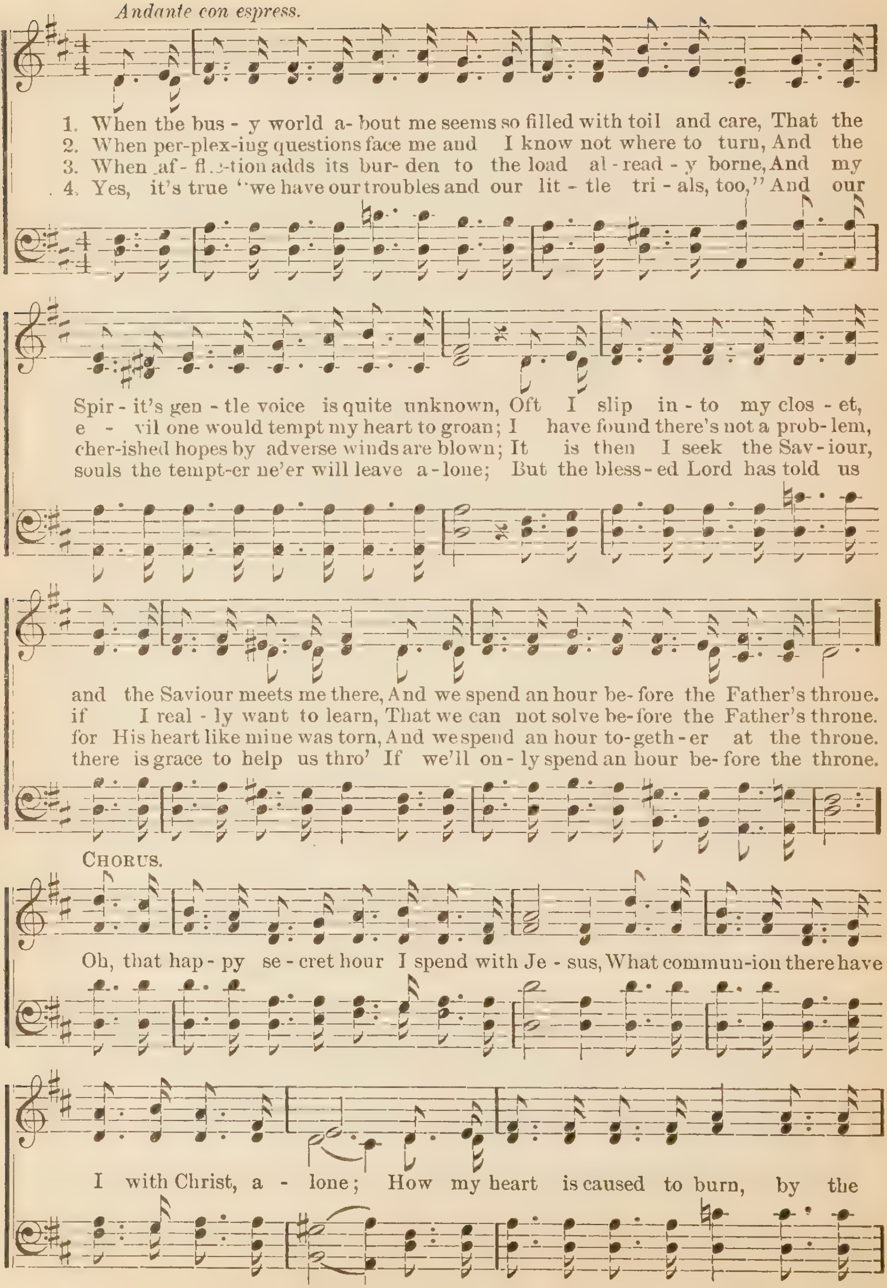
Anon.

F. Mendelssohn. Arr.


1. We would see Je - sus— for the shad-ows length-en A - cross this
2. We would see Je - sus— the great Rock-foun - da - tion, Where - on our
3. We would see Je - sus— oth - er lights are pal - ing, Which for long
4. We would see Je - sus— this is all we're need - ing, Strength, joy, and
lit - tle land-scape of our life; We would see Je - sus, our weak
feet were set with sov-'reign grace; Not life, nor death, with all their
years we have re - joiced to see; The bless - ings of our pil-grim -
will - ing - ness, come with the sight; We would see Je - sus, dy - ing,
faith to strength-en For the last wea - ri - ness—the fi - nal strife.
ag - i - ta - tion, Can thence re - move us, if we see His face.
age are fail - ing; We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.
ris - en, plead - ing; Then wel - come, day! and fare - well, mor - tal night!

# At the Throne.

F. E. R. F. E. Rimanoczy.


Andante con espress.
1. When the bus - y world a- bout me seems so filled with toil and care, That the
2. When per-plex-ing questions face me and I know not where to turn, And the
3. When af - flic-tion adds its bur- den to the load al - read - y borne, And my
4. Yes, it's true "we have our troubles and our lit - tle tri - als, too," And our
Spir - it's gen - tle voice is quite unknown, Oft I slip in - to my clos - et,
e - vil one would tempt my heart to groan; I have found there's not a prob- lem,
cher-ished hopes by adverse winds are blown; It is then I seek the Sav - iour,
souls the tempt-er ne'er will leave a - lone; But the bless - ed Lord has told us
and the Saviour meets me there, And we spend an hour be- fore the Father's throne.
if I real - ly want to learn, That we can not solve be-fore the Father's throne.
for His heart like mine was torn, And we spend an hour to-geth - er at the throne.
there is grace to help us thro' If we'll on - ly spend an hour be- fore the throne.
Chorus.
Oh, that hap - py se - cret hour I spend with Je - sus, What commun-ion there have
I with Christ, a - lone; How my heart is caused to burn, by the

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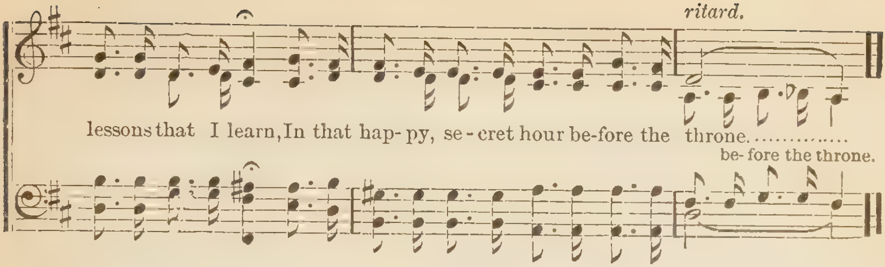
# At the Throne.—Concluded.

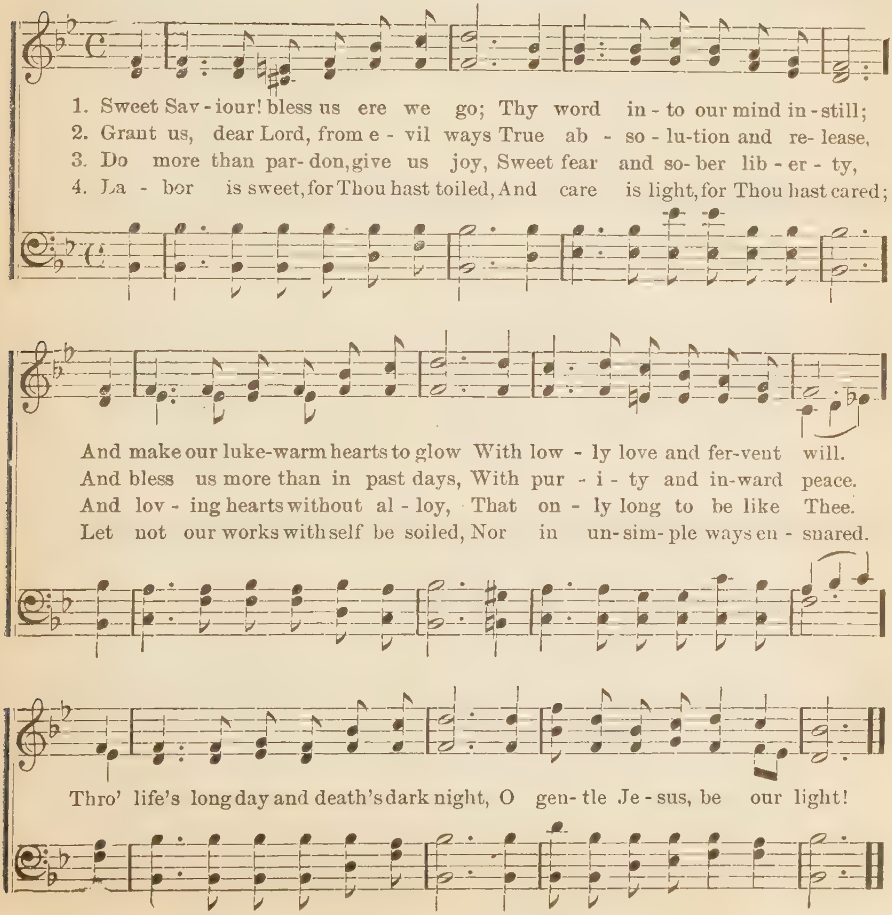

ritard.
lessons that I learn, In that hap-py, se-cret hour be-fore the throne.…………
be-fore the throne.

## 493

# Evening Hymn.

F. W. Faber.

May Agnew Stephen.


1. Sweet Sav-iour! bless us ere we go; Thy word in-to our mind in-still;
2. Grant us, dear Lord, from e-vil ways True ab-so-lu-tion and re-lease,
3. Do more than par-don, give us joy, Sweet fear and so-ber lib-er-ty,
4. La-bor is sweet, for Thou hast toiled, And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
And make our luke-warm hearts to glow With low-ly love and fer-vent will.
And bless us more than in past days, With pur-i-ty and in-ward peace.
And lov-ing hearts without al-loy, That on-ly long to be like Thee.
Let not our works with self be soiled, Nor in un-sim-ple ways en-snared.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O gen-tle Je-sus, be our light!

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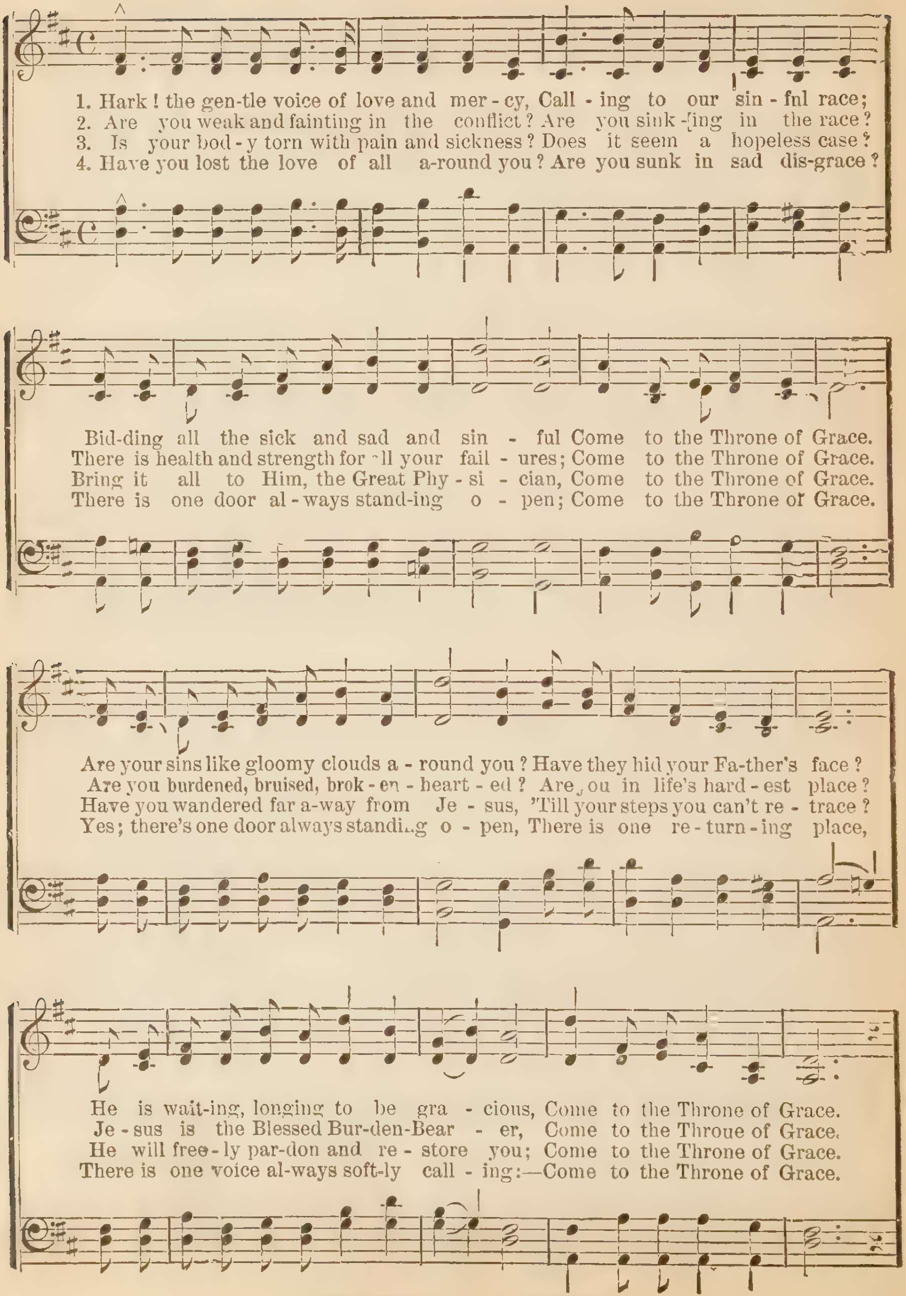
# Come To the Throne of Grace.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.



1. Hark! the gen-tle voice of love and mer-cy, Call-ing to our sin-ful race;
2. Are you weak and fainting in the conflict? Are you sink-ing in the race?
3. Is your bod-y torn with pain and sickness? Does it seem a hopeless case?
4. Have you lost the love of all a-round you? Are you sunk in sad dis-grace?

Bid-ding all the sick and sad and sin-ful Come to the Throne of Grace.
There is health and strength for all your fail-ures; Come to the Throne of Grace.
Bring it all to Him, the Great Phy-si-cian, Come to the Throne of Grace.
There is one door al-ways stand-ing o-pen; Come to the Throne of Grace.

Are your sins like gloomy clouds a-round you? Have they hid your Fa-ther's face?
Are you burdened, bruised, brok-en-heart-ed? Are you in life's hard-est place?
Have you wandered far a-way from Je-sus, 'Till your steps you can't re-trace?
Yes; there's one door always standing o-pen, There is one re-turn-ing place,

He is wait-ing, longing to be gra-cious, Come to the Throne of Grace.
Je-sus is the Blessed Bur-den-Bear-er, Come to the Throne of Grace.
He will free-ly par-don and re-store you; Come to the Throne of Grace.
There is one voice al-ways soft-ly call-ing:—Come to the Throne of Grace.

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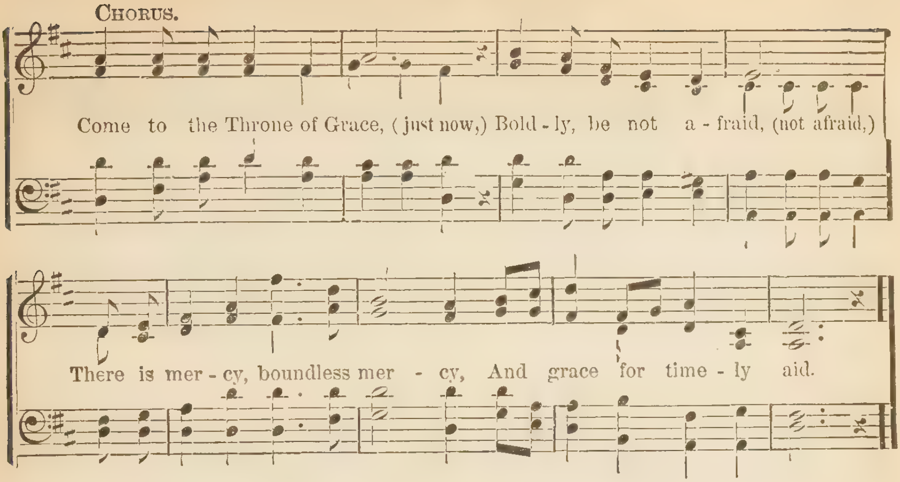
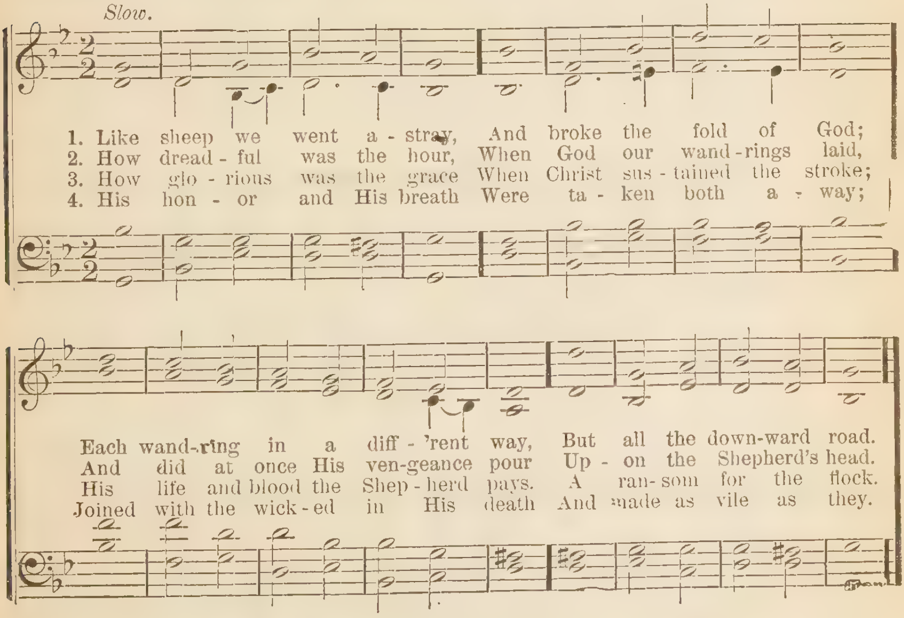
# Come To the Throne of Grace. Concluded.


CHORUS.
Come to the Throne of Grace, (just now,) Bold-ly, be not a-fraid, (not afraid,)
There is mer-cy, boundless mer-cy, And grace for time-ly aid.

495

## Like Sheep We Went Astray.

WATTS.

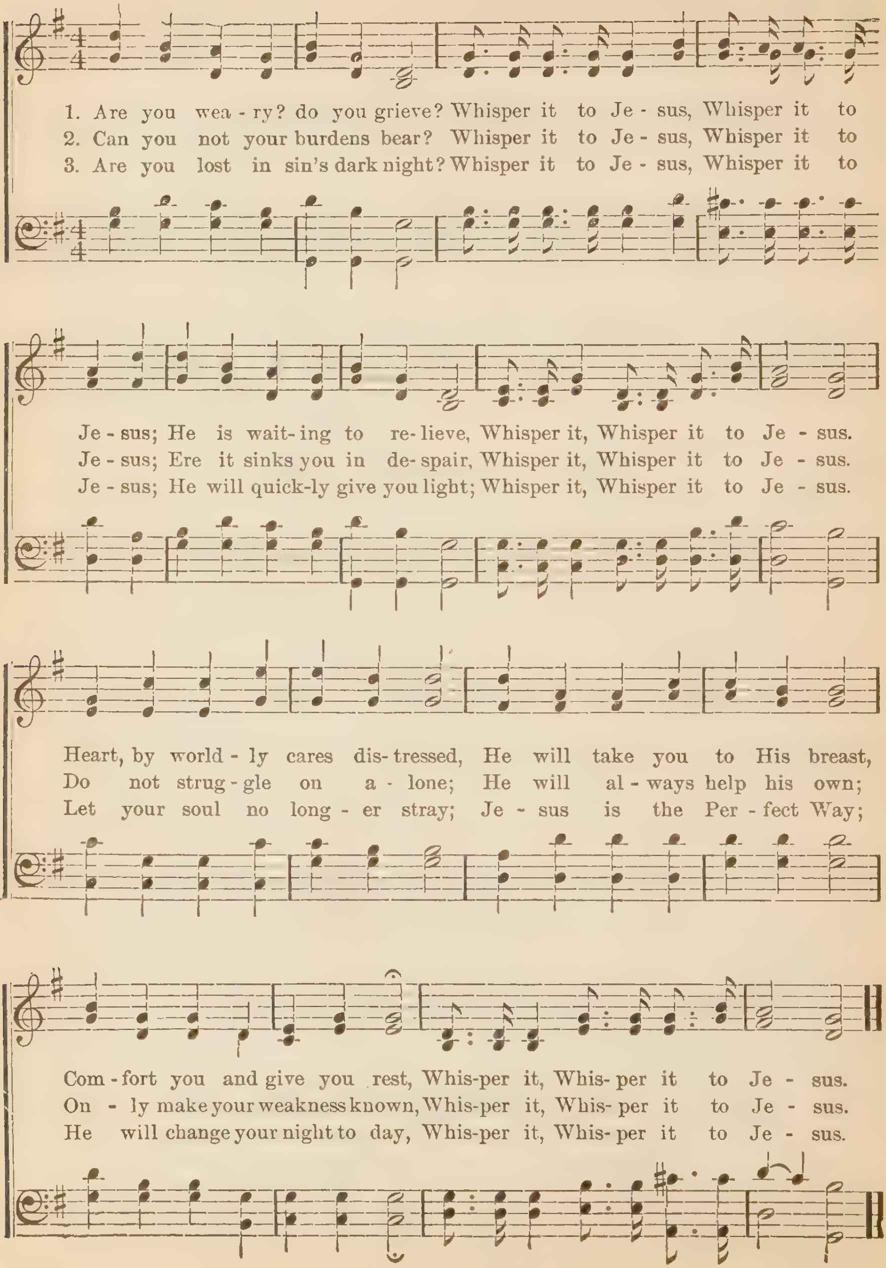

Slow.
1. Like sheep we went a-stray, And broke the fold of God;
2. How dread-ful was the hour, When God our wand-rings laid,
3. How glo-rious was the grace When Christ sus-tained the stroke;
4. His hon-or and His breath Were ta-ken both a-way;
Each wand-ring in a diff-'rent way, But all the down-ward road.
And did at once His ven-geance pour Up-on the Shepherd's head.
His life and blood the Shep-herd pays. A ran-som for the flock.
Joined with the wick-ed in His death And made as vile as they.

5 But God shall raise His head
O'er sons of men to reign,
And make Him see a numerous seed
To recompense His pain.

6 "I'll give Him," saith the Lord,
"A portion with the strong,
He shall possess a large reward,
And hold His honors long."

# Whisper It to Jesus.

James Rowe. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick


1. Are you wea - ry? do you grieve? Whisper it to Je - sus, Whisper it to
2. Can you not your burdens bear? Whisper it to Je - sus, Whisper it to
3. Are you lost in sin's dark night? Whisper it to Je - sus, Whisper it to
Je - sus; He is wait- ing to re- lieve, Whisper it, Whisper it to Je - sus.
Je - sus; Ere it sinks you in de- spair, Whisper it, Whisper it to Je - sus.
Je - sus; He will quick-ly give you light; Whisper it, Whisper it to Je - sus.
Heart, by world - ly cares dis- tressed, He will take you to His breast,
Do not strug - gle on a - lone; He will al - ways help his own;
Let your soul no long - er stray; Je - sus is the Per - fect Way;
Com - fort you and give you rest, Whis-per it, Whis- per it to Je - sus.
On - ly make your weakness known, Whis-per it, Whis- per it to Je - sus.
He will change your night to day, Whis-per it, Whis- per it to Je - sus.

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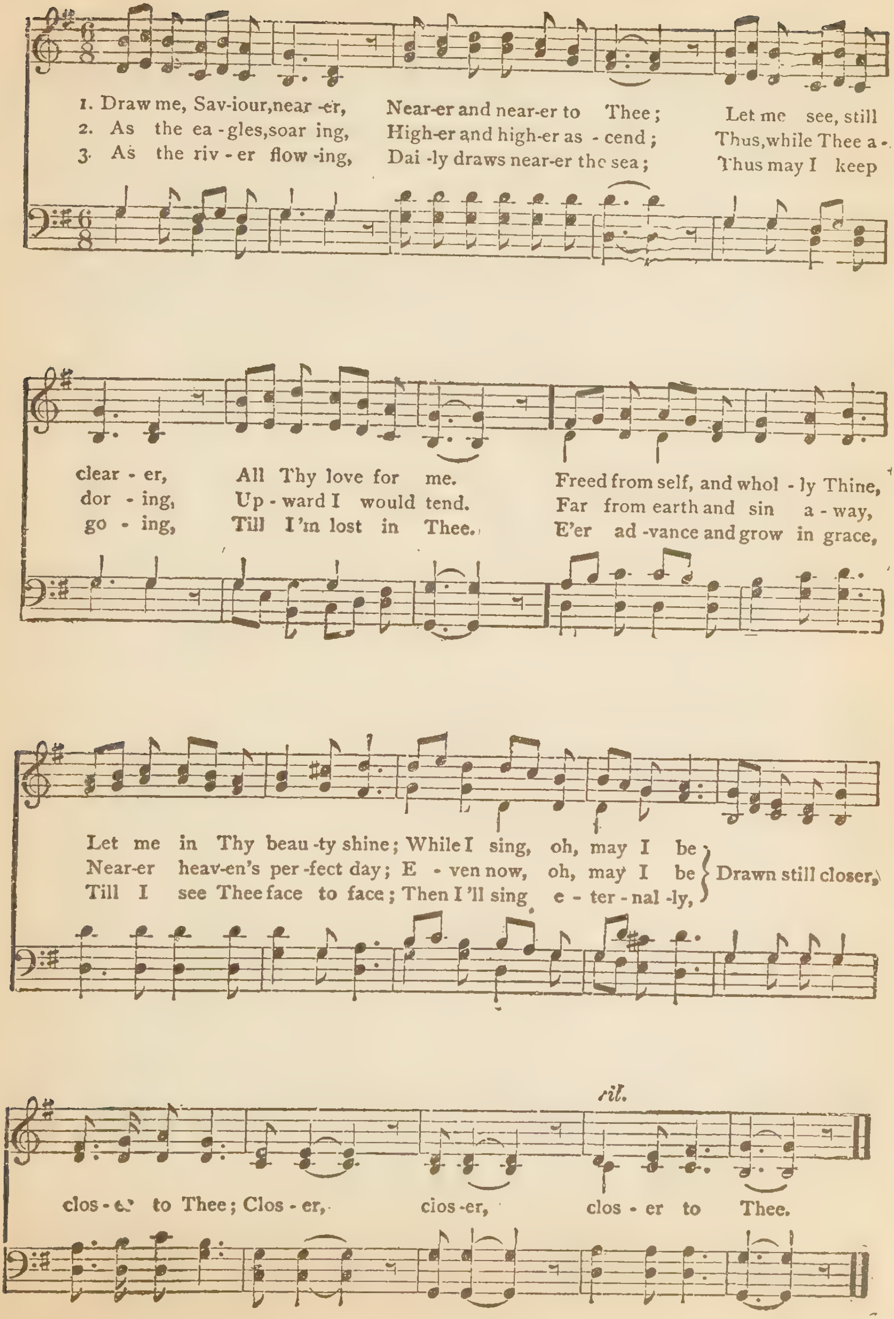
497

# Draw Me, Saviour.

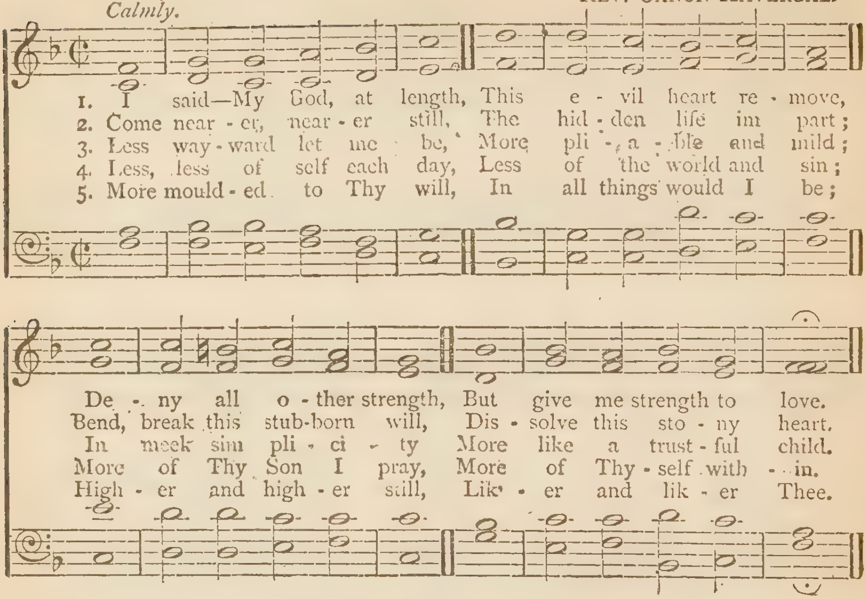

1. Draw me, Sav-iour, near-er, Near-er and near-er to Thee; Let me see, still
2. As the ea-gles, soar ing, High-er and high-er as-cend; Thus, while Thee a-
3. As the riv-er flow-ing, Dai-ly draws near-er the sea; Thus may I keep
clear-er, All Thy love for me. Freed from self, and whol-ly Thine,
dor-ing, Up-ward I would tend. Far from earth and sin a-way,
go-ing, Till I'm lost in Thee. E'er ad-vance and grow in grace,
Let me in Thy beau-ty shine; While I sing, oh, may I be
Near-er heav-en's per-fect day; E-ven now, oh, may I be
Till I see Thee face to face; Then I'll sing e-ter-nal-ly,
Drawn still closer,
clos-er to Thee; Clos-er, clos-er, clos-er to Thee.
rit.

498

## Give Me Strength.

Dr. H. Bonar.

Rev. Canon Havergal.

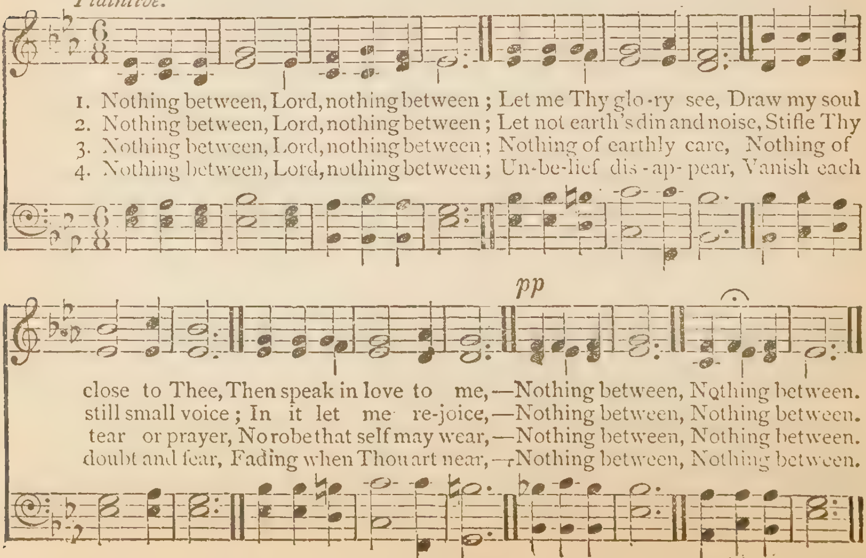

Calmly.
1. I said—My God, at length, This e - vil heart re - move,
2. Come near - er, near - er still, The hid - den life im - part;
3. Less way - ward let me be, More pli - a - ble and mild;
4. Less, less of self each day, Less of the world and sin;
5. More mould - ed to Thy will, In all things would I be;
De - ny all o - ther strength, But give me strength to love.
Bend, break this stub-born will, Dis - solve this sto - ny heart.
In meek sim pli - ci - ty More like a trust - ful child.
More of Thy Son I pray, More of Thy - self with - in.
High - er and high - er still, Lik - er and lik - er Thee.

499

## Nothing Between.

E. H. H.

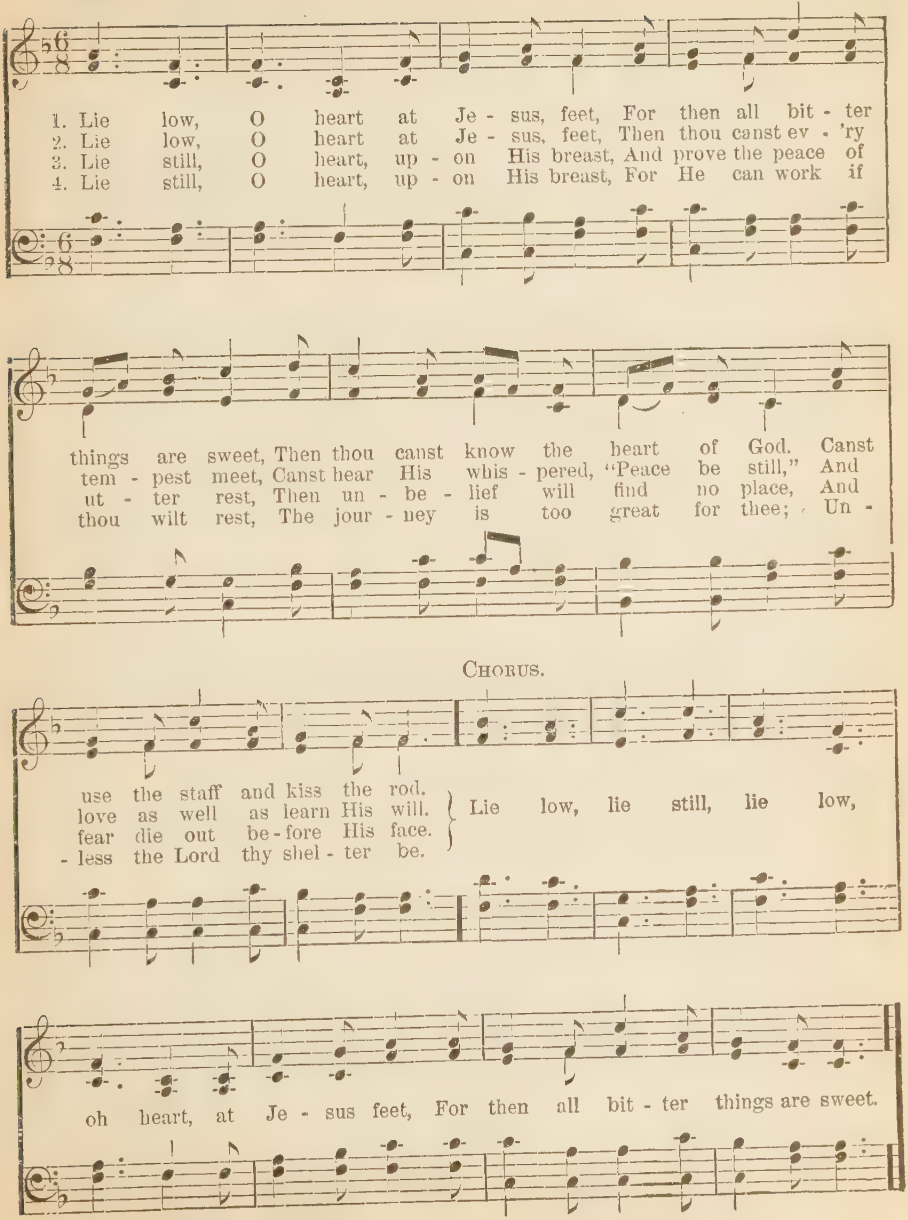
J. Mountain.


Plaintive.
1. Nothing between, Lord, nothing between; Let me Thy glo-ry see, Draw my soul
2. Nothing between, Lord, nothing between; Let not earth's din and noise, Stifle Thy
3. Nothing between, Lord, nothing between; Nothing of earthly care, Nothing of
4. Nothing between, Lord, nothing between; Un-be-lief dis-ap-pear, Vanish each
pp
close to Thee, Then speak in love to me,—Nothing between, Nothing between.
still small voice; In it let me re-joice,—Nothing between, Nothing between.
tear or prayer, No robe that self may wear,—Nothing between, Nothing between.
doubt and fear, Fading when Thou art near,—Nothing between, Nothing between.

# Lie Low.

Mel. Mrs. D. M. Kerr.
Arr. Jas. M. Kirk.

Anon.


1. Lie low, O heart at Je - sus, feet, For then all bit - ter
2. Lie low, O heart at Je - sus, feet, Then thou canst ev - 'ry
3. Lie still, O heart, up - on His breast, And prove the peace of
4. Lie still, O heart, up - on His breast, For He can work if
things are sweet, Then thou canst know the heart of God. Canst
tem - pest meet, Canst hear His whis - pered, "Peace be still," And
ut - ter rest, Then un - be - lief will find no place, And
thou wilt rest, The jour - ney is too great for thee; Un -
use the staff and kiss the rod.
love as well as learn His will.
fear die out be - fore His face.
- less the Lord thy shel - ter be.
Chorus.
Lie low, lie still, lie low,
oh heart, at Je - sus feet, For then all bit - ter things are sweet.

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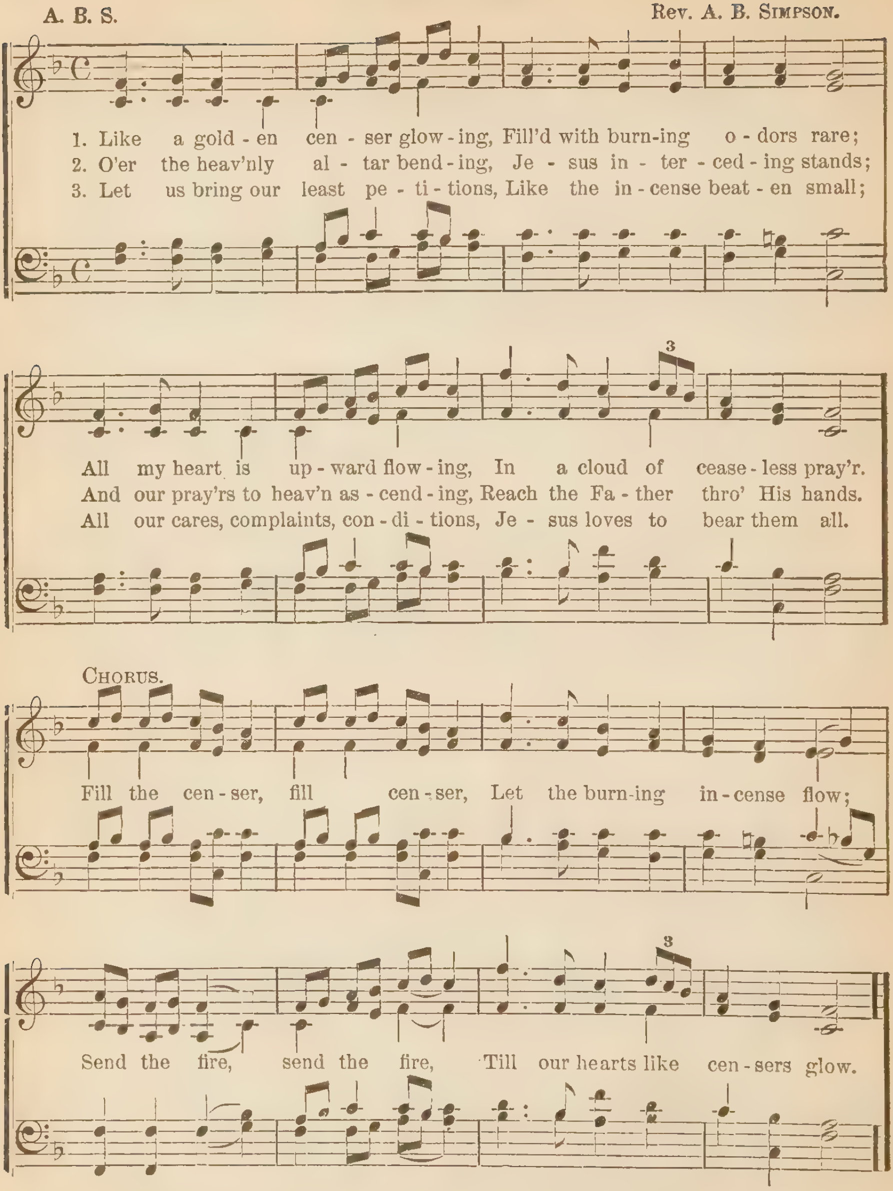
501

# Fill the Censer.

A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. Like a gold - en cen - ser glow - ing, Fill'd with burn-ing o - dors rare;
2. O'er the heav'nly al - tar bend - ing, Je - sus in - ter - ced - ing stands;
3. Let us bring our least pe - ti - tions, Like the in - cense beat - en small;
All my heart is up - ward flow - ing, In a cloud of cease - less pray'r.
And our pray'rs to heav'n as - cend - ing, Reach the Fa - ther thro' His hands.
All our cares, complaints, con - di - tions, Je - sus loves to bear them all.
3
Chorus.
Fill the cen - ser, fill cen - ser, Let the burn-ing in - cense flow;
Send the fire, send the fire, Till our hearts like cen - sers glow.
3

4 Send the coals of heavenly fire,
From the altar of the skies;
Fill our hearts with strong desire,
Till our pray'rs like incense rise.

5 Sweet as breath of spices burning,
Keep our hearts like incense rare;
All our being heav'nward turning,
In a cloud of ceaseless prayer.

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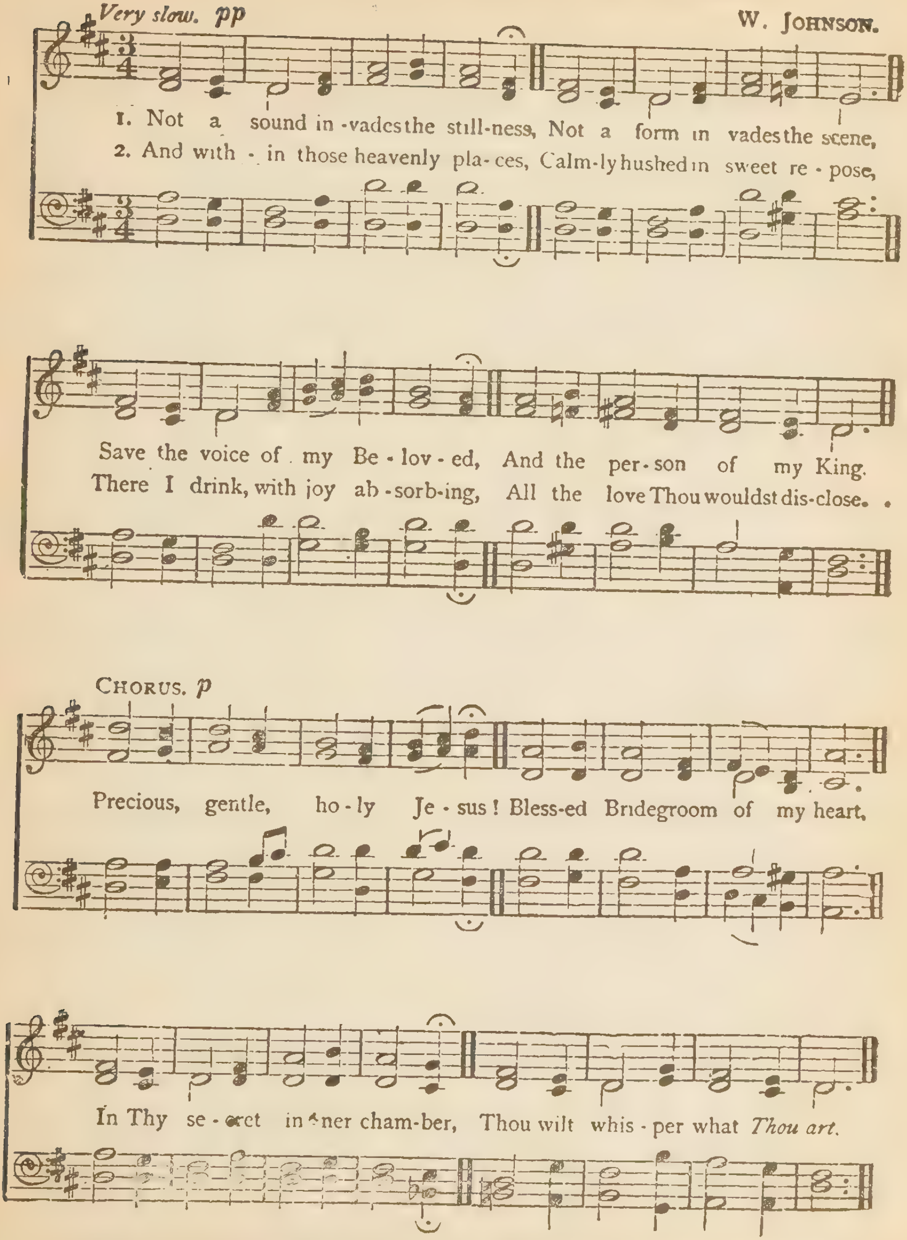
# Not a Sound Invades the Stillness.

W. JOHNSON.

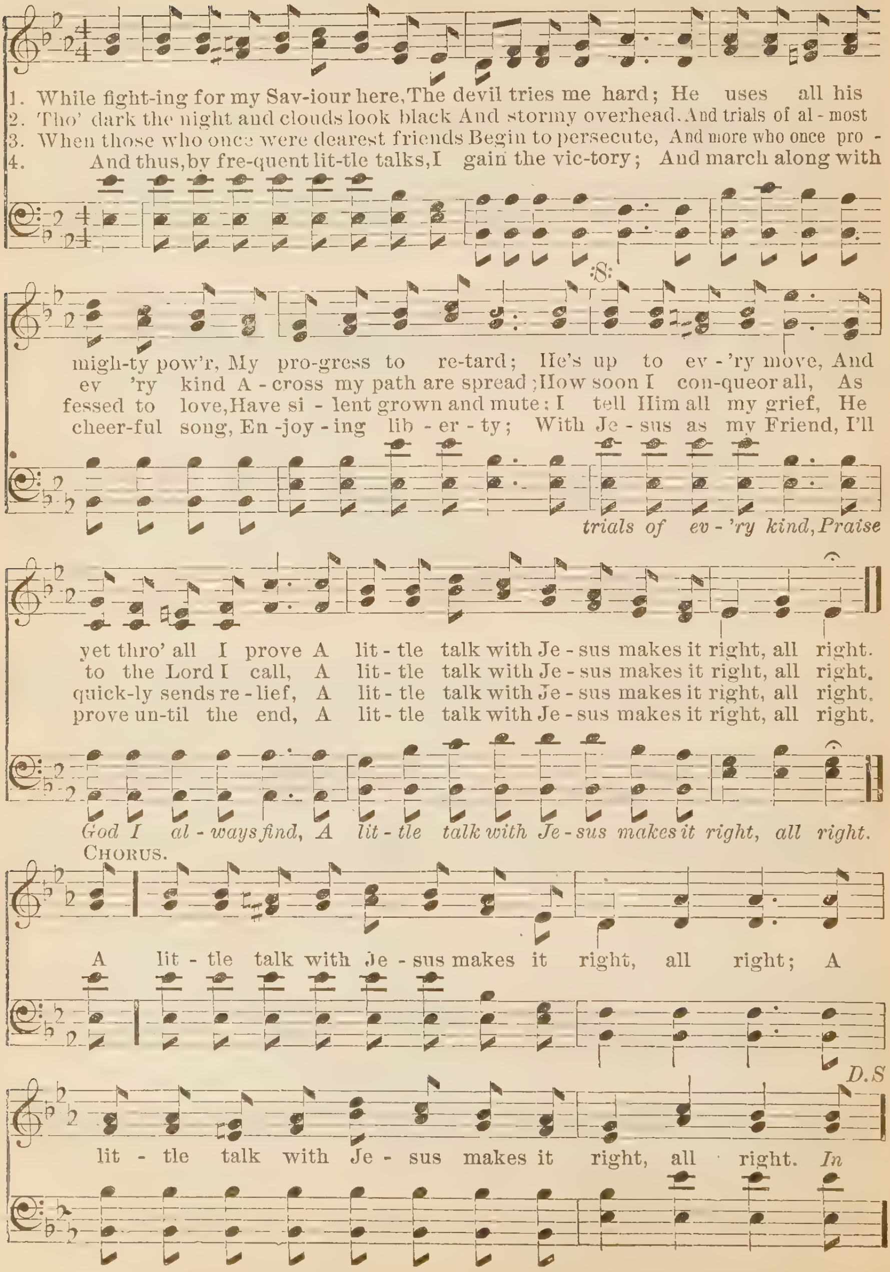

Very slow. pp
1. Not a sound in-vades the still-ness, Not a form in vades the scene,
2. And with - in those heavenly pla-ces, Calm-ly hushed in sweet re-pose,
Save the voice of my Be-lov-ed, And the per-son of my King.
There I drink, with joy ab-sorb-ing, All the love Thou wouldst dis-close.
CHORUS. p
Precious, gentle, ho-ly Je-sus! Bless-ed Bridegroom of my heart,
In Thy se-cret in-ner cham-ber, Thou wilt whis-per what Thou art.

3 Wrapt in deep adoring silence,
Jesus, Lord, I dare not move,
Lest I lose the smallest saying
Meant to catch the ear of love.

4 Rest then, O my soul, contented:
Thou hast reached thy happy place
In the bosom of thy Saviour,
Gazing up in His dear face.

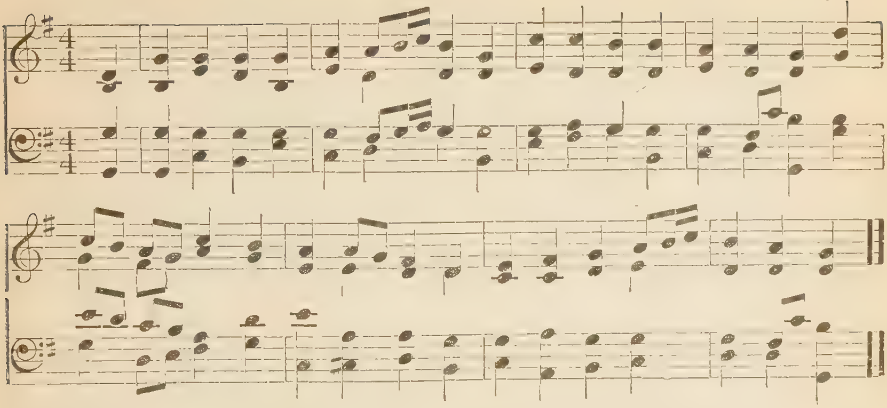
# A Little Talk with Jesus.

ANON. Arr. for this Work.


1. While fight-ing for my Sav-iour here,The devil tries me hard; He uses all his
2. Tho' dark the night and clouds look black And stormy overhead.And trials of al - most
3. When those who once were dearest friends Begin to persecute, And more who once pro -
4. And thus,by fre-quent lit-tle talks,I gain the vic-tory; And march along with
migh-ty pow'r, My pro-gress to re-tard; He's up to ev - 'ry move, And
ev 'ry kind A - cross my path are spread ;How soon I con-queor all, As
fessed to love,Have si - lent grown and mute : I tell Him all my grief, He
cheer-ful song, En -joy - ing lib - er - ty; With Je - sus as my Friend, I'll
trials of ev - 'ry kind,Praise
yet thro' all I prove A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it right, all right.
to the Lord I call, A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it right, all right.
quick-ly sends re - lief, A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it right, all right.
prove un-til the end, A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it right, all right.
God I al - ways find, A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it right, all right.
CHORUS.
A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it right, all right; A
D.S
lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it right, all right. In

## 504 Tallis' Evening Hymn. L. M.

THOMAS TALLIS.



## 505 Thy Servant Heareth. *I. Sam. iii: 9.*

*Tune, Tallis' Evening Hymn.*

1 Lord, hast Thou not one word for me?
To bind my soul more close to Thee,
That every evil I may flee;
One word, O Lord! one word from Thee.

2 One word, to show how weak am I
When in my strength alone I try,
In vain I toil, in vain I sigh;
One word, O Lord! one word from Thee.

3 One word, to show how near Thou art,
For Thou dost dwell within my heart;
And of Thy life I share a part;
One word, O Lord! one word from Thee.

4 One word of power, oh, let me hear,
Above the hearts most anxious fear;
Thy still, small voice, yet deep and clear;
One word, O Lord! one word from Thee.

One word of final triumph, Lord,
Sweet hope Thy promises afford;
To dwell with Thee in sweet accord;
One word, O Lord! one word from Thee.

C. L. HAMLEN.

## 506 Come, My Soul. 7s.

*Tune, "Depth of Mercy,"*

1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer,
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end!

NEWTON.

## 507 Prayer is the Soul's. C. M.

*Tune, Pentecost,*

1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered, or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

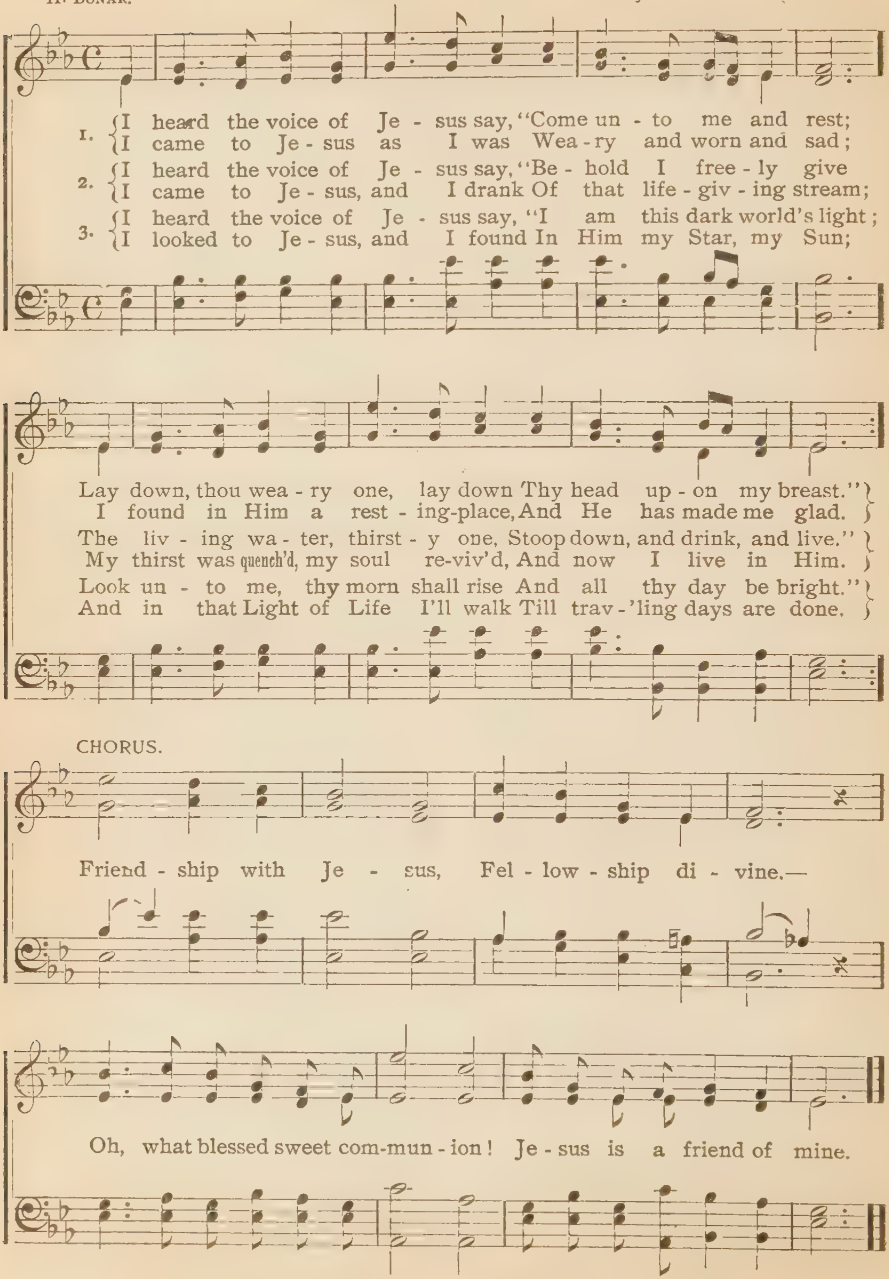
5 The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind;
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

MONTGOMERY.

# I Heard the Voice of Jesus say.

H. BONAR.

Arr. by MAY AGNEW STEPHENS.


1. {I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;
{I came to Je - sus as I was Wea - ry and worn and sad;
2. {I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold I free - ly give
{I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;
3. {I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light;
{I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;
Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast."}
I found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad. }
The liv - ing wa - ter, thirst - y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live."}
My thirst was quench'd, my soul re-viv'd, And now I live in Him. }
Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise And all thy day be bright."}
And in that Light of Life I'll walk Till trav - 'ling days are done. }
CHORUS.
Friend - ship with Je - sus, Fel - low - ship di - vine.—
Oh, what blessed sweet com-mun - ion! Je - sus is a friend of mine.

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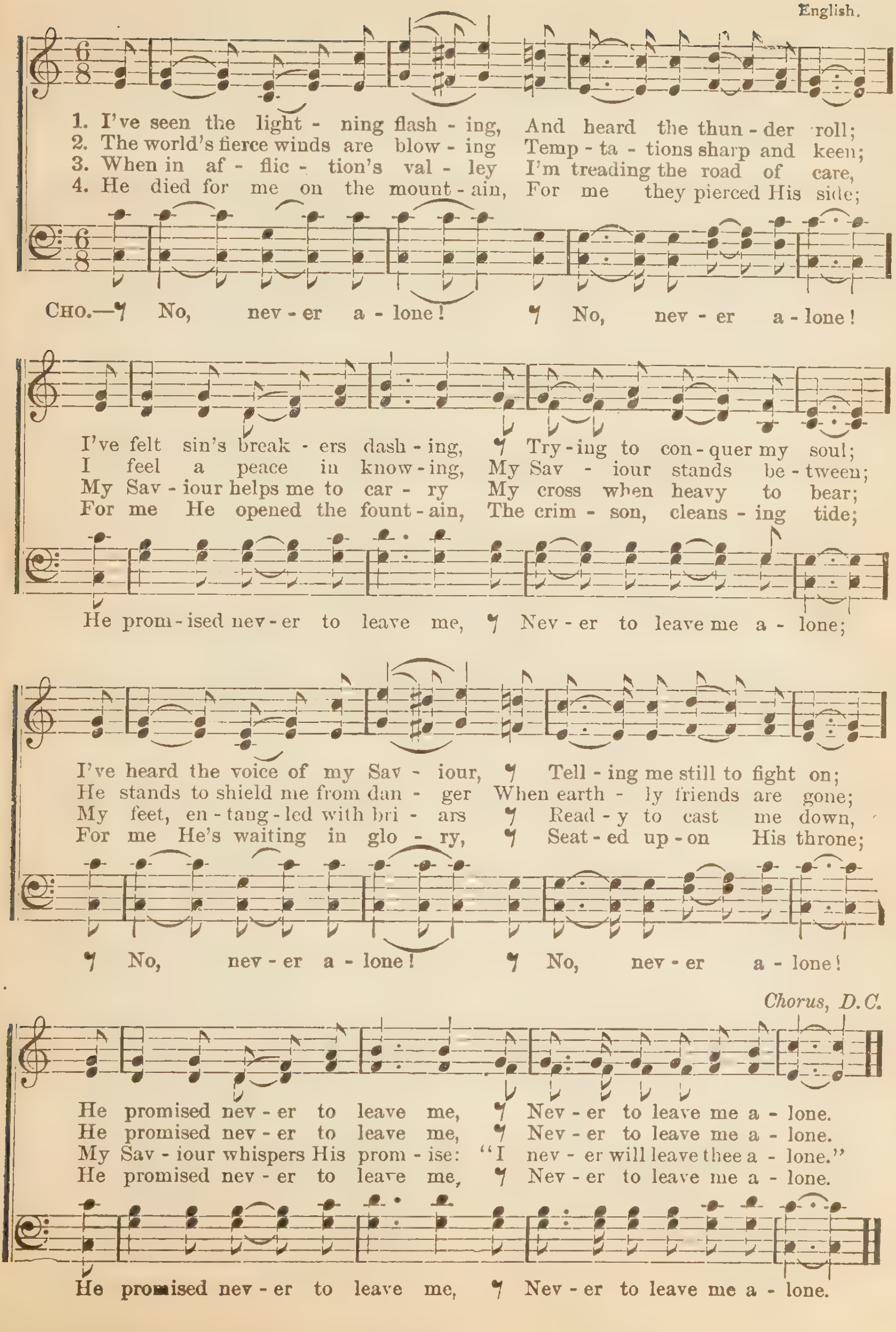
509

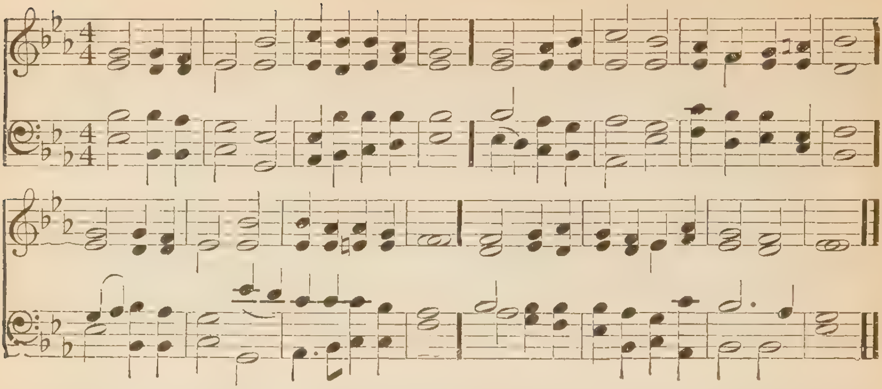
# Never Alone.

English.


1. I've seen the light - ning flash - ing, And heard the thun - der roll;
2. The world's fierce winds are blow - ing Temp - ta - tions sharp and keen;
3. When in af - flic - tion's val - ley I'm treading the road of care,
4. He died for me on the mount - ain, For me they pierced His side;
Cho.—No, nev - er a - lone! No, nev - er a - lone!
I've felt sin's break - ers dash - ing, Try - ing to con - quer my soul;
I feel a peace in know - ing, My Sav - iour stands be - tween;
My Sav - iour helps me to car - ry My cross when heavy to bear;
For me He opened the fount - ain, The crim - son, cleans - ing tide;
He prom - ised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone;
I've heard the voice of my Sav - iour, Tell - ing me still to fight on;
He stands to shield me from dan - ger When earth - ly friends are gone;
My feet, en - tang - led with bri - ars Read - y to cast me down,
For me He's waiting in glo - ry, Seat - ed up - on His throne;
No, nev - er a - lone! No, nev - er a - lone!
Chorus, D.C.
He promised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
He promised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
My Sav - iour whispers His prom - ise: "I nev - er will leave thee a - lone."
He promised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
He promised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.

# Eventide. 10.

William Henry Monk, 1861.



## 510 The Night Cometh.

1 Abide with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day,
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
Oh, Thou who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

5 Hold Thou the cross before my closing eyes!
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies!
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

Henry Francis Lyte. 1847.

## 511 Near the Throne.

*Tune, Near the Cross, Key of G.*

1 Jesus, keep me near the throne
There Thy glory seeing;
Resurrection, life and power
Fill my raptured being.

Chorus.
Near the throne, near the throne
Will I keep forever,
From my loving Saviour's side
Nothing me shall sever.

2 Near the throne a trusting soul
Jesus' power upholds me,
There His arm protects me while
Gracious love enfolds me.

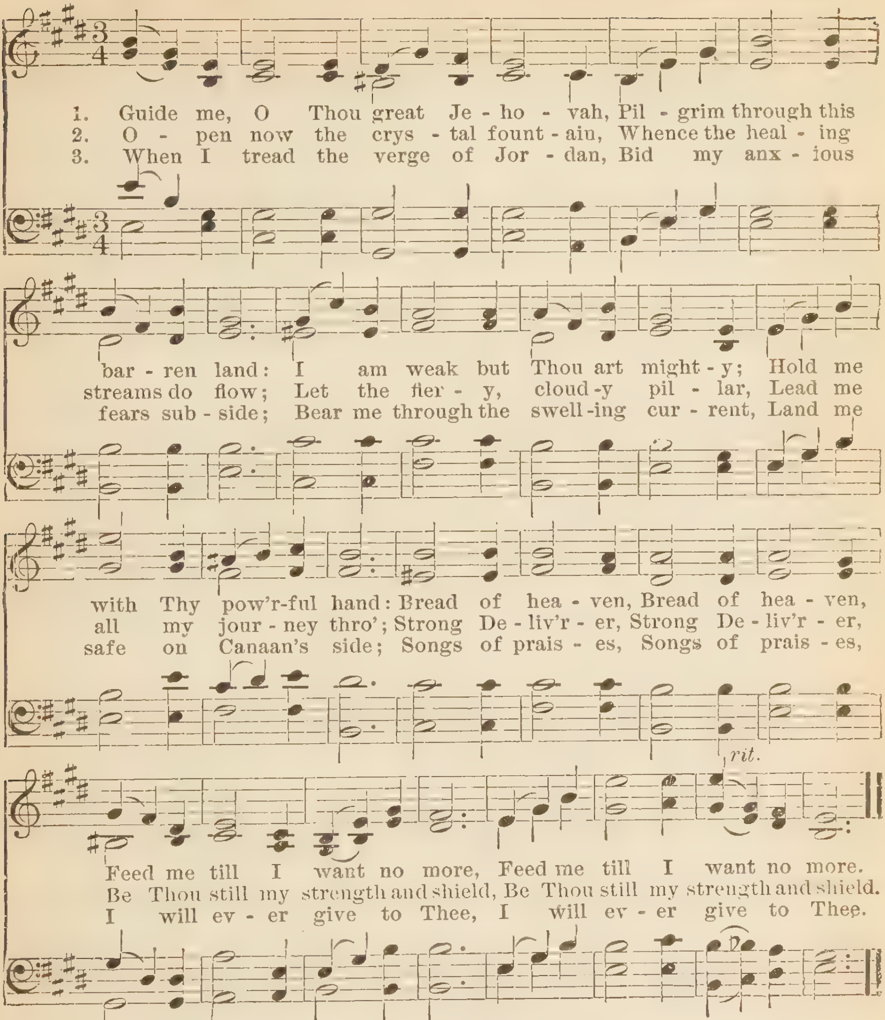
3 Near the throne, O risen Lord,
Flash its brightness o'er me;
Help me live from hour to hour
With its light before me.

4 Near the throne I'll watch and pray
The world and Satan scorning,
Till the Lord shall take me home
To meet Him in the morning.

Rev. F. W. Farr.

## Guidance. 8. 7.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS. R. KELSO CARTER.


1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim through this
2. O - pen now the crys - tal fount - ain, Whence the heal - ing
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious
bar - ren land: I am weak but Thou art might - y; Hold me
streams do flow; Let the fier - y, cloud - y pil - lar, Lead me
fears sub - side; Bear me through the swell - ing cur - rent, Land me
with Thy pow'r - ful hand: Bread of hea - ven, Bread of hea - ven,
all my jour - ney thro'; Strong De - liv'r - er, Strong De - liv'r - er,
safe on Canaan's side; Songs of prais - es, Songs of prais - es,
rit.
Feed me till I want no more, Feed me till I want no more.
Be Thou still my strength and shield, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
I will ev - er give to Thee, I will ev - er give to Thee.

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## 513 Morning Prayer. C. M.

*Tune, Azmon.*

1 Here in this bright, refreshing dawn,
With all my powers awake,
I come to Thee, who made the morn,
And ev'ry wish I take.

2 In this bright hour I give to Thee
My consecrated will;
And pray Thee, Lord, to manage me,
And keep me from all ill.

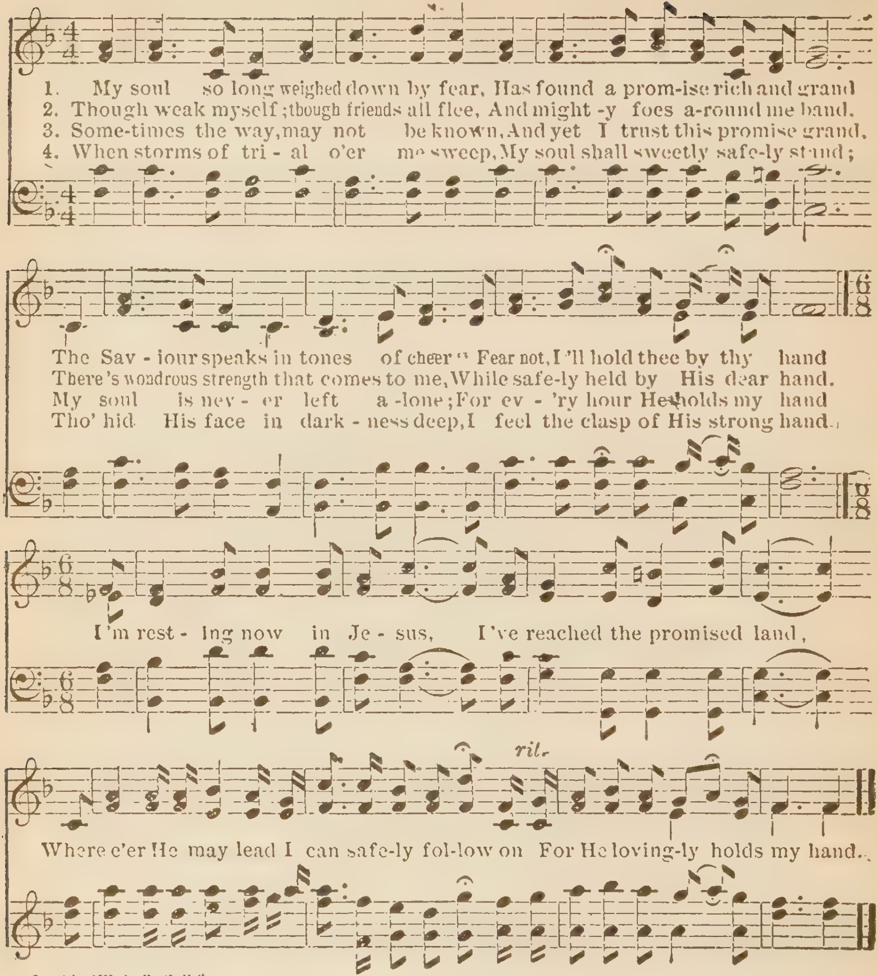
3 Whatever may my way betide,
If Thou, my Lord, art near,
And with me all the way abide,
No evil will I fear.

4 Thus resting, Lord, my soul on Thee,
O Saviour, Jesus, come;—
Abide! O Lord, abide with me,
And make my heart Thy home.

MRS. S. M. SPERRY.

# He Holds my Hand.

W. M. W. Macomber.


1. My soul so long weighed down by fear, Has found a prom-ise rich and grand
2. Though weak myself; though friends all flee, And might-y foes a-round me band.
3. Some-times the way, may not be known, And yet I trust this promise grand,
4. When storms of tri-al o'er me sweep, My soul shall sweetly safe-ly stand;
The Sav-iour speaks in tones of cheer "Fear not, I'll hold thee by thy hand
There's wondrous strength that comes to me, While safe-ly held by His dear hand.
My soul is nev-er left a-lone; For ev-'ry hour He holds my hand
Tho' hid His face in dark-ness deep, I feel the clasp of His strong hand.
I'm rest-ing now in Je-sus, I've reached the promised land,
rit.
Where-e'er He may lead I can safe-ly fol-low on For He loving-ly holds my hand.

Copyright, 1891, by H. M. Hall.

## 515 Jesus, Save Me.

*Tune, "Near the Cross." Key of G*

1 Jesus, save me through and through,
Save me from self-mending;
Self-salvation will not do,
Come, in love descending.

Chorus.

): Through and through, :||
Jesus, make me holy,
Save me to the uttermost,
All the way to glory!

2 Through temptations, safe from sin,
Self and pride subduing,
Save me through and through within,
Save me by renewing.

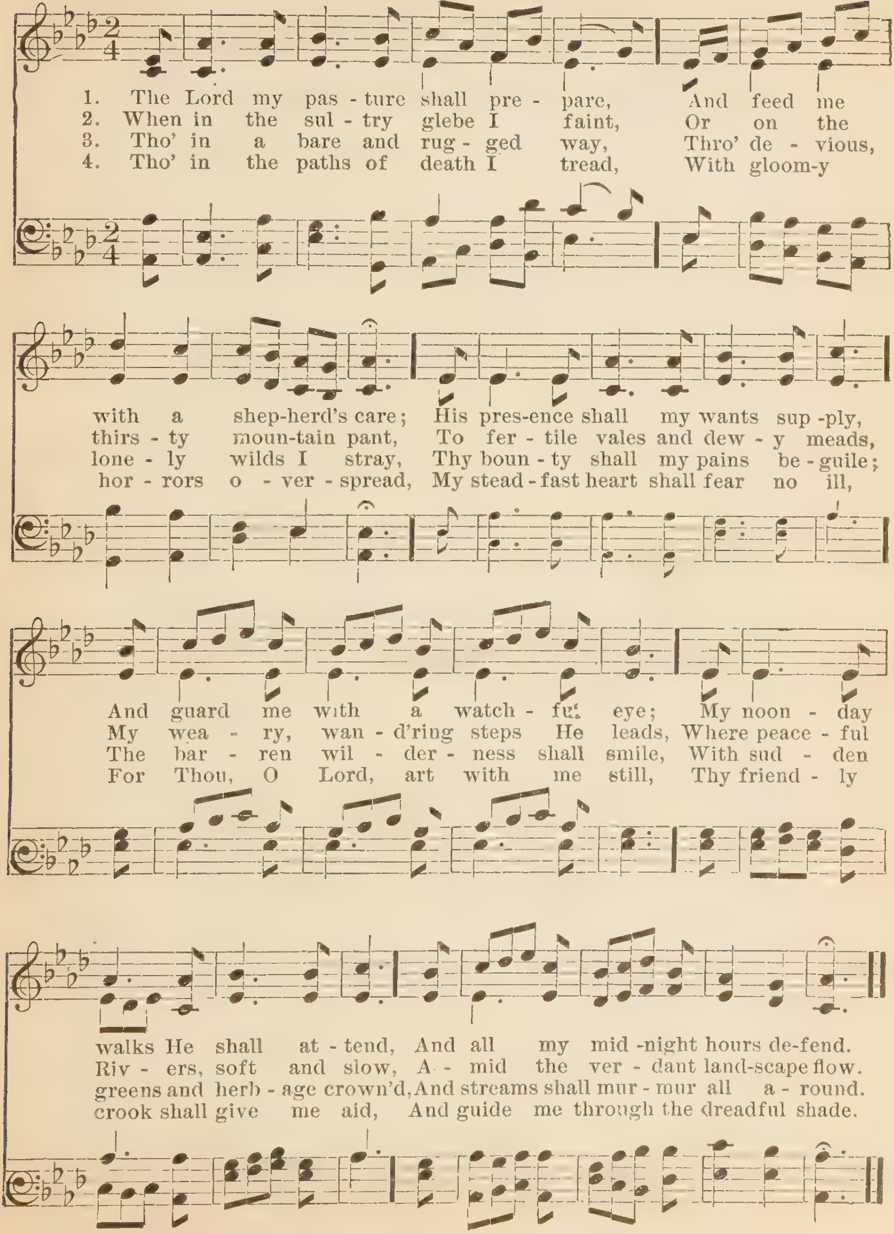
3 Through my thoughts and through my heart,
Through my flesh and spirit;
Save, me Lord, through every part,
Through Thy saving merit.

4 Through Thy light to perfect day,
Through Thy cleansing fountain,
Through Thy holy happy way,
Up Thy holy mountain.

# 516 The Lord My Pasture Shall Prepare.

*The Lord is my Shepherd.*—Ps. 23: 1.

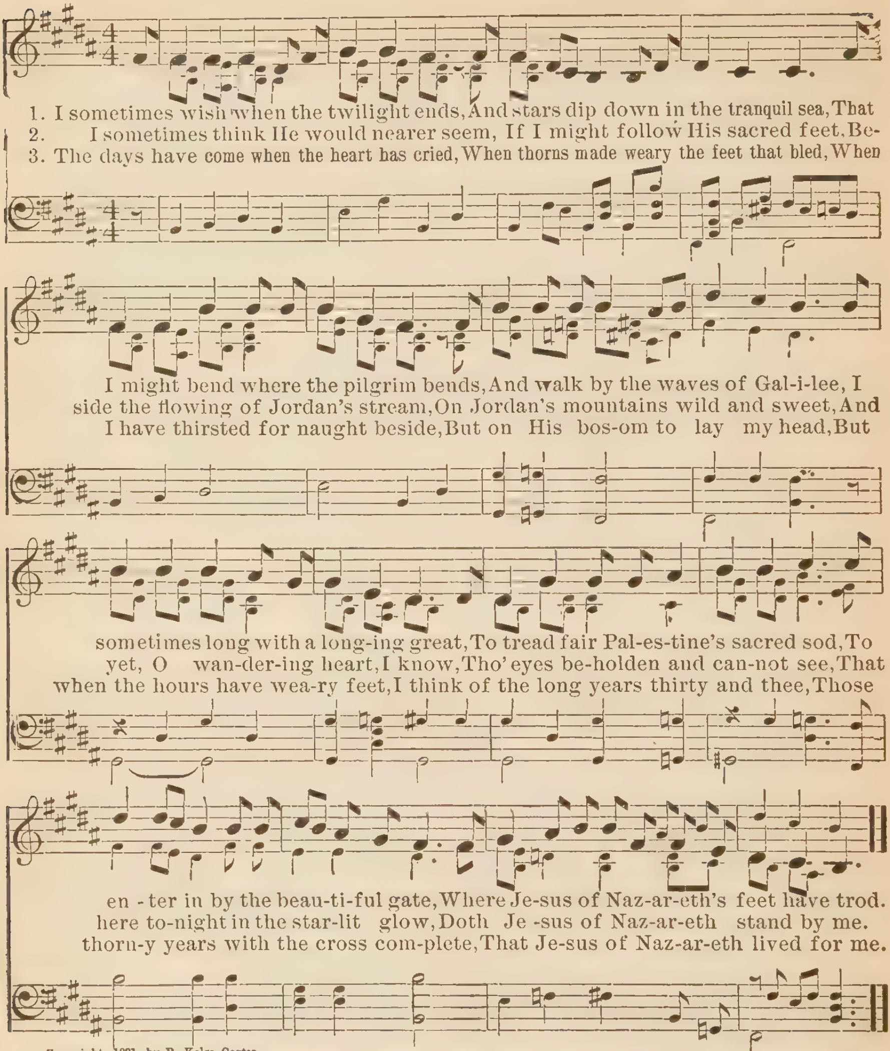
J. ADDISON. Arranged from HAYDN.


1. The Lord my pas - ture shall pre - pare, And feed me
2. When in the sul - try glebe I faint, Or on the
3. Tho' in a bare and rug - ged way, Thro' de - vious,
4. Tho' in the paths of death I tread, With gloom-y
with a shep-herd's care; His pres-ence shall my wants sup -ply,
thirs - ty moun-tain pant, To fer - tile vales and dew - y meads,
lone - ly wilds I stray, Thy boun - ty shall my pains be - guile;
hor - rors o - ver - spread, My stead - fast heart shall fear no ill,
And guard me with a watch - ful eye; My noon - day
My wea - ry, wan - d'ring steps He leads, Where peace - ful
The bar - ren wil - der - ness shall smile, With sud - den
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still, Thy friend - ly
walks He shall at - tend, And all my mid -night hours de-fend.
Riv - ers, soft and slow, A - mid the ver - dant land-scape flow.
greens and herb - age crown'd, And streams shall mur - mur all a - round.
crook shall give me aid, And guide me through the dreadful shade.

# Jesus of Nazareth.

Mrs. E. V. Blake.

R. Kelso Carter.


1. I sometimes wish when the twilight ends, And stars dip down in the tranquil sea, That
2. I sometimes think He would nearer seem, If I might follow His sacred feet. Be-
3. The days have come when the heart has cried, When thorns made weary the feet that bled, When
I might bend where the pilgrim bends, And walk by the waves of Gal-i-lee, I
side the flowing of Jordan's stream, On Jordan's mountains wild and sweet, And
I have thirsted for naught beside, But on His bos-om to lay my head, But
sometimes long with a long-ing great, To tread fair Pal-es-tine's sacred sod, To
yet, O wan-der-ing heart, I know, Tho' eyes be-holden and can-not see, That
when the hours have wea-ry feet, I think of the long years thirty and thee, Those
en - ter in by the beau-ti-ful gate, Where Je-sus of Naz-ar-eth's feet have trod.
here to-night in the star-lit glow, Doth Je -sus of Naz-ar-eth stand by me.
thorn-y years with the cross com-plete, That Je-sus of Naz-ar-eth lived for me.

Copyright, 1891, by R. Kelso Carter.

4 Then bear me up from the things of time,
Uplift my being, Eternal Hand!
And grant my vision the view sublime,
Across the plains to the Promised Land;
And oh! thou heart, that hath borne the sting,
Dear feet, nail-pierced to the rugged tree,
Enfold my soul in Thy brooding wing,
And Jesus of Nazareth walk with me.

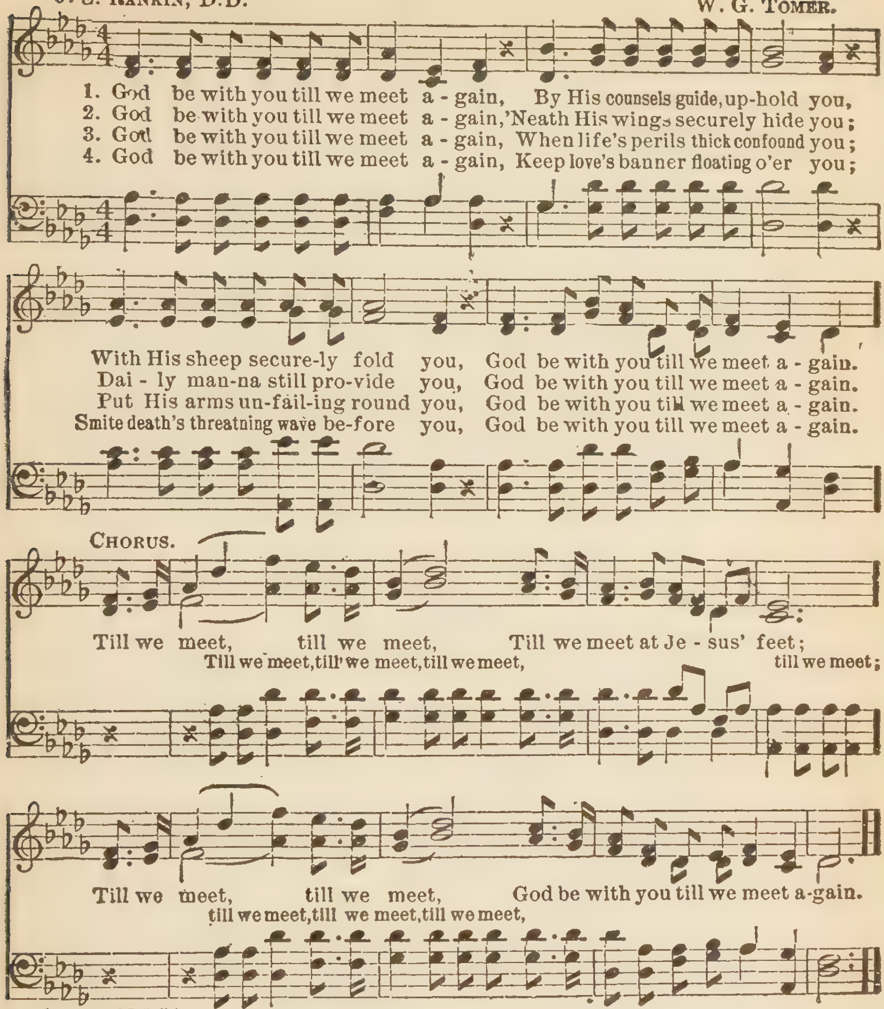
5 Yes, walk with me, if the way be long,
The sunset-glory the end will crown,
And sweet will hover the angel's song,
Across the waters when I go down;
No more to sorrow, no more to sin,
And sinning, wander astray from Thee,
So, when I enter the morning in,
Dear Jesus of Nazareth wait for me.

518

# God be with You.

*"The grace of onr Lord Jesus Christ be with you."*—Rom. xvi: 20.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D. W. G. TOMER.


1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide, up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings securely hide you;
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's perils thick confound you;
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you;
With His sheep secure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Dai - ly man-na still pro-vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Put His arms un-fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Smite death's threatning wave be-fore you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
CHORUS.
Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, till we meet;
Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

From "Gospel Bells," by per.

519

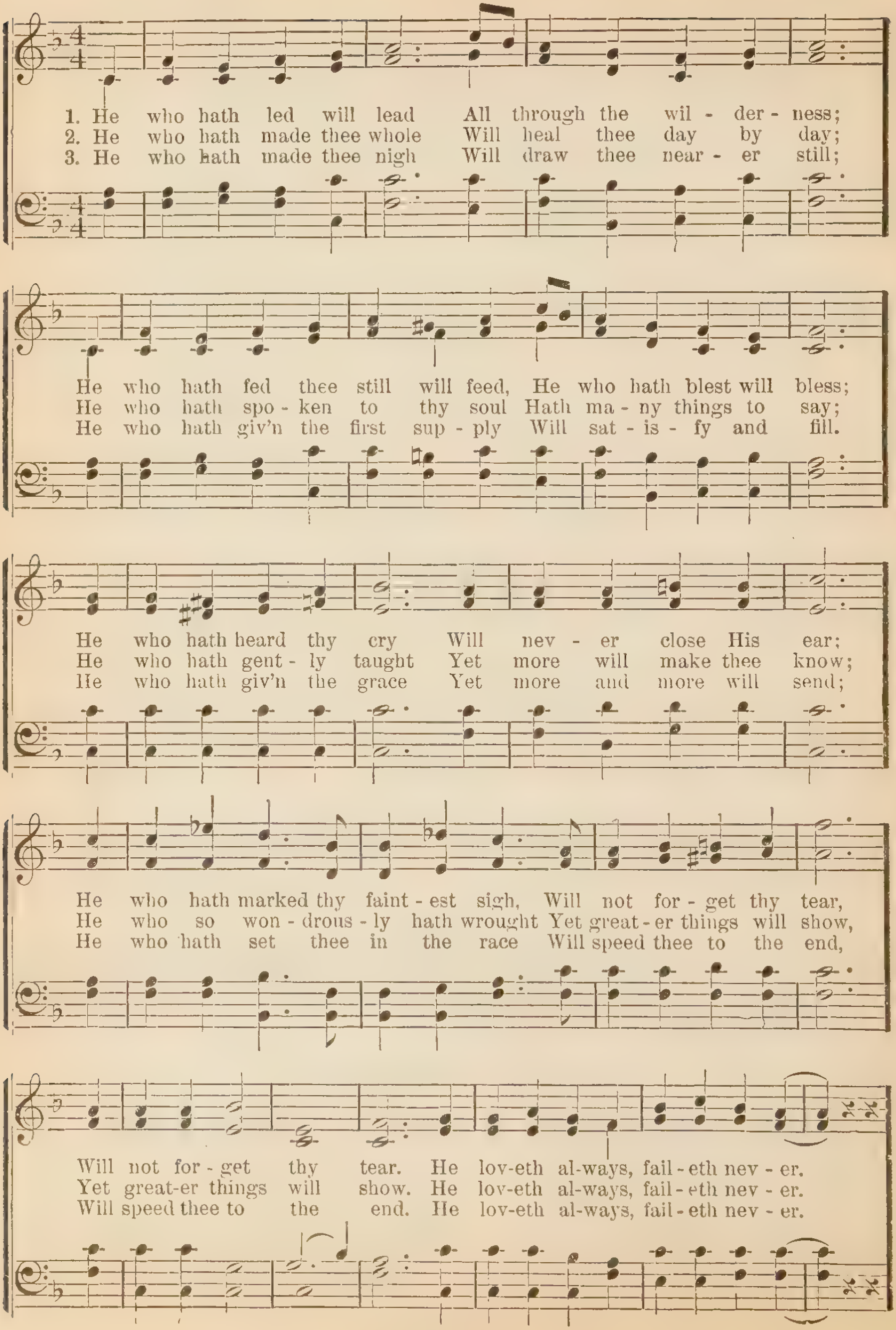
# Christian Fellowship.

LET saints below in concert sing
  With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
  In earth and heaven are one.
One family—we dwell in Him—
  One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
  The narrow stream of death;—

2 One army of the living God,
  To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
  And part are crossing now.
Ev'n now by faith, we join our hands,
  With those that went before,
And greet the ransomed, blesséd bands
  Upon the eternal shore.

# The Unfailing One.

Frances R. Havergal. A. H. A.


1. He who hath led will lead All through the wil - der - ness;
2. He who hath made thee whole Will heal thee day by day;
3. He who hath made thee nigh Will draw thee near - er still;
He who hath fed thee still will feed, He who hath blest will bless;
He who hath spo - ken to thy soul Hath ma - ny things to say;
He who hath giv'n the first sup - ply Will sat - is - fy and fill.
He who hath heard thy cry Will nev - er close His ear;
He who hath gent - ly taught Yet more will make thee know;
He who hath giv'n the grace Yet more and more will send;
He who hath marked thy faint - est sigh, Will not for - get thy tear,
He who so won - drous - ly hath wrought Yet great - er things will show,
He who hath set thee in the race Will speed thee to the end,
Will not for - get thy tear. He lov-eth al-ways, fail - eth nev - er.
Yet great-er things will show. He lov-eth al-ways, fail - eth nev - er.
Will speed thee to the end. He lov-eth al-ways, fail - eth nev - er.

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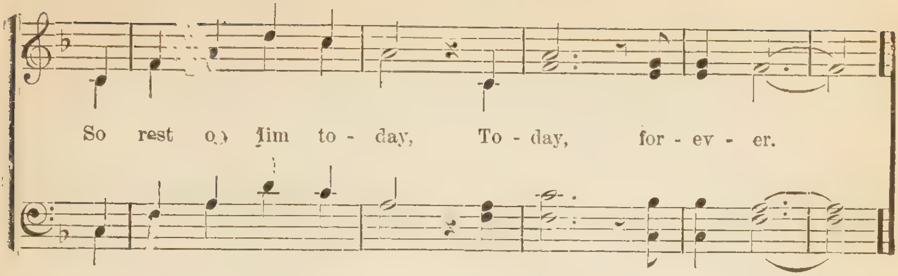
# The Unfailing One. Concluded.


So rest on Him to - day, To - day, for - ev - er.

4 He who hath won thy heart
Will keep it true and free;
He who hath shown thee what thou art
Will show Himself to thee.
He who hath bid thee live
And made thy life His own.
Life more abundantly will give,
And keep it His alone.

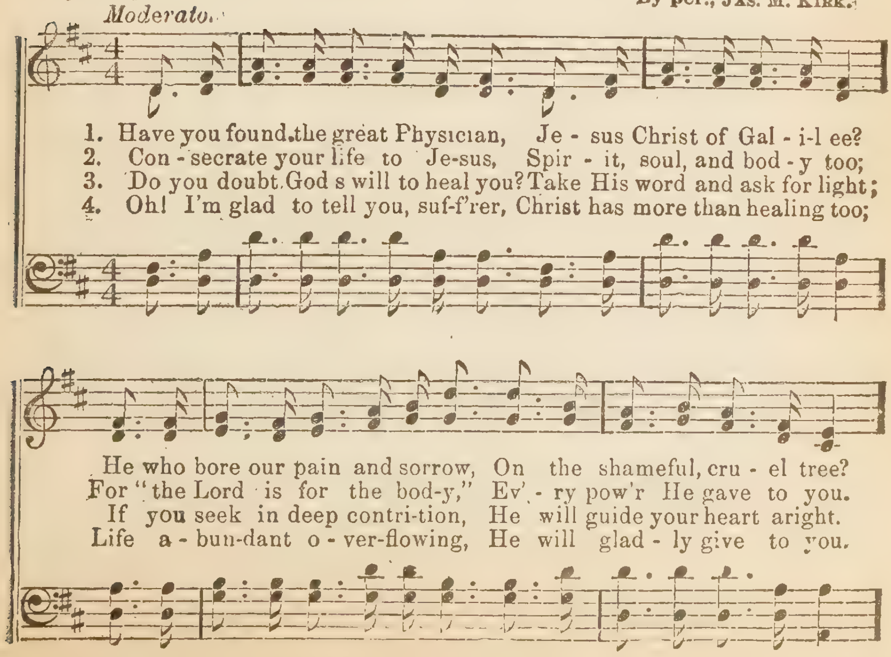
5 Then trust Him for to-day
As thine unfailing Friend,
And let Him lead thee all the way,
Who loveth to the end.
And let the morrow rest
In His beloved hand,
His good is better than our best,
As we shall understand.

## 521

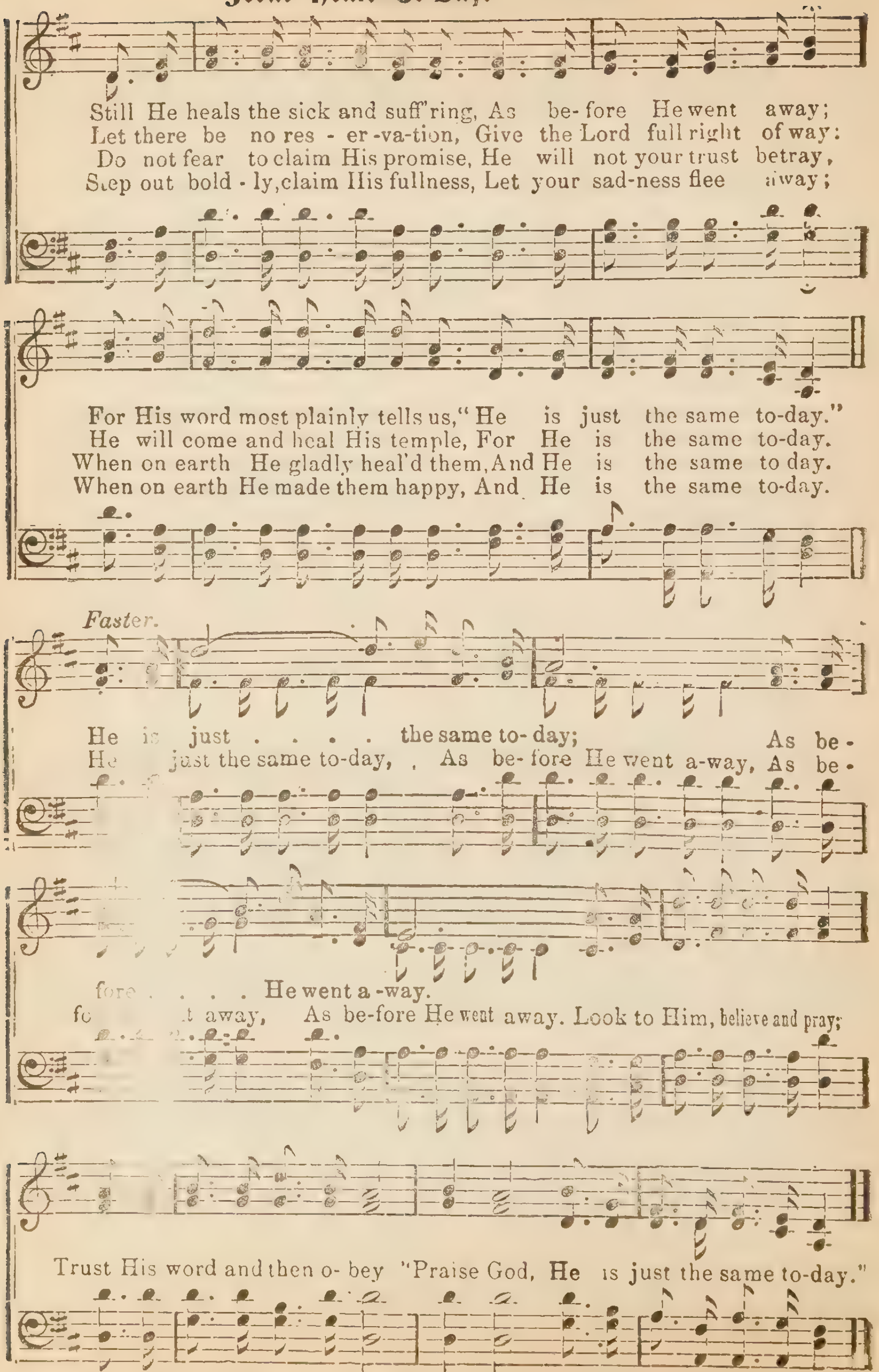
# Jesus Heals To-Day.

J. M. K.

By per., Jas. M. Kirk.


Moderato.
1. Have you found the great Physician, Je - sus Christ of Gal - i-l ee?
2. Con - secrate your life to Je-sus, Spir - it, soul, and bod - y too;
3. Do you doubt God's will to heal you? Take His word and ask for light;
4. Oh! I'm glad to tell you, suf-f'rer, Christ has more than healing too;
He who bore our pain and sorrow, On the shameful, cru - el tree?
For "the Lord is for the bod-y," Ev' - ry pow'r He gave to you.
If you seek in deep contri-tion, He will guide your heart aright.
Life a - bun-dant o - ver-flowing, He will glad - ly give to you.

# Jesus Heals To-Day. Concluded.


Still He heals the sick and suff'ring, As be- fore He went away;
Let there be no res - er -va-tion, Give the Lord full right of way:
Do not fear to claim His promise, He will not your trust betray,
Step out bold - ly, claim His fullness, Let your sad-ness flee away;
For His word most plainly tells us, "He is just the same to-day."
He will come and heal His temple, For He is the same to-day.
When on earth He gladly heal'd them, And He is the same to day.
When on earth He made them happy, And He is the same to-day.
Faster.
He is just . . . . . the same to- day; As be-
He just the same to-day, , As be- fore He went a-way, As be-
fore . . . . He went a -way.
fo t away, As be-fore He went away. Look to Him, believe and pray;
Trust His word and then o- bey "Praise God, He is just the same to-day."

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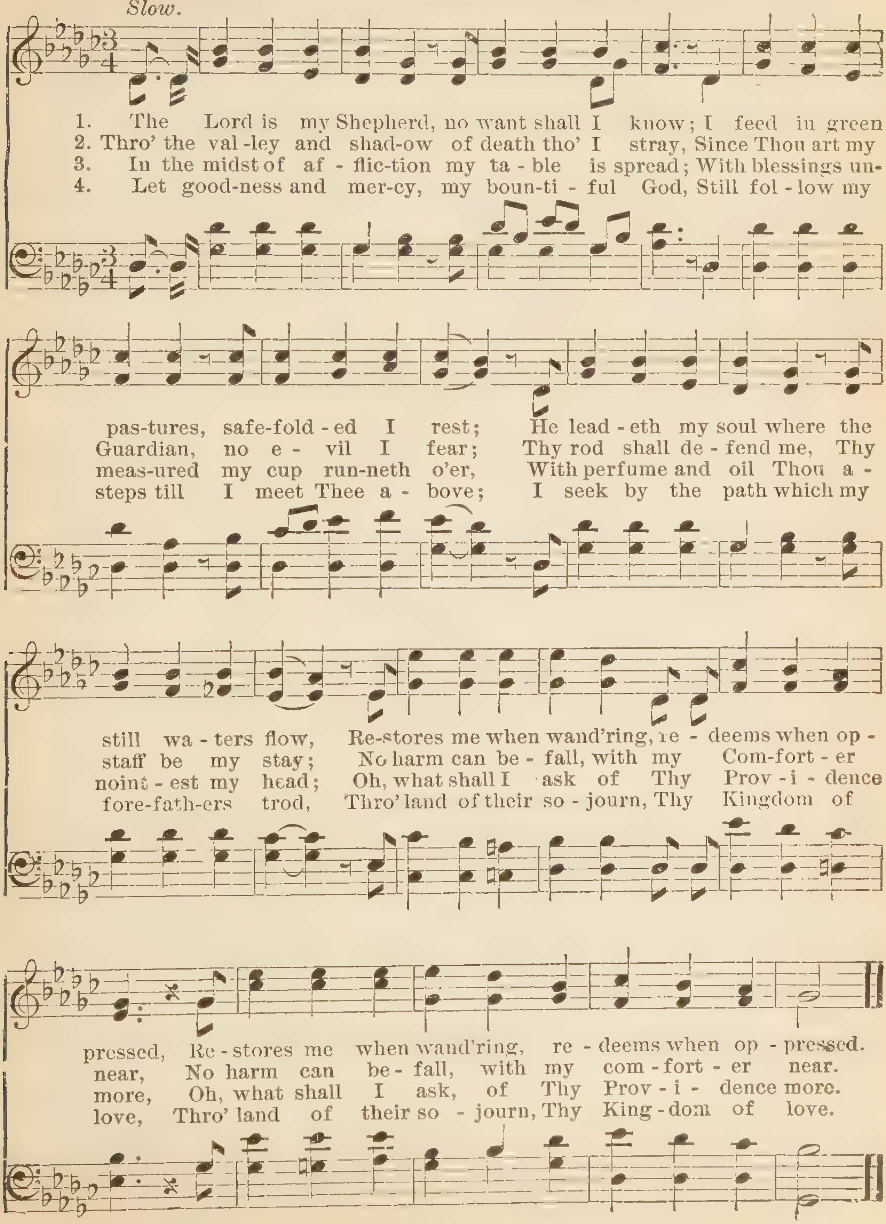
# The Lord is My Shepherd.

James Montgomery. Adapted and arranged by R. Kelso Carter.


Slow.
1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green
2. Thro' the val-ley and shad-ow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my
3. In the midst of af-flic-tion my ta-ble is spread; With blessings un-
4. Let good-ness and mer-cy, my boun-ti-ful God, Still fol-low my
pas-tures, safe-fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the
Guardian, no e-vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-fend me, Thy
meas-ured my cup run-neth o'er, With perfume and oil Thou a-
steps till I meet Thee a-bove; I seek by the path which my
still wa-ters flow, Re-stores me when wand'ring, re-deems when op-
staff be my stay; No harm can be-fall, with my Com-fort-er
noint-est my head; Oh, what shall I ask of Thy Prov-i-dence
fore-fath-ers trod, Thro' land of their so-journ, Thy Kingdom of
pressed, Re-stores me when wand'ring, re-deems when op-pressed.
near, No harm can be-fall, with my com-fort-er near.
more, Oh, what shall I ask, of Thy Prov-i-dence more.
love, Thro' land of their so-journ, Thy King-dom of love.

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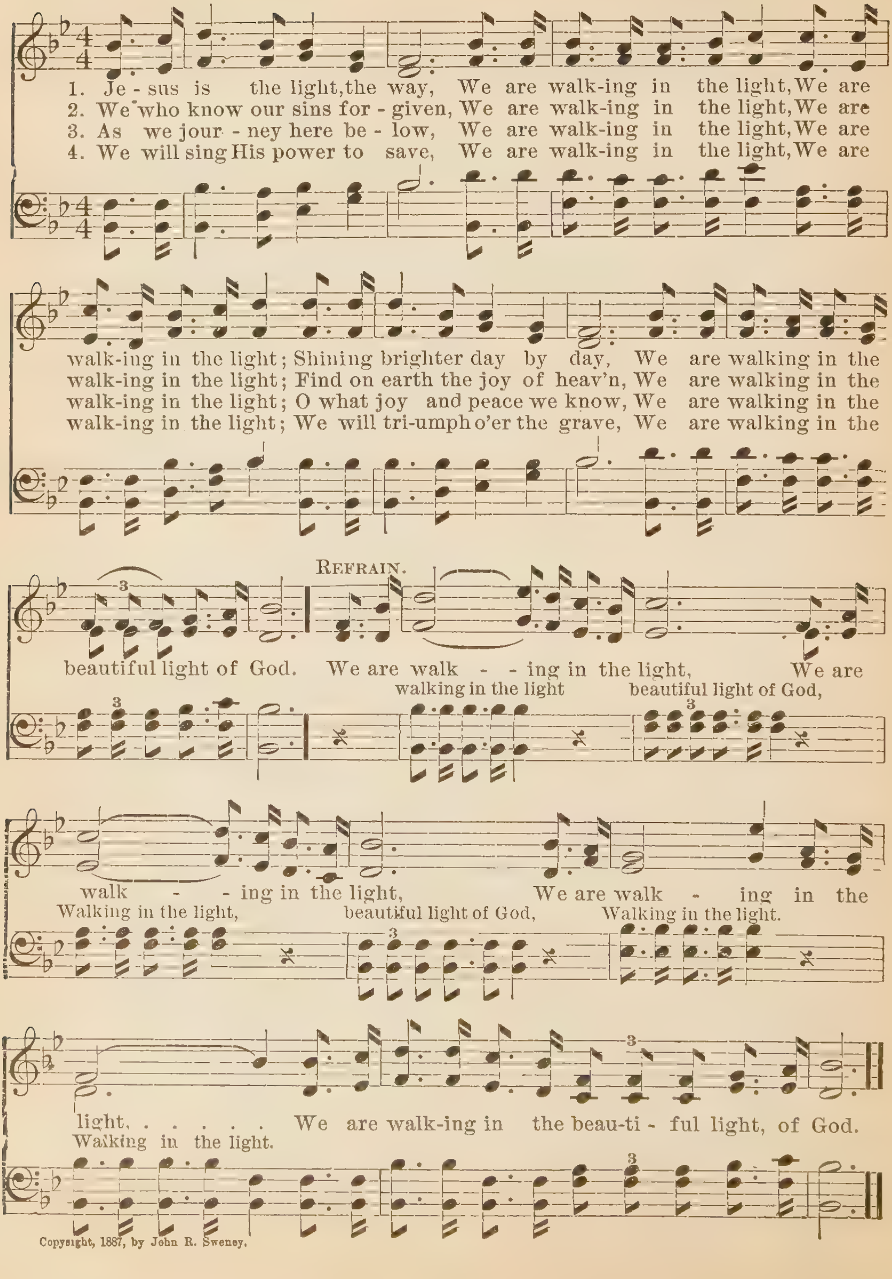
523

# The Beautiful Light.

R. K. Carter. Jno. R. Sweney, by per.


1. Je - sus is the light, the way, We are walk-ing in the light, We are
2. We who know our sins for - given, We are walk-ing in the light, We are
3. As we jour - ney here be - low, We are walk-ing in the light, We are
4. We will sing His power to save, We are walk-ing in the light, We are
walk-ing in the light; Shining brighter day by day, We are walking in the
walk-ing in the light; Find on earth the joy of heav'n, We are walking in the
walk-ing in the light; O what joy and peace we know, We are walking in the
walk-ing in the light; We will tri-umph o'er the grave, We are walking in the
beautiful light of God.
Refrain.
We are walk - - ing in the light, We are
walking in the light
beautiful light of God,
walk - - ing in the light, We are walk - ing in the
Walking in the light,
beautiful light of God,
Walking in the light.
light, . . . . . We are walk-ing in the beau-ti - ful light, of God.
Walking in the light.
3

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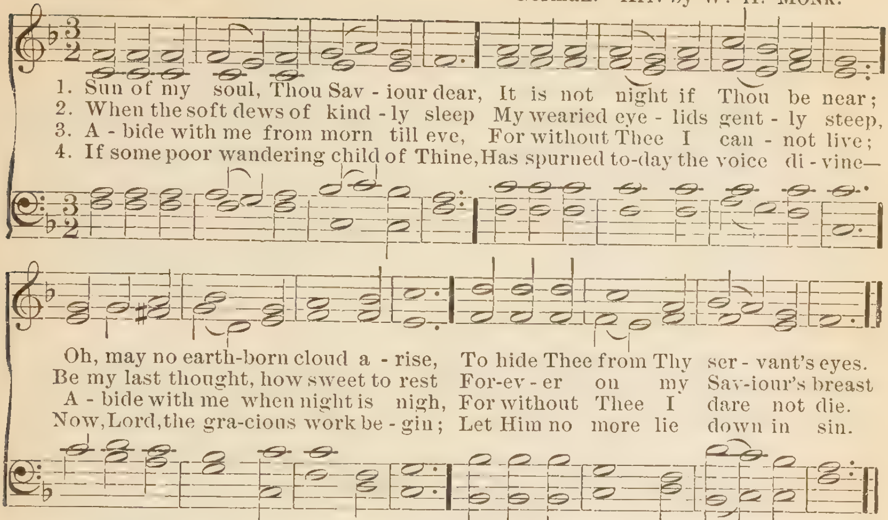
524

# Sun of My Soul.

J. Keble, 1827.

German. Arr. by W. H. Monk.


1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wearied eye - lids gent - ly steep,
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can - not live;
4. If some poor wandering child of Thine, Has spurned to-day the voice di - vine—
Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise, To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes.
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For-ev - er on my Sav-iour's breast.
A - bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
Now, Lord, the gra-cious work be - gin; Let Him no more lie down in sin.

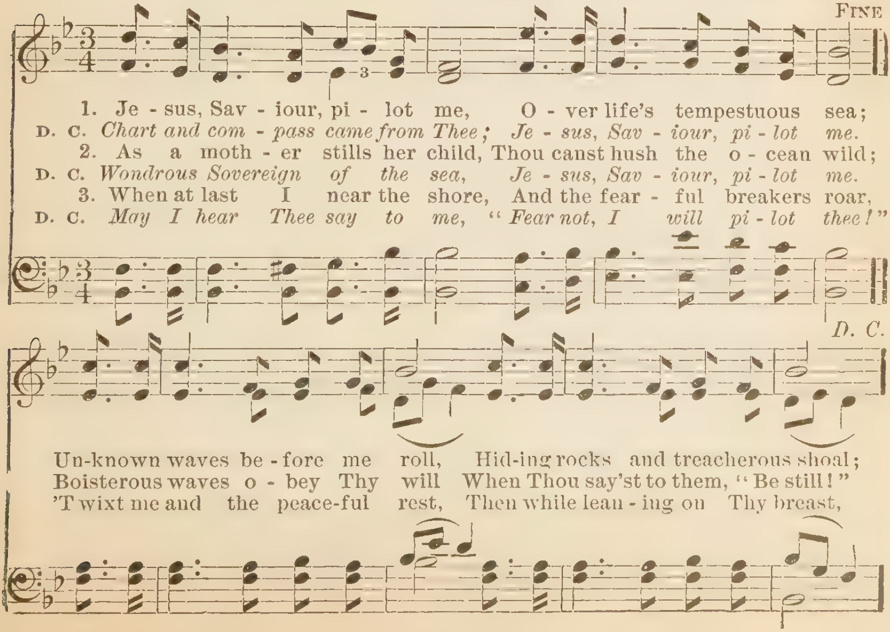
5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

525

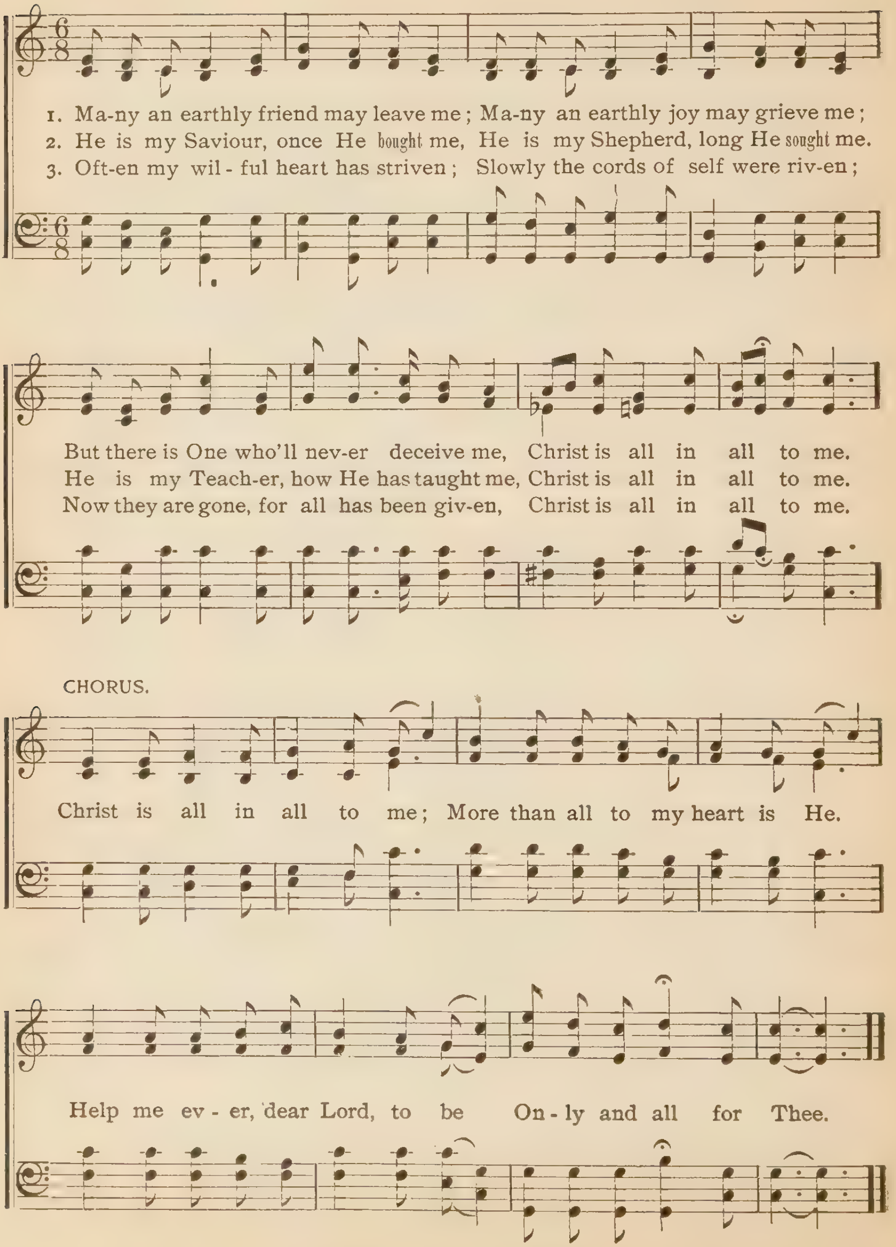
# Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

J. E. Gould.


Fine
D. C.
1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tempestuous sea;
D. C. Chart and com - pass came from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
D. C. Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar,
D. C. May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"
Un-known waves be - fore me roll, Hid-ing rocks and treacherous shoal;
Boisterous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then while lean - ing on Thy breast,

# Christ is All in All to Me.

A. B. Simpson. Margaret M. Simpson.


1. Ma-ny an earthly friend may leave me; Ma-ny an earthly joy may grieve me;
2. He is my Saviour, once He bought me, He is my Shepherd, long He sought me.
3. Oft-en my wil - ful heart has striven; Slowly the cords of self were riv-en;
But there is One who'll nev-er deceive me, Christ is all in all to me.
He is my Teach-er, how He has taught me, Christ is all in all to me.
Now they are gone, for all has been giv-en, Christ is all in all to me.
CHORUS.
Christ is all in all to me; More than all to my heart is He.
Help me ev - er, dear Lord, to be On - ly and all for Thee.

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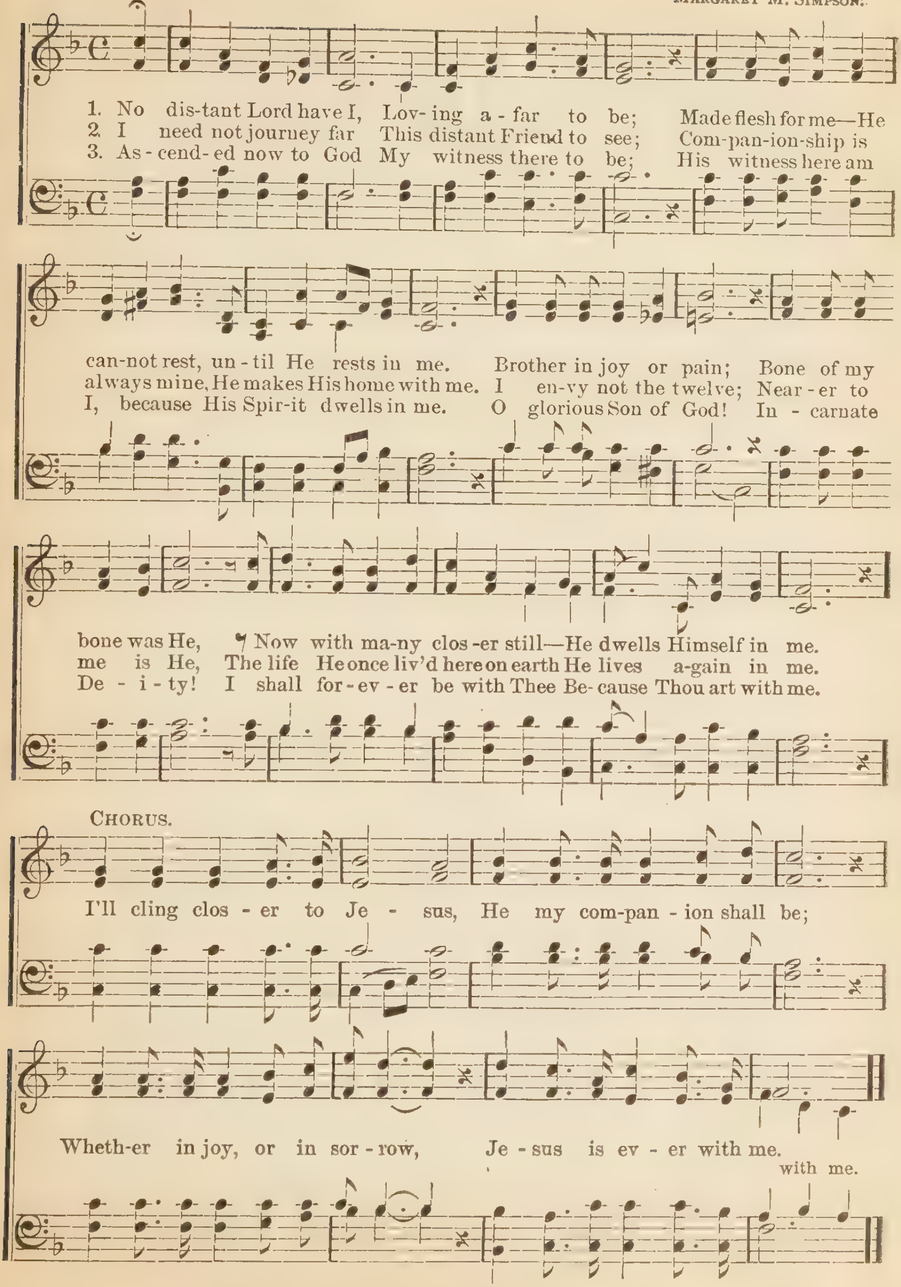
# 527 Companionship.

Maltbie Babcock.

Margaret M. Simpson.


1. No dis-tant Lord have I, Lov-ing a-far to be; Made flesh for me—He
2. I need not journey far This distant Friend to see; Com-pan-ion-ship is
3. As-cend-ed now to God My witness there to be; His witness here am
can-not rest, un-til He rests in me. Brother in joy or pain; Bone of my
always mine, He makes His home with me. I en-vy not the twelve; Near-er to
I, because His Spir-it dwells in me. O glorious Son of God! In-carnate
bone was He, Now with ma-ny clos-er still—He dwells Himself in me.
me is He, The life He once liv'd here on earth He lives a-gain in me.
De-i-ty! I shall for-ev-er be with Thee Be-cause Thou art with me.
Chorus.
I'll cling clos-er to Je-sus, He my com-pan-ion shall be;
Wheth-er in joy, or in sor-row, Je-sus is ev-er with me.
with me.

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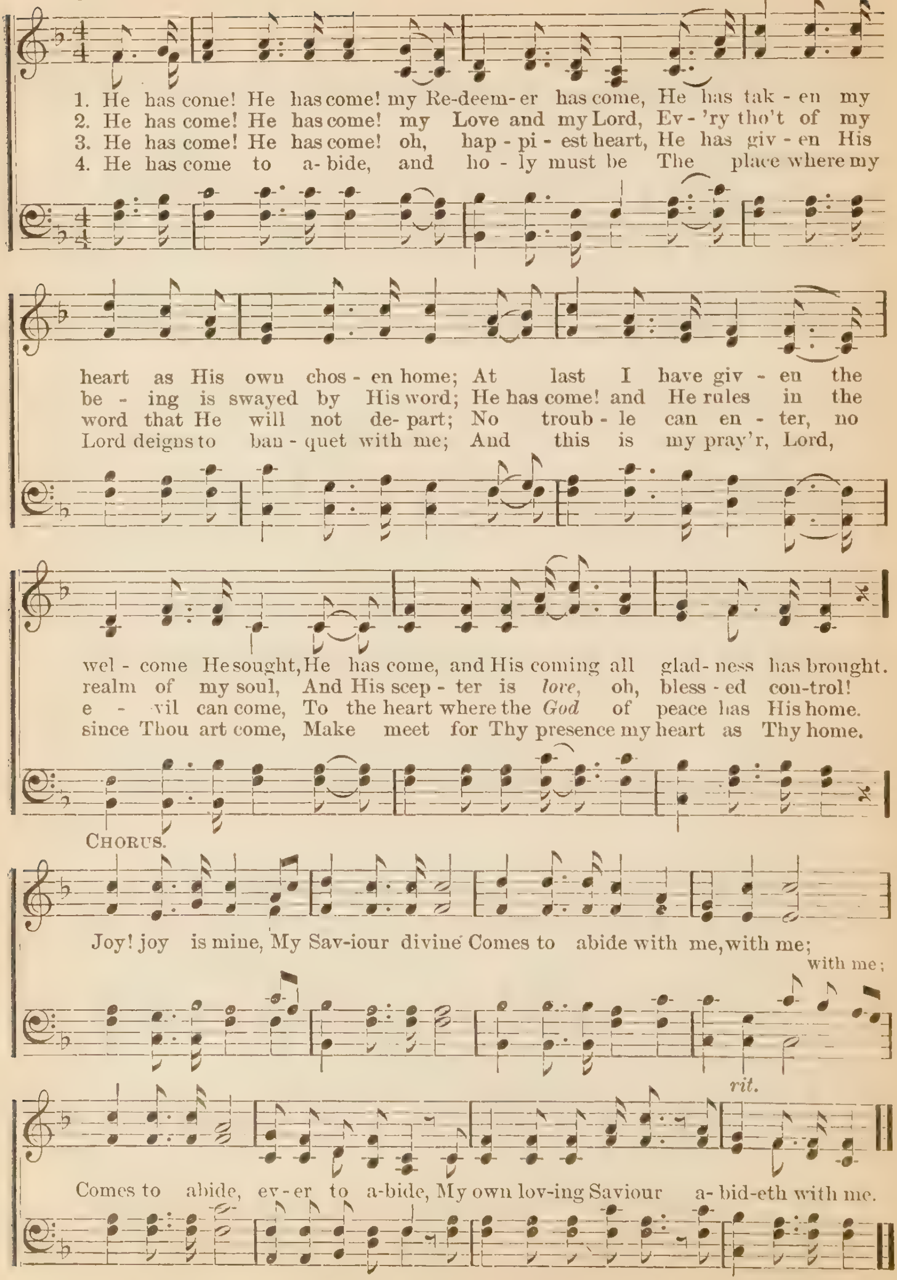
# He Has Come.

Mrs. J. H. Knowles. Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp


1. He has come! He has come! my Re-deem-er has come, He has tak - en my
2. He has come! He has come! my Love and my Lord, Ev - 'ry tho't of my
3. He has come! He has come! oh, hap - pi - est heart, He has giv - en His
4. He has come to a- bide, and ho - ly must be The place where my
heart as His own chos - en home; At last I have giv - en the
be - ing is swayed by His word; He has come! and He rules in the
word that He will not de- part; No troub - le can en - ter, no
Lord deigns to ban - quet with me; And this is my pray'r, Lord,
wel - come He sought, He has come, and His coming all glad- ness has brought.
realm of my soul, And His scep - ter is *love*, oh, bless - ed con-trol!
e - vil can come, To the heart where the *God* of peace has His home.
since Thou art come, Make meet for Thy presence my heart as Thy home.
Chorus.
Joy! joy is mine, My Sav-iour divine Comes to abide with me, with me;
with me;
rit.
Comes to abide, ev - er to a-bide, My own lov-ing Saviour a- bid-eth with me.

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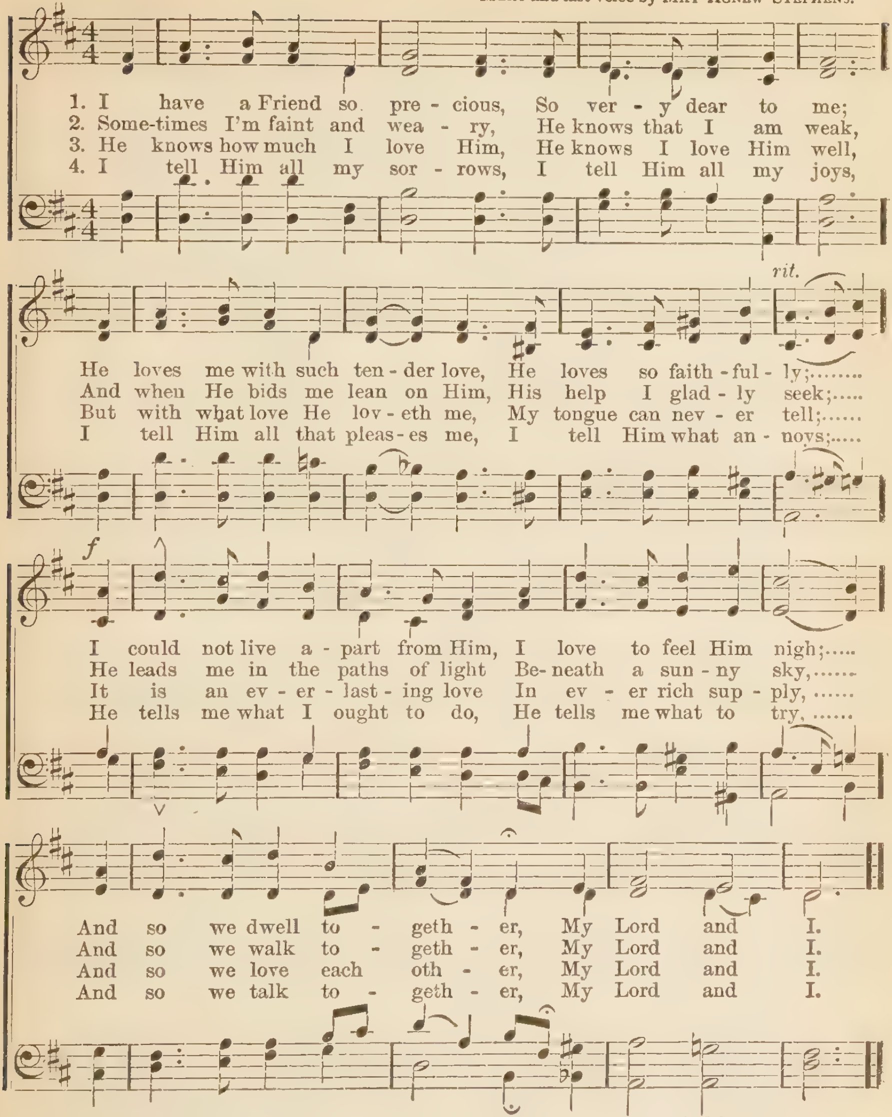
# My Lord and I.

Mrs. L. SHOREY.

Music and last verse by MAY AGNEW STEPHENS.


1. I have a Friend so precious, So very dear to me;
2. Sometimes I'm faint and weary, He knows that I am weak,
3. He knows how much I love Him, He knows I love Him well,
4. I tell Him all my sorrows, I tell Him all my joys,
rit.
He loves me with such tender love, He loves so faithfully;……..
And when He bids me lean on Him, His help I gladly seek;…..
But with what love He loveth me, My tongue can never tell;……
I tell Him all that pleases me, I tell Him what annoys;…..
f
I could not live apart from Him, I love to feel Him nigh;…..
He leads me in the paths of light Beneath a sunny sky,……
It is an ever-lasting love In ever rich supply, ……
He tells me what I ought to do, He tells me what to try, ……
And so we dwell together, My Lord and I.
And so we walk together, My Lord and I.
And so we love each other, My Lord and I.
And so we talk together, My Lord and I.

5 He knows how I am longing
Some weary soul to win,
And so He bids me go and speak
A loving word for Him.
He bids me tell His wondrous love,
And why He came to die;
And so we work together,
My Lord and I.

6 He tells me of His kingdom,
It is not far away;
And oh, His heart is longing
To take me there some day.
Immortal bliss is waiting,
And joys that never die:
Soon there will reign together
My Lord and I.

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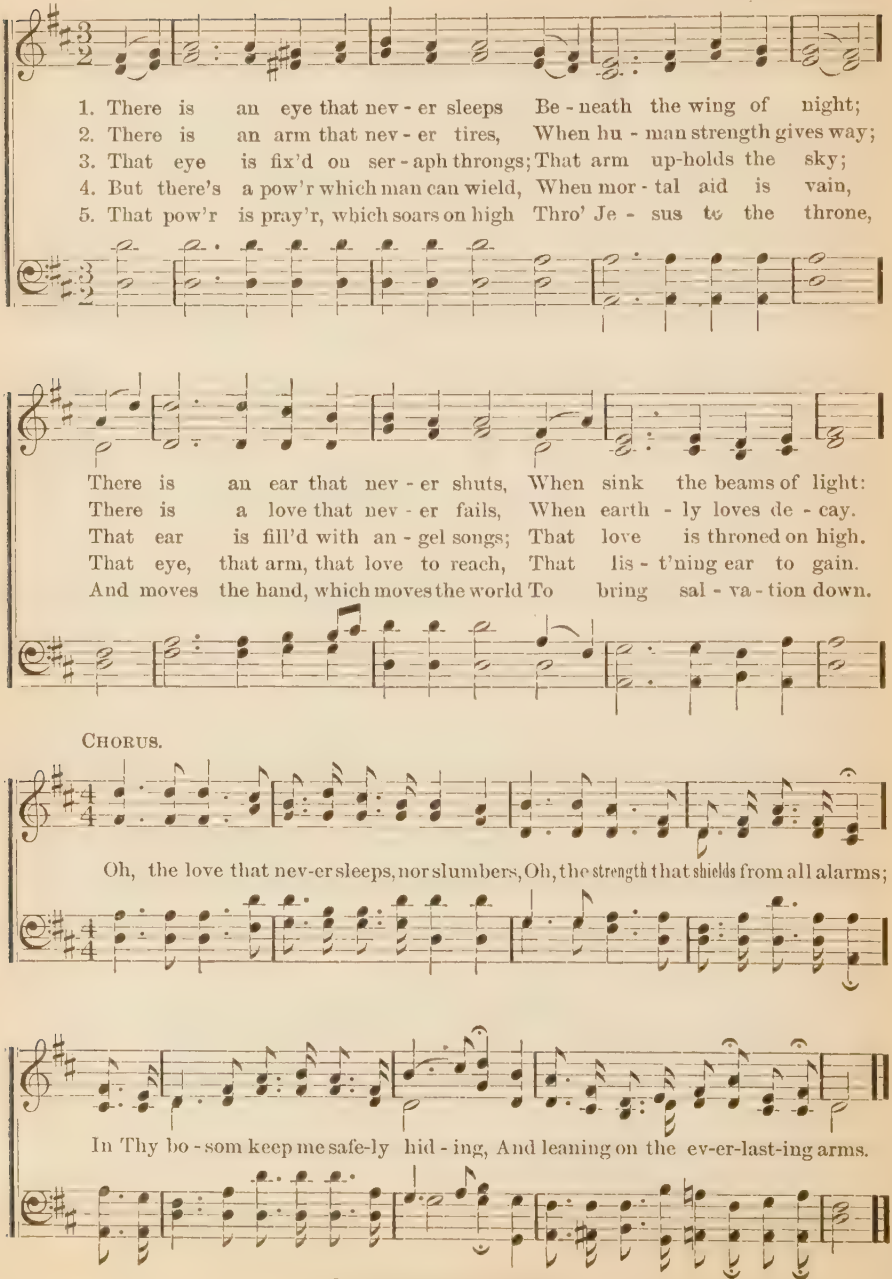
# There is an Eye.

Adapted. MARGARET M. SIMPSON.


1. There is an eye that nev - er sleeps Be - neath the wing of night;
2. There is an arm that nev - er tires, When hu - man strength gives way;
3. That eye is fix'd on ser - aph throngs; That arm up-holds the sky;
4. But there's a pow'r which man can wield, When mor - tal aid is vain,
5. That pow'r is pray'r, which soars on high Thro' Je - sus to the throne,
There is an ear that nev - er shuts, When sink the beams of light:
There is a love that nev - er fails, When earth - ly loves de - cay.
That ear is fill'd with an - gel songs; That love is throned on high.
That eye, that arm, that love to reach, That lis - t'ning ear to gain.
And moves the hand, which moves the world To bring sal - va - tion down.
CHORUS.
Oh, the love that nev-er sleeps, nor slumbers, Oh, the strength that shields from all alarms;
In Thy bo - som keep me safe-ly hid - ing, And leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.

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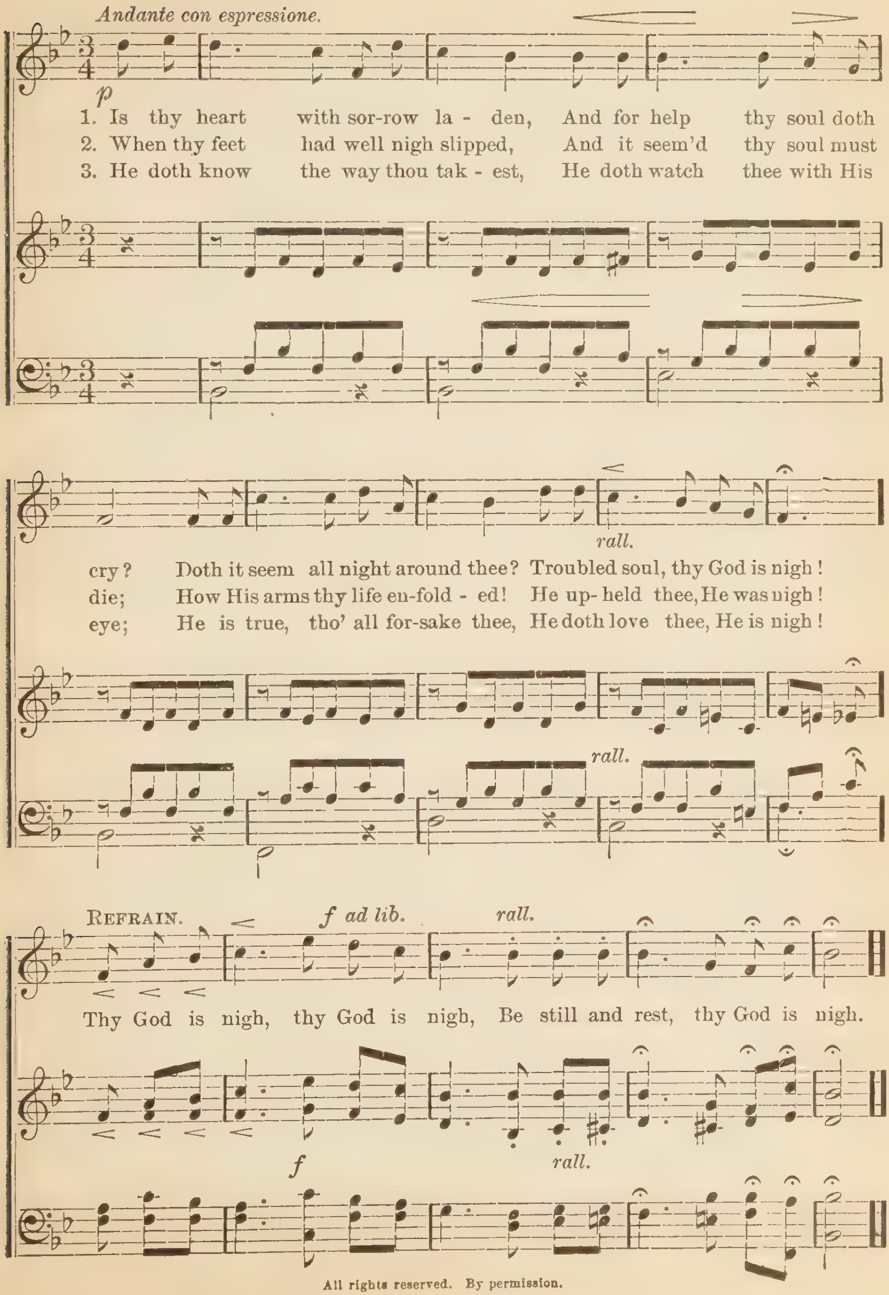
531

# Thy God is Nigh.

H. K.

H. Kenning.


Andante con espressione.
p
1. Is thy heart with sor-row la - den, And for help thy soul doth
2. When thy feet had well nigh slipped, And it seem'd thy soul must
3. He doth know the way thou tak - est, He doth watch thee with His
cry? Doth it seem all night around thee? Troubled soul, thy God is nigh!
die; How His arms thy life en-fold - ed! He up-held thee, He was nigh!
eye; He is true, tho' all for-sake thee, He doth love thee, He is nigh!
rall.
rall.
Refrain.
f ad lib.
rall.
Thy God is nigh, thy God is nigh, Be still and rest, thy God is nigh.
f
rall.

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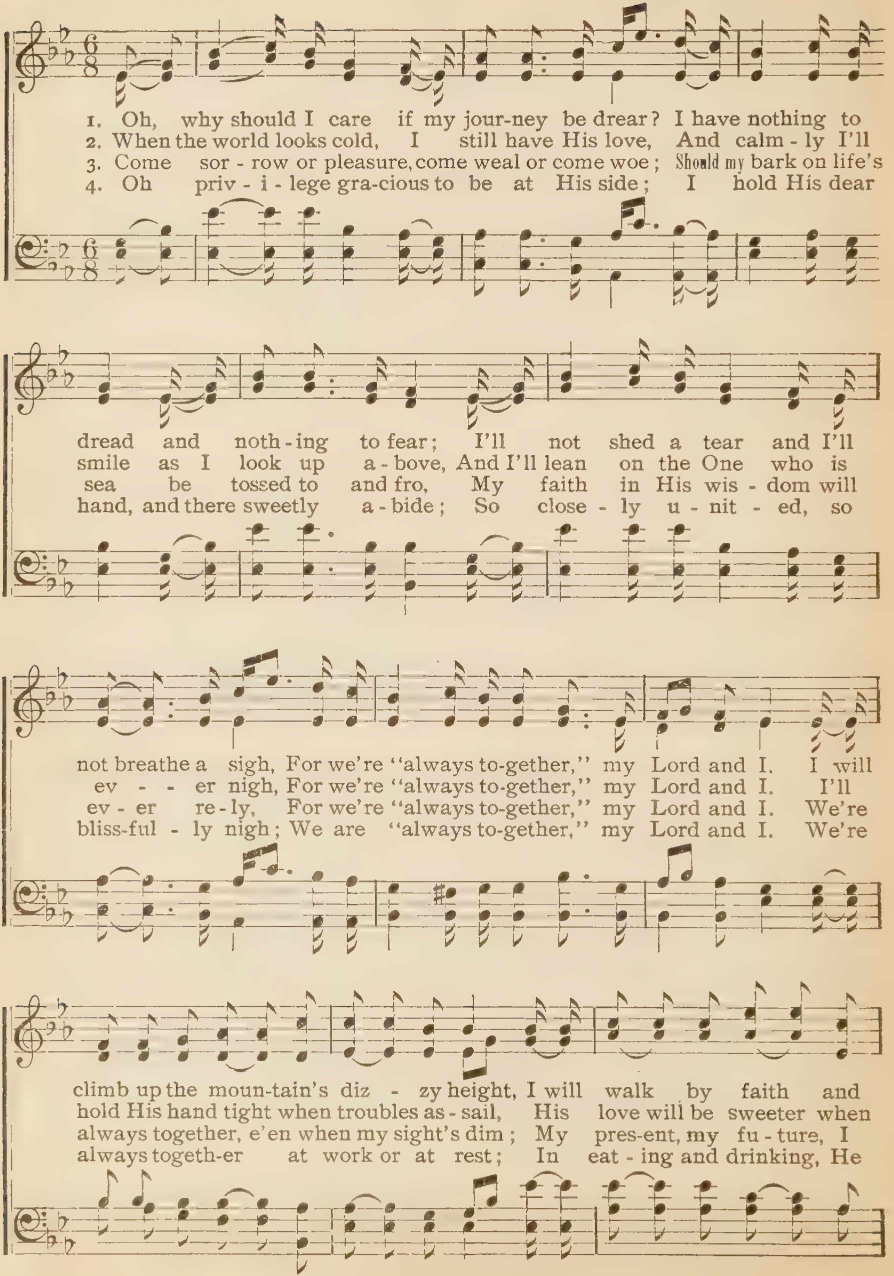
# Always Together.

Ada A. Whiddington. Margaret M. Simpson.


1. Oh, why should I care if my jour-ney be drear? I have nothing to
2. When the world looks cold, I still have His love, And calm-ly I'll
3. Come sor-row or pleasure, come weal or come woe; Should my bark on life's
4. Oh priv-i-lege gra-cious to be at His side; I hold His dear
dread and noth-ing to fear; I'll not shed a tear and I'll
smile as I look up a-bove, And I'll lean on the One who is
sea be tossed to and fro, My faith in His wis-dom will
hand, and there sweetly a-bide; So close-ly u-nit-ed, so
not breathe a sigh, For we're "always to-gether," my Lord and I. I will
ev-er nigh, For we're "always to-gether," my Lord and I. I'll
ev-er re-ly, For we're "always to-gether," my Lord and I. We're
bliss-ful-ly nigh; We are "always to-gether," my Lord and I. We're
climb up the moun-tain's diz-zy height, I will walk by faith and
hold His hand tight when troubles as-sail, His love will be sweeter when
always together, e'en when my sight's dim; My pres-ent, my fu-ture, I
always togeth-er at work or at rest; In eat-ing and drinking, He

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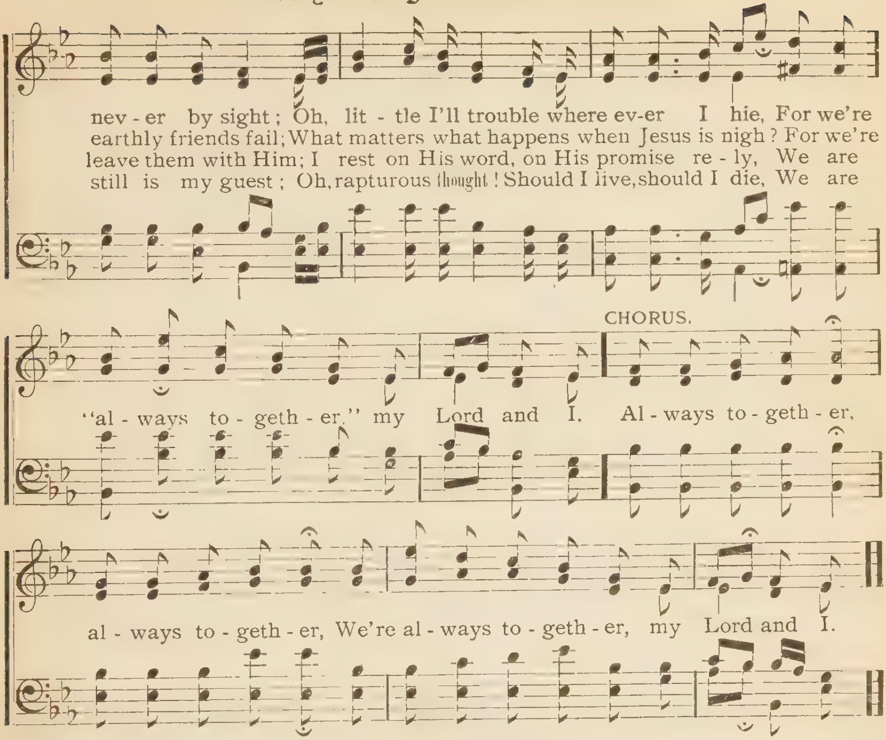
## Always Together.—Concluded.

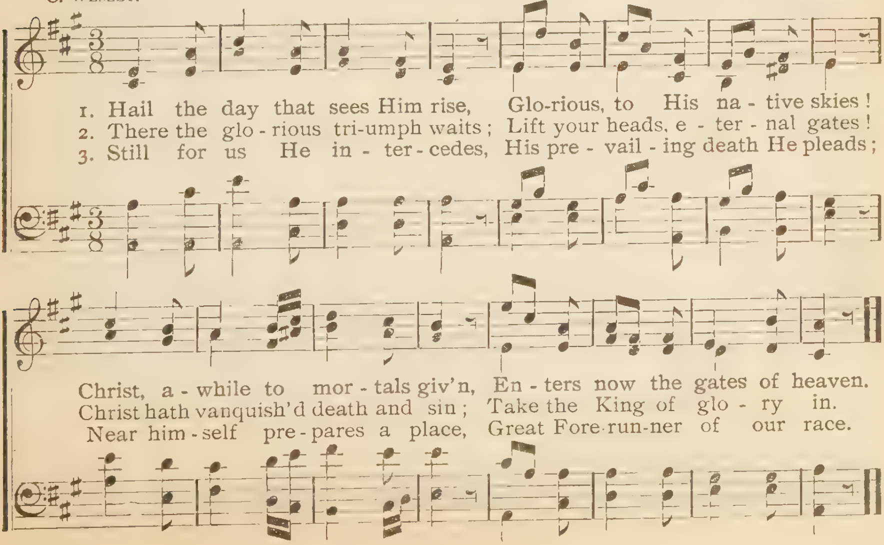

nev - er by sight; Oh, lit - tle I'll trouble where ev-er I hie, For we're
earthly friends fail; What matters what happens when Jesus is nigh? For we're
leave them with Him; I rest on His word, on His promise re - ly, We are
still is my guest; Oh, rapturous thought! Should I live, should I die, We are
"al - ways to - geth - er," my Lord and I.
CHORUS.
Al - ways to - geth - er,
al - ways to - geth - er, We're al - ways to - geth - er, my Lord and I.

## 533

## Hail the Day!

C. Wesley.

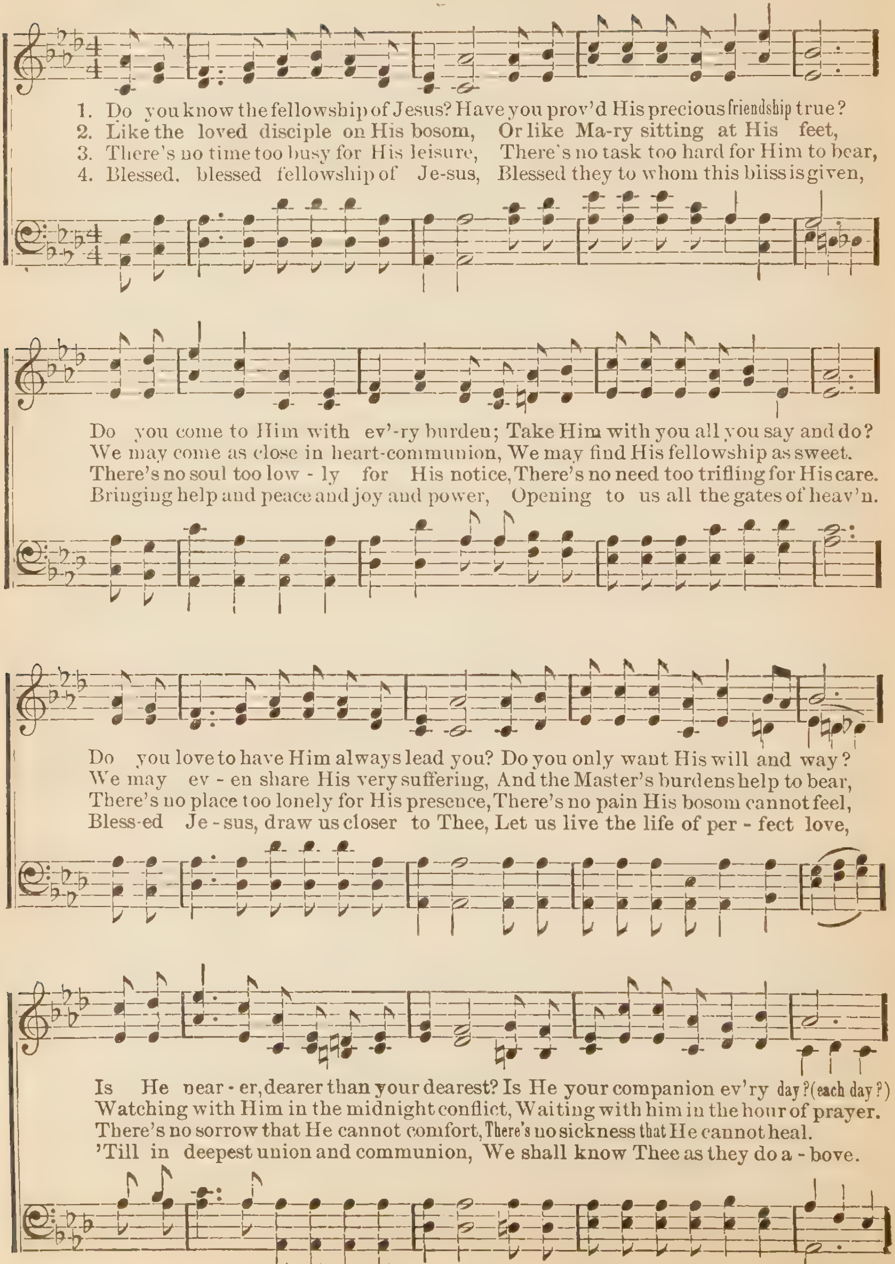
Arr. fr. Wartensee.


1. Hail the day that sees Him rise, Glo-rious, to His na - tive skies!
2. There the glo - rious tri-umph waits; Lift your heads, e - ter - nal gates!
3. Still for us He in - ter - cedes, His pre - vail - ing death He pleads;
Christ, a - while to mor - tals giv'n, En - ters now the gates of heaven.
Christ hath vanquish'd death and sin; Take the King of glo - ry in.
Near him - self pre - pares a place, Great Fore-run-ner of our race.

## 534

# Fellowship.

A. B. Simpson. | Margaret M. Simpson.


1. Do you know the fellowship of Jesus? Have you prov'd His precious friendship true?
2. Like the loved disciple on His bosom, Or like Ma-ry sitting at His feet,
3. There's no time too busy for His leisure, There's no task too hard for Him to bear,
4. Blessed, blessed fellowship of Je-sus, Blessed they to whom this bliss is given,
Do you come to Him with ev'-ry burden; Take Him with you all you say and do?
We may come as close in heart-communion, We may find His fellowship as sweet.
There's no soul too low - ly for His notice, There's no need too trifling for His care.
Bringing help and peace and joy and power, Opening to us all the gates of heav'n.
Do you love to have Him always lead you? Do you only want His will and way?
We may ev - en share His very suffering, And the Master's burdens help to bear,
There's no place too lonely for His presence, There's no pain His bosom cannot feel,
Bless-ed Je - sus, draw us closer to Thee, Let us live the life of per - fect love,
Is He near - er, dearer than your dearest? Is He your companion ev'ry day? (each day?)
Watching with Him in the midnight conflict, Waiting with him in the hour of prayer.
There's no sorrow that He cannot comfort, There's no sickness that He cannot heal.
'Till in deepest union and communion, We shall know Thee as they do a - bove.

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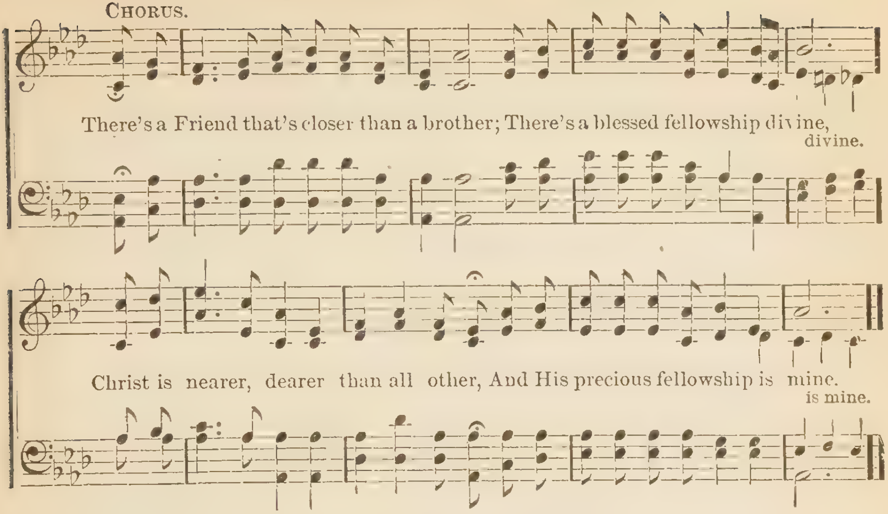
# Fellowship.—Concluded.

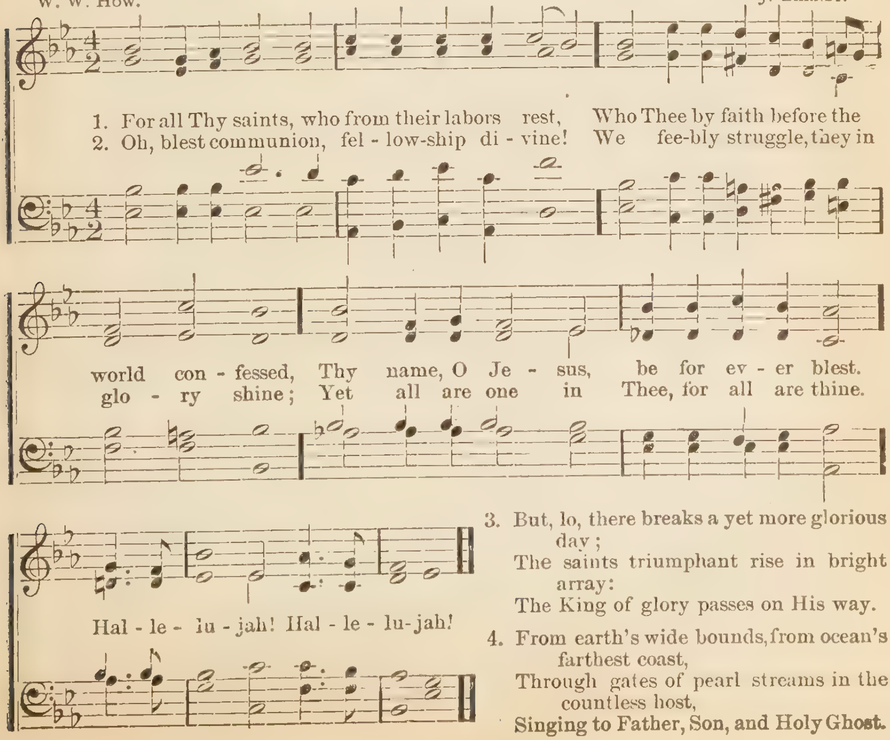

CHORUS.
There's a Friend that's closer than a brother; There's a blessed fellowship divine,
divine.
Christ is nearer, dearer than all other, And His precious fellowship is mine.
is mine.

## 535

# For all Thy Saints.

W. W. How.

J. Barnby.


1. For all Thy saints, who from their labors rest, Who Thee by faith before the world con - fessed, Thy name, O Je - sus, be for ev - er blest.
2. Oh, blest communion, fel - low-ship di - vine! We fee-bly struggle, they in glo - ry shine; Yet all are one in Thee, for all are thine.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu-jah!

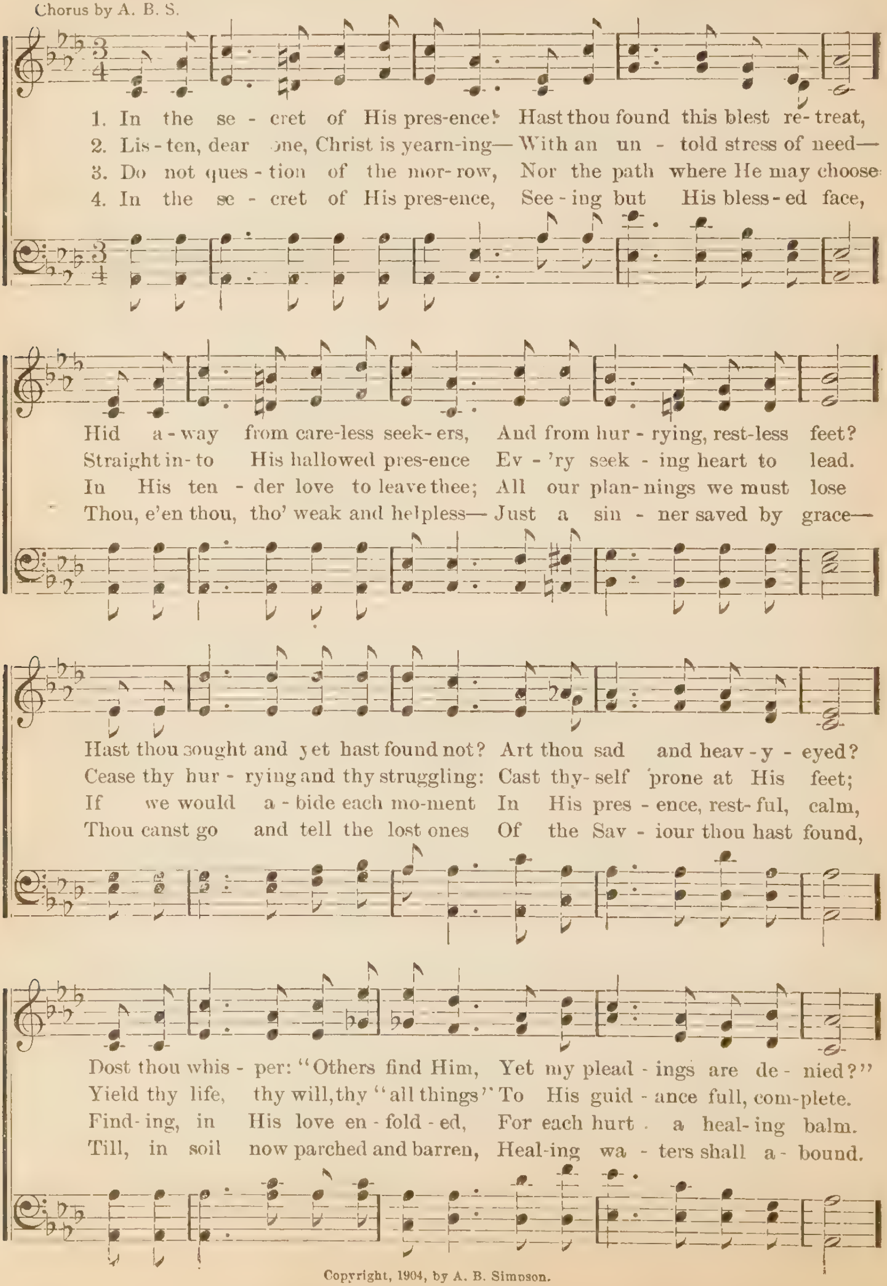
3. But, lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array:
The King of glory passes on His way.

4. From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

# Hidden Away with Jesus.

Mrs. Mary Anderson Hawkins.
Chorus by A. B. S.

Margaret M. Simpson.


1. In the se - cret of His pres-ence Hast thou found this blest re- treat,
2. Lis - ten, dear one, Christ is yearn-ing— With an un - told stress of need—
3. Do not ques - tion of the mor- row, Nor the path where He may choose
4. In the se - cret of His pres-ence, See - ing but His bless - ed face,
Hid a - way from care-less seek- ers, And from hur - rying, rest-less feet?
Straight in- to His hallowed pres-ence Ev - 'ry seek - ing heart to lead.
In His ten - der love to leave thee; All our plan- nings we must lose
Thou, e'en thou, tho' weak and helpless— Just a sin - ner saved by grace—
Hast thou sought and yet hast found not? Art thou sad and heav - y - eyed?
Cease thy hur - rying and thy struggling: Cast thy- self prone at His feet;
If we would a - bide each mo-ment In His pres - ence, rest- ful, calm,
Thou canst go and tell the lost ones Of the Sav - iour thou hast found,
Dost thou whis - per: "Others find Him, Yet my plead - ings are de - nied?"
Yield thy life, thy will, thy "all things" To His guid - ance full, com-plete.
Find- ing, in His love en - fold - ed, For each hurt a heal- ing balm.
Till, in soil now parched and barren, Heal-ing wa - ters shall a - bound.

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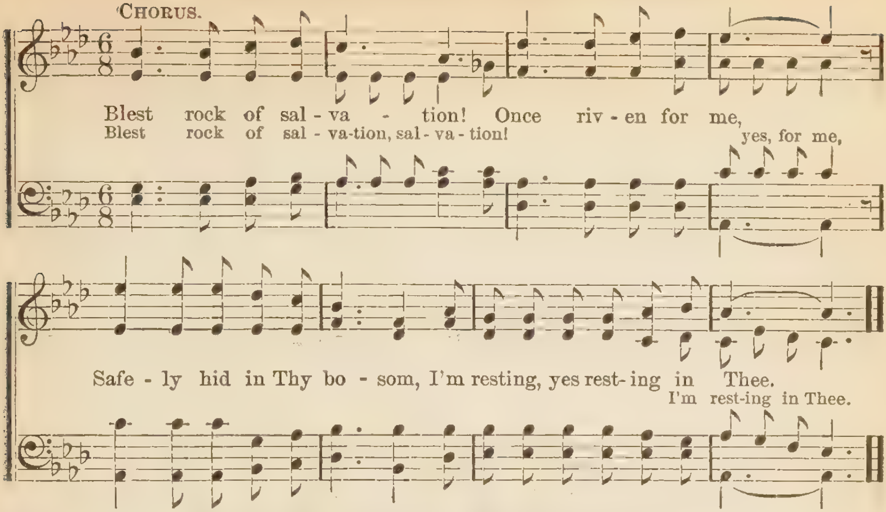
# Hidden Away with Jesus.—Concluded.

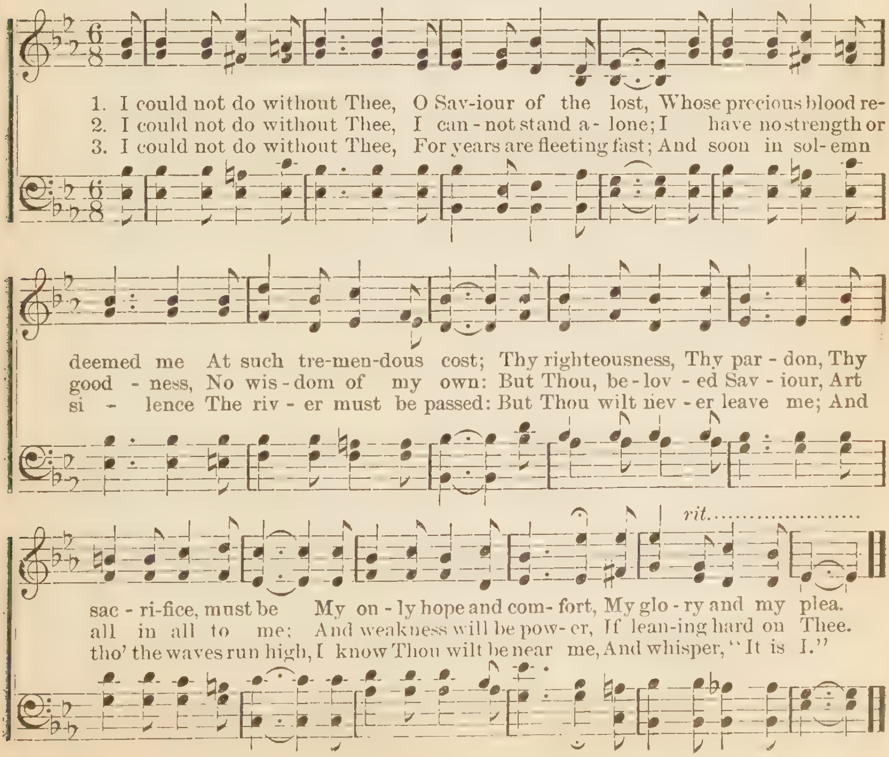

CHORUS.
Blest rock of sal - va - tion! Once riv - en for me,
Blest rock of sal - va-tion, sal - va - tion! yes, for me,
Safe - ly hid in Thy bo - som, I'm resting, yes rest- ing in Thee.
I'm rest-ing in Thee.

537

# I Could not do Without Thee.

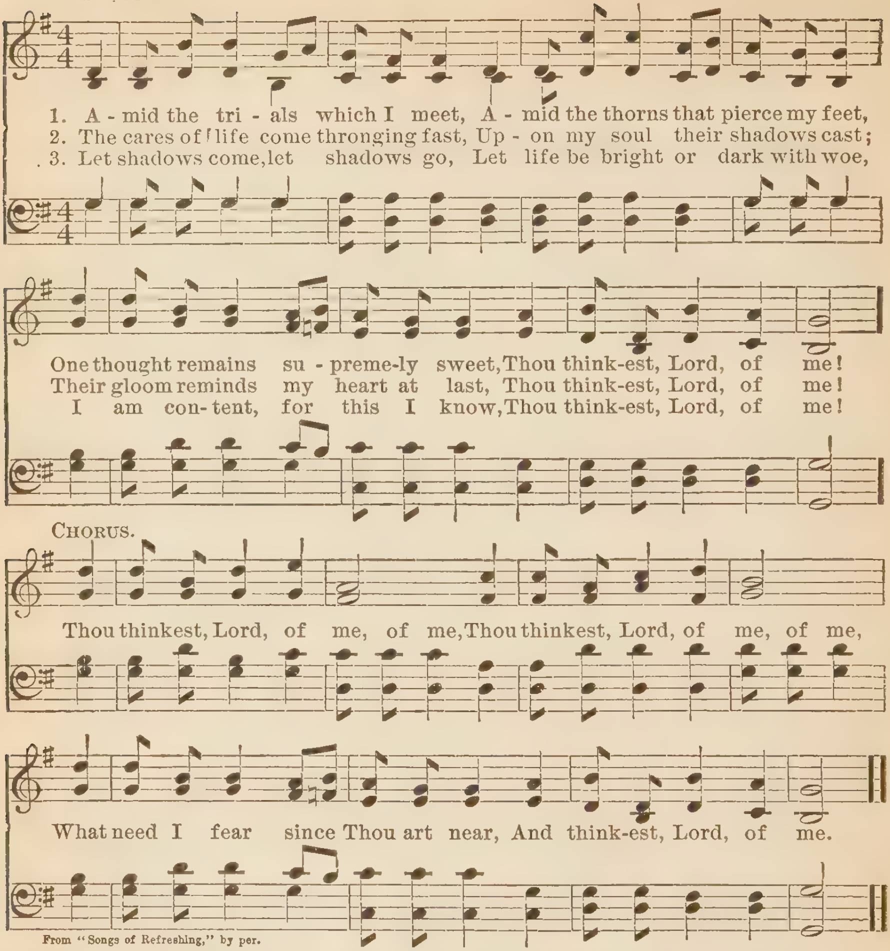
Frances R. Havergal.

Sigismund Thalberg. Arr.


1. I could not do without Thee, O Sav-iour of the lost, Whose precious blood re-
2. I could not do without Thee, I can - not stand a- lone; I have no strength or
3. I could not do without Thee, For years are fleeting fast; And soon in sol- emn
deemed me At such tre-men-dous cost; Thy righteousness, Thy par - don, Thy
good - ness, No wis - dom of my own: But Thou, be - lov - ed Sav - iour, Art
si - lence The riv - er must be passed: But Thou wilt nev - er leave me; And
rit.
sac - ri-fice, must be My on - ly hope and com- fort, My glo - ry and my plea.
all in all to me; And weakness will be pow- er, If lean-ing hard on Thee.
tho' the waves run high, I know Thou wilt be near me, And whisper, "It is I."

# 538 Thou thinkest, Lord, of Me.

E. D. Mund. F. S. Lorenz.


1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet,
2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up - on my soul their shadows cast;
3. Let shadows come, let shadows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,
One thought remains su - preme-ly sweet, Thou think-est, Lord, of me!
Their gloom reminds my heart at last, Thou think-est, Lord, of me!
I am con- tent, for this I know, Thou think-est, Lord, of me!
Chorus.
Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, of me, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, of me,
What need I fear since Thou art near, And think-est, Lord, of me.

From "Songs of Refreshing," by per.

## 539 My God, the Spring. C. M.

*Tune, Mear.*

My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades, if Thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And Thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows His mercy mine,
And whispers I am His.

*Isaac Watts.*

## 540 Not What these Hands.

Not what these hands have done
Can save this guilty soul:
Not what this toiling flesh has borne
Can make my spirit whole.

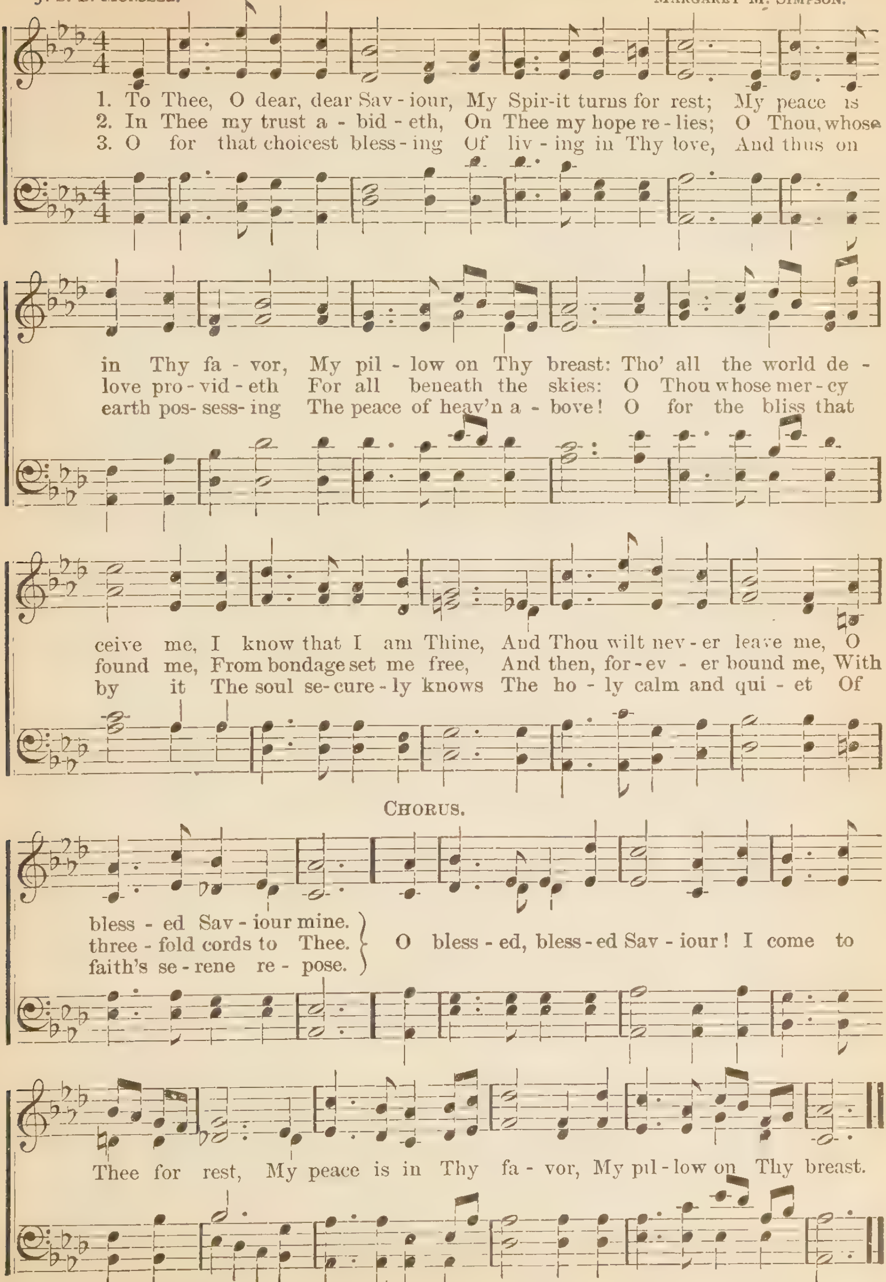
2 Not what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God;
Not all my prayers, and sighs, and tears,
Can bear my awful load.

3 Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.

*Horatius Bonar.*

# 541 To Thee, O Dear, Dear Saviour.

J. S. B. Monsell. Margaret M. Simpson.


1. To Thee, O dear, dear Sav - iour, My Spir-it turns for rest; My peace is
2. In Thee my trust a - bid - eth, On Thee my hope re - lies; O Thou, whose
3. O for that choicest bless - ing Of liv - ing in Thy love, And thus on
in Thy fa - vor, My pil - low on Thy breast: Tho' all the world de -
love pro - vid - eth For all beneath the skies: O Thou whose mer - cy
earth pos - sess - ing The peace of heav'n a - bove! O for the bliss that
ceive me, I know that I am Thine, And Thou wilt nev - er leave me, O
found me, From bondage set me free, And then, for - ev - er bound me, With
by it The soul se - cure - ly knows The ho - ly calm and qui - et Of
Chorus.
bless - ed Sav - iour mine.
three - fold cords to Thee.
faith's se - rene re - pose.
O bless - ed, bless - ed Sav - iour! I come to
Thee for rest, My peace is in Thy fa - vor, My pil - low on Thy breast.

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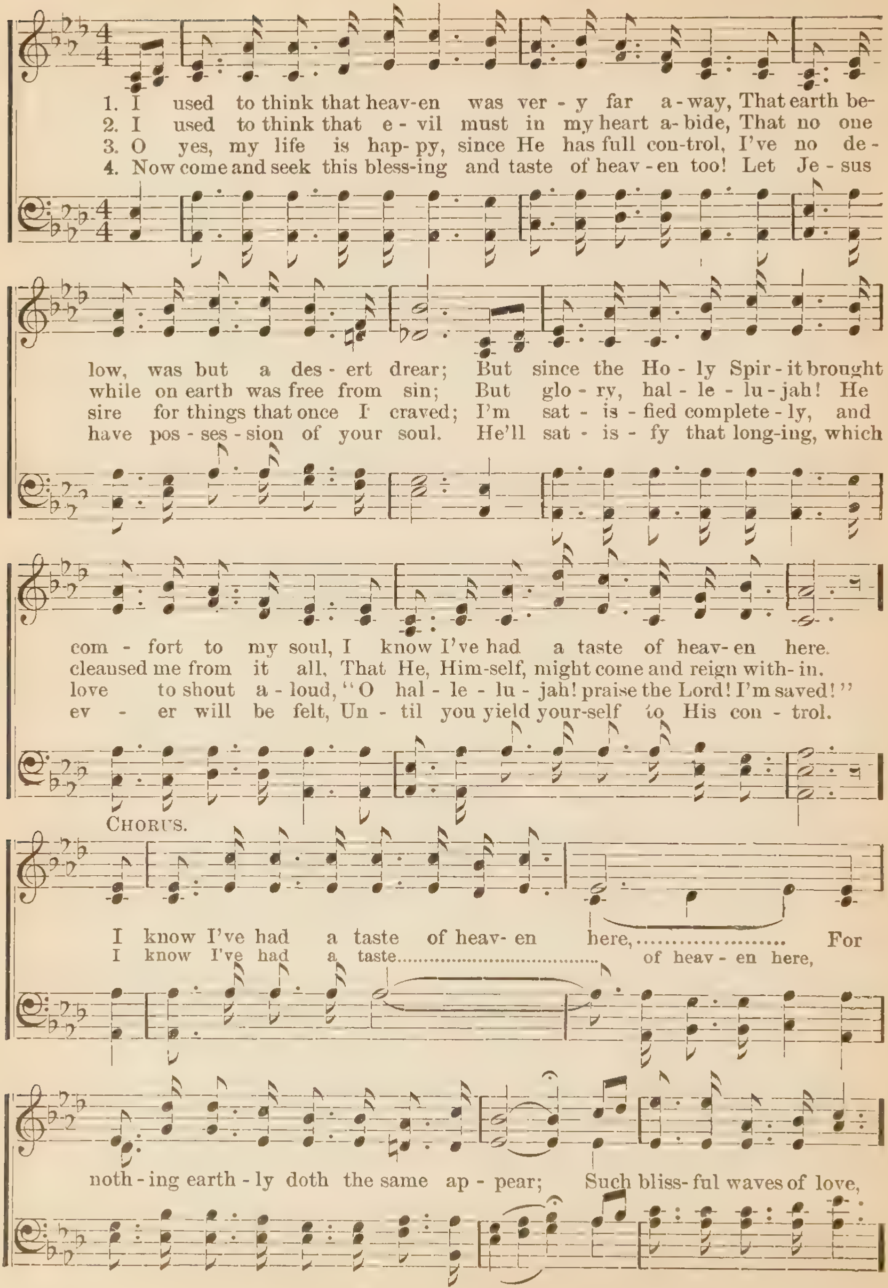
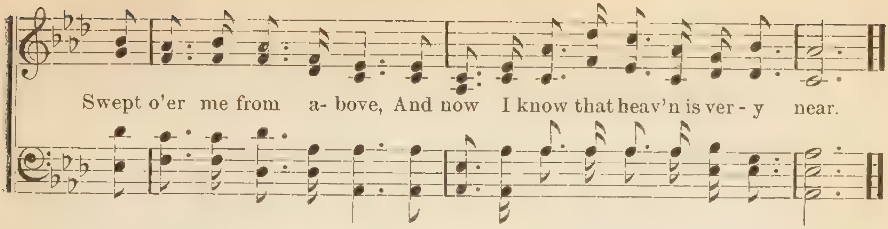
# A Taste of Heaven Here.

E. G. Y. RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO F. H. SINNING, M. D. EDNA G. YOUNG.


1. I used to think that heav-en was ver - y far a - way, That earth be-
2. I used to think that e - vil must in my heart a - bide, That no one
3. O yes, my life is hap - py, since He has full con-trol, I've no de -
4. Now come and seek this bless-ing and taste of heav - en too! Let Je - sus
low, was but a des - ert drear; But since the Ho - ly Spir - it brought
while on earth was free from sin; But glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! He
sire for things that once I craved; I'm sat - is - fied complete - ly, and
have pos - ses - sion of your soul. He'll sat - is - fy that long-ing, which
com - fort to my soul, I know I've had a taste of heav - en here.
cleansed me from it all, That He, Him-self, might come and reign with - in.
love to shout a - loud, "O hal - le - lu - jah! praise the Lord! I'm saved!"
ev - er will be felt, Un - til you yield your-self to His con - trol.
CHORUS.
I know I've had a taste of heav - en here,...................... For
I know I've had a taste.................................... of heav - en here,
noth - ing earth - ly doth the same ap - pear; Such bliss - ful waves of love,

Copyright, 1904, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

## A Taste of Heaven Here.—Concluded.

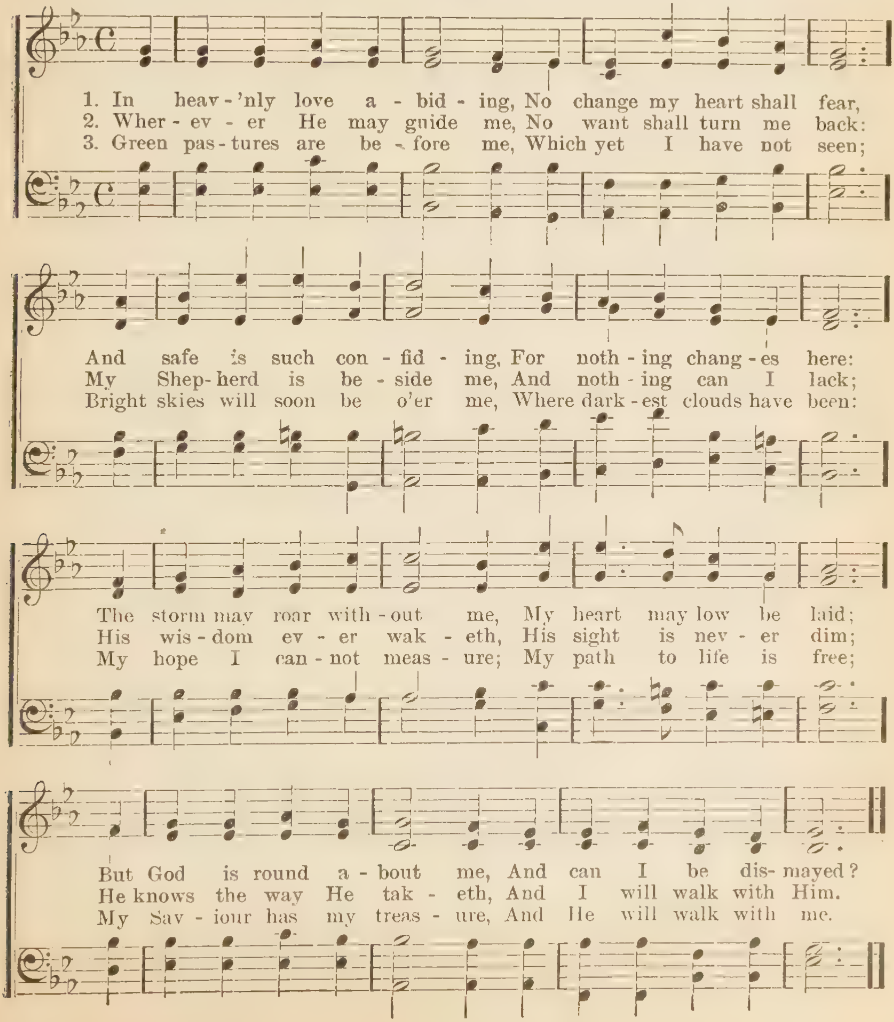

Swept o'er me from a- bove, And now I know that heav'n is ver - y near.

**543**

# In Heavenly Love Abiding.

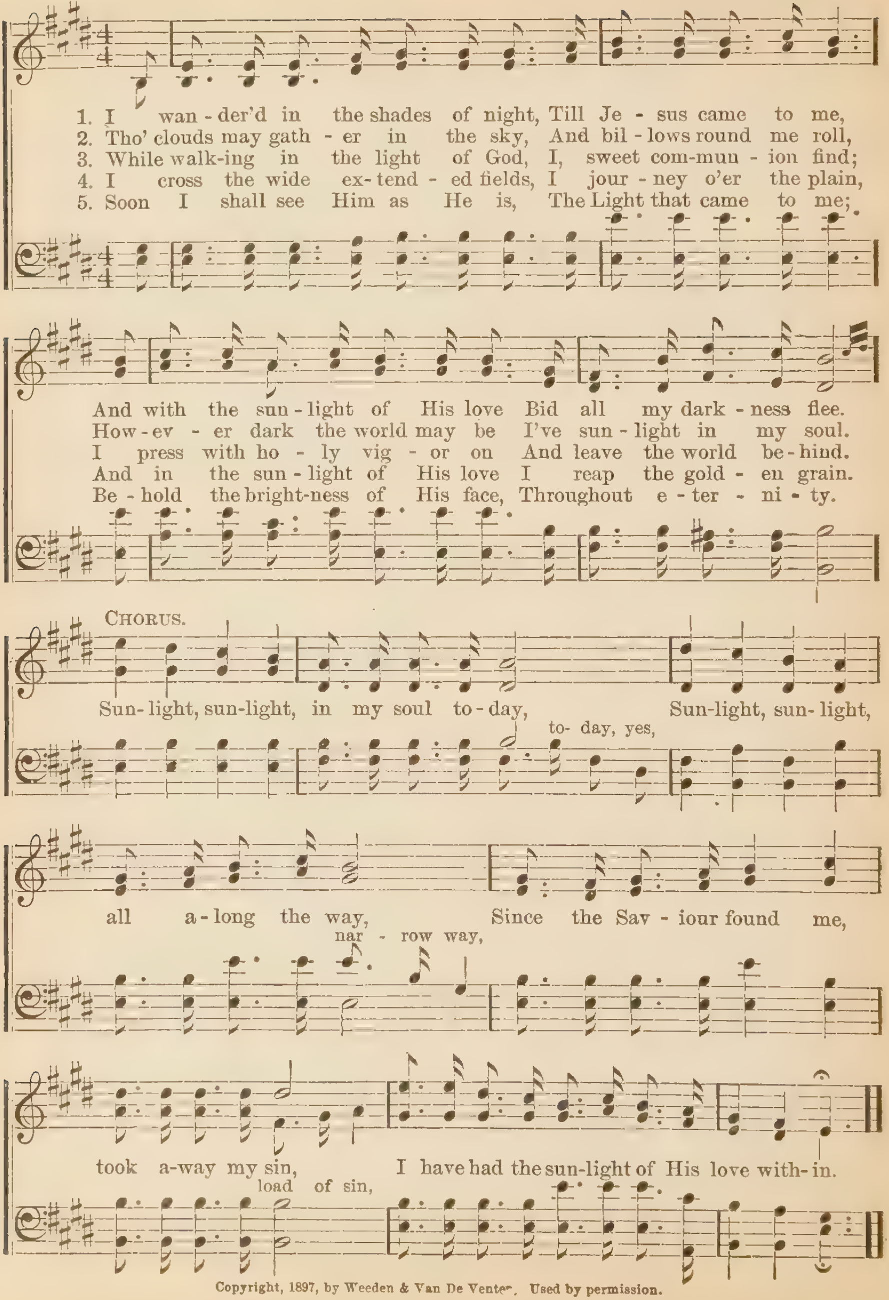
Anna L. Waring, 1850.

"Aurelia."


1. In heav - 'nly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear,
2. Wher - ev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back:
3. Green pas - tures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen;
And safe is such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing chang - es here:
My Shep - herd is be - side me, And noth - ing can I lack;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me, Where dark - est clouds have been:
The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid;
His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim;
My hope I can - not meas - ure; My path to life is free;
But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis- mayed?
He knows the way He tak - eth, And I will walk with Him.
My Sav - iour has my treas - ure, And He will walk with me.

# Sunlight.

J. W. Van De Venter. W. S. Weeden. By per.


1. I wan-der'd in the shades of night, Till Je-sus came to me,
2. Tho' clouds may gath-er in the sky, And bil-lows round me roll,
3. While walk-ing in the light of God, I, sweet com-mun-ion find;
4. I cross the wide ex-tend-ed fields, I jour-ney o'er the plain,
5. Soon I shall see Him as He is, The Light that came to me;
And with the sun-light of His love Bid all my dark-ness flee.
How-ev-er dark the world may be I've sun-light in my soul.
I press with ho-ly vig-or on And leave the world be-hind.
And in the sun-light of His love I reap the gold-en grain.
Be-hold the bright-ness of His face, Throughout e-ter-ni-ty.
Chorus.
Sun-light, sun-light, in my soul to-day,
to-day, yes,
Sun-light, sun-light, all a-long the way,
nar-row way,
Since the Sav-iour found me, took a-way my sin,
load of sin,
I have had the sun-light of His love with-in.

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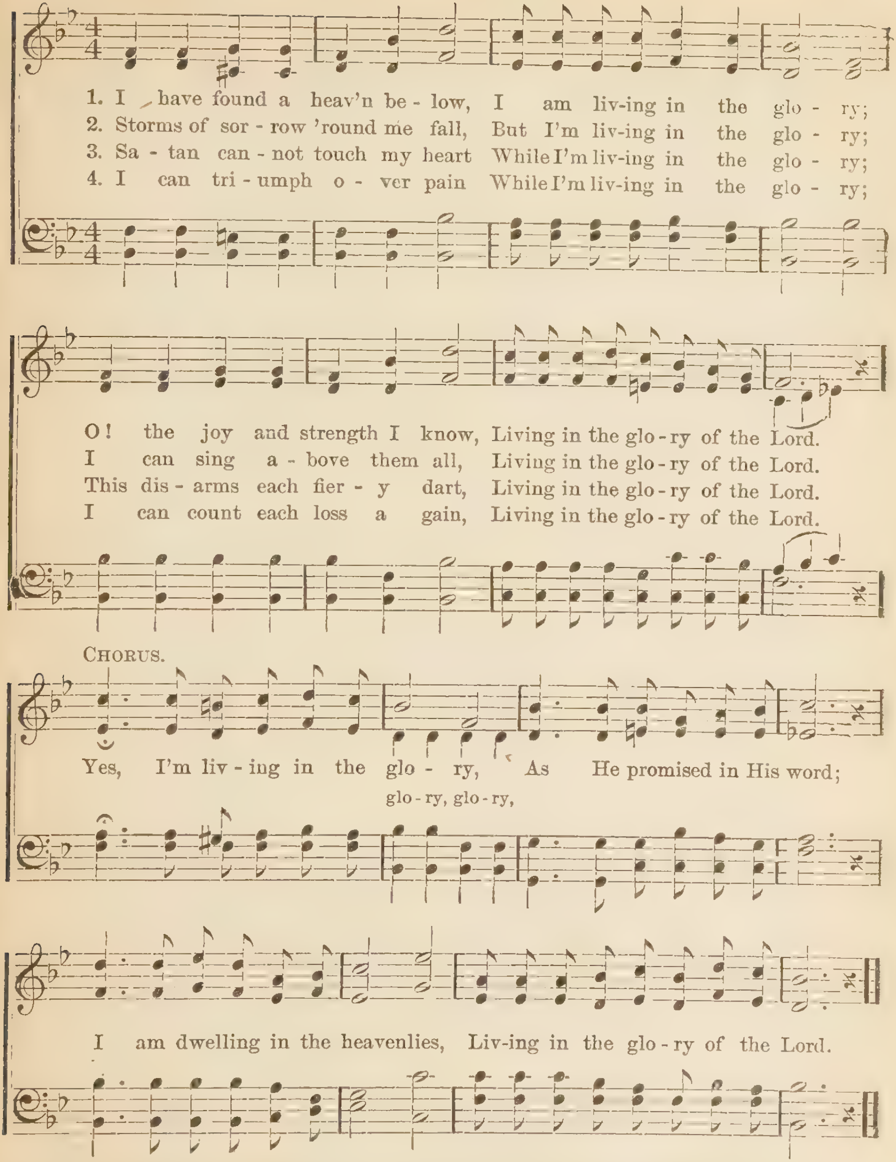
# Living in the Glory.

Rev. A. B. Simpson.

May Agnew Stephens.


1. I have found a heav'n be - low, I am liv-ing in the glo - ry;
2. Storms of sor - row 'round me fall, But I'm liv-ing in the glo - ry;
3. Sa - tan can - not touch my heart While I'm liv-ing in the glo - ry;
4. I can tri - umph o - ver pain While I'm liv-ing in the glo - ry;
O! the joy and strength I know, Living in the glo - ry of the Lord.
I can sing a - bove them all, Living in the glo - ry of the Lord.
This dis - arms each fier - y dart, Living in the glo - ry of the Lord.
I can count each loss a gain, Living in the glo - ry of the Lord.
Chorus.
Yes, I'm liv - ing in the glo - ry, As He promised in His word;
glo - ry, glo - ry,
I am dwelling in the heavenlies, Liv-ing in the glo - ry of the Lord.

5 I am poor and little known,
But I'm living in the glory;
And I'm waiting for a throne,
Living in the glory of the Lord.

6 Soon the King will come for me,
To be with Him in the glory;
Then my sweeter song shall be
Reigning in the glory of the Lord.

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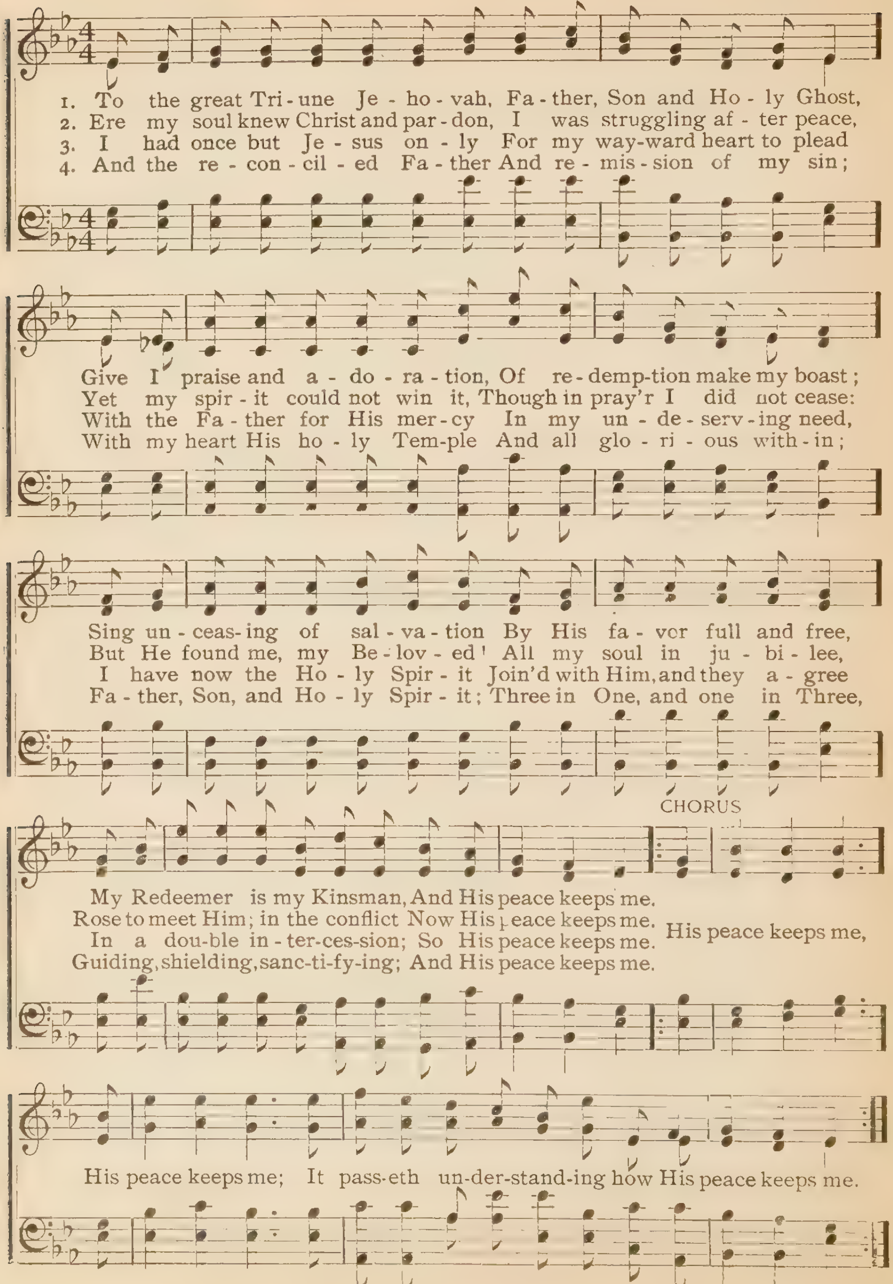
# His Peace Keeps Me.

Llewellyn A. Morrison. By per.

May Agnew Stephens.


1. To the great Tri-une Je-ho-vah, Fa-ther, Son and Ho-ly Ghost,
2. Ere my soul knew Christ and par-don, I was struggling af-ter peace,
3. I had once but Je-sus on-ly For my way-ward heart to plead
4. And the re-con-cil-ed Fa-ther And re-mis-sion of my sin;
Give I praise and a-do-ra-tion, Of re-demp-tion make my boast;
Yet my spir-it could not win it, Though in pray'r I did not cease:
With the Fa-ther for His mer-cy In my un-de-serv-ing need,
With my heart His ho-ly Tem-ple And all glo-ri-ous with-in;
Sing un-ceas-ing of sal-va-tion By His fa-vor full and free,
But He found me, my Be-lov-ed! All my soul in ju-bi-lee,
I have now the Ho-ly Spir-it Join'd with Him, and they a-gree
Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Spir-it; Three in One, and one in Three,
My Redeemer is my Kinsman, And His peace keeps me.
Rose to meet Him; in the conflict Now His peace keeps me.
In a dou-ble in-ter-ces-sion; So His peace keeps me.
Guiding, shielding, sanc-ti-fy-ing; And His peace keeps me.
CHORUS
His peace keeps me,
His peace keeps me; It pass-eth un-der-stand-ing how His peace keeps me.

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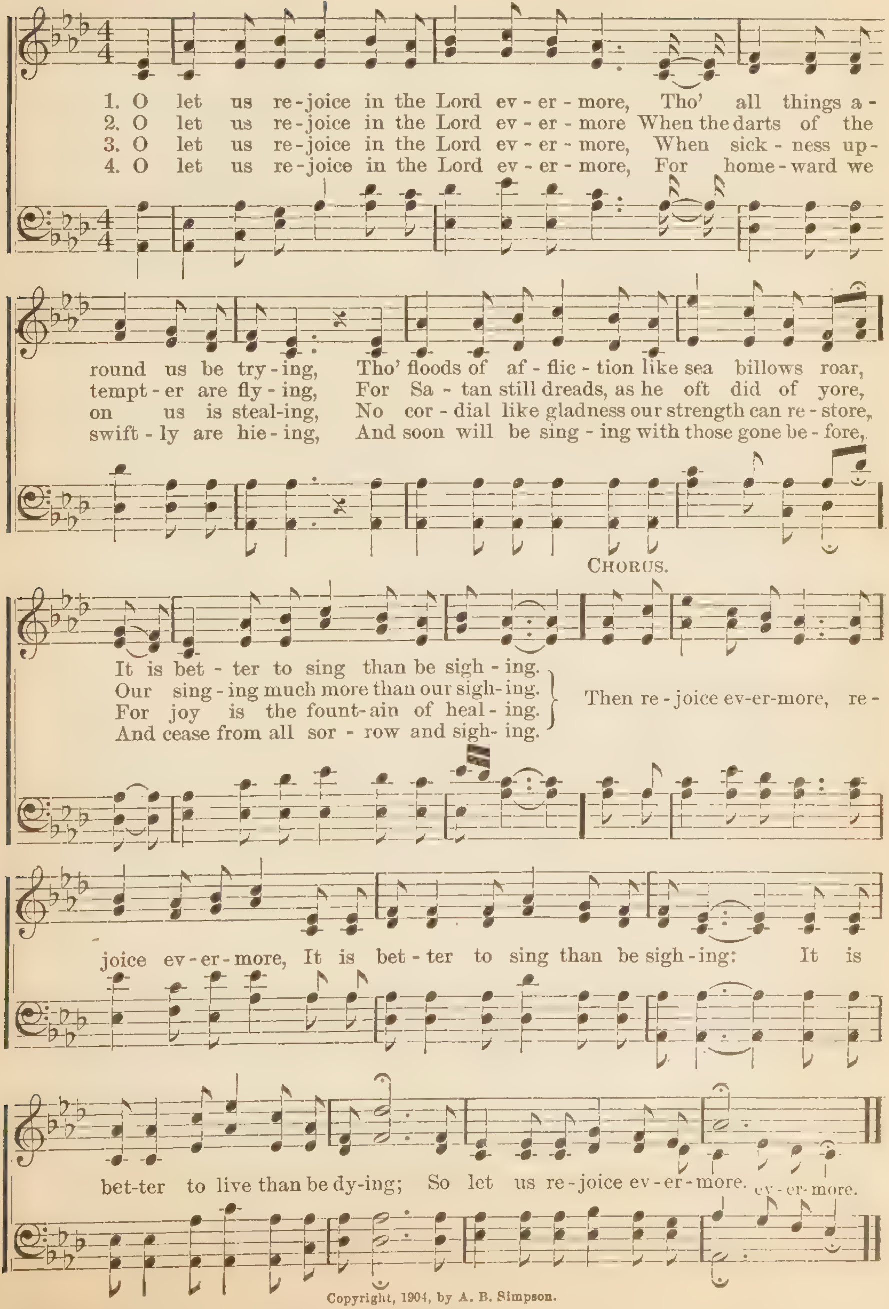
# 547 Let Us Rejoice.

A. B. S. A. B. SIMPSON.


1. O let us re-joice in the Lord ev-er-more, Tho' all things a-round us be try-ing, Tho' floods of af-flic-tion like sea billows roar,
2. O let us re-joice in the Lord ev-er-more When the darts of the tempt-er are fly-ing, For Sa-tan still dreads, as he oft did of yore,
3. O let us re-joice in the Lord ev-er-more, When sick-ness up-on us is steal-ing, No cor-dial like gladness our strength can re-store,
4. O let us re-joice in the Lord ev-er-more, For home-ward we swift-ly are hie-ing, And soon will be sing-ing with those gone be-fore,
It is bet-ter to sing than be sigh-ing.
Our sing-ing much more than our sigh-ing.
For joy is the fount-ain of heal-ing.
And cease from all sor-row and sigh-ing.
CHORUS.
Then re-joice ev-er-more, re-joice ev-er-more, It is bet-ter to sing than be sigh-ing: It is bet-ter to live than be dy-ing; So let us re-joice ev-er-more. ev-er-more.

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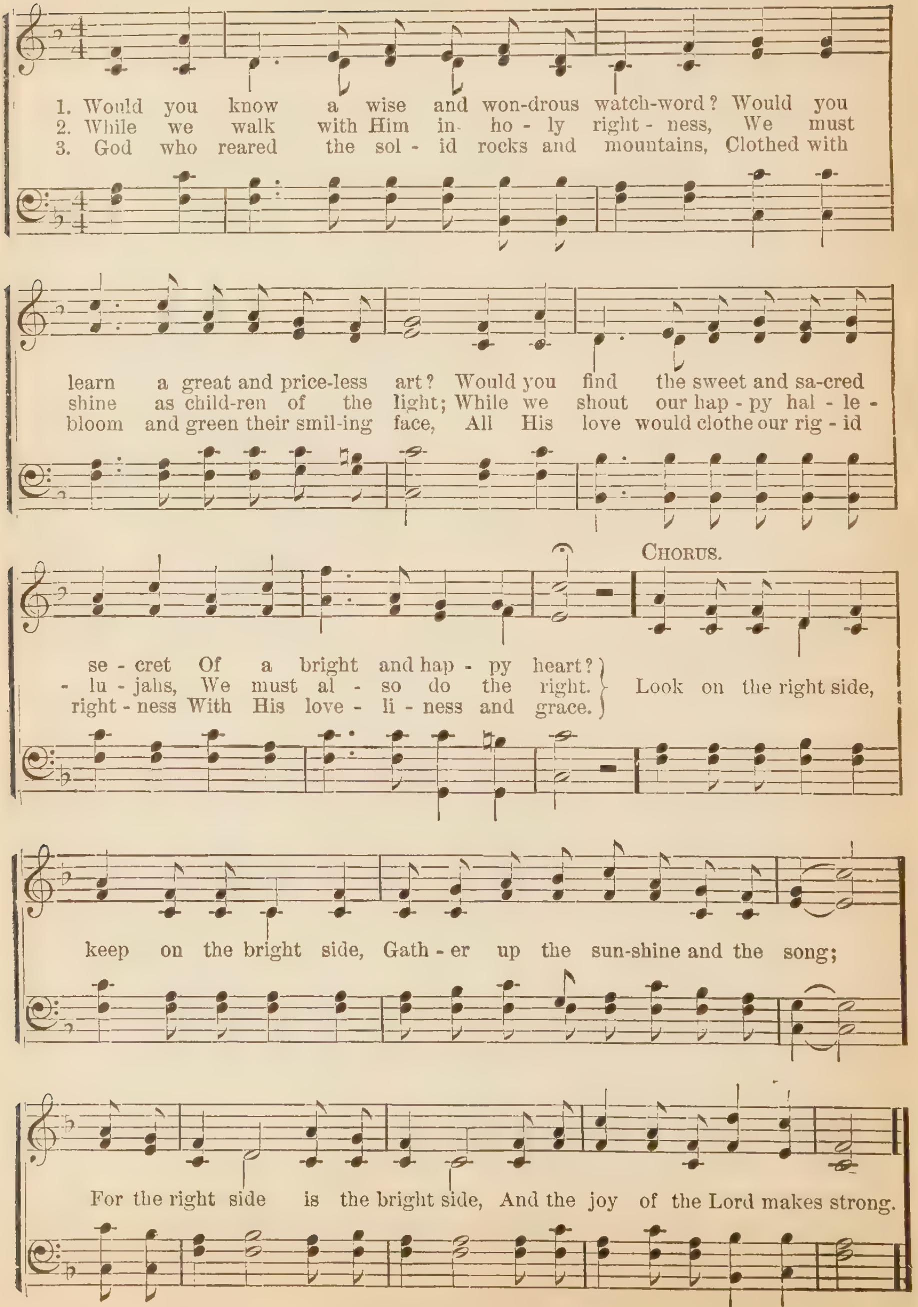
# The Right Side.

Rev. A. B. Simpson. Louise Shepard.


1. Would you know a wise and won-drous watch-word? Would you
2. While we walk with Him in- ho - ly right - ness, We must
3. God who reared the sol - id rocks and mountains, Clothed with
learn a great and price-less art? Would you find the sweet and sa-cred
shine as child-ren of the light; While we shout our hap - py hal - le -
bloom and green their smil-ing face, All His love would clothe our rig - id
se - cret Of a bright and hap - py heart?
- lu - jahs, We must al - so do the right.
right - ness With His love - li - ness and grace.
Chorus.
Look on the right side,
keep on the bright side, Gath - er up the sun-shine and the song;
For the right side is the bright side, And the joy of the Lord makes strong.

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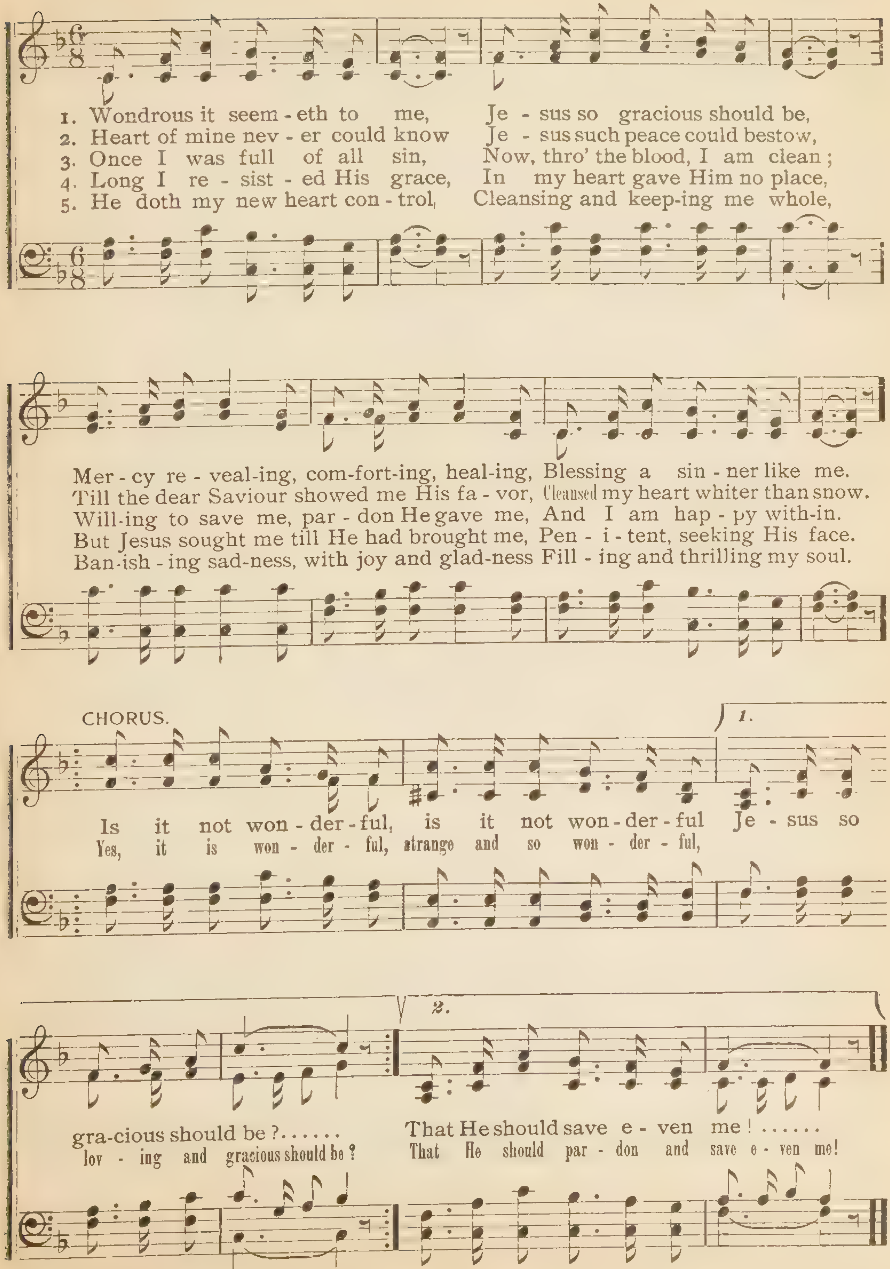
# Is it not Wonderful?

E. A. H.
Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.



1. Wondrous it seemeth to me, Jesus so gracious should be,
Mercy revealing, comforting, healing, Blessing a sinner like me.

2. Heart of mine never could know Jesus such peace could bestow,
Till the dear Saviour showed me His favor, Cleansed my heart whiter than snow.

3. Once I was full of all sin, Now, thro' the blood, I am clean;
Willing to save me, pardon He gave me, And I am happy within.

4. Long I resisted His grace, In my heart gave Him no place,
But Jesus sought me till He had brought me, Penitent, seeking His face.

5. He doth my new heart control, Cleansing and keeping me whole,
Banishing sadness, with joy and gladness Filling and thrilling my soul.

CHORUS.

Is it not wonderful, is it not wonderful Jesus so gracious should be?......
Yes, it is wonderful, strange and so wonderful, loving and gracious should be?
1. 2.
That He should save even me!......
That He should pardon and save even me!

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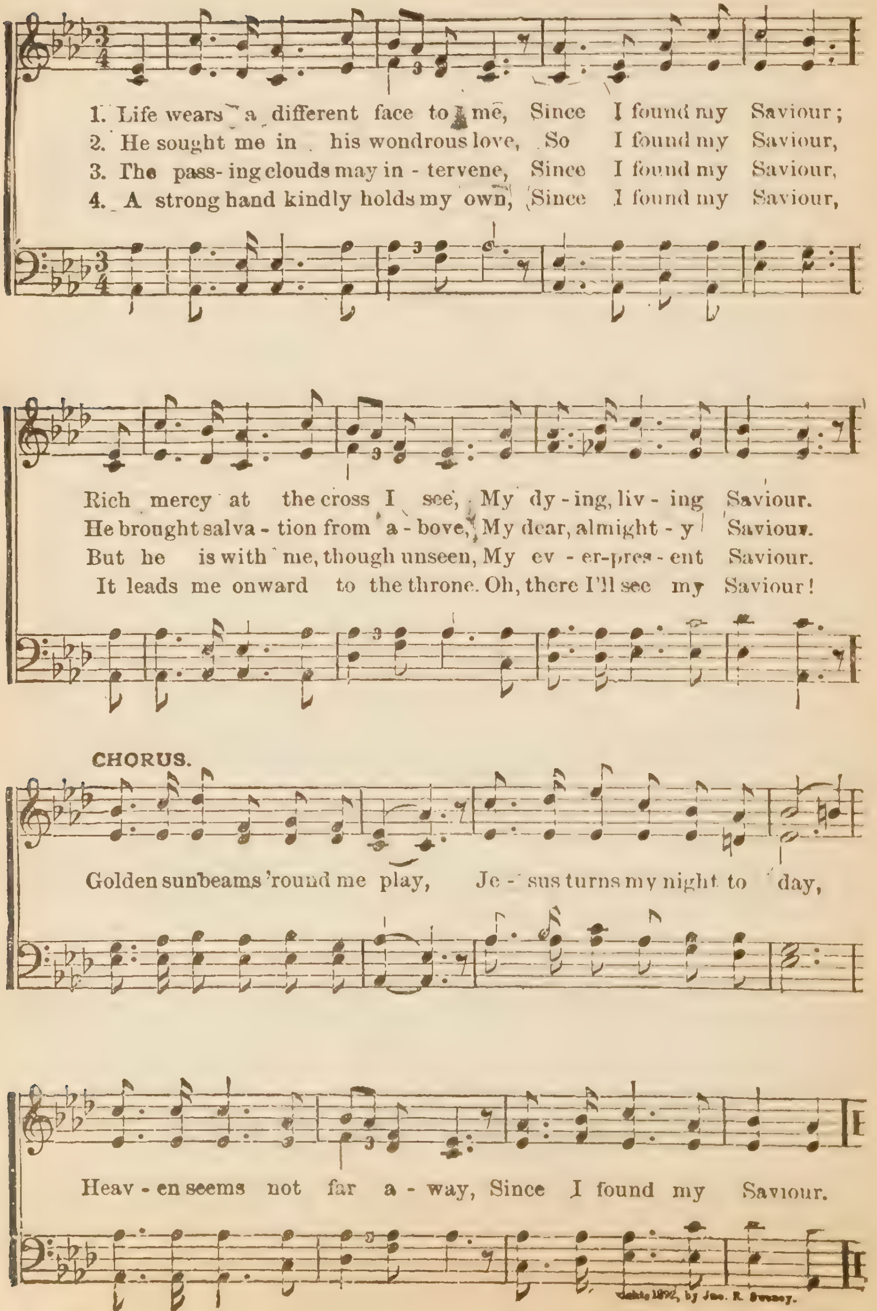
550

# Since I found My Saviour.

E. E. Hewitt. By per. Jno. R. Sweney.

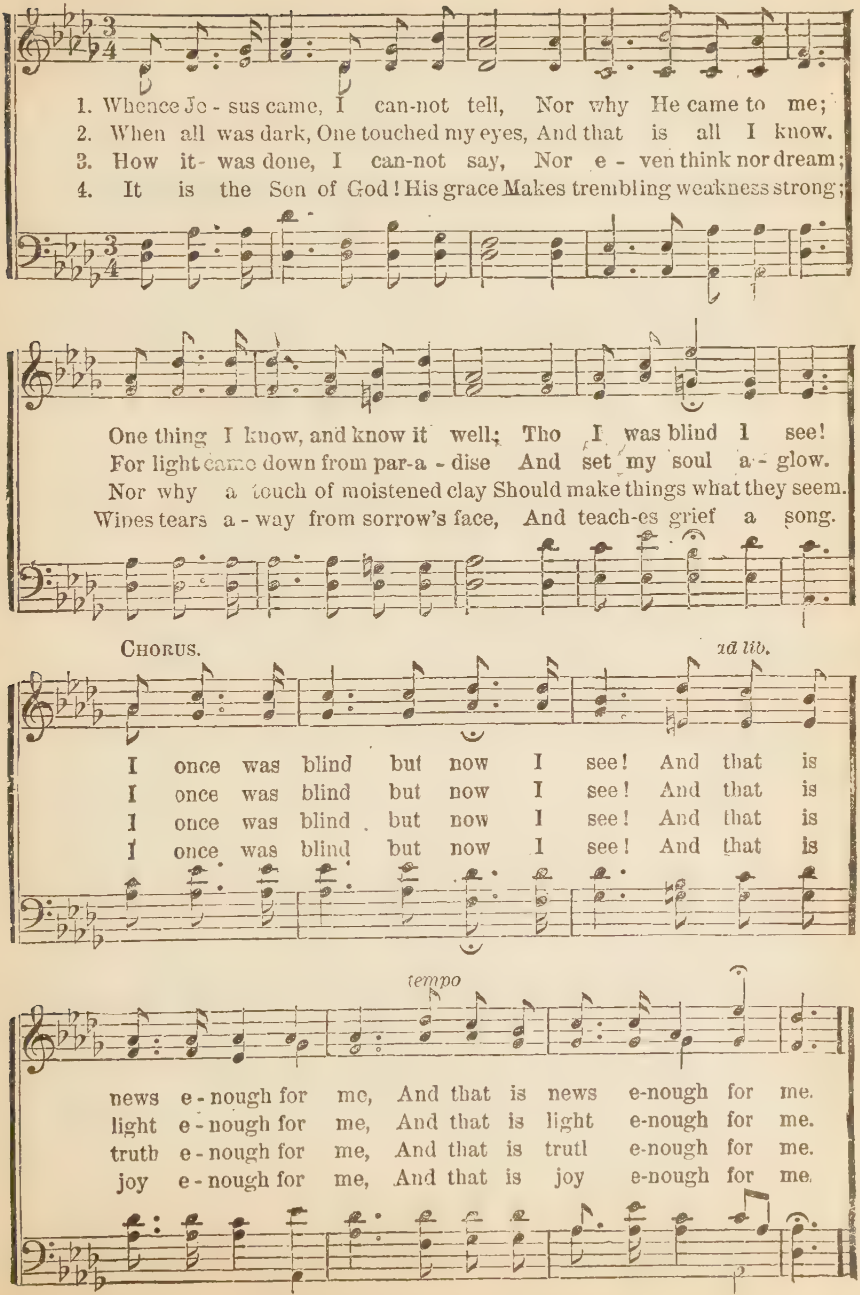


1. Life wears a different face to me, Since I found my Saviour;
2. He sought me in his wondrous love, So I found my Saviour,
3. The pass-ing clouds may in-tervene, Since I found my Saviour,
4. A strong hand kindly holds my own, Since I found my Saviour,
Rich mercy at the cross I see, My dy-ing, liv-ing Saviour.
He brought salva-tion from a-bove, My dear, almight-y Saviour.
But he is with me, though unseen, My ev-er-pres-ent Saviour.
It leads me onward to the throne. Oh, there I'll see my Saviour!
CHORUS.
Golden sunbeams 'round me play, Je-sus turns my night to day,
Heav-en seems not far a-way, Since I found my Saviour.

Copyright, 1892, by Jno. R. Sweney.

# Blind Bartimeus.

Mrs. J. F. K. By per. Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.

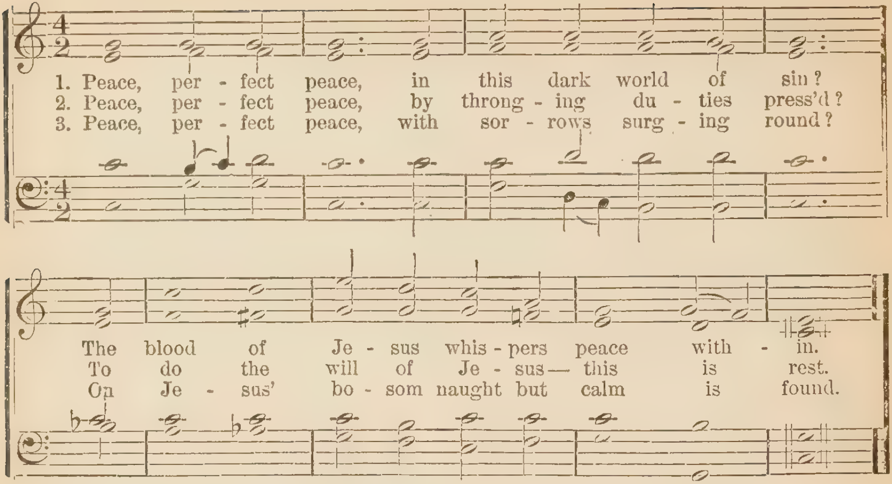

1. Whence Je - sus came, I can-not tell, Nor why He came to me; One thing I know, and know it well; Tho I was blind I see!
2. When all was dark, One touched my eyes, And that is all I know. For light came down from par-a - dise And set my soul a - glow.
3. How it - was done, I can-not say, Nor e - ven think nor dream; Nor why a touch of moistened clay Should make things what they seem.
4. It is the Son of God! His grace Makes trembling weakness strong; Wipes tears a - way from sorrow's face, And teach-es grief a song.
Chorus.
ad lib.
I once was blind but now I see! And that is news e - nough for me, And that is news e-nough for me.
I once was blind but now I see! And that is light e - nough for me, And that is light e-nough for me.
I once was blind but now I see! And that is truth e - nough for me, And that is truth e-nough for me.
I once was blind but now I see! And that is joy e - nough for me, And that is joy e-nough for me.
tempo

Copyright, 1893, by Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.

## 552 Peace, Perfect Peace.

PAX TECUM, 10, 10.

BISHOP OF EXETER.


1. Peace, per - fect peace, in this dark world of sin?
2. Peace, per - fect peace, by throng - ing du - ties press'd?
3. Peace, per - fect peace, with sor - rows surg - ing round?
The blood of Je - sus whis - pers peace with - in.
To do the will of Je - sus — this is rest.
On Je - sus' bo - som naught but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know; and He is on the throne.

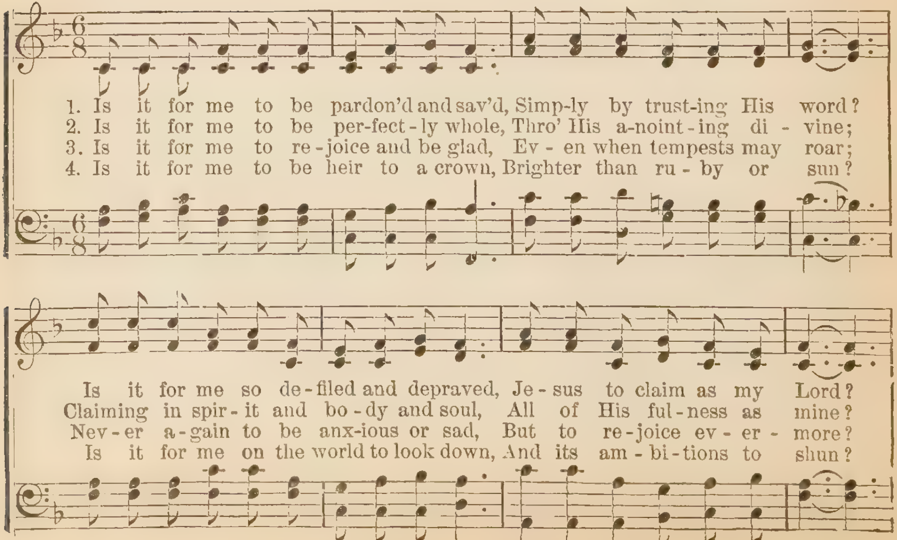
6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough; earth's struggles soon shall cease!
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

## 553 Is it for me?

REV. A. B. SIMPSON.

A. B. S.


1. Is it for me to be pardon'd and sav'd, Simp-ly by trust-ing His word?
2. Is it for me to be per-fect - ly whole, Thro' His a-noint - ing di - vine;
3. Is it for me to re - joice and be glad, Ev - en when tempests may roar;
4. Is it for me to be heir to a crown, Brighter than ru - by or sun?
Is it for me so de - filed and depraved, Je - sus to claim as my Lord?
Claiming in spir - it and bo - dy and soul, All of His ful - ness as mine?
Nev - er a - gain to be anx - ious or sad, But to re - joice ev - er - more?
Is it for me on the world to look down, And its am - bi - tions to shun?

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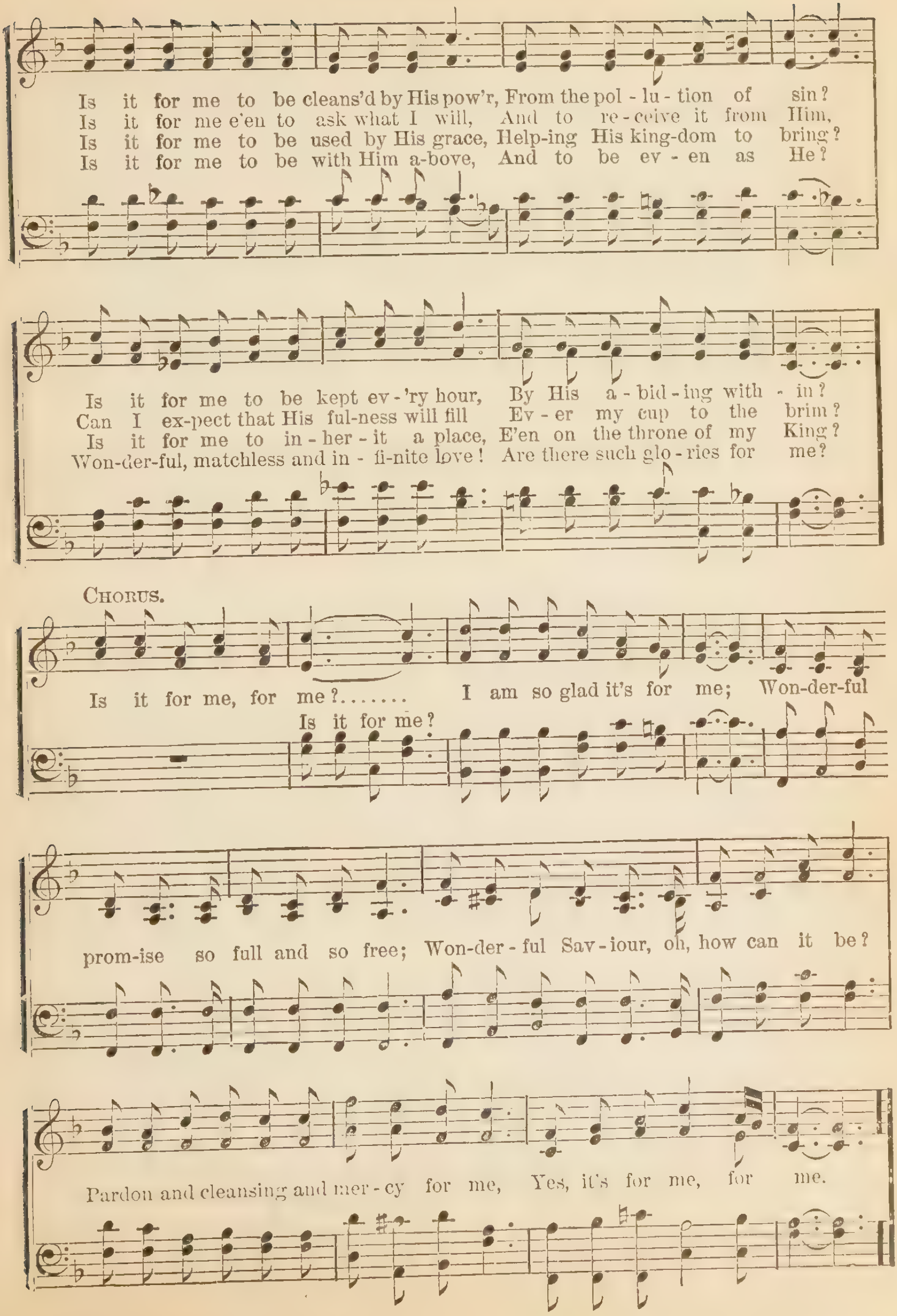
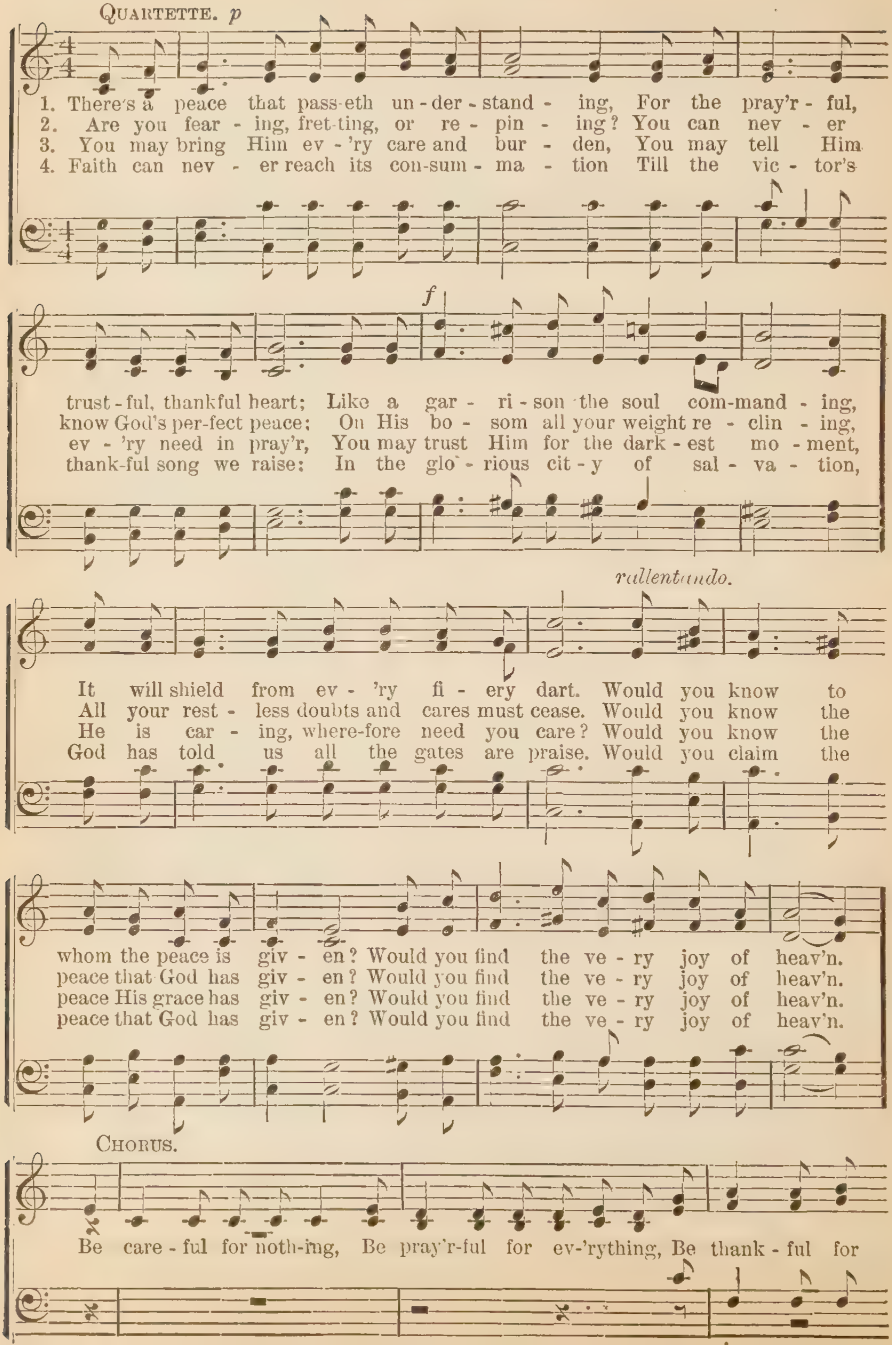
# Is it for Me? Concluded.

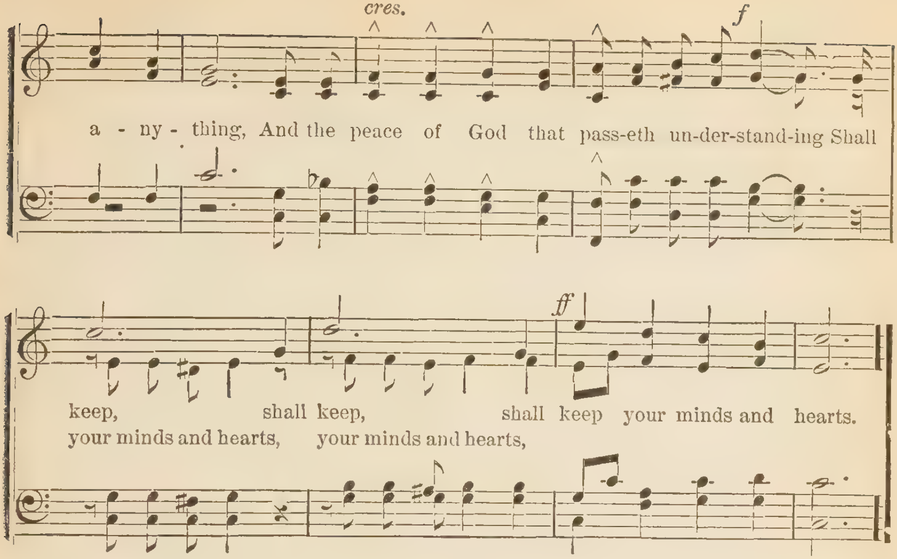

Is it for me to be cleans'd by His pow'r, From the pol - lu - tion of sin?
Is it for me e'en to ask what I will, And to re - ceive it from Him,
Is it for me to be used by His grace, Help-ing His king-dom to bring?
Is it for me to be with Him a-bove, And to be ev - en as He?
Is it for me to be kept ev - 'ry hour, By His a - bid - ing with - in?
Can I ex-pect that His ful-ness will fill Ev - er my cup to the brim?
Is it for me to in - her - it a place, E'en on the throne of my King?
Won-der-ful, matchless and in - fi-nite love! Are there such glo - ries for me?
CHORUS.
Is it for me, for me?....... I am so glad it's for me; Won-der-ful
Is it for me?
prom-ise so full and so free; Won-der - ful Sav - iour, oh, how can it be?
Pardon and cleansing and mer - cy for me, Yes, it's for me, for me.

# The Peace of God.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


Quartette. p
1. There's a peace that pass-eth un - der - stand - ing, For the pray'r - ful,
2. Are you fear - ing, fret-ting, or re - pin - ing? You can nev - er
3. You may bring Him ev - 'ry care and bur - den, You may tell Him
4. Faith can nev - er reach its con-sum - ma - tion Till the vic - tor's
f
trust - ful, thankful heart; Like a gar - ri - son the soul com-mand - ing,
know God's per-fect peace; On His bo - som all your weight re - clin - ing,
ev - 'ry need in pray'r, You may trust Him for the dark - est mo - ment,
thank-ful song we raise; In the glo - rious cit - y of sal - va - tion,
rallentando.
It will shield from ev - 'ry fi - ery dart. Would you know to
All your rest - less doubts and cares must cease. Would you know the
He is car - ing, where-fore need you care? Would you know the
God has told us all the gates are praise. Would you claim the
whom the peace is giv - en? Would you find the ve - ry joy of heav'n.
peace that God has giv - en? Would you find the ve - ry joy of heav'n.
peace His grace has giv - en? Would you find the ve - ry joy of heav'n.
peace that God has giv - en? Would you find the ve - ry joy of heav'n.
Chorus.
Be care - ful for noth-ing, Be pray'r-ful for ev-'rything, Be thank - ful for

## The Peace of God. Concluded.

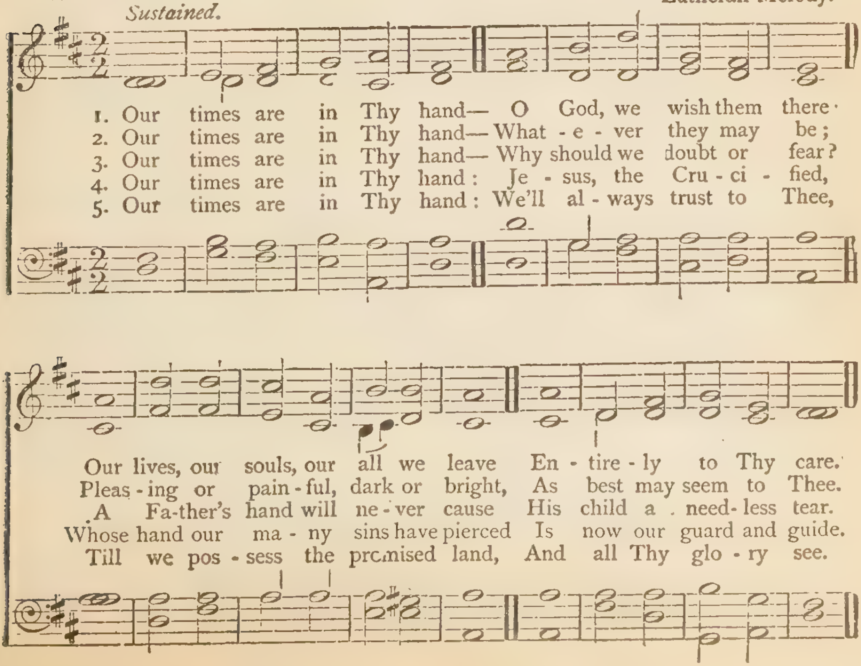

cres.
f
ff
a - ny - thing, And the peace of God that pass-eth un-der-stand-ing Shall
keep, shall keep, shall keep your minds and hearts.
your minds and hearts, your minds and hearts,

## 555

## Our Times are in Thy Hand.

W. F. Lloyd.

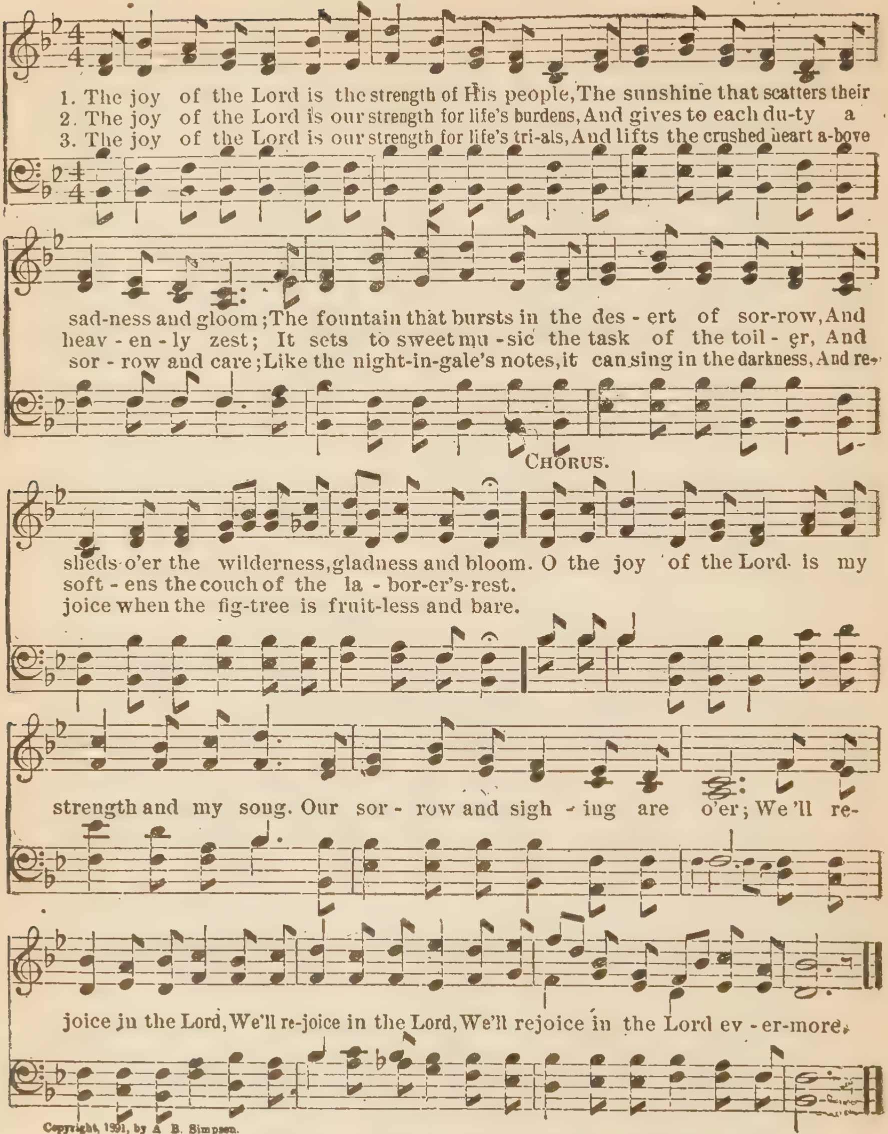
Lutheran Melody.


Sustained.
1. Our times are in Thy hand— O God, we wish them there·
2. Our times are in Thy hand—What - e - ver they may be;
3. Our times are in Thy hand— Why should we doubt or fear?
4. Our times are in Thy hand: Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied,
5. Our times are in Thy hand: We'll al - ways trust to Thee,
Our lives, our souls, our all we leave En - tire - ly to Thy care.
Pleas - ing or pain - ful, dark or bright, As best may seem to Thee.
A Fa-ther's hand will ne - ver cause His child a need- less tear.
Whose hand our ma - ny sins have pierced Is now our guard and guide.
Till we pos - sess the promised land, And all Thy glo - ry see.

# The Joy of the Lord.

A. B. S.

A. B. Simpson.


1. The joy of the Lord is the strength of His people, The sunshine that scatters their
2. The joy of the Lord is our strength for life's burdens, And gives to each du-ty a
3. The joy of the Lord is our strength for life's tri-als, And lifts the crushed heart a-bove
sad-ness and gloom; The fountain that bursts in the des - ert of sor-row, And
heav - en - ly zest; It sets to sweet mu - sic the task of the toil - er, And
sor - row and care; Like the night-in-gale's notes, it can sing in the darkness, And re-
Chorus.
sheds o'er the wilderness, gladness and bloom. O the joy of the Lord is my
soft - ens the couch of the la - bor-er's rest.
joice when the fig-tree is fruit-less and bare.
strength and my song. Our sor - row and sigh - ing are o'er; We'll re-
joice in the Lord, We'll re-joice in the Lord, We'll rejoice in the Lord ev - er-more.

Copyright, 1891, by A. B. Simpson.

4 The joy of the Lord is the strength of our body,
The gladness of Jesus, the balm for our pain;
His life and His fullness our fountain of healing,
His joy our elixir for body and brain.

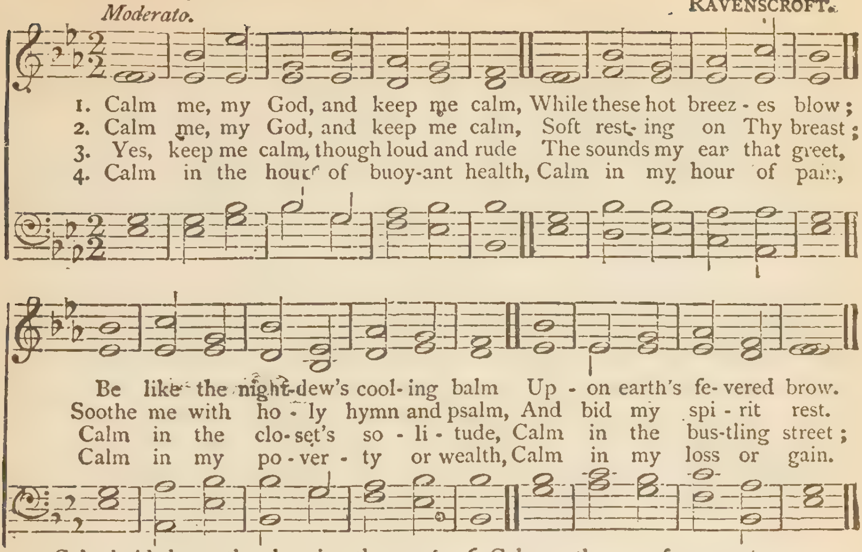
5 The joy of the Lord is the hope of our calling,
And oh, for His coming, how fondly we pray!
When we shall return with rejoicing to Zion,
And sorrow and sighing shall vanish away.

# 557

# Calm Me, My God.

DR. H. BONAR.

RAVENSCROFT.


Moderato.
1. Calm me, my God, and keep me calm, While these hot breez - es blow;
2. Calm me, my God, and keep me calm, Soft rest-ing on Thy breast;
3. Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude The sounds my ear that greet,
4. Calm in the hour of buoy-ant health, Calm in my hour of pain,
Be like the night-dew's cool-ing balm Up - on earth's fe-vered brow.
Soothe me with ho - ly hymn and psalm, And bid my spi - rit rest.
Calm in the clo-set's so - li - tude, Calm in the bus-tling street;
Calm in my po - ver - ty or wealth, Calm in my loss or gain.

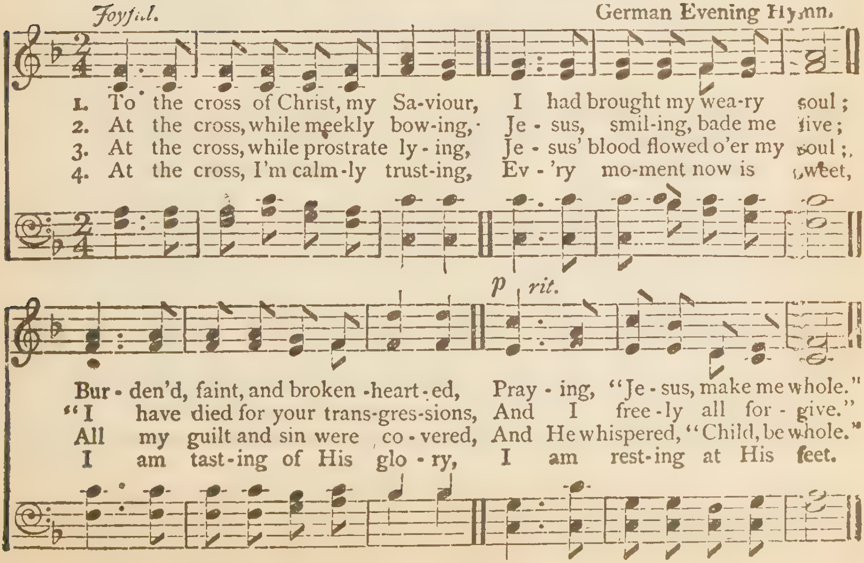
5 Calm 'mid the restless heaving throng,
Who do not know Thy name;
Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame.

6 Calm as the ray of sun or star
Which storms assail in vain;
Moving unruffled through earth's war,
The eternal calm to gain.

# 558

# To the Cross of Christ.

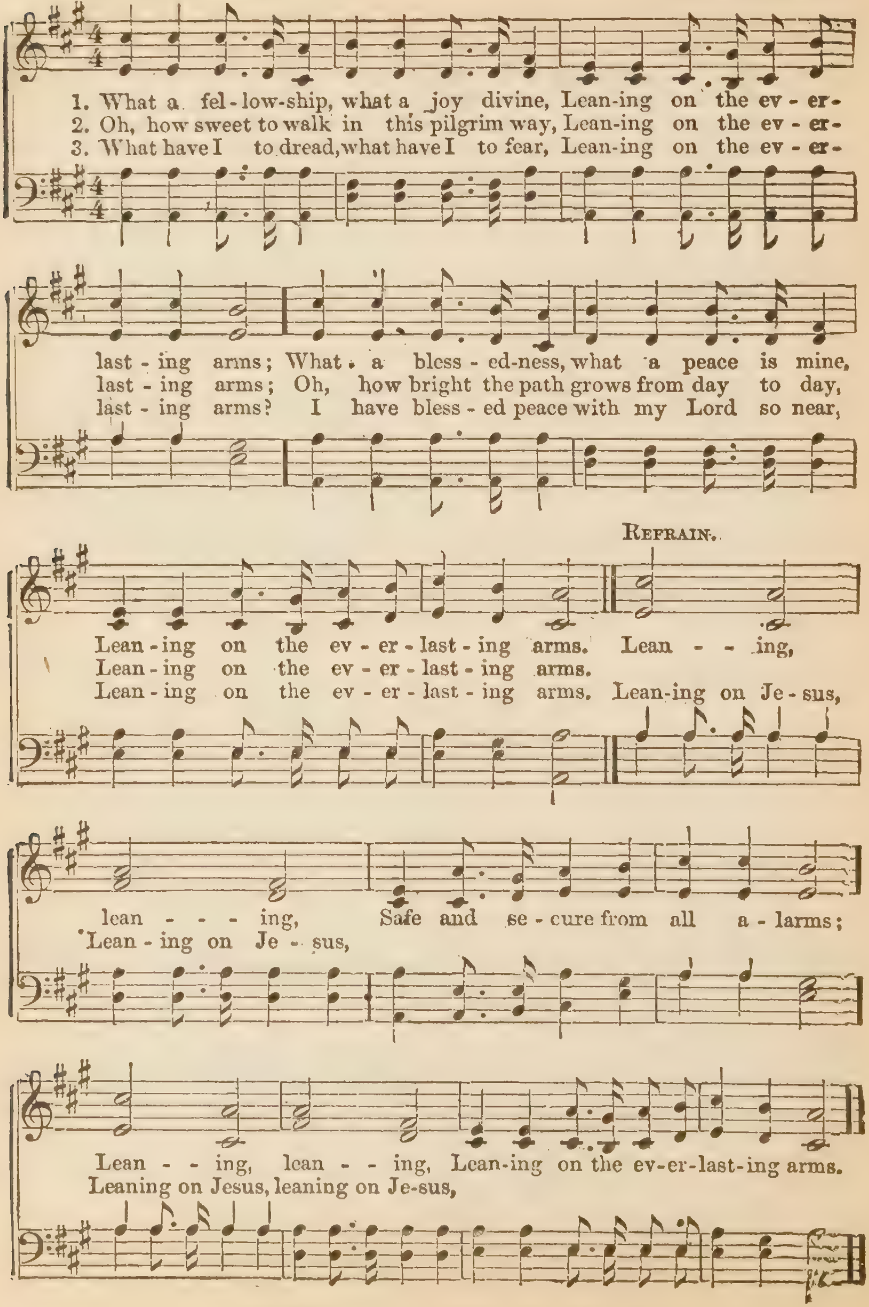
German Evening Hymn.


Joyful.
1. To the cross of Christ, my Sa-viour, I had brought my wea-ry soul;
2. At the cross, while meekly bow-ing, Je - sus, smil-ing, bade me live;
3. At the cross, while prostrate ly - ing, Je - sus' blood flowed o'er my soul;
4. At the cross, I'm calm-ly trust-ing, Ev - 'ry mo-ment now is sweet,
p rit.
Bur - den'd, faint, and broken -heart - ed, Pray - ing, "Je - sus, make me whole."
"I have died for your trans-gres-sions, And I free - ly all for - give."
All my guilt and sin were co - vered, And He whispered, "Child, be whole."
I am tast-ing of His glo - ry, I am rest-ing at His feet.

559

# Leaning on the Everlasting Arm.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.


1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy divine, Lean-ing on the ev-er-
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Lean-ing on the ev-er-
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev-er-
last-ing arms; What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
last-ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last-ing arms? I have bless-ed peace with my Lord so near,
Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
REFRAIN.
Lean-ing,
Lean-ing on Je-sus,
lean-ing, Safe and se-cure from all a-larms;
Lean-ing on Je-sus,
Lean-ing, lean-ing, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
Leaning on Jesus, leaning on Je-sus,

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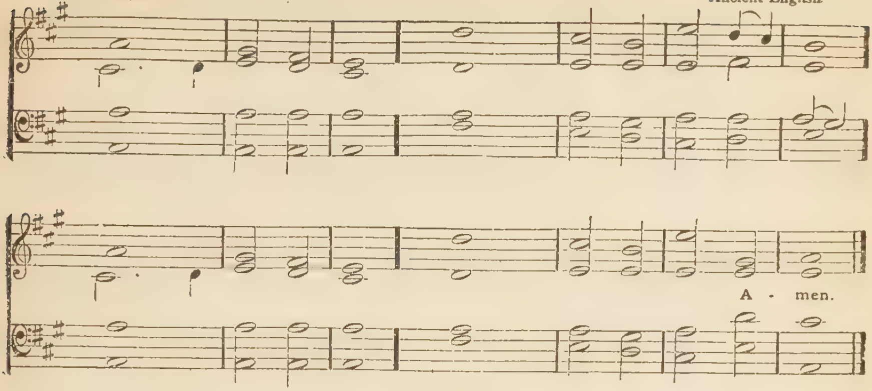
# Te Deum Laudamus.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS. Ancient English



*The Ancient "Te Deum."*

1 We praise thee, | O— | God; || we acknowledge | thee to | be the | Lord. ||
All the earth doth | worship | thee, || the Father | ever- | last- — | ing. ||

2 To thee all angels | cry a- | loud, || the heavens, and | all the | powers there- | in.
To thee cherubim and seraphim, con- | tinually · · do | cry, || Holy, holy, holy, Lord | God of | Sabà- | oth; ||

3 Heaven and earth are full of the majesty | of thy | glory. || The glorious company of the apostles praise thee. The goodly fellowship of the | prophets | praise— | thee. ||
The noble army of martyrs | praise— | thee. || The holy church throughout all the | world · · doth ac- | knowledge | thee. ||

4 The Father, of an | infi- · · nite | majesty; || thine adorable, | true and | only | Son; ||
Also the Holy | Ghost, the | Comforter. || Thou art the King of glory, O Christ, thou art the everlasting | Son · · of the | Fa- — | ther. ||

5 When thou tookest upon thee to de- | liver | man, || thou didst humble thyself to be | born — | of a | virgin. ||
When thou hadst overcome the | sharpness · · of | death, || thou didst open the kingdom of | heaven · · to | all be- | lievers. ||

6 Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the | glory · · of the | Father. || We believe that thou shalt | come to | be our | judge.
We therefore pray thee, | help thy | servants, || whom thou hast redeemed | with thy | precious | blood. ||

7 Make them to be numbered | with thy | saints, || in | glory | ever- | lasting. ||
O Lord, save thy people, and | bless thine | heritage; || govern them and | lift them | up for- | ever. ||

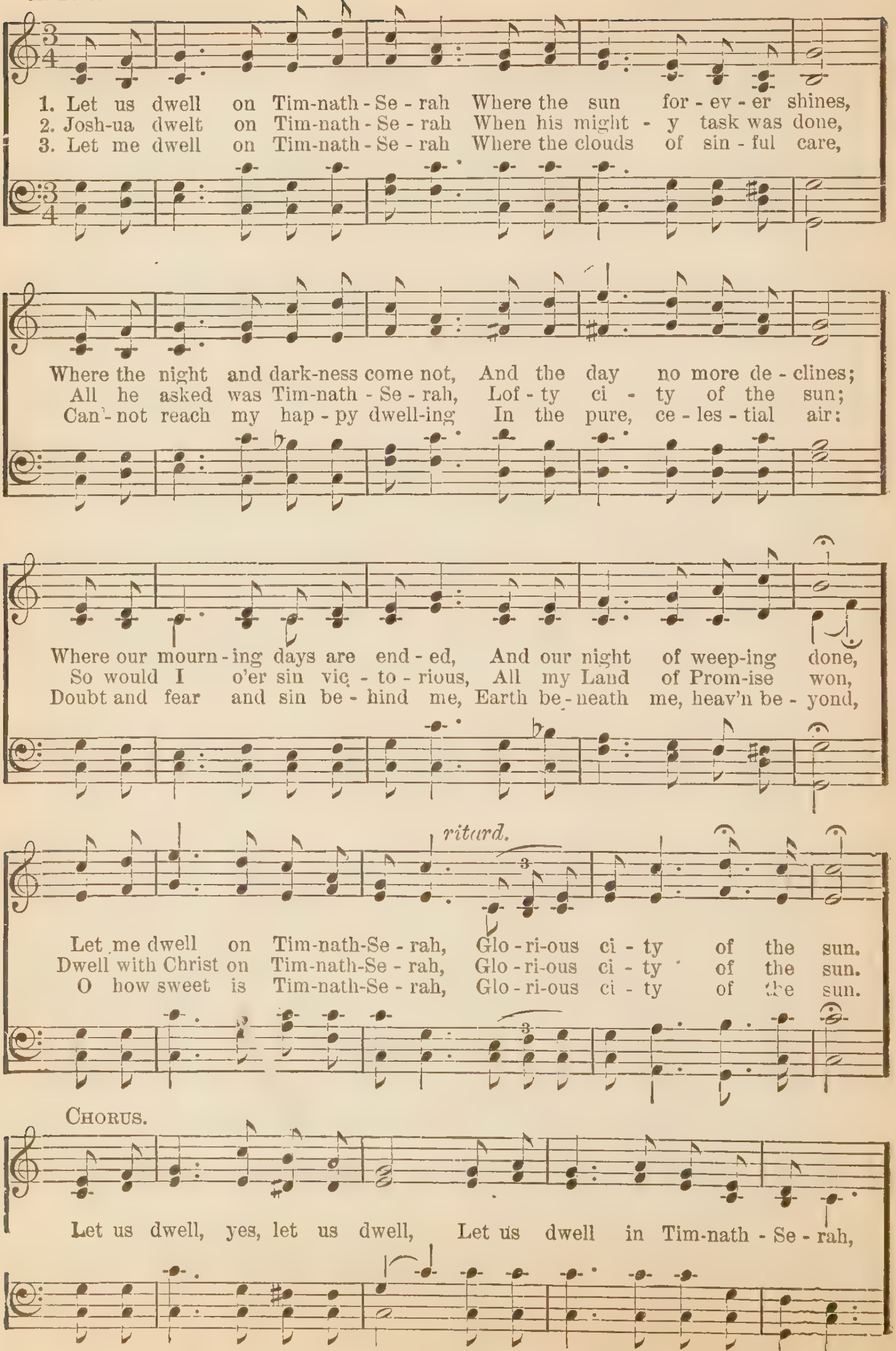
8 Day by day we | magni- · · fy | thee; || and we worship thy name ever, | world with- | out — | end. ||
Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this | day with-out | sin; || O Lord, have mercy upon us, have | mer-cy up- | on — | us. ||

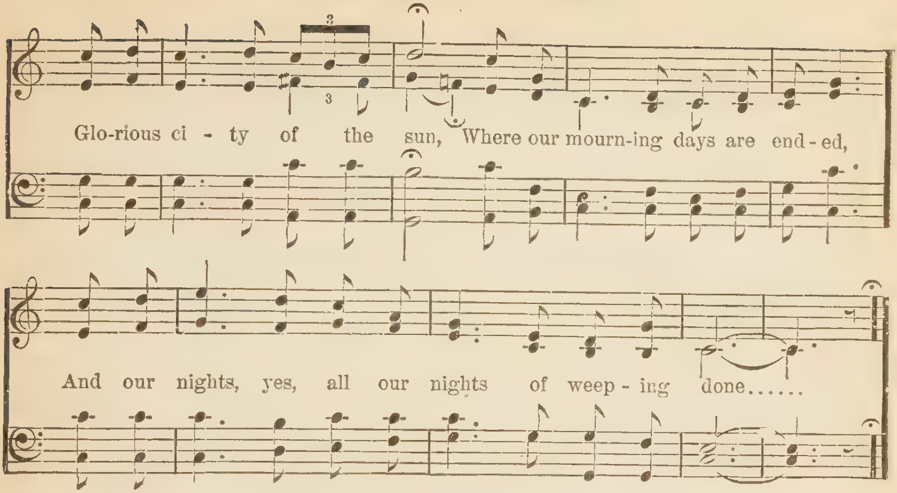
9 O Lord, let thy mercy | be up- | on us, || as our | trust — | is in | thee. ||
O Lord, in | thee · · have I | trusted; || let me | never | be con- | founded. || A- | men. ||

561

# Timnath-Serah.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.

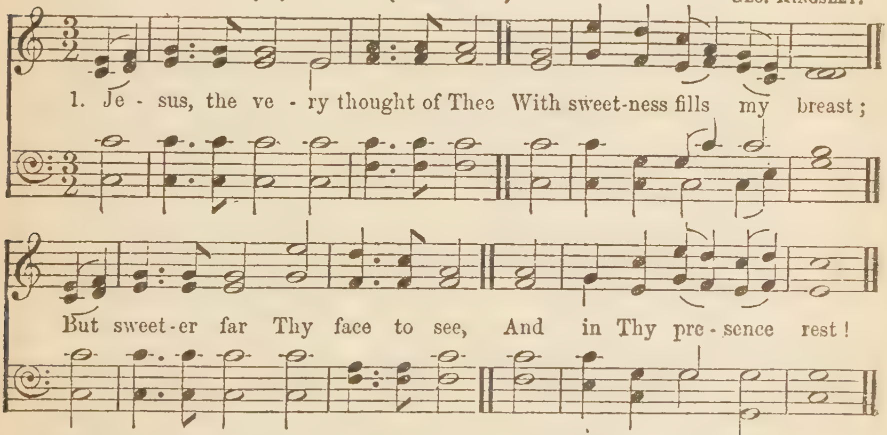

1. Let us dwell on Tim-nath-Se-rah Where the sun for-ev-er shines,
2. Josh-ua dwelt on Tim-nath-Se-rah When his might-y task was done,
3. Let me dwell on Tim-nath-Se-rah Where the clouds of sin-ful care,
Where the night and dark-ness come not, And the day no more de-clines;
All he asked was Tim-nath-Se-rah, Lof-ty ci-ty of the sun;
Can-not reach my hap-py dwell-ing In the pure, ce-les-tial air:
Where our mourn-ing days are end-ed, And our night of weep-ing done,
So would I o'er sin vic-to-rious, All my Land of Prom-ise won,
Doubt and fear and sin be-hind me, Earth be-neath me, heav'n be-yond,
Let me dwell on Tim-nath-Se-rah, Glo-ri-ous ci-ty of the sun.
Dwell with Christ on Tim-nath-Se-rah, Glo-ri-ous ci-ty of the sun.
O how sweet is Tim-nath-Se-rah, Glo-ri-ous ci-ty of the sun.
ritard.
Chorus.
Let us dwell, yes, let us dwell, Let us dwell in Tim-nath-Se-rah,


Glo-rious ci - ty of the sun, Where our mourn-ing days are end-ed,
And our nights, yes, all our nights of weep - ing done......

582

## Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee.

**Bernard of Clairvaux** (*tr.*) **(Heber. c.m.)** **Geo. Kingsley.**


1. Je - sus, the ve - ry thought of Thee With sweet-ness fills my breast;
But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pre - sence rest!

2. No voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3. Oh, hope of every contrite heart,
Oh, joy of all the meek;
To those who fall, how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!

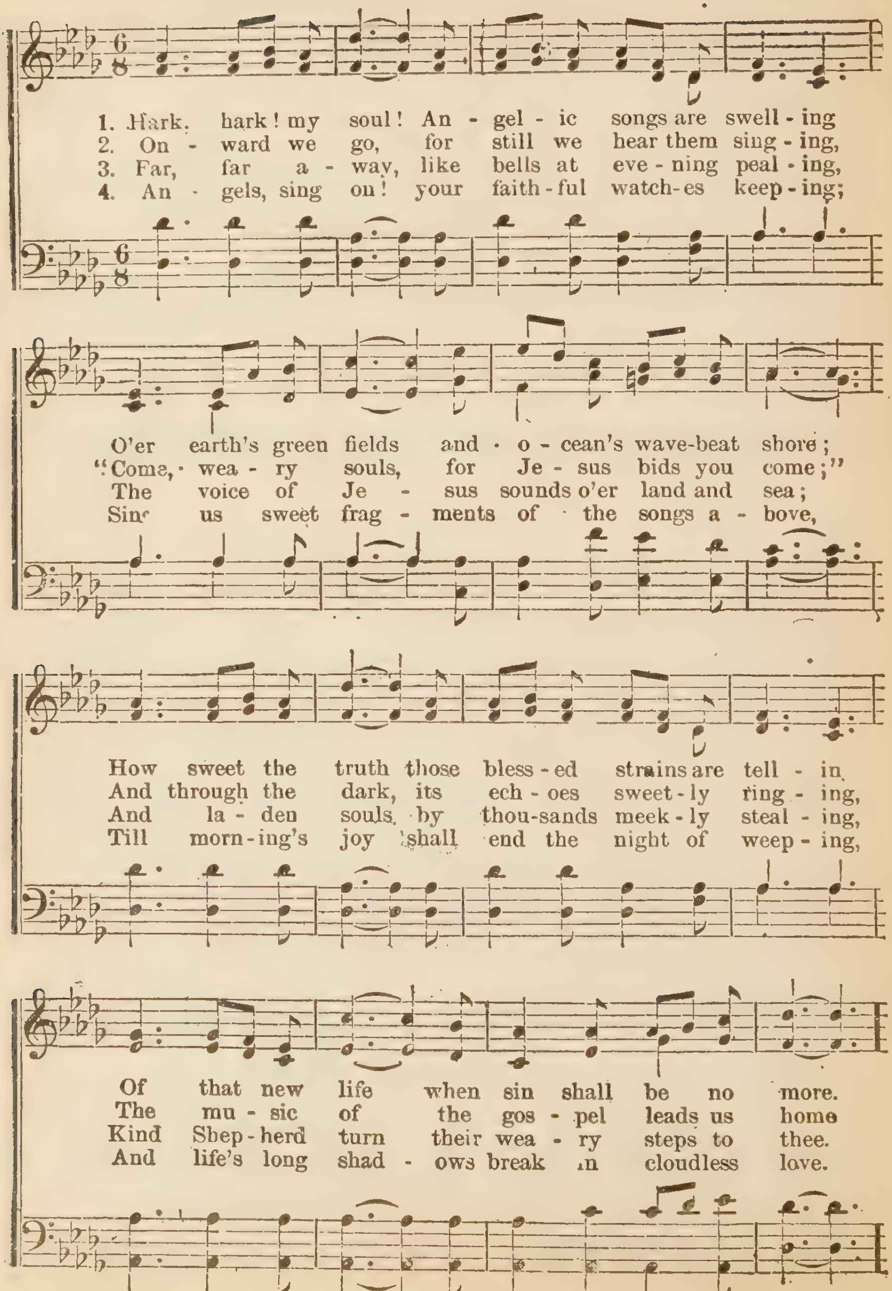
4. But what to those who find? ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

5. Jesus! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus! be Thou our glory now,
And in eternity.

# 563 Hark, Hark! My Soul.

F. W. Faber.

J. H. Burke.


1. Hark, hark! my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing,
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at eve - ning peal - ing,
4. An - gels, sing on! your faith - ful watch - es keep - ing;
O'er earth's green fields and o - cean's wave-beat shore;
"Come, wea - ry souls, for Je - sus bids you come;"
The voice of Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea;
Sing us sweet frag - ments of the songs a - bove,
How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing
And through the dark, its ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing,
And la - den souls, by thou - sands meek - ly steal - ing,
Till morn - ing's joy shall end the night of weep - ing,
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home
Kind Shep - herd turn their wea - ry steps to thee.
And life's long shad - ows break in cloudless love.

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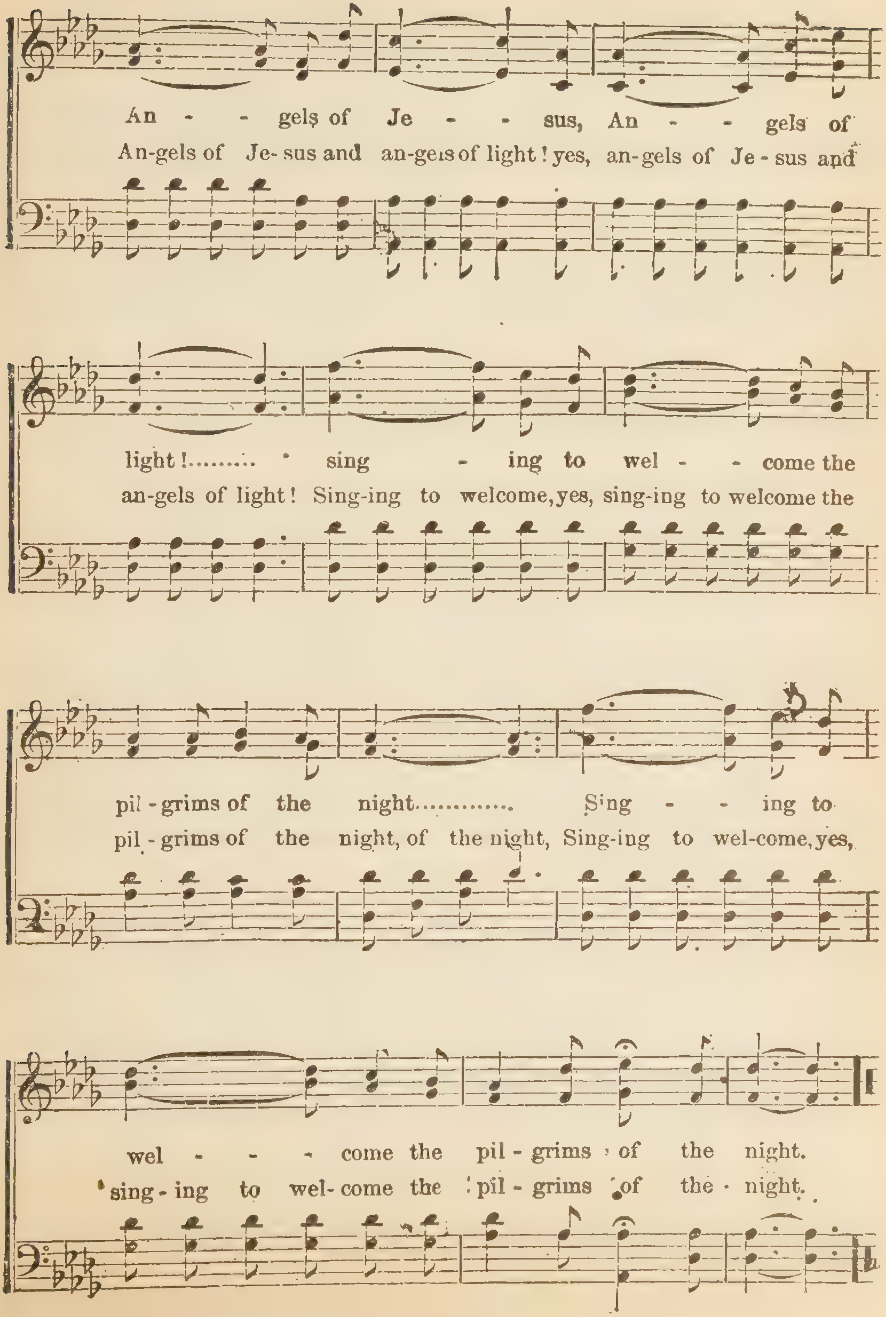
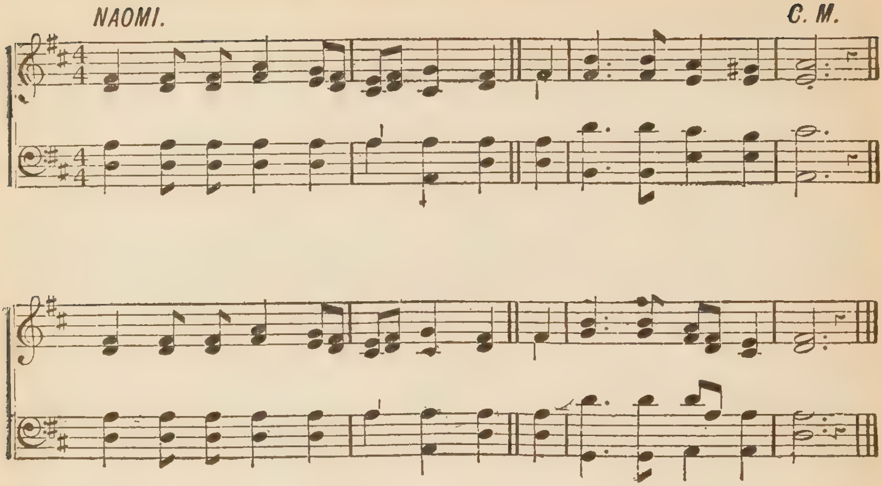
# Hark, Hark! My Soul. Concluded.

CHORUS.


An - - gels of Je - - sus, An - - gels of
An-gels of Je-sus and an-gels of light! yes, an-gels of Je-sus and
light!........ sing - ing to wel - - come the
an-gels of light! Sing-ing to welcome, yes, sing-ing to welcome the
pil-grims of the night............ Sing - - ing to
pil-grims of the night, of the night, Sing-ing to wel-come, yes,
wel - - - come the pil-grims of the night.
sing-ing to wel-come the pil-grims of the night.

# We Bless Thee For Thy Peace



We bless Thee for Thy peace, O God,
Deep as the unfathomed sea,
Which falls like sunshine on the road
Of those who trust in Thee.

We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast;

That peace which suffers and is strong
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial-way too long,
But leaves the end with Thee;

That peace which flows serene and deep
A river in the soul
Whose banks a living verdure keep—
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

O Father, give our hearts this peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to Thee.

565

# There Is A Safe And Secret Place.

There is a safe and secret place
Beneath the wings divine,
Recerved for all the heirs of grace,
Oh! be that refuge mine.

The least, the feeblest there may hide
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

The angels watch him on his way,
And aid with friendly arm;
And Satan, roaring for his prey,
May hate but cannot harm.

He feeds in pastures large and fair,
Of love and truth divine,
O child of God, O Glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine.

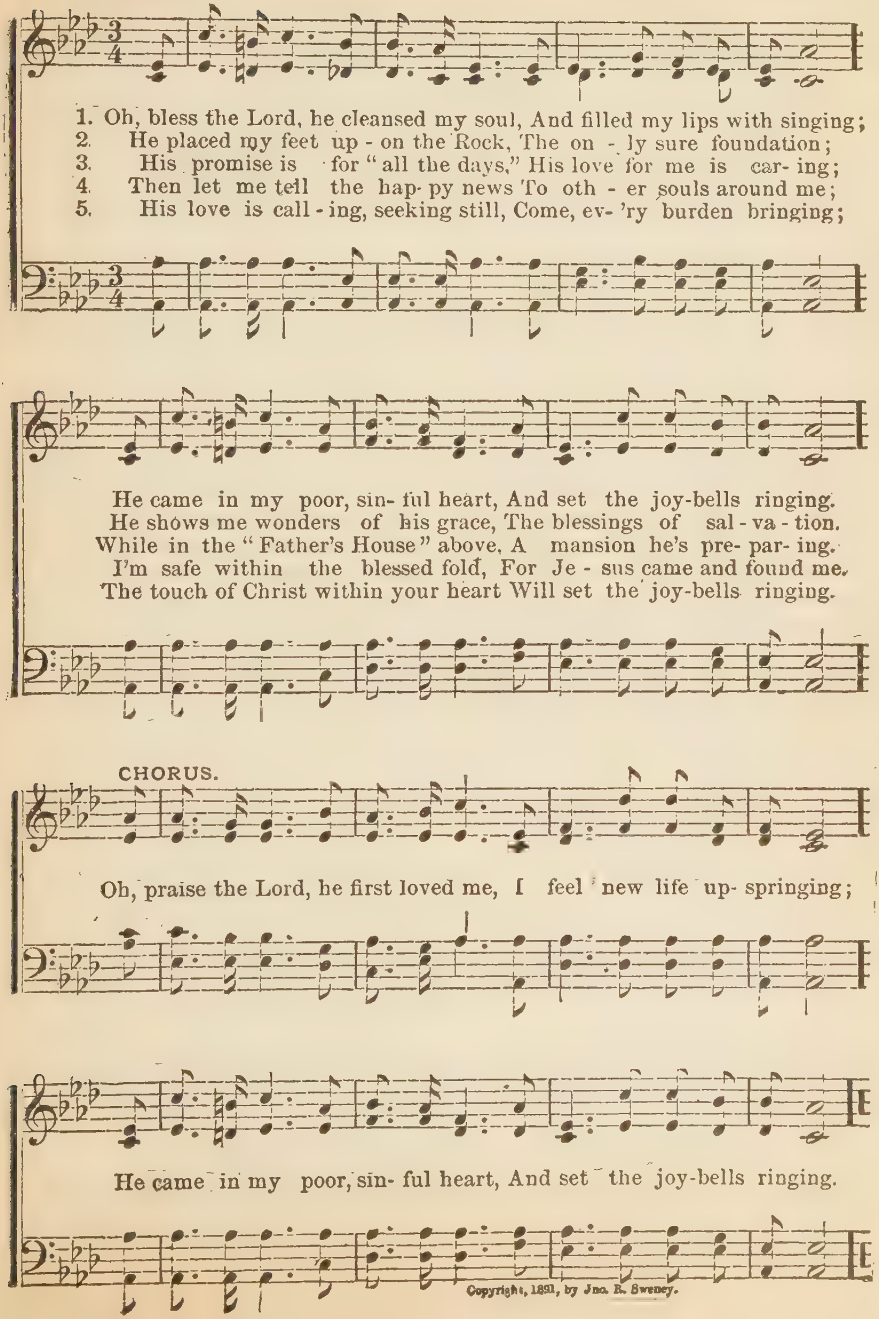
H. T. LYTE.

566

# He Set the Joy-Bells Ringing.

E. E. Hewitt.

By per., Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Oh, bless the Lord, he cleansed my soul, And filled my lips with singing;
2. He placed my feet up - on the Rock, The on - ly sure foundation;
3. His promise is for "all the days," His love for me is car- ing;
4. Then let me tell the hap- py news To oth - er souls around me;
5. His love is call - ing, seeking still, Come, ev- 'ry burden bringing;
He came in my poor, sin- ful heart, And set the joy-bells ringing.
He shows me wonders of his grace, The blessings of sal - va - tion.
While in the "Father's House" above, A mansion he's pre- par- ing.
I'm safe within the blessed fold, For Je - sus came and found me.
The touch of Christ within your heart Will set the joy-bells ringing.
CHORUS.
Oh, praise the Lord, he first loved me, I feel new life up- springing;
He came in my poor, sin- ful heart, And set the joy-bells ringing.

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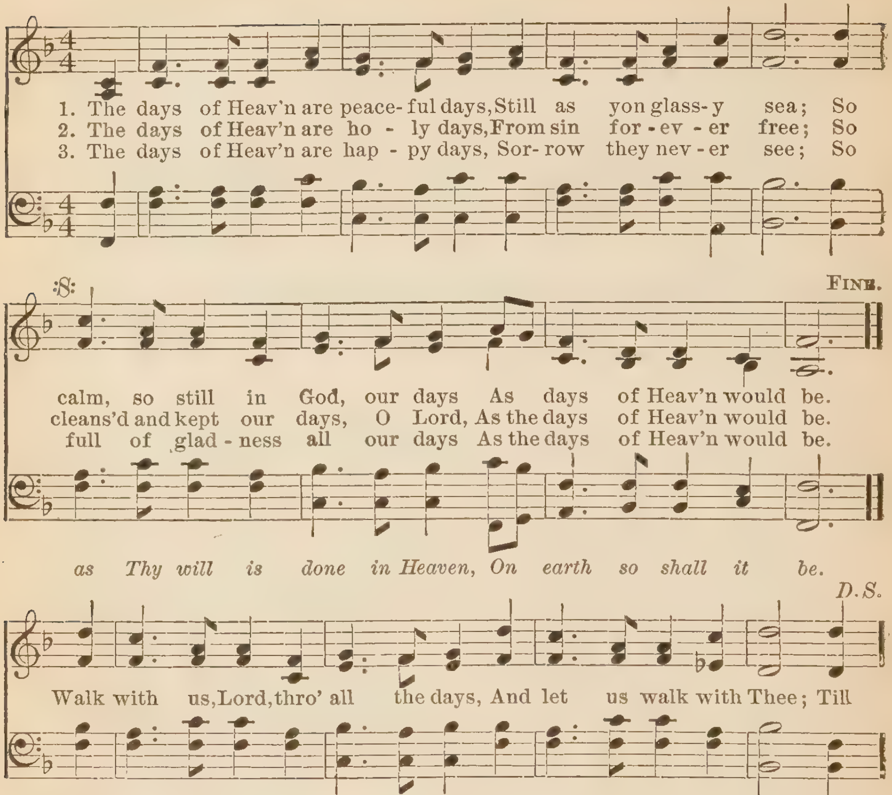
## 567 The Days of Heaven.

A. B. Simpson.

Arr. by R. K. C.


1. The days of Heav'n are peace-ful days, Still as yon glass-y sea; So
2. The days of Heav'n are ho - ly days, From sin for - ev - er free; So
3. The days of Heav'n are hap - py days, Sor-row they nev - er see; So
𝄋
calm, so still in God, our days As days of Heav'n would be.
cleans'd and kept our days, O Lord, As the days of Heav'n would be.
full of glad - ness all our days As the days of Heav'n would be.
Fine.
as Thy will is done in Heaven, On earth so shall it be.
Walk with us, Lord, thro' all the days, And let us walk with Thee; Till
D.S.

Copyright, 1890, by A. B. Simpson.

4 The days of Heaven are healthful days,
They feed on life's fair tree;
So feeding on Thy strength, O Christ,
Our days as Heaven may be.

5 The days of Heaven are endless days,
Days of eternity;
So may our lives and works endure,
While the days of Heaven shall be.

## 568 Blest be the Tie that Binds.

*"Being knit together in love."*—Col. ii: 2
*Key, F.*

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts, and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

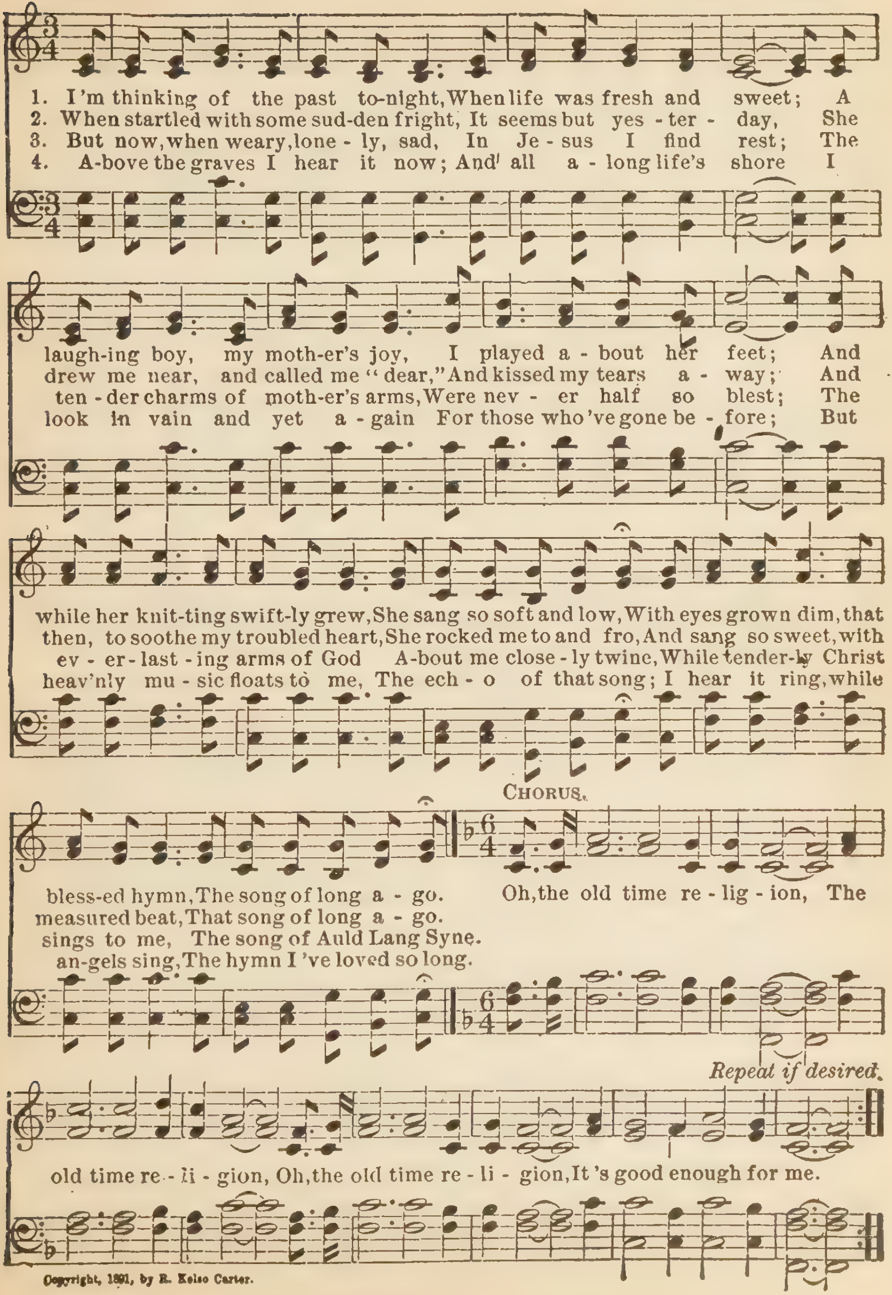
6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

John Fawcett, 1772.

# The Old-Time Song.

R. K. C.

R. Kelso Carter.


1. I'm thinking of the past to-night, When life was fresh and sweet; A
2. When startled with some sud-den fright, It seems but yes - ter - day, She
3. But now, when weary, lone - ly, sad, In Je - sus I find rest; The
4. A-bove the graves I hear it now; And all a - long life's shore I
laugh-ing boy, my moth-er's joy, I played a - bout her feet; And
drew me near, and called me "dear," And kissed my tears a - way; And
ten - der charms of moth-er's arms, Were nev - er half so blest; The
look in vain and yet a - gain For those who've gone be - fore; But
while her knit-ting swift-ly grew, She sang so soft and low, With eyes grown dim, that
then, to soothe my troubled heart, She rocked me to and fro, And sang so sweet, with
ev - er - last - ing arms of God A-bout me close - ly twine, While tender-ly Christ
heav'nly mu - sic floats to me, The ech - o of that song; I hear it ring, while
bless-ed hymn, The song of long a - go.
measured beat, That song of long a - go.
sings to me, The song of Auld Lang Syne.
an-gels sing, The hymn I've loved so long.
Chorus.
Oh, the old time re - lig - ion, The
old time re - li - gion, Oh, the old time re - li - gion, It's good enough for me.
Repeat if desired.

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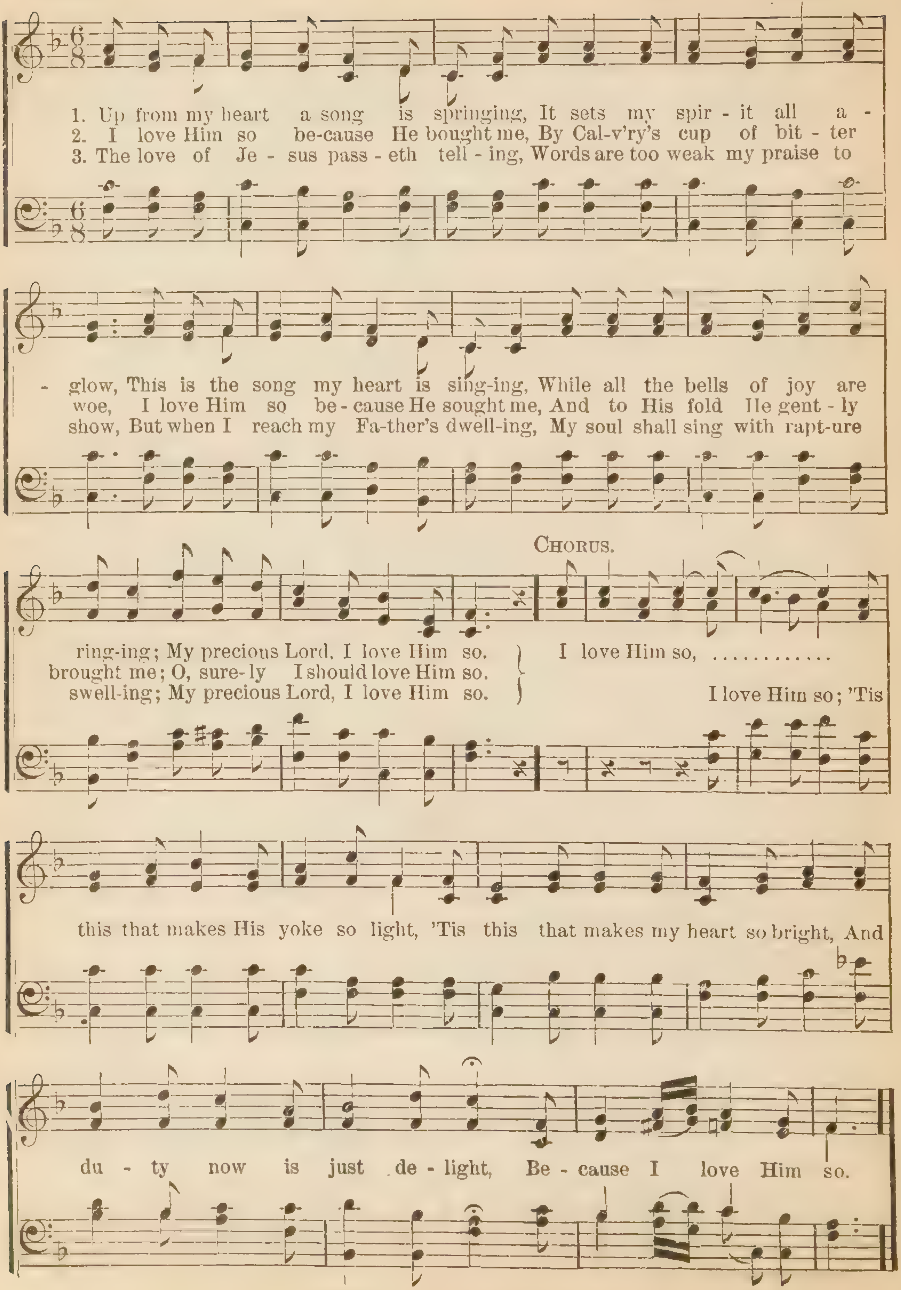
# I Love Him So.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. Up from my heart a song is springing, It sets my spir - it all a -
2. I love Him so be-cause He bought me, By Cal-v'ry's cup of bit - ter
3. The love of Je - sus pass - eth tell - ing, Words are too weak my praise to
- glow, This is the song my heart is sing-ing, While all the bells of joy are
woe, I love Him so be - cause He sought me, And to His fold He gent - ly
show, But when I reach my Fa-ther's dwell-ing, My soul shall sing with rapt-ure
ring-ing; My precious Lord, I love Him so.
brought me; O, sure-ly I should love Him so.
swell-ing; My precious Lord, I love Him so.
CHORUS.
I love Him so, . . . . . . . . . . . .
I love Him so; 'Tis
this that makes His yoke so light, 'Tis this that makes my heart so bright, And
du - ty now is just de - light, Be - cause I love Him so.

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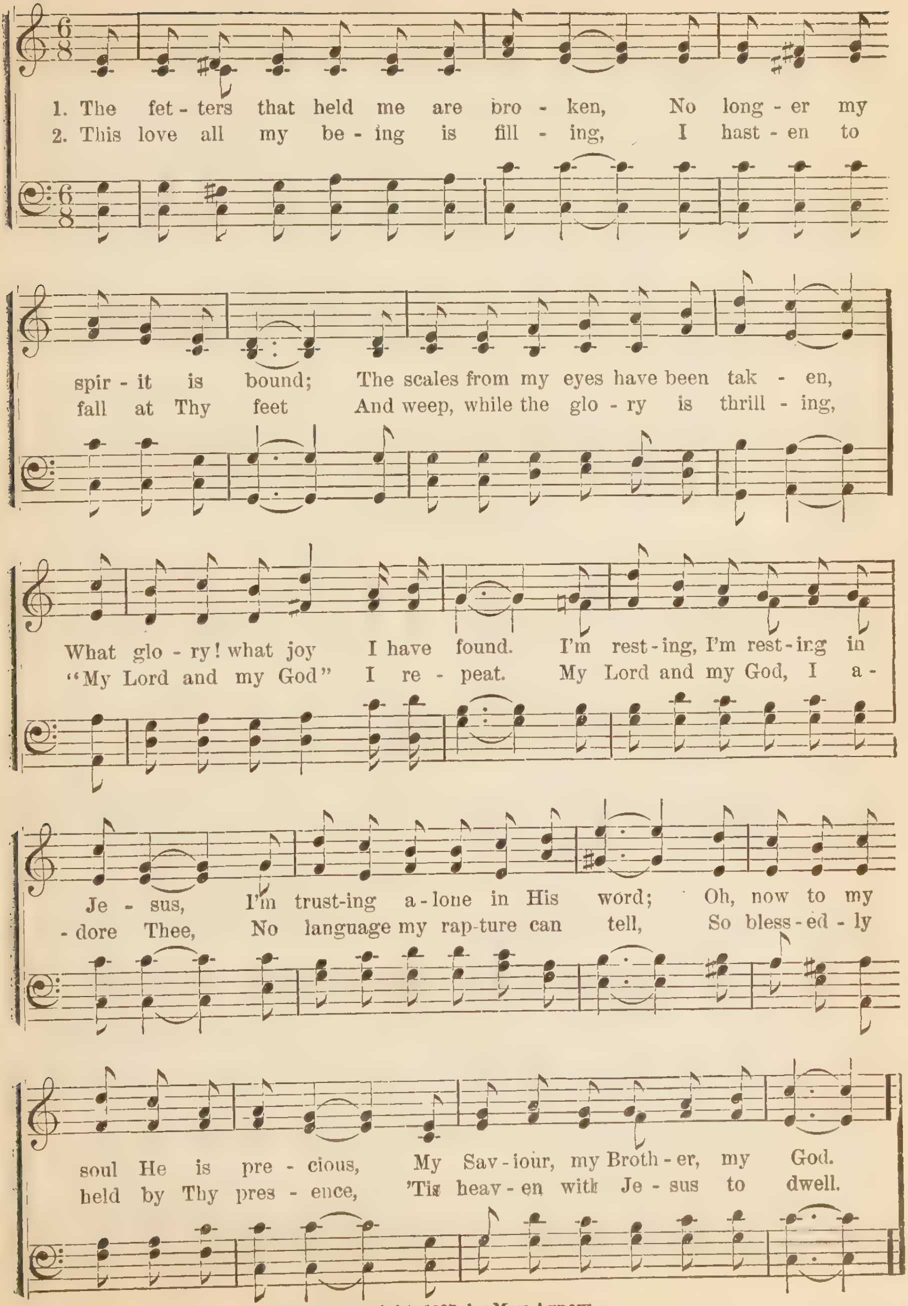
# The Fetters that Bound Me.

M. A. May Agnew.


6/8
1. The fetters that held me are broken, No longer my spirit is bound; The scales from my eyes have been taken, What glory! what joy I have found. I'm resting, I'm resting in Jesus, I'm trusting alone in His word; Oh, now to my soul He is precious, My Saviour, my Brother, my God.
2. This love all my being is filling, I hasten to fall at Thy feet And weep, while the glory is thrilling, "My Lord and my God" I repeat. My Lord and my God, I adore Thee, No language my rapture can tell, So blessedly held by Thy presence, 'Tis heaven with Jesus to dwell.

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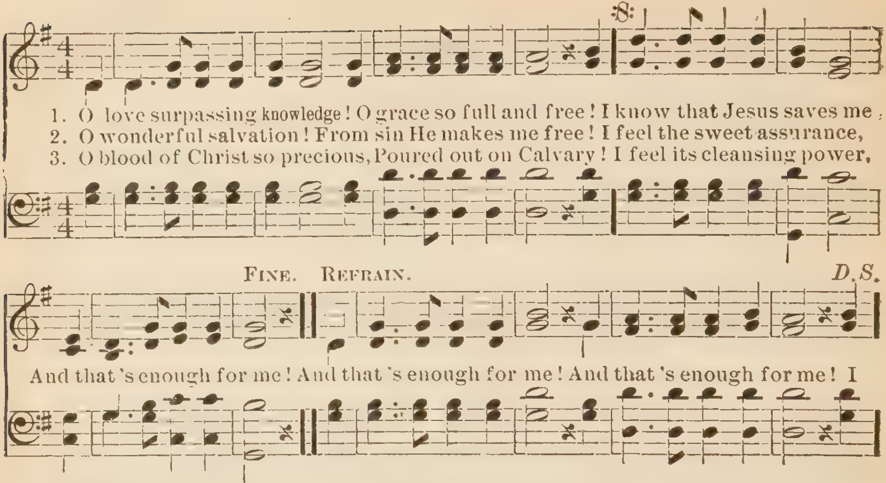
# Enough for Me.

E. A. H.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman, by per.


1. O love surpassing knowledge! O grace so full and free! I know that Jesus saves me;
2. O wonderful salvation! From sin He makes me free! I feel the sweet assurance,
3. O blood of Christ so precious, Poured out on Calvary! I feel its cleansing power,
Fine.
Refrain.
And that 's enough for me! And that 's enough for me! And that 's enough for me! I
D.S.

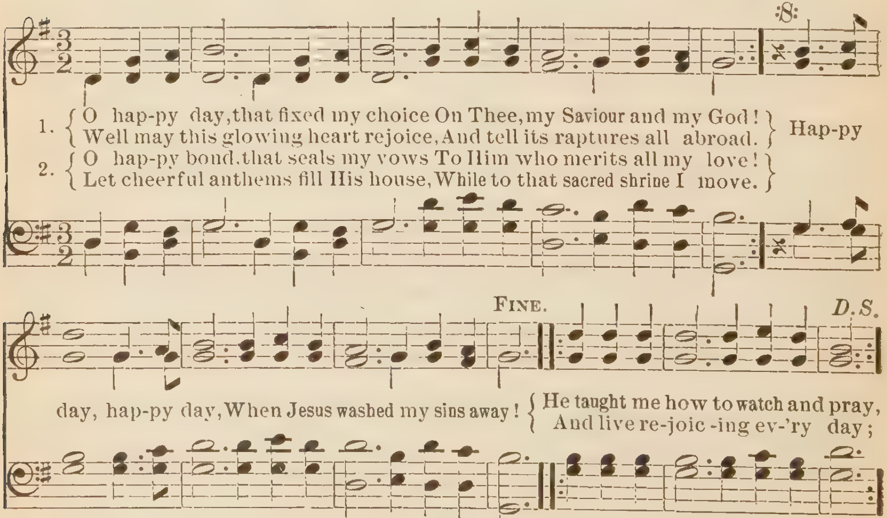
Copyright. by E. A. Hoffman.

573

# Happy Day.

P. Doddridge.

English Melody.


1. O hap-py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God! Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad.
2. O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him who merits all my love! Let cheerful anthems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move.
Hap-py
day, hap-py day, When Jesus washed my sins away! He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day;
Fine.
D.S.

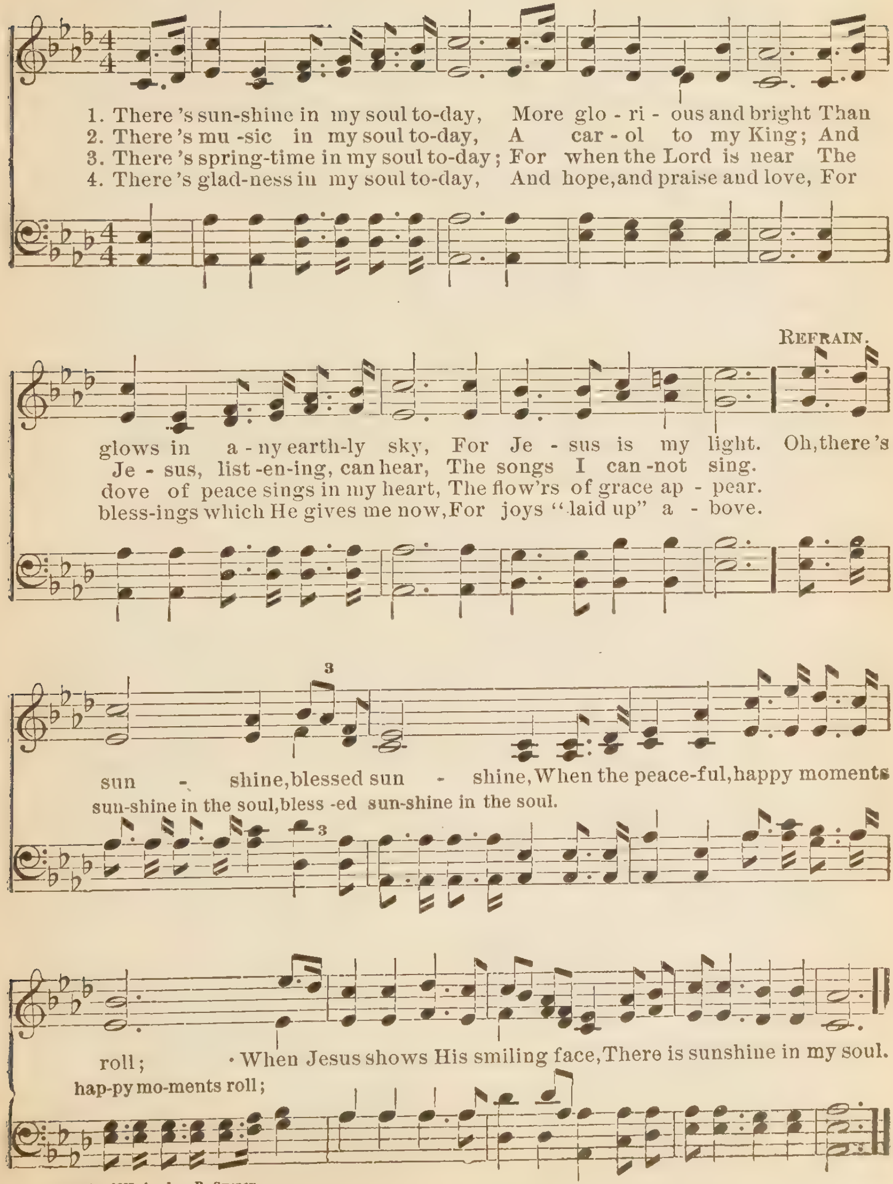
3 'T is done! the great transaction 's done!
I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess that voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from Thy Lord depart;
With Him of every good possessed.

5 High heaven that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed, shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hours I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

# 574 Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. There 's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright Than
2. There 's mu -sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to my King; And
3. There 's spring-time in my soul to-day; For when the Lord is near The
4. There 's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise and love, For
glows in a - ny earth-ly sky, For Je - sus is my light.
Je - sus, list -en-ing, can hear, The songs I can -not sing.
dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.
Refrain.
Oh, there's sun - shine, blessed sun - shine, When the peace-ful, happy moments
sun-shine in the soul, bless -ed sun-shine in the soul.
3
3
roll; When Jesus shows His smiling face, There is sunshine in my soul.
hap-py mo-ments roll;

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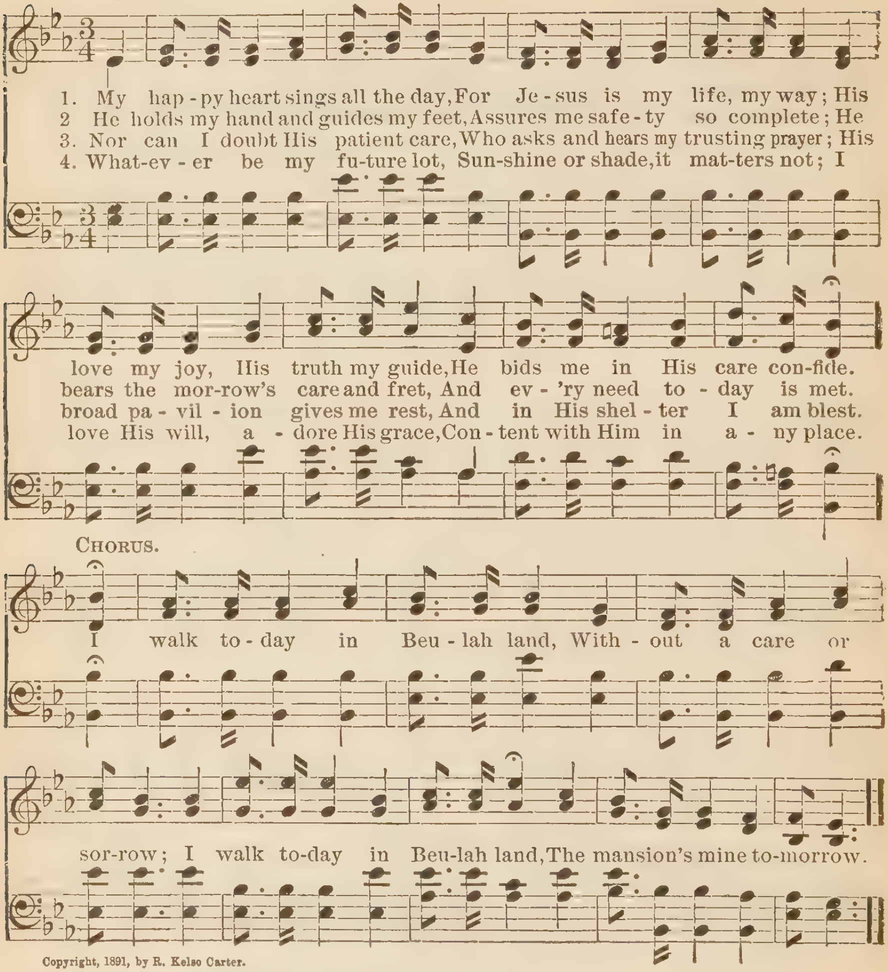
# 575 The Mansion's Mine To-morrow.

Rev. John Parker. R. Kelso Carter.


1. My hap-py heart sings all the day, For Je-sus is my life, my way; His love my joy, His truth my guide, He bids me in His care con-fide.
2 He holds my hand and guides my feet, Assures me safe-ty so complete; He bears the mor-row's care and fret, And ev-'ry need to-day is met.
3. Nor can I doubt His patient care, Who asks and hears my trusting prayer; His broad pa-vil-ion gives me rest, And in His shel-ter I am blest.
4. What-ev-er be my fu-ture lot, Sun-shine or shade, it mat-ters not; I love His will, a-dore His grace, Con-tent with Him in a-ny place.
CHORUS.
I walk to-day in Beu-lah land, With-out a care or sor-row; I walk to-day in Beu-lah land, The mansion's mine to-morrow.

Copyright, 1891, by R. Kelso Carter.

## 576 Resting. S. M.

*Tune, Laban,*

1 In peaceful, calm and quiet,
Waiting to know His will;
"All things are possible" to thee
If thou His word fulfill.

2 All things in Him I take,
Unworthy though I be;
The "whosoever" of His word
Is "possible" to me.

3 My spirit, soul and mind
With joy I give to Thee;
Give Thee the choosing of my way,
Whatever it may be.

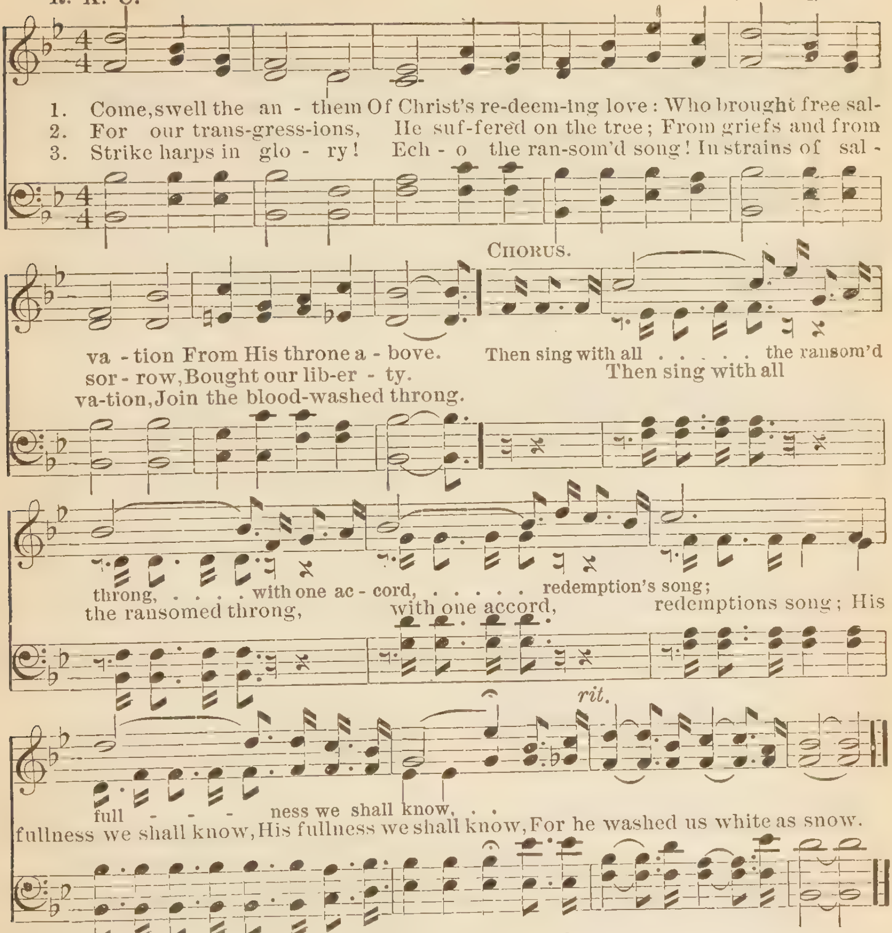
4 Holy, and pure, and clean,
Perfect in heart and soul;
In Him I claim this perfect gift—
Healed! every whit made whole.

5 I'm satisfied in Thee,
My joy, my living spring;
My sun, my life, my fountain sweet,
Jesus, my coming king!

Mrs. S. M. Sperry.

# 577 Come, Swell the Anthem.

R. K. C. R. KELSO CARTER.


1. Come, swell the an - them Of Christ's re-deem-ing love: Who brought free sal-
2. For our trans-gress-ions, He suf-fered on the tree; From griefs and from
3. Strike harps in glo - ry! Ech - o the ran-som'd song! In strains of sal -
CHORUS.
va - tion From His throne a - bove.
sor - row, Bought our lib-er - ty.
va-tion, Join the blood-washed throng.
Then sing with all . . . . . the ransom'd
Then sing with all
throng, . . . . with one ac - cord, . . . . . redemption's song;
the ransomed throng, with one accord, redemptions song; His
rit.
full - - - ness we shall know, . .
fullness we shall know, His fullness we shall know, For he washed us white as snow.

Copyright, 1891, by R. K. Carter.

## 578 Sheltered in the Rock.

1 Sheltered in the Rock of Ages,
Kept from sin and all alarms;
The eternal God my refuge,
Safe in everlasting arms.
Oh, how bulwarks pile around me;
Towers of strength and beauty shine,
Mighty fortress I have found Thee,
Hid in God this soul of mine,

CHORUS.

Though the storms may surge around me;
I can sing while billows roll,
For the mighty arms of Jesus
Clasp around my ransomed soul.

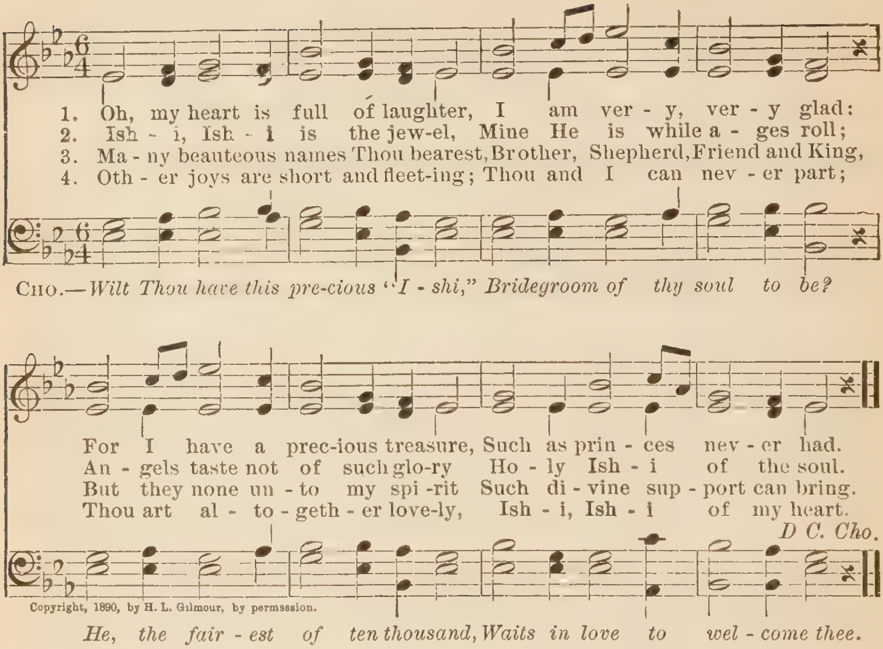
2 Blessed covert from the tempest,
Where secure my feet may stand;
Blessed Rock to give me shadow,
In a dry and weary land;
Though the foe may boast of shelter,
Yet their rock is not as ours;
Here the soul defies their legions,
Principalities and powers.

3 Covered in this Rock of Ages,
How the glory passes by,
Till, like Moses on the mountain,
God is seen by mortal eye;
Changed from glory unto glory,
Safe from storm and tempest shock,
Here I rest secure forever,
In this blessed rifted Rock.

MANIE PAYNE FERGUSON.

## 579 Ishi.

Cho. by H. L. G. Adapted by H. L. Gilmour. Tune, Bartimeus. 8, 7.


1. Oh, my heart is full of laughter, I am ver - y, ver - y glad:
2. Ish - i, Ish - i is the jew-el, Mine He is while a - ges roll;
3. Ma - ny beauteous names Thou bearest, Brother, Shepherd, Friend and King,
4. Oth - er joys are short and fleet-ing; Thou and I can nev - er part;
Cho.—Wilt Thou have this pre-cious "I - shi," Bridegroom of thy soul to be?
For I have a prec-ious treasure, Such as prin - ces nev - er had.
An - gels taste not of such glo-ry Ho - ly Ish - i of the soul.
But they none un - to my spi - rit Such di - vine sup - port can bring.
Thou art al - to - geth - er love-ly, Ish - i, Ish - i of my heart.
D. C. Cho.
He, the fair - est of ten thousand, Waits in love to wel - come thee.

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## 580 Jesus! Why Dost Thou. C. M.

*Tune, Manoah.*

1 Jesus! why dost Thou love me so?
What hast Thou seen in me
To make my happiness so great,
So dear a joy to Thee!

2 Wert Thou not God! I then might think
Thou had'st no eye to read
The badness of that selfish heart,
For which Thine own did bleed.

3 But Thou art God, and knowest all;
Dear Lord! Thou knowest me;
And yet Thy knowledge hinders not
Thy love's sweet liberty.

4 Ah, how Thy grace hath moved my soul
With persevering wiles!
Now give me tears to weep; for tears
Are deeper joy than smiles.

Frederick Faber.

## 581 O Could I Speak.

*Tune, Ariel.*

1 O could I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine,
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

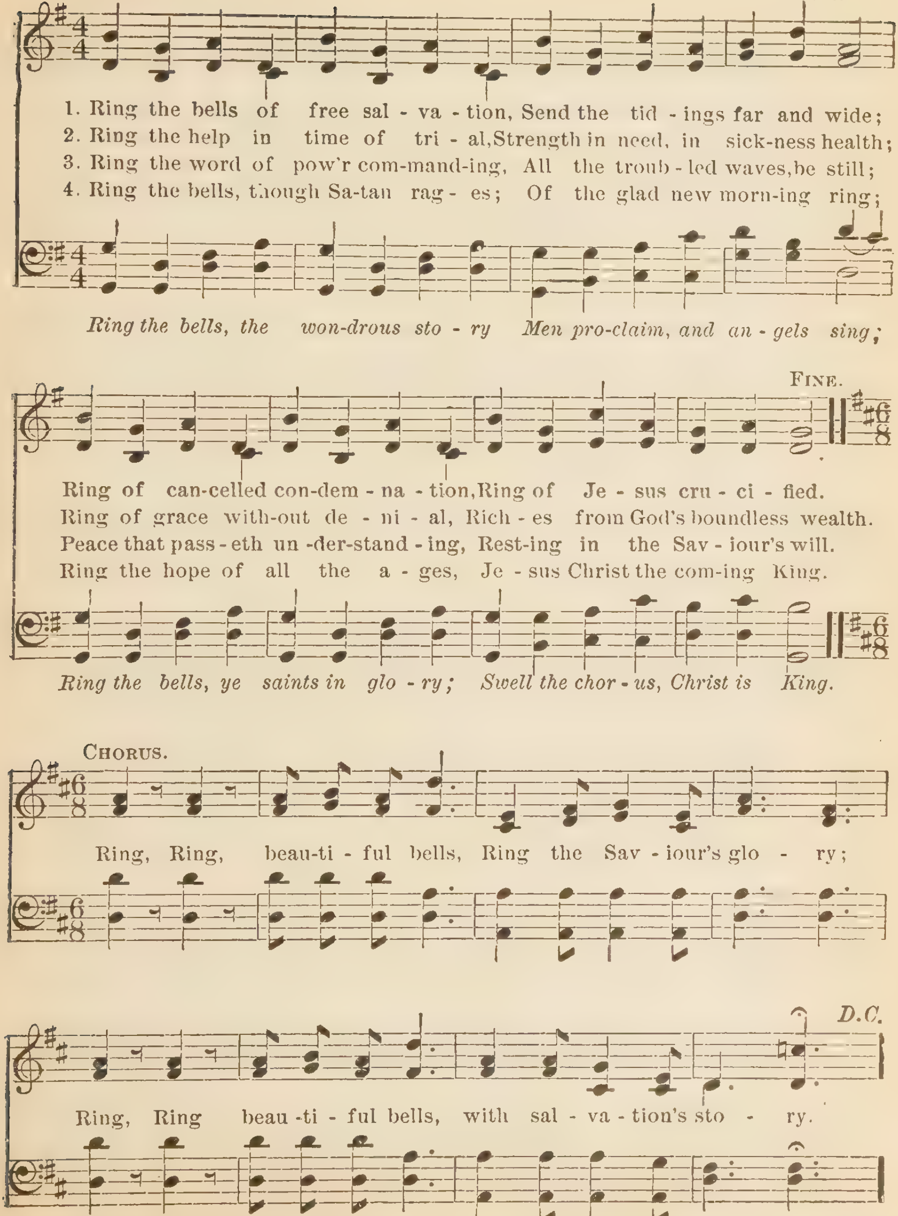
4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

S. Medley.

# Ring the Bells.

R. K. C.

R. Kelso Carter.


1. Ring the bells of free sal - va - tion, Send the tid - ings far and wide;
2. Ring the help in time of tri - al, Strength in need, in sick-ness health;
3. Ring the word of pow'r com-mand-ing, All the troub - led waves, be still;
4. Ring the bells, though Sa-tan rag - es; Of the glad new morn-ing ring;
Ring the bells, the won-drous sto - ry Men pro-claim, and an - gels sing;
Fine.
Ring of can-celled con-dem - na - tion, Ring of Je - sus cru - ci - fied.
Ring of grace with-out de - ni - al, Rich - es from God's boundless wealth.
Peace that pass - eth un -der-stand - ing, Rest-ing in the Sav - iour's will.
Ring the hope of all the a - ges, Je - sus Christ the com-ing King.
Ring the bells, ye saints in glo - ry; Swell the chor - us, Christ is King.
Chorus.
Ring, Ring, beau-ti - ful bells, Ring the Sav - iour's glo - ry;
D.C.
Ring, Ring beau -ti - ful bells, with sal - va - tion's sto - ry.

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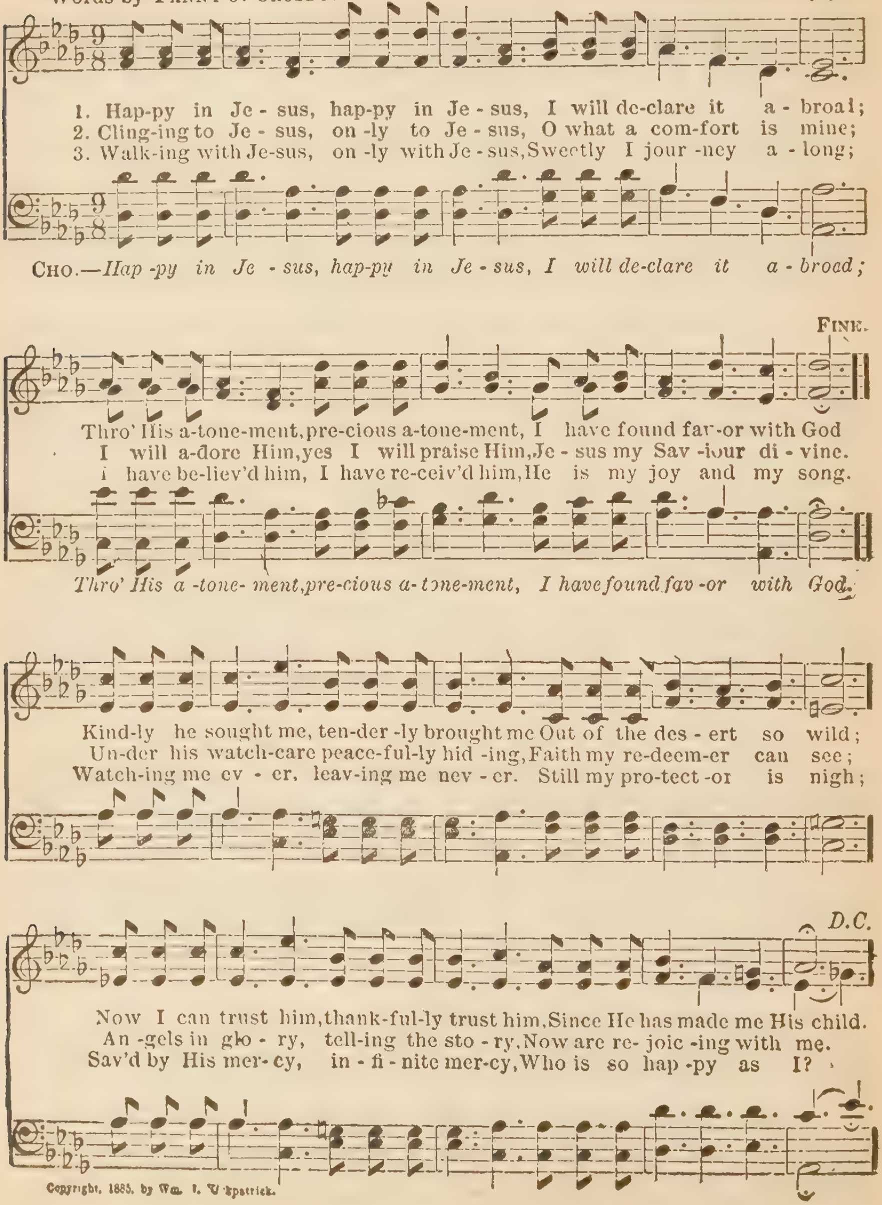
# Happy in Jesus.

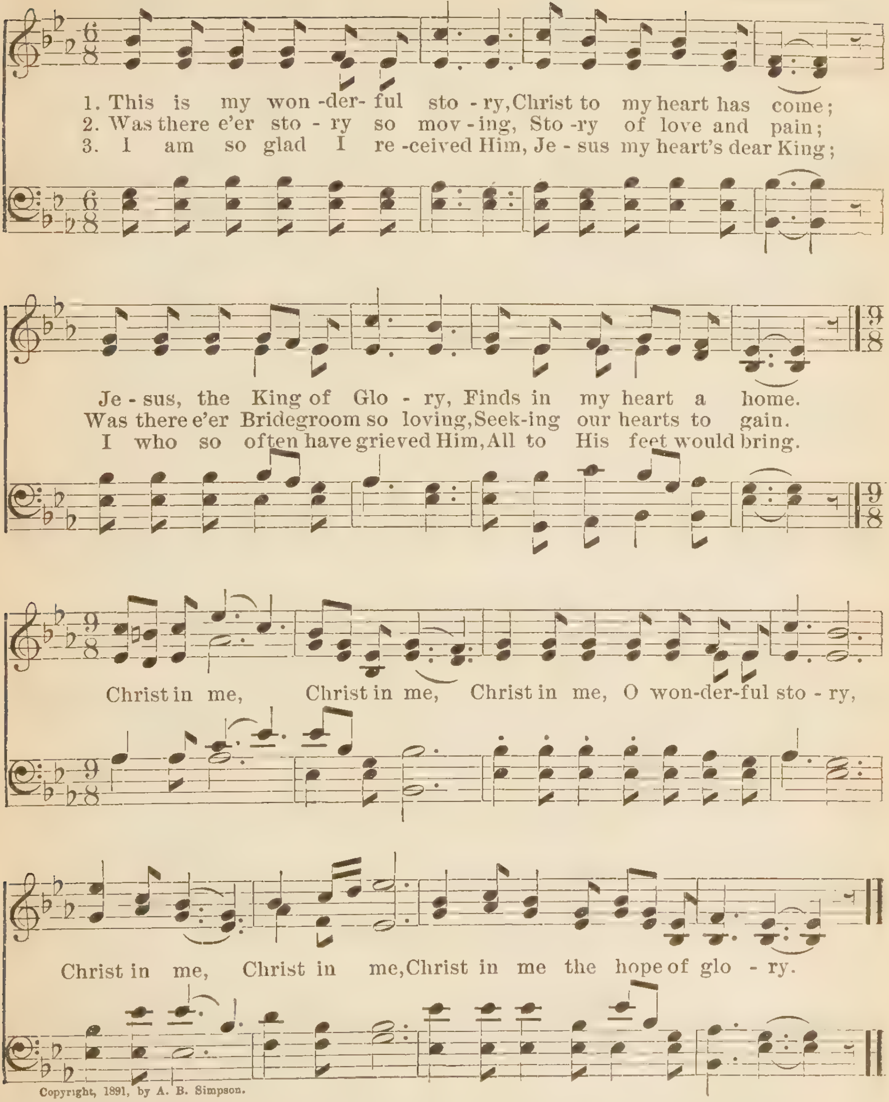
Words by FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J KIRKPATRICK, by per.


1. Hap-py in Je - sus, hap-py in Je - sus, I will de-clare it a - broad;
2. Cling-ing to Je - sus, on -ly to Je - sus, O what a com-fort is mine;
3. Walk-ing with Je-sus, on -ly with Je - sus, Sweetly I jour -ney a - long;
CHO.—Hap -py in Je - sus, hap-py in Je - sus, I will de-clare it a - broad;
FINE.
Thro' His a-tone-ment, pre-cious a-tone-ment, I have found fav-or with God
I will a-dore Him, yes I will praise Him, Je - sus my Sav -iour di - vine.
I have be-liev'd him, I have re-ceiv'd him, He is my joy and my song.
Thro' His a -tone- ment, pre-cious a- tone-ment, I have found fav -or with God.
Kind-ly he sought me, ten-der -ly brought me Out of the des - ert so wild;
Un-der his watch-care peace-ful-ly hid -ing, Faith my re-deem-er can see;
Watch-ing me ev - er, leav-ing me nev - er, Still my pro-tect -or is nigh;
D.C.
Now I can trust him, thank-ful-ly trust him, Since He has made me His child.
An -gels in glo - ry, tell-ing the sto - ry, Now are re- joic -ing with me.
Sav'd by His mer- cy, in - fi - nite mer-cy, Who is so hap -py as I?

Copyright, 1885, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

# Christ in Me.

A. B. S. A. B. Simpson.


1. This is my won-der-ful sto-ry, Christ to my heart has come;
2. Was there e'er sto-ry so mov-ing, Sto-ry of love and pain;
3. I am so glad I re-ceived Him, Je-sus my heart's dear King;
Je-sus, the King of Glo-ry, Finds in my heart a home.
Was there e'er Bridegroom so loving, Seek-ing our hearts to gain.
I who so often have grieved Him, All to His feet would bring.
Christ in me, Christ in me, Christ in me, O won-der-ful sto-ry,
Christ in me, Christ in me, Christ in me the hope of glo-ry.

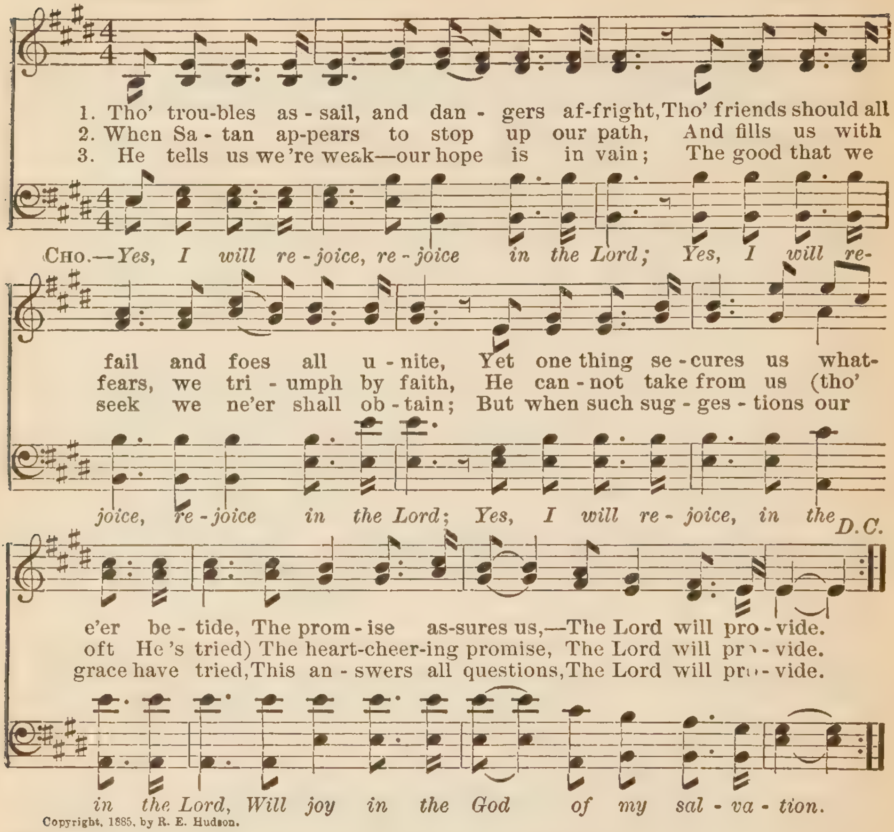
Copyright, 1891, by A. B. Simpson.

4 How can I ever be lonely,
How can I ever fall;
What can I want, if only
Christ is my all in all?

5 Now in His bosom confiding,
This my glad song shall be;
I am in Jesus abiding,
Jesus abides in me.

## 585 Rejoicing Evermore.

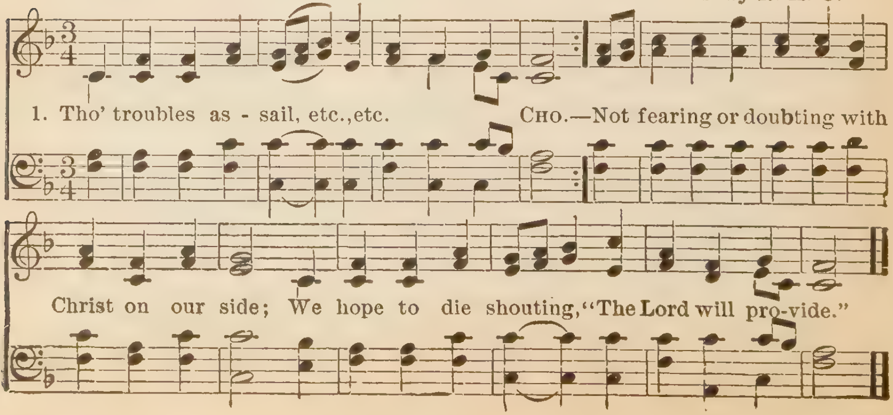
JOHN NEWTON. R. E. HUDSON.


1. Tho' trou-bles as - sail, and dan - gers af-fright, Tho' friends should all
2. When Sa - tan ap-pears to stop up our path, And fills us with
3. He tells us we're weak—our hope is in vain; The good that we
CHO.—Yes, I will re - joice, re - joice in the Lord; Yes, I will re-
fail and foes all u - nite, Yet one thing se - cures us what-
fears, we tri - umph by faith, He can - not take from us (tho'
seek we ne'er shall ob - tain; But when such sug - ges - tions our
joice, re - joice in the Lord; Yes, I will re - joice, in the
D.C.
e'er be - tide, The prom - ise as-sures us,—The Lord will pro - vide.
oft He's tried) The heart-cheer-ing promise, The Lord will pro - vide.
grace have tried, This an - swers all questions, The Lord will pro - vide.
in the Lord, Will joy in the God of my sal - va - tion.

Copyright, 1885, by R. E. Hudson.

## 586 Tho' Troubles Assail.

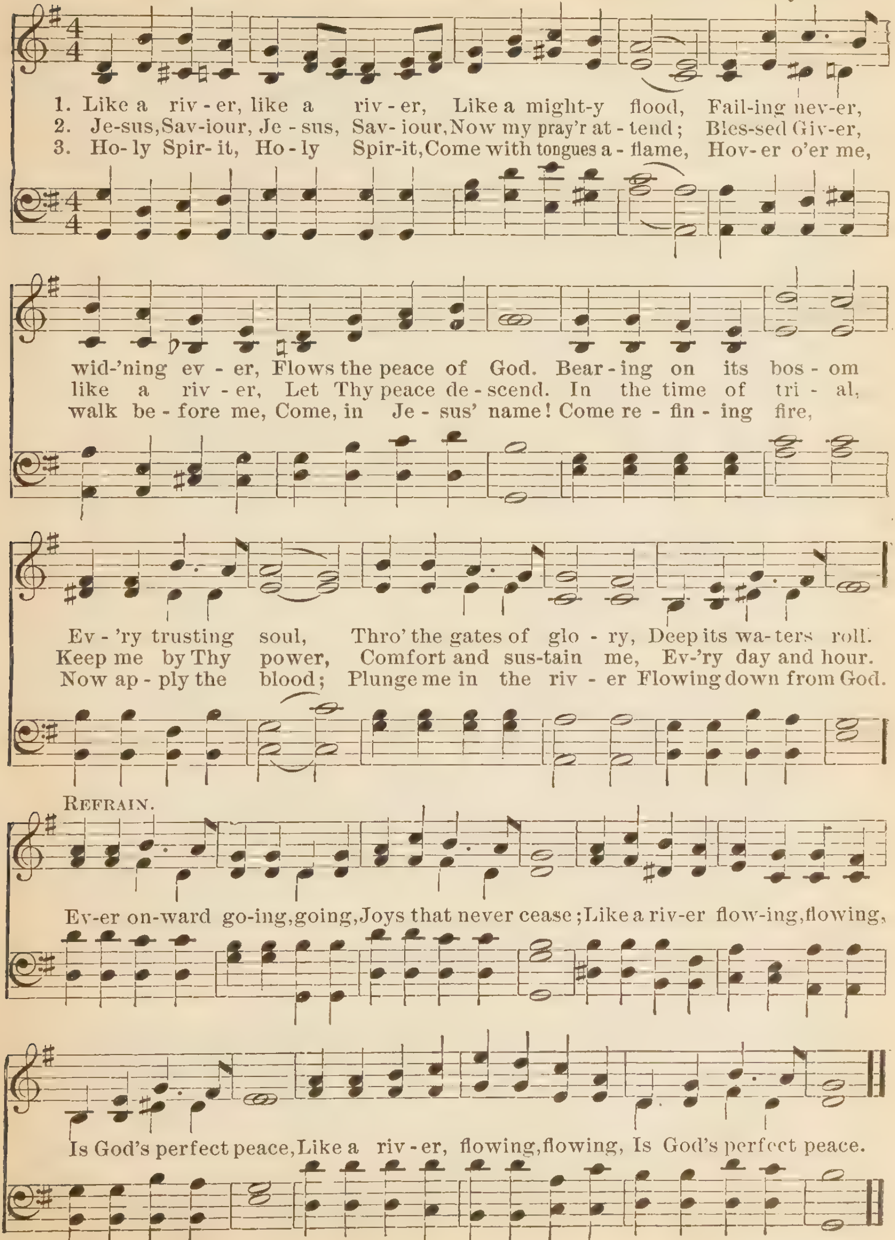
JOHN NEWTON. Arr. by R. K. C.


1. Tho' troubles as - sail, etc., etc.
CHO.—Not fearing or doubting with
Christ on our side; We hope to die shouting, "The Lord will pro-vide."

587

# Perfect Peace.

R. Kelso Carter. *"Peace I leave with you."* Russian Air, arr. by R. K. C.


1. Like a river, like a river, Like a might-y flood, Fail-ing nev-er,
2. Je-sus, Sav-iour, Je-sus, Sav-iour, Now my pray'r at-tend; Bles-sed Giv-er,
3. Ho-ly Spir-it, Ho-ly Spir-it, Come with tongues a-flame, Hov-er o'er me,
wid-'ning ev-er, Flows the peace of God. Bear-ing on its bos-om
like a riv-er, Let Thy peace de-scend. In the time of tri-al,
walk be-fore me, Come, in Je-sus' name! Come re-fin-ing fire,
Ev-'ry trusting soul, Thro' the gates of glo-ry, Deep its wa-ters roll.
Keep me by Thy power, Comfort and sus-tain me, Ev-'ry day and hour.
Now ap-ply the blood; Plunge me in the riv-er Flowing down from God.
Refrain.
Ev-er on-ward go-ing, going, Joys that never cease; Like a riv-er flow-ing, flowing,
Is God's perfect peace, Like a riv-er, flowing, flowing, Is God's perfect peace.

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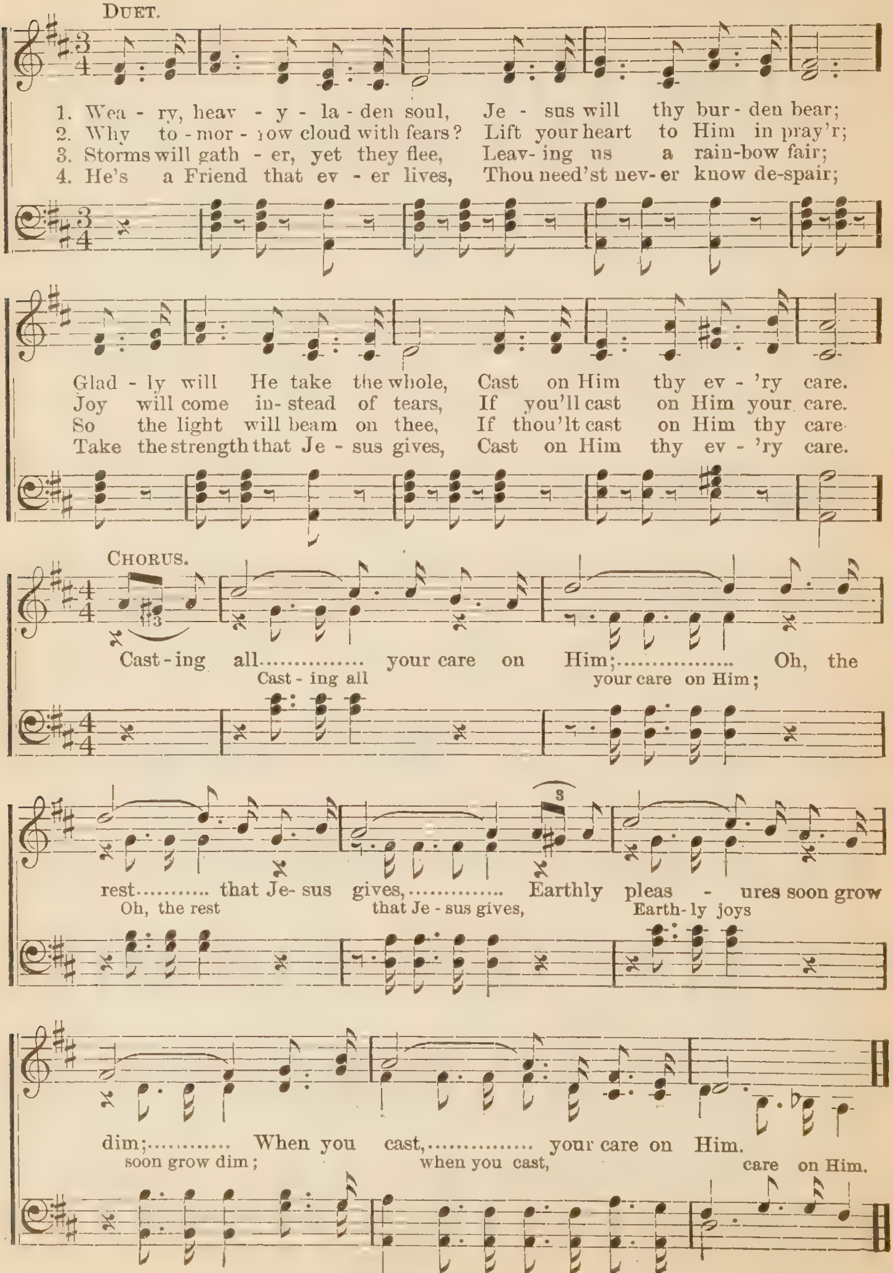
# Weary, Heavy-Laden Soul.

W. M.

W. Macomber.
Arr. by R. K. Carter.


Duet.
1. Wea - ry, heav - y - la - den soul, Je - sus will thy bur - den bear;
2. Why to - mor - row cloud with fears? Lift your heart to Him in pray'r;
3. Storms will gath - er, yet they flee, Leav - ing us a rain-bow fair;
4. He's a Friend that ev - er lives, Thou need'st nev - er know de-spair;
Glad - ly will He take the whole, Cast on Him thy ev - 'ry care.
Joy will come in - stead of tears, If you'll cast on Him your care.
So the light will beam on thee, If thou'lt cast on Him thy care.
Take the strength that Je - sus gives, Cast on Him thy ev - 'ry care.
Chorus.
Cast - ing all............... your care on Him;................. Oh, the
Cast - ing all your care on Him;
rest.......... that Je - sus gives,.............. Earthly pleas - ures soon grow
Oh, the rest that Je - sus gives, Earth - ly joys
dim;........... When you cast,............... your care on Him.
soon grow dim; when you cast, care on Him.
3
3

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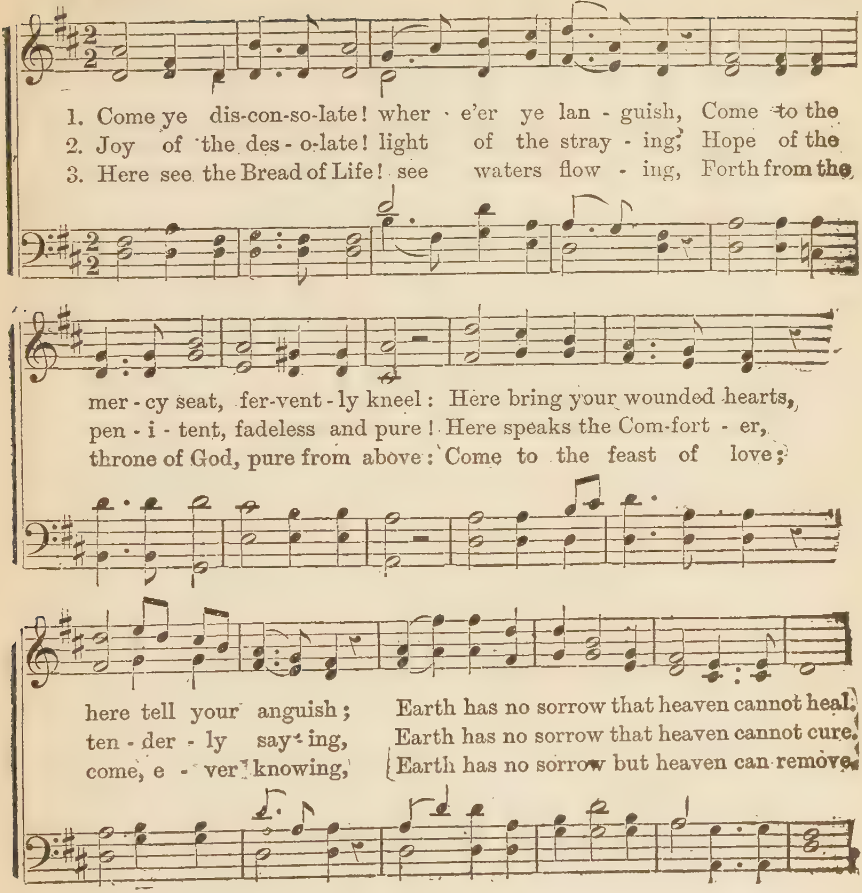
# Come ye disconsolate.

THOS. MOORE. S. WEBBE.


1. Come ye dis-con-so-late! wher - e'er ye lan - guish, Come to the
2. Joy of the des - o-late! light of the stray - ing; Hope of the
3. Here see the Bread of Life! see waters flow - ing, Forth from the
mer - cy seat, fer-vent - ly kneel: Here bring your wounded hearts,
pen - i - tent, fadeless and pure! Here speaks the Com-fort - er,
throne of God, pure from above: Come to the feast of love;
here tell your anguish; Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.
ten - der - ly say - ing, Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.
come, e - ver knowing, Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

## 590

# He Leadeth Me.

*Key D.*

HE leadeth me! O blessed thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

CHORUS.

He leadeth me, He leadeth me:
By His own hand He leadeth me:
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me!

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me!

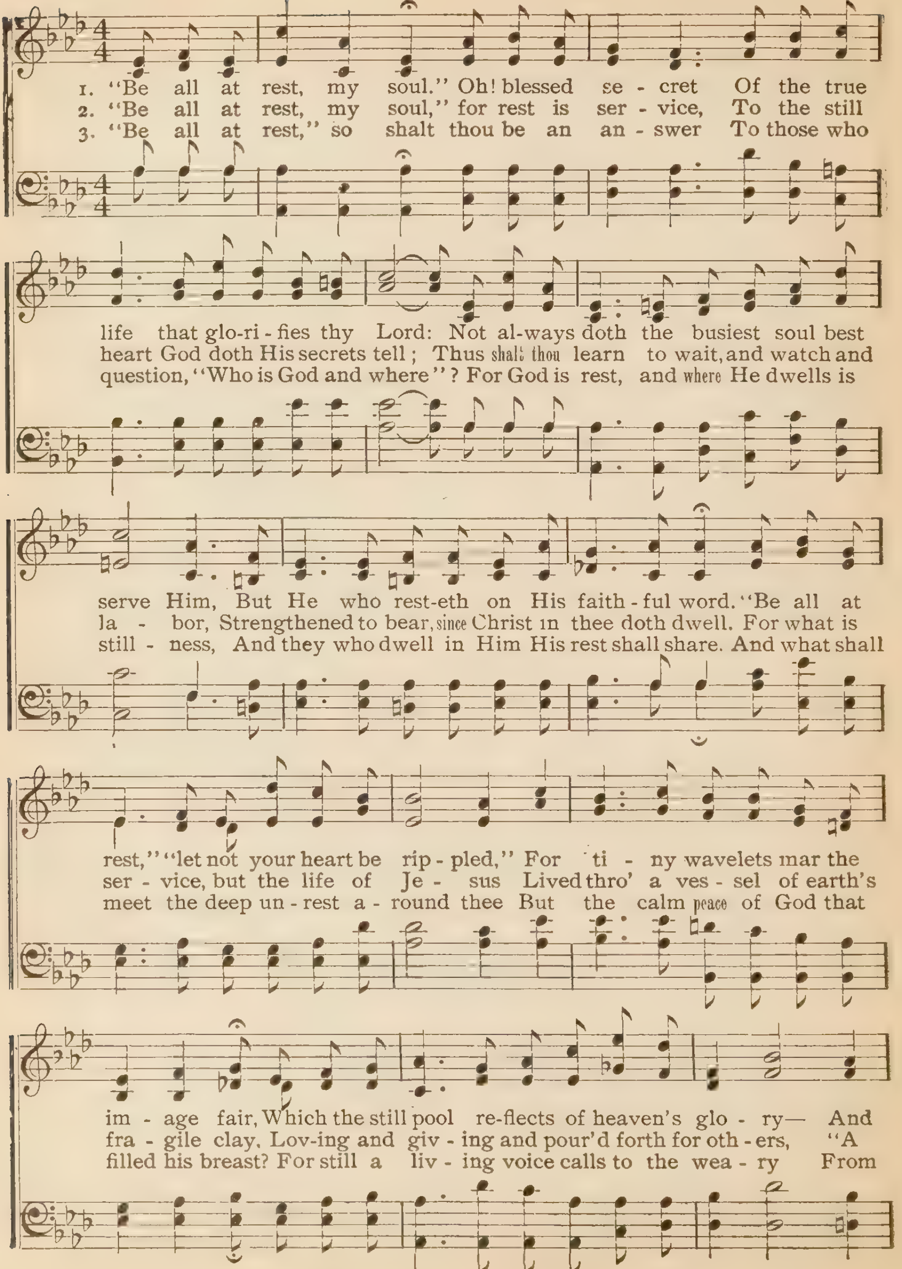
*J. H. Gilmore.*

391

# Be All At Rest.

Freda Hansbury Allen.

Music and Chorus by Margaret M. Simpson.


1. "Be all at rest, my soul." Oh! blessed se - cret Of the true
2. "Be all at rest, my soul," for rest is ser - vice, To the still
3. "Be all at rest," so shalt thou be an an - swer To those who
life that glo-ri - fies thy Lord: Not al-ways doth the busiest soul best
heart God doth His secrets tell; Thus shalt thou learn to wait, and watch and
question, "Who is God and where"? For God is rest, and where He dwells is
serve Him, But He who rest-eth on His faith - ful word. "Be all at
la - bor, Strengthened to bear, since Christ in thee doth dwell. For what is
still - ness, And they who dwell in Him His rest shall share. And what shall
rest," "let not your heart be rip - pled," For ti - ny wavelets mar the
ser - vice, but the life of Je - sus Lived thro' a ves - sel of earth's
meet the deep un - rest a - round thee But the calm peace of God that
im - age fair, Which the still pool re-flects of heaven's glo - ry— And
fra - gile clay, Lov-ing and giv - ing and pour'd forth for oth - ers, "A
filled his breast? For still a liv - ing voice calls to the wea - ry From

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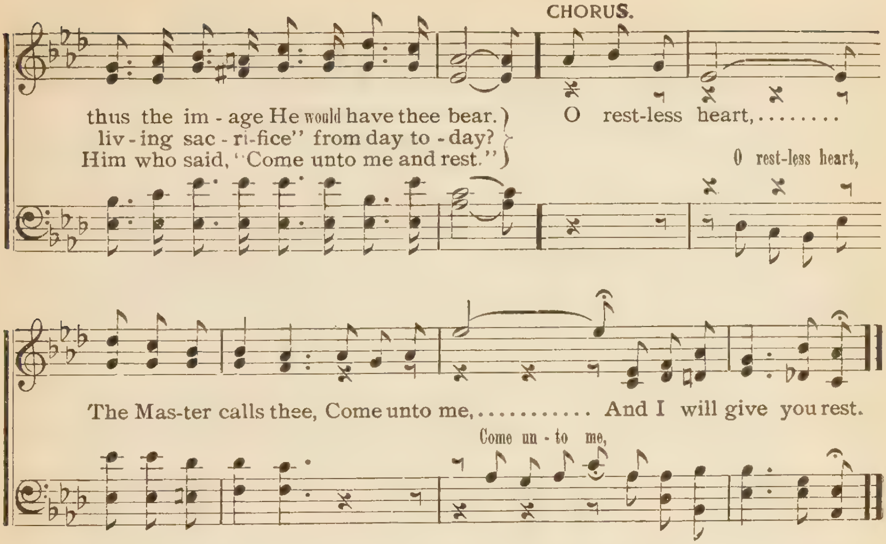
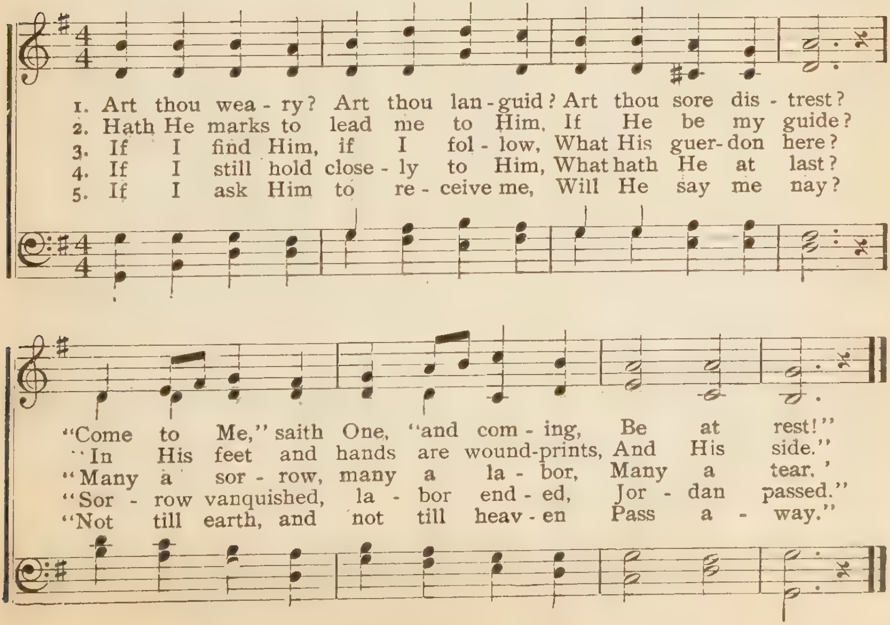

CHORUS.
thus the im - age He would have thee bear.
liv - ing sac - ri-fice" from day to - day?
Him who said, "Come unto me and rest."
O rest-less heart, . . . . . . . .
O rest-less heart,
The Mas-ter calls thee, Come unto me, . . . . . . . . . . . And I will give you rest.
Come un - to me,

## 592 Art Thou Weary?

Tr. John M. Neale.

Henry W. Baker.

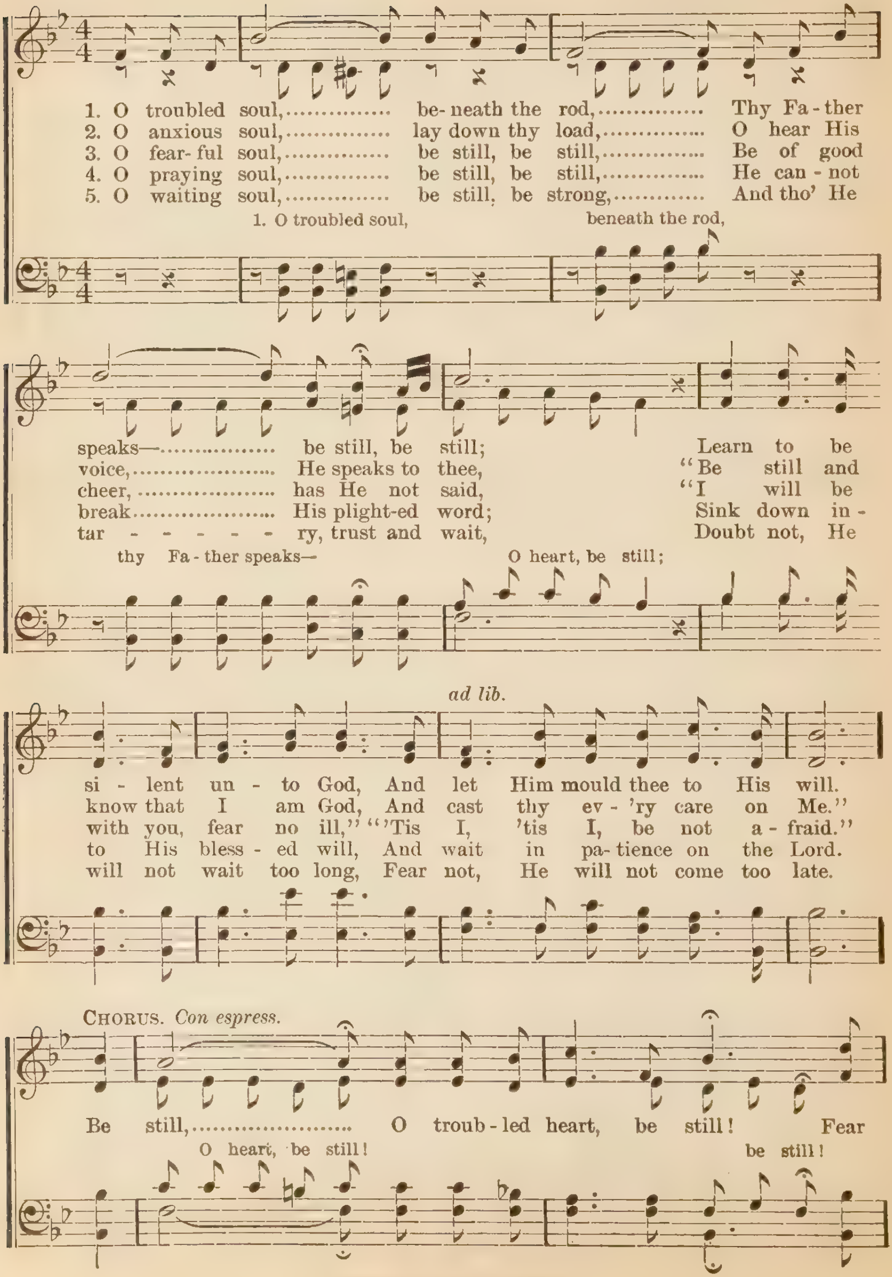

1. Art thou wea - ry? Art thou lan-guid? Art thou sore dis - trest?
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my guide?
3. If I find Him, if I fol - low, What His guer-don here?
4. If I still hold close - ly to Him, What hath He at last?
5. If I ask Him to re - ceive me, Will He say me nay?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest!"
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side."
"Many a sor - row, many a la - bor, Many a tear."
"Sor - row vanquished, la - bor end - ed, Jor - dan passed."
"Not till earth, and not till heav - en Pass a - way."

593

# Be Still.

A. B. S.

MARGARET M. SIMPSON.


1. O troubled soul,............... be-neath the rod,............... Thy Fa-ther
2. O anxious soul,............... lay down thy load,.............. O hear His
3. O fear-ful soul,............... be still, be still,.............. Be of good
4. O praying soul,............... be still, be still,.............. He can-not
5. O waiting soul,............... be still, be strong,............ And tho' He
1. O troubled soul, beneath the rod,
speaks—.................. be still, be still; Learn to be
voice,...................... He speaks to thee, "Be still and
cheer,..................... has He not said, "I will be
break..................... His plight-ed word; Sink down in-
tar - - - - - ry, trust and wait, Doubt not, He
thy Fa-ther speaks— O heart, be still;
ad lib.
si-lent un-to God, And let Him mould thee to His will.
know that I am God, And cast thy ev-'ry care on Me."
with you, fear no ill," "'Tis I, 'tis I, be not a-fraid."
to His bless-ed will, And wait in pa-tience on the Lord.
will not wait too long, Fear not, He will not come too late.
CHORUS. Con espress.
Be still,....................... O troub-led heart, be still! Fear
O heart, be still! be still!

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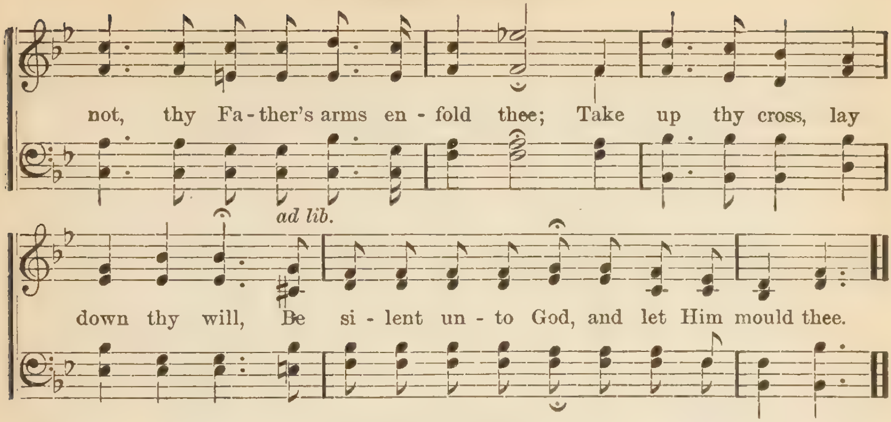
# Be Still.—Concluded.

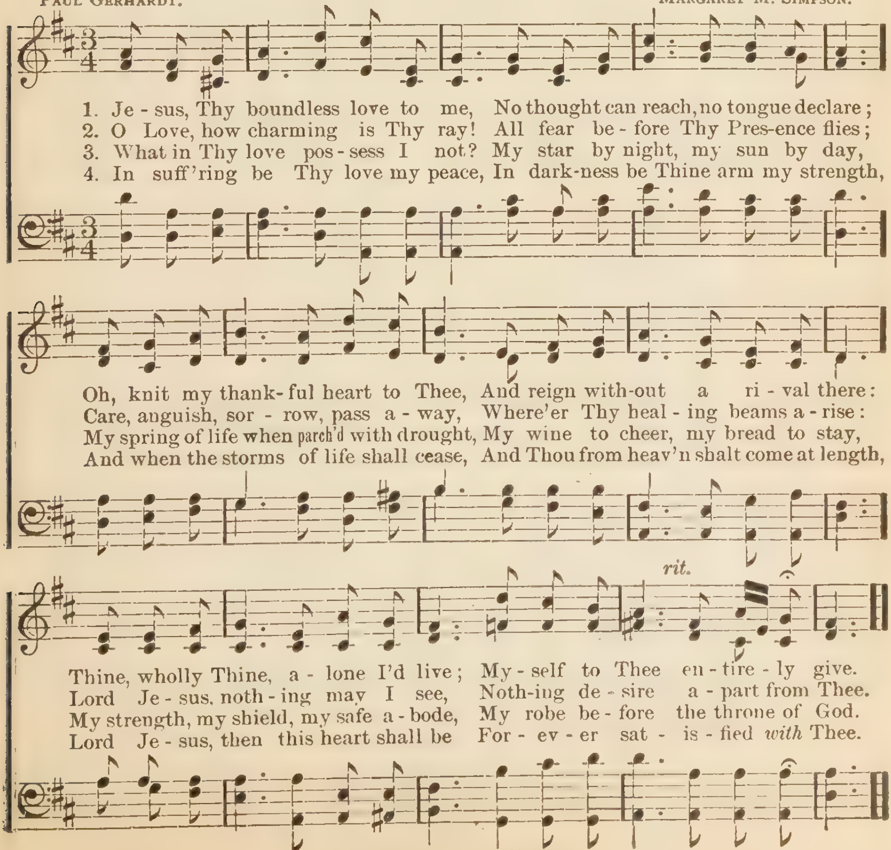

not, thy Fa-ther's arms en-fold thee; Take up thy cross, lay
ad lib.
down thy will, Be si-lent un-to God, and let Him mould thee.

## 594

# Only Thee.

Paul Gerhardt.

Margaret M. Simpson.


1. Je-sus, Thy boundless love to me, No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
2. O Love, how charming is Thy ray! All fear be-fore Thy Pres-ence flies;
3. What in Thy love pos-sess I not? My star by night, my sun by day,
4. In suff'ring be Thy love my peace, In dark-ness be Thine arm my strength,
Oh, knit my thank-ful heart to Thee, And reign with-out a ri-val there:
Care, anguish, sor-row, pass a-way, Where'er Thy heal-ing beams a-rise:
My spring of life when parch'd with drought, My wine to cheer, my bread to stay,
And when the storms of life shall cease, And Thou from heav'n shalt come at length,
rit.
Thine, wholly Thine, a-lone I'd live; My-self to Thee en-tire-ly give.
Lord Je-sus, noth-ing may I see, Noth-ing de-sire a-part from Thee.
My strength, my shield, my safe a-bode, My robe be-fore the throne of God.
Lord Je-sus, then this heart shall be For-ev-er sat-is-fied with Thee.

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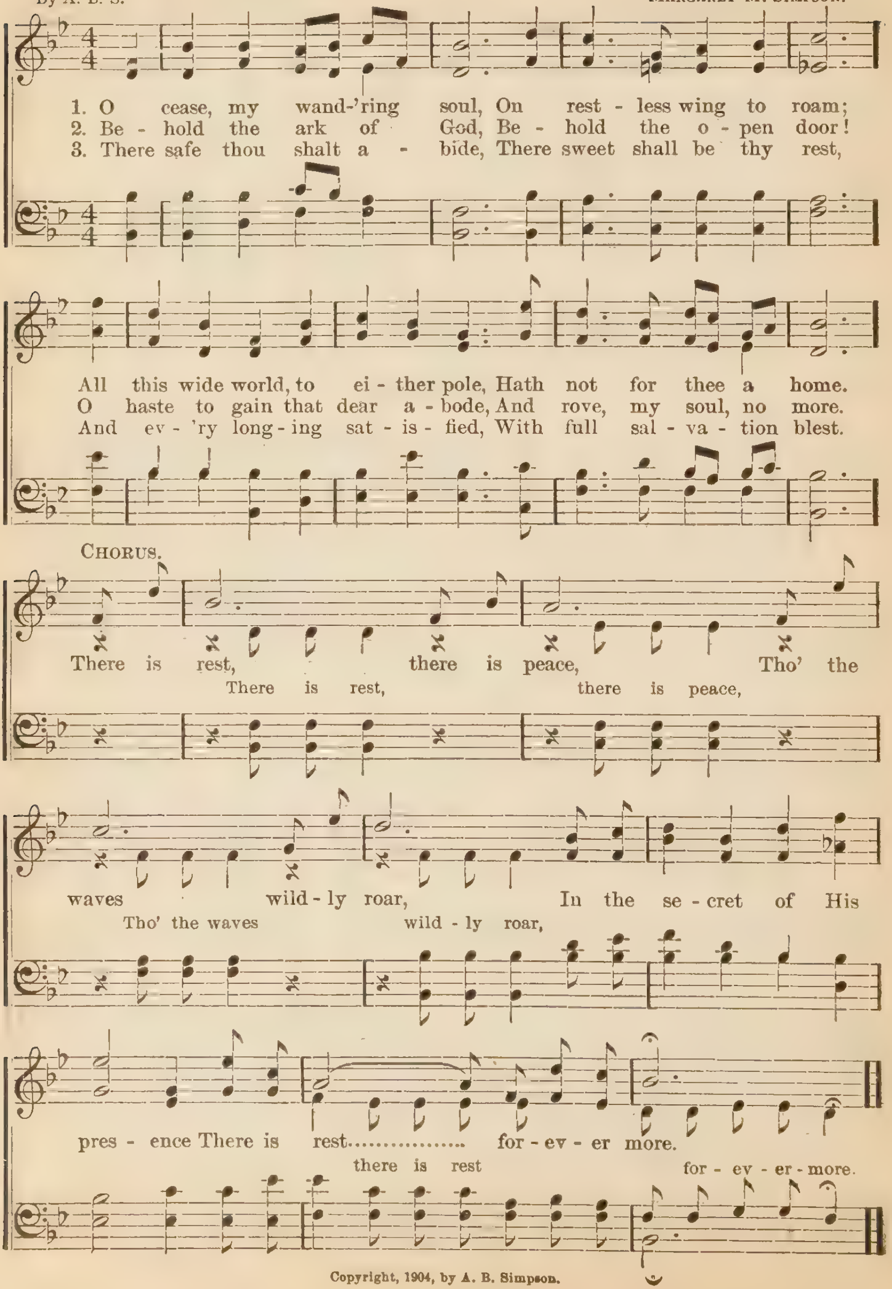
# 595

# Fulfillment.

Adapted from William A. Muhlenberg.
By A. B. S.

Margaret M. Simpson.


1. O cease, my wand-'ring soul, On rest - less wing to roam;
2. Be - hold the ark of God, Be - hold the o - pen door!
3. There safe thou shalt a - bide, There sweet shall be thy rest,
All this wide world, to ei - ther pole, Hath not for thee a home.
O haste to gain that dear a - bode, And rove, my soul, no more.
And ev - 'ry long - ing sat - is - fied, With full sal - va - tion blest.
Chorus.
There is rest, there is peace, Tho' the
There is rest, there is peace,
waves wild - ly roar, In the se - cret of His
Tho' the waves wild - ly roar,
pres - ence There is rest.................. for - ev - er more.
there is rest for - ev - er - more.

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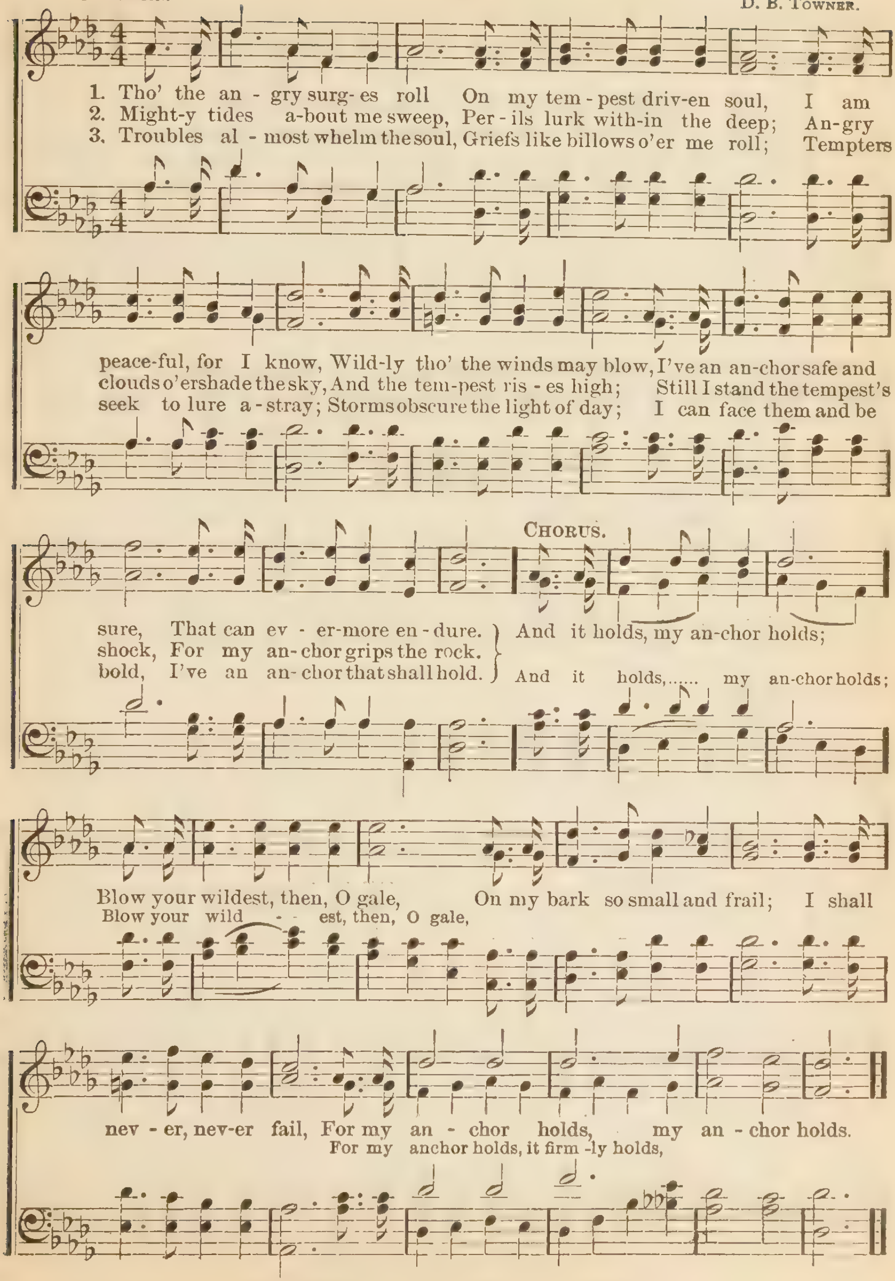
# My Anchor Holds.

W. C. Martin.

D. B. Towner.


1. Tho' the an - gry surg- es roll On my tem - pest driv-en soul, I am
2. Might-y tides a-bout me sweep, Per - ils lurk with-in the deep; An-gry
3. Troubles al - most whelm the soul, Griefs like billows o'er me roll; Tempters
peace-ful, for I know, Wild-ly tho' the winds may blow, I've an an-chor safe and
clouds o'ershade the sky, And the tem-pest ris - es high; Still I stand the tempest's
seek to lure a - stray; Storms obscure the light of day; I can face them and be
sure, That can ev - er-more en - dure.
shock, For my an- chor grips the rock.
bold, I've an an- chor that shall hold.
Chorus.
And it holds, my an-chor holds;
And it holds,...... my an-chor holds;
Blow your wildest, then, O gale, On my bark so small and frail; I shall
Blow your wild - - est, then, O gale,
nev - er, nev-er fail, For my an - chor holds, my an - chor holds.
For my anchor holds, it firm -ly holds,

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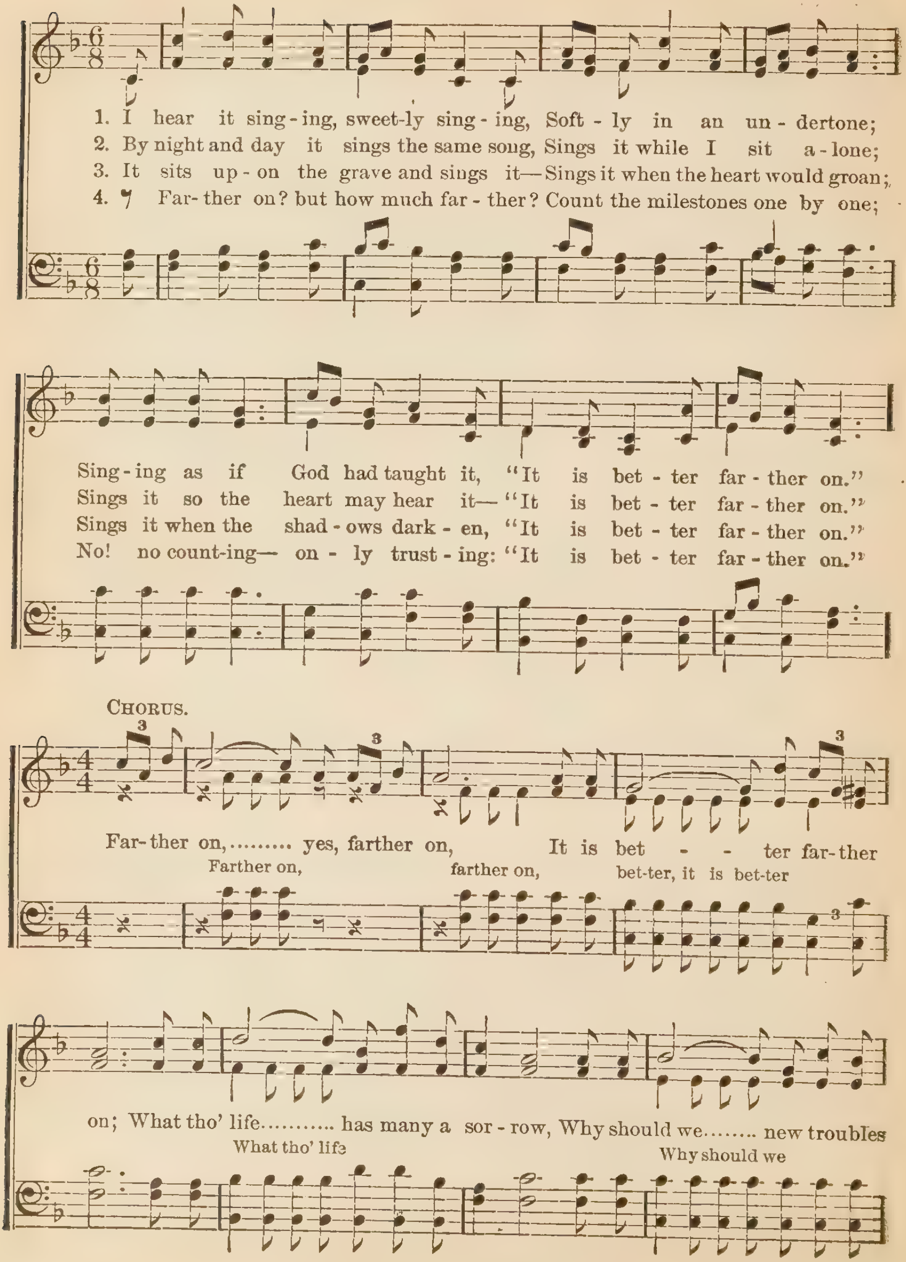
597

# The Song of Hope.

Dr. Joseph Parker. Margaret M. Simpson.


1. I hear it sing-ing, sweet-ly sing-ing, Soft-ly in an un-dertone;
2. By night and day it sings the same song, Sings it while I sit a-lone;
3. It sits up-on the grave and sings it—Sings it when the heart would groan;
4. Far-ther on? but how much far-ther? Count the milestones one by one;
Sing-ing as if God had taught it, "It is bet-ter far-ther on."
Sings it so the heart may hear it—"It is bet-ter far-ther on."
Sings it when the shad-ows dark-en, "It is bet-ter far-ther on."
No! no count-ing— on-ly trust-ing: "It is bet-ter far-ther on."
CHORUS.
3
3
3
3
Far-ther on,......... yes, farther on, It is bet - ter far-ther
Farther on, farther on, bet-ter, it is bet-ter
on; What tho' life........... has many a sor-row, Why should we........ new troubles
What tho' life Why should we

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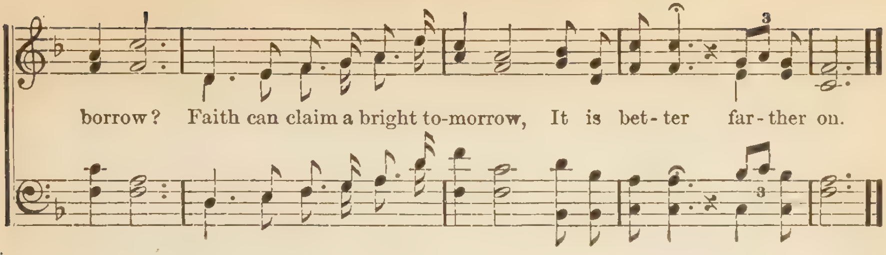
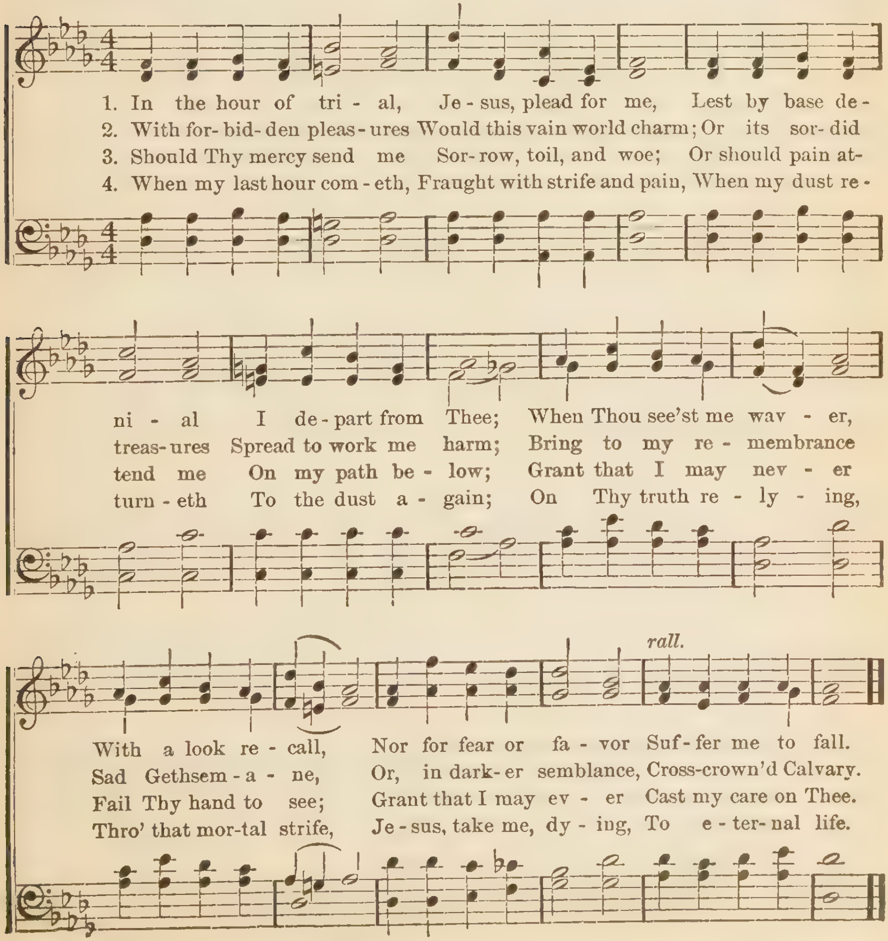
# The Song of Hope.—Concluded.


borrow? Faith can claim a bright to-morrow, It is bet-ter far-ther on.
3
3

## 598

# In the Hour of Trial.

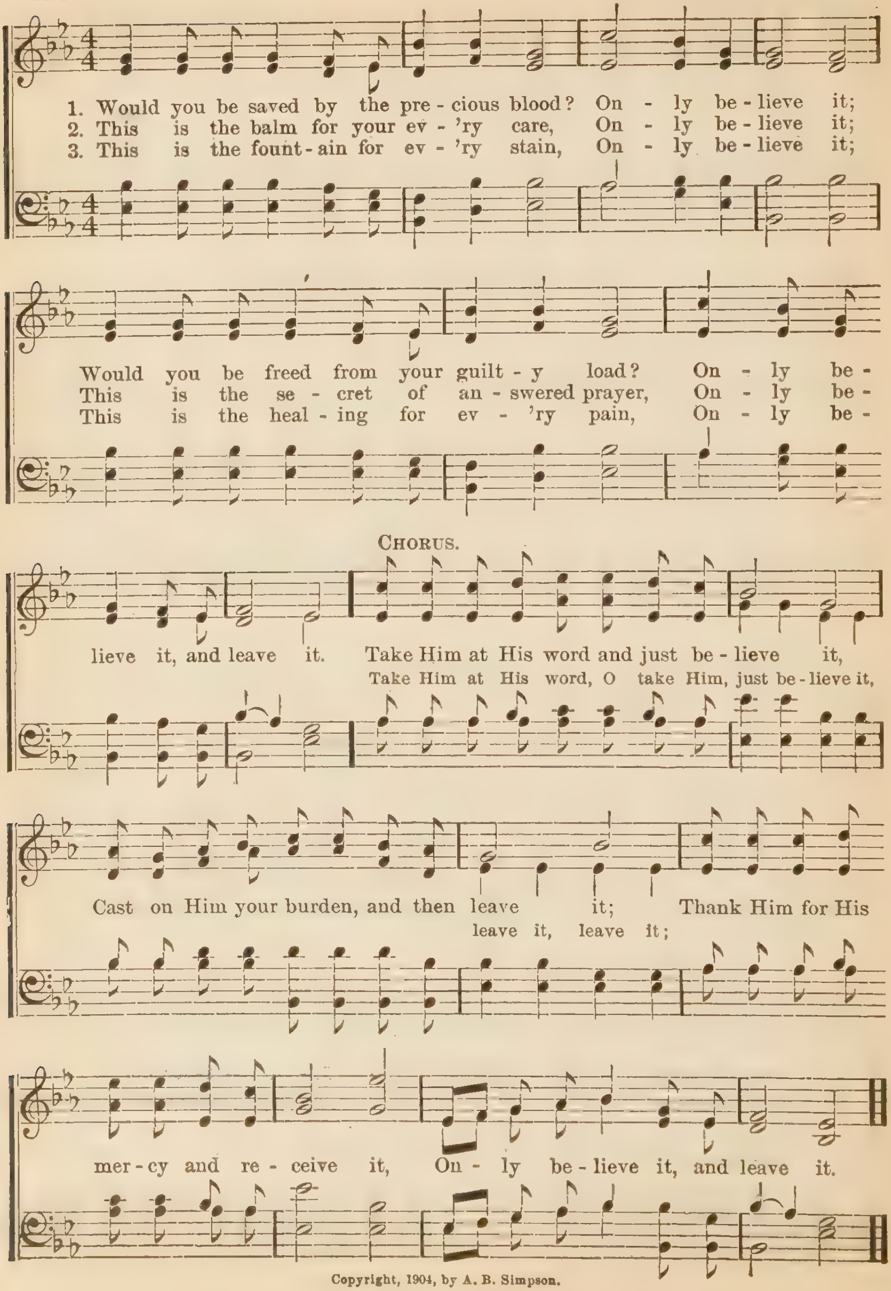
J. Montgomery. S. Lane.


1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me, Lest by base de -
2. With for-bid-den pleas-ures Would this vain world charm; Or its sor-did
3. Should Thy mercy send me Sor-row, toil, and woe; Or should pain at-
4. When my last hour com - eth, Fraught with strife and pain, When my dust re -
ni - al I de-part from Thee; When Thou see'st me wav - er,
treas-ures Spread to work me harm; Bring to my re - membrance
tend me On my path be - low; Grant that I may nev - er
turn - eth To the dust a - gain; On Thy truth re - ly - ing,
With a look re - call, Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf-fer me to fall.
Sad Gethsem - a - ne, Or, in dark-er semblance, Cross-crown'd Calvary.
Fail Thy hand to see; Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee.
Thro' that mor-tal strife, Je - sus, take me, dy - ing, To e - ter-nal life.
rall.

# Only Believe It, and Leave It.

A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. Would you be saved by the pre - cious blood? On - ly be - lieve it;
2. This is the balm for your ev - 'ry care, On - ly be - lieve it;
3. This is the fount - ain for ev - 'ry stain, On - ly be - lieve it;
Would you be freed from your guilt - y load? On - ly be -
This is the se - cret of an - swered prayer, On - ly be -
This is the heal - ing for ev - 'ry pain, On - ly be -
lieve it, and leave it.
Chorus.
Take Him at His word and just be - lieve it,
Take Him at His word, O take Him, just be - lieve it,
Cast on Him your burden, and then leave it;
leave it, leave it;
Thank Him for His mer - cy and re - ceive it,
On - ly be - lieve it, and leave it.

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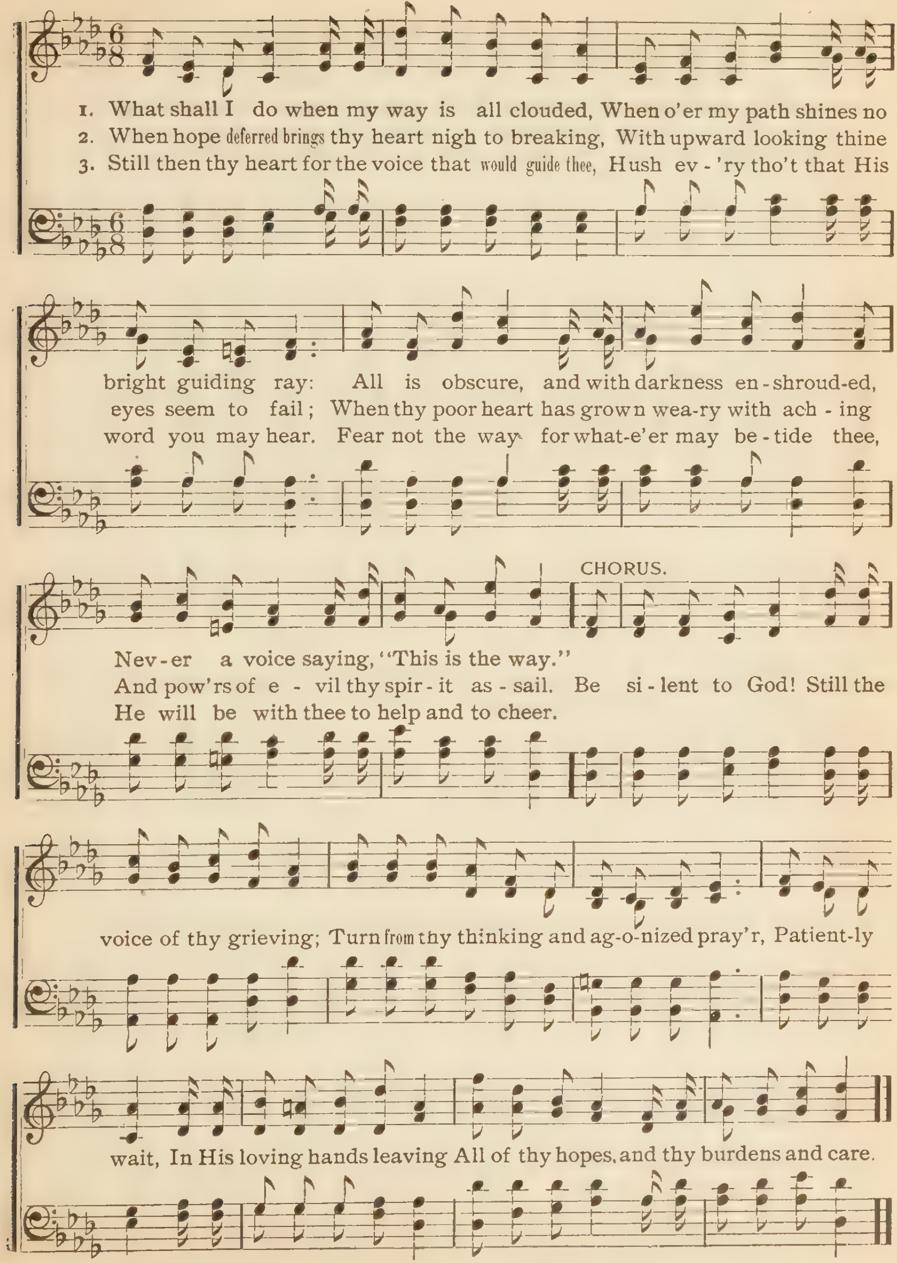
600

# Be Silent to God.

H. D. Winant. Margaret M. Simpson.


1. What shall I do when my way is all clouded, When o'er my path shines no
2. When hope deferred brings thy heart nigh to breaking, With upward looking thine
3. Still then thy heart for the voice that would guide thee, Hush ev - 'ry tho't that His
bright guiding ray: All is obscure, and with darkness en - shroud-ed,
eyes seem to fail; When thy poor heart has grown wea-ry with ach - ing
word you may hear. Fear not the way for what-e'er may be - tide thee,
Nev - er a voice saying, "This is the way."
And pow'rs of e - vil thy spir - it as - sail.
He will be with thee to help and to cheer.
CHORUS.
Be si - lent to God! Still the
voice of thy grieving; Turn from thy thinking and ag-o-nized pray'r, Patient-ly
wait, In His loving hands leaving All of thy hopes, and thy burdens and care.

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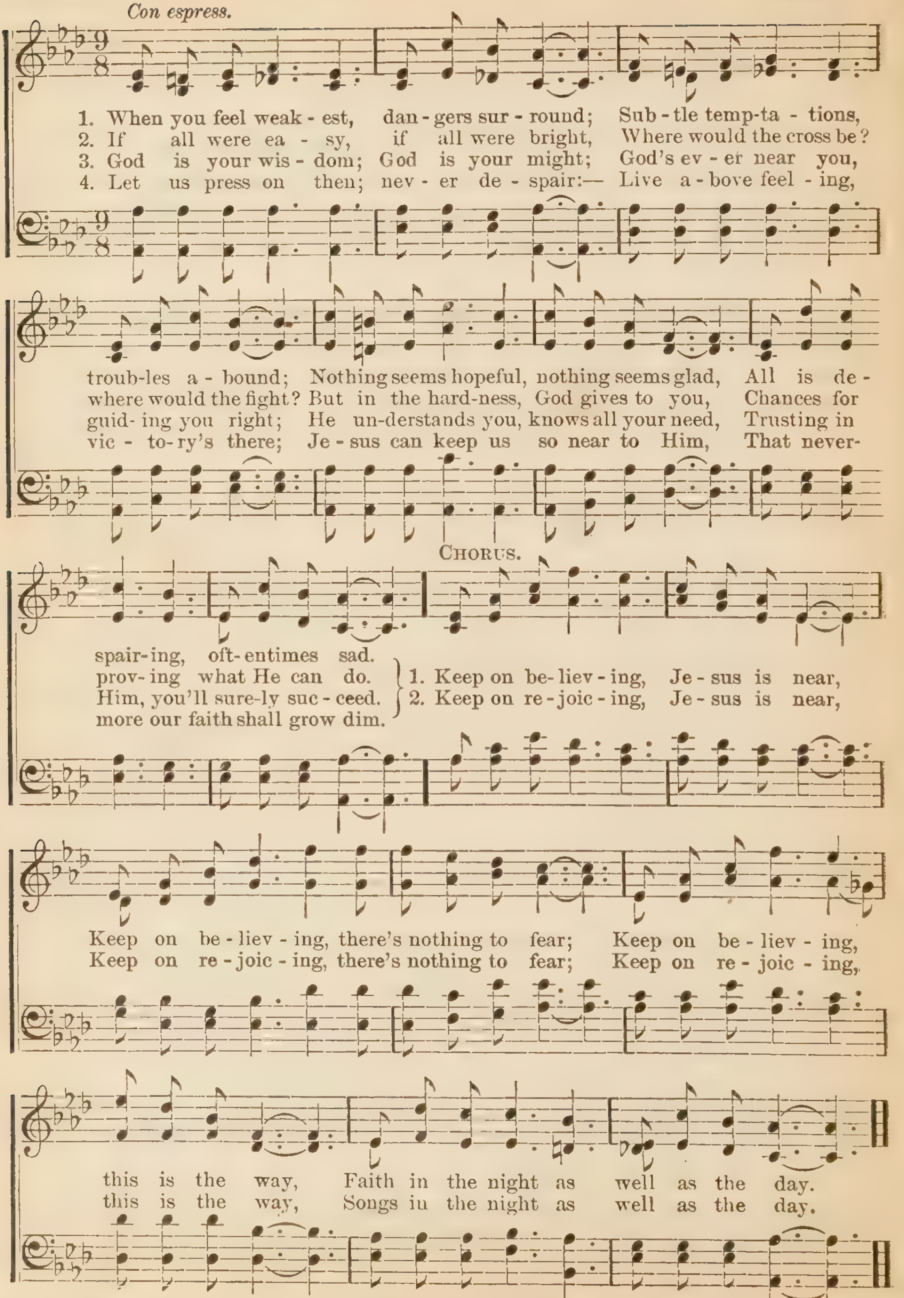
601

# Keep on Believing.

M. D.

L. M. B.


Con espress.
1. When you feel weak - est, dan - gers sur - round; Sub - tle temp - ta - tions,
2. If all were ea - sy, if all were bright, Where would the cross be?
3. God is your wis - dom; God is your might; God's ev - er near you,
4. Let us press on then; nev - er de - spair:— Live a - bove feel - ing,
troub - les a - bound; Nothing seems hopeful, nothing seems glad, All is de -
where would the fight? But in the hard - ness, God gives to you, Chances for
guid - ing you right; He un - derstands you, knows all your need, Trusting in
vic - to - ry's there; Je - sus can keep us so near to Him, That never -
Chorus.
spair - ing, oft - entimes sad.
prov - ing what He can do.
Him, you'll sure - ly suc - ceed.
more our faith shall grow dim.
1. Keep on be - liev - ing, Je - sus is near,
2. Keep on re - joic - ing, Je - sus is near,
Keep on be - liev - ing, there's nothing to fear; Keep on be - liev - ing,
Keep on re - joic - ing, there's nothing to fear; Keep on re - joic - ing,
this is the way, Faith in the night as well as the day.
this is the way, Songs in the night as well as the day.

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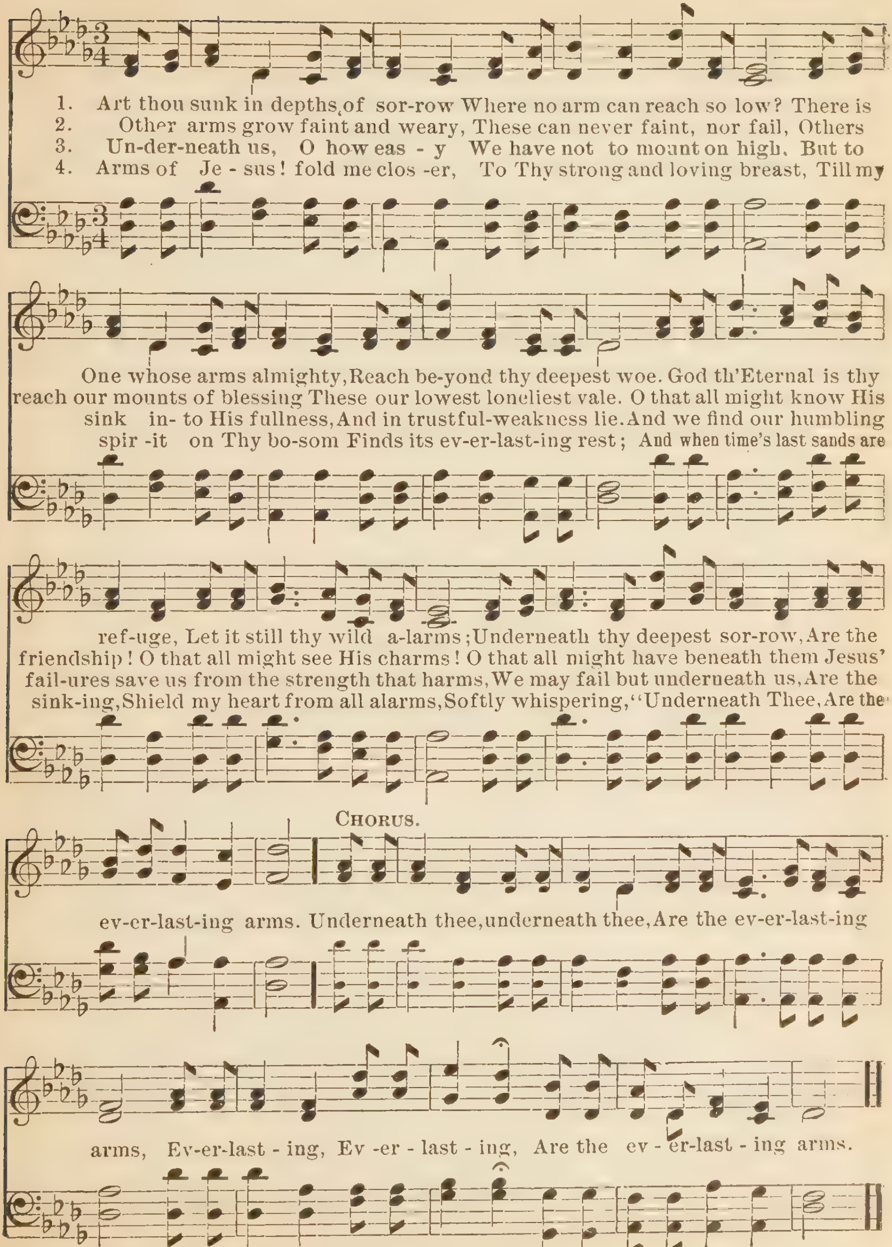
# The Everlasting Arms.

A. B. S. | A. B. Simpson.


1. Art thou sunk in depths of sor-row Where no arm can reach so low? There is
2. Other arms grow faint and weary, These can never faint, nor fail, Others
3. Un-der-neath us, O how eas - y We have not to mount on high, But to
4. Arms of Je - sus! fold me clos -er, To Thy strong and loving breast, Till my
One whose arms almighty, Reach be-yond thy deepest woe. God th'Eternal is thy
reach our mounts of blessing These our lowest loneliest vale. O that all might know His
sink in- to His fullness, And in trustful-weakness lie. And we find our humbling
spir -it on Thy bo-som Finds its ev-er-last-ing rest; And when time's last sands are
ref-uge, Let it still thy wild a-larms; Underneath thy deepest sor-row, Are the
friendship! O that all might see His charms! O that all might have beneath them Jesus'
fail-ures save us from the strength that harms, We may fail but underneath us, Are the
sink-ing, Shield my heart from all alarms, Softly whispering, "Underneath Thee, Are the
CHORUS.
ev-er-last-ing arms. Underneath thee, underneath thee, Are the ev-er-last-ing
arms, Ev-er-last - ing, Ev -er - last - ing, Are the ev - er-last - ing arms.

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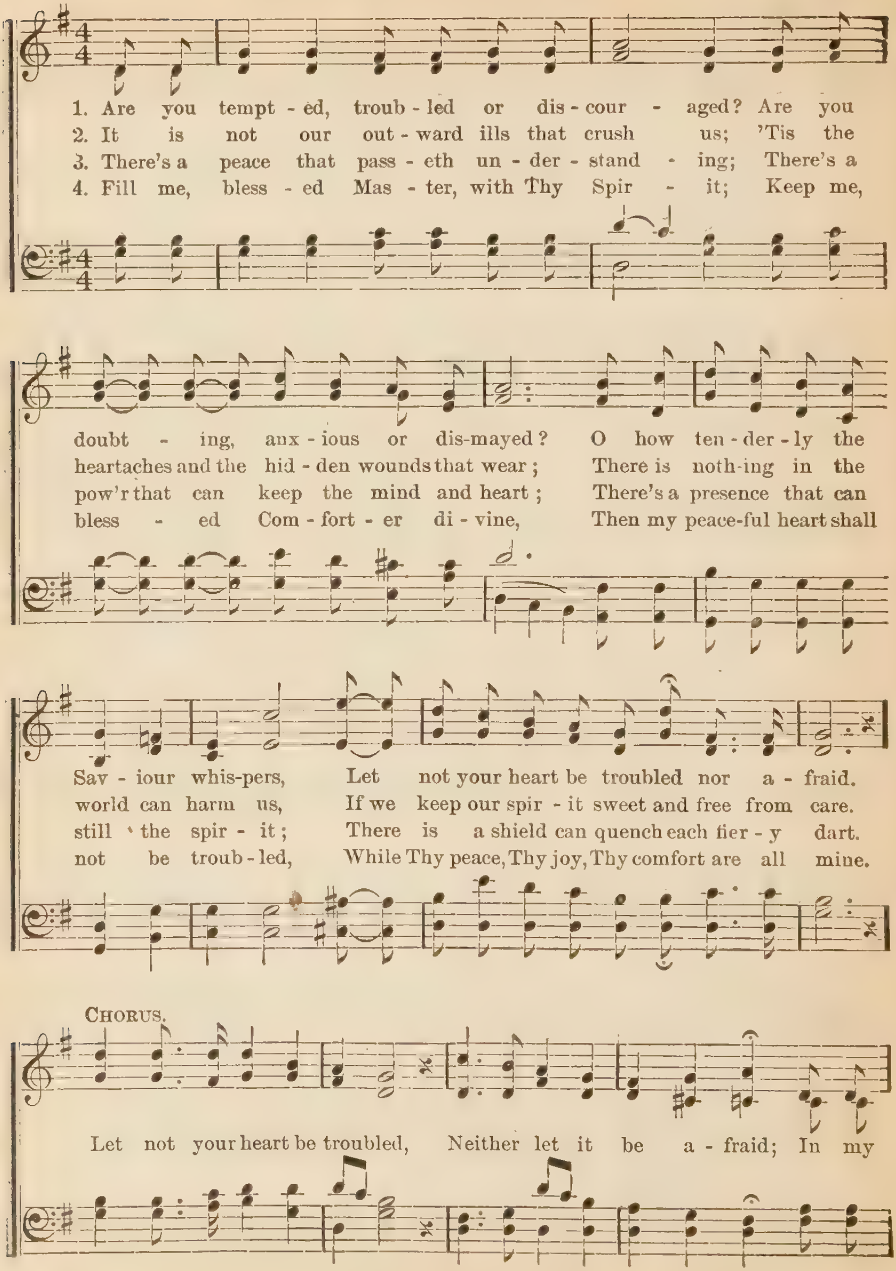
# Let not your Heart be Troubled.

A. B. S. A. B. SIMPSON.


1. Are you tempt - ed, troub - led or dis - cour - aged? Are you
2. It is not our out - ward ills that crush us; 'Tis the
3. There's a peace that pass - eth un - der - stand - ing; There's a
4. Fill me, bless - ed Mas - ter, with Thy Spir - it; Keep me,
doubt - ing, anx - ious or dis-mayed? O how ten - der - ly the
heartaches and the hid - den wounds that wear; There is noth-ing in the
pow'r that can keep the mind and heart; There's a presence that can
bless - ed Com - fort - er di - vine, Then my peace-ful heart shall
Sav - iour whis-pers, Let not your heart be troubled nor a - fraid.
world can harm us, If we keep our spir - it sweet and free from care.
still the spir - it; There is a shield can quench each fier - y dart.
not be troub - led, While Thy peace, Thy joy, Thy comfort are all mine.
CHORUS.
Let not your heart be troubled, Neither let it be a - fraid; In my

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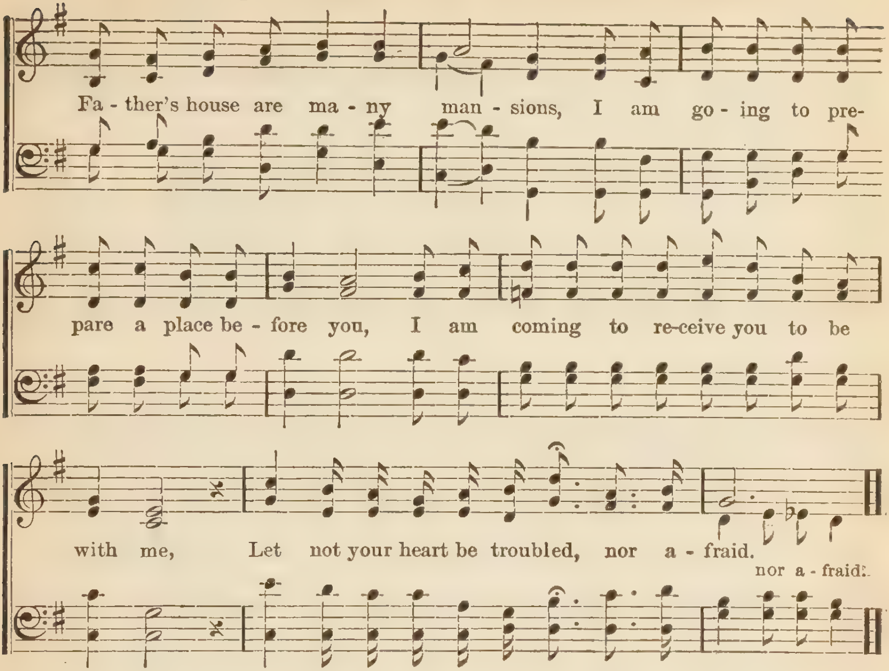
# Let not your Heart be Troubled.—Concluded.

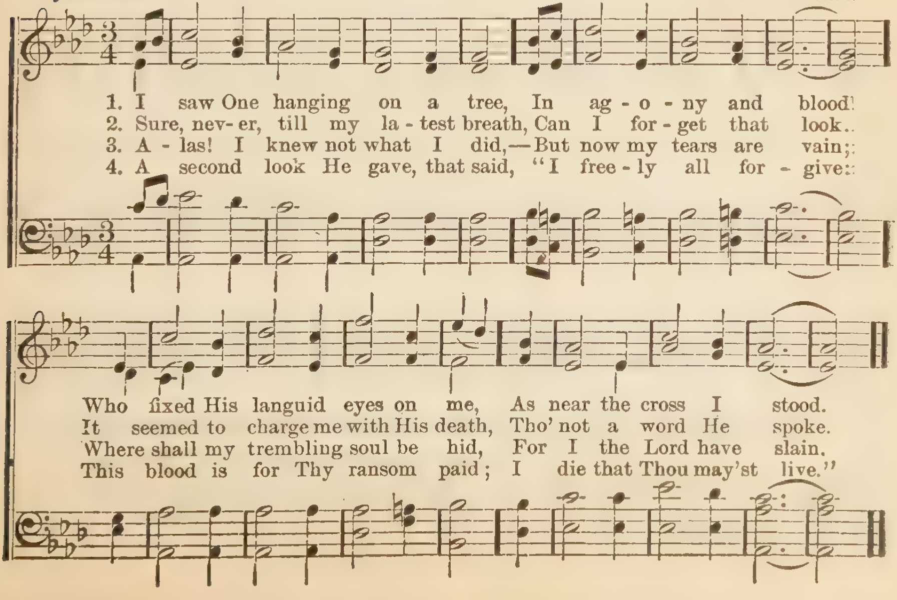

Fa - ther's house are ma - ny man - sions, I am go - ing to pre-
pare a place be - fore you, I am coming to re-ceive you to be
with me, Let not your heart be troubled, nor a - fraid.
nor a - fraid.

604

# I saw One Hanging on a Tree.

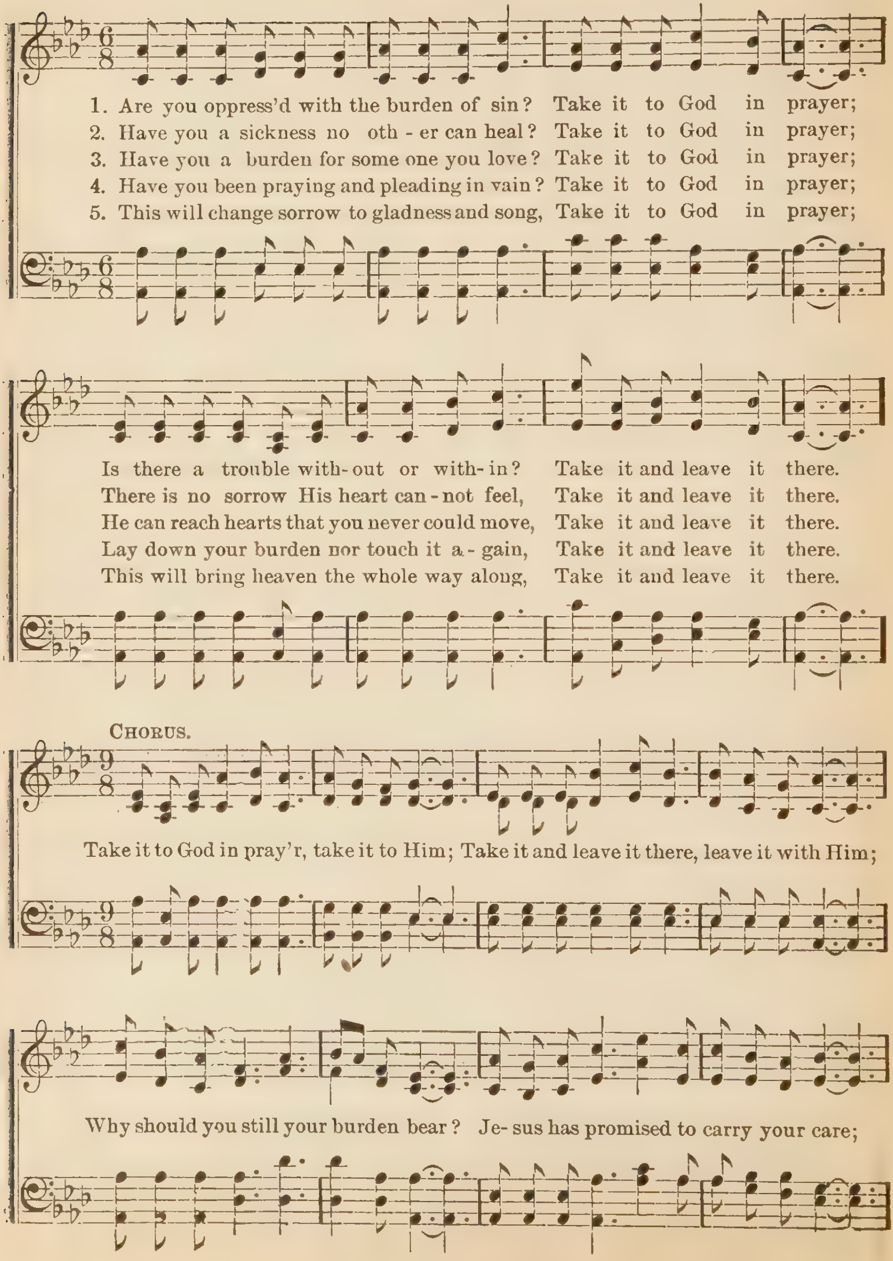
John Newton.

Arr. from Rossini.


1. I saw One hanging on a tree, In ag - o - ny and blood!
2. Sure, nev- er, till my la - test breath, Can I for - get that look.
3. A - las! I knew not what I did,—But now my tears are vain;
4. A second look He gave, that said, "I free - ly all for - give:
Who fixed His languid eyes on me, As near the cross I stood.
It seemed to charge me with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke.
Where shall my trembling soul be hid, For I the Lord have slain.
This blood is for Thy ransom paid; I die that Thou may'st live."

# 605 Take It and Leave It There.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. Are you oppress'd with the burden of sin? Take it to God in prayer;
2. Have you a sickness no oth - er can heal? Take it to God in prayer;
3. Have you a burden for some one you love? Take it to God in prayer;
4. Have you been praying and pleading in vain? Take it to God in prayer;
5. This will change sorrow to gladness and song, Take it to God in prayer;
Is there a trouble with-out or with-in? Take it and leave it there.
There is no sorrow His heart can-not feel, Take it and leave it there.
He can reach hearts that you never could move, Take it and leave it there.
Lay down your burden nor touch it a - gain, Take it and leave it there.
This will bring heaven the whole way along, Take it and leave it there.
CHORUS.
Take it to God in pray'r, take it to Him; Take it and leave it there, leave it with Him;
Why should you still your burden bear? Je- sus has promised to carry your care;

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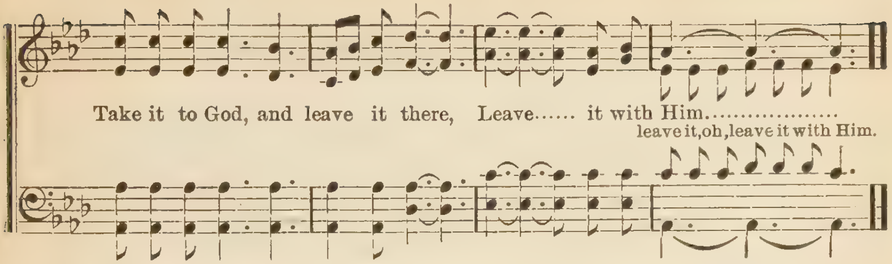
# Take It and Leave It There.—Concluded.

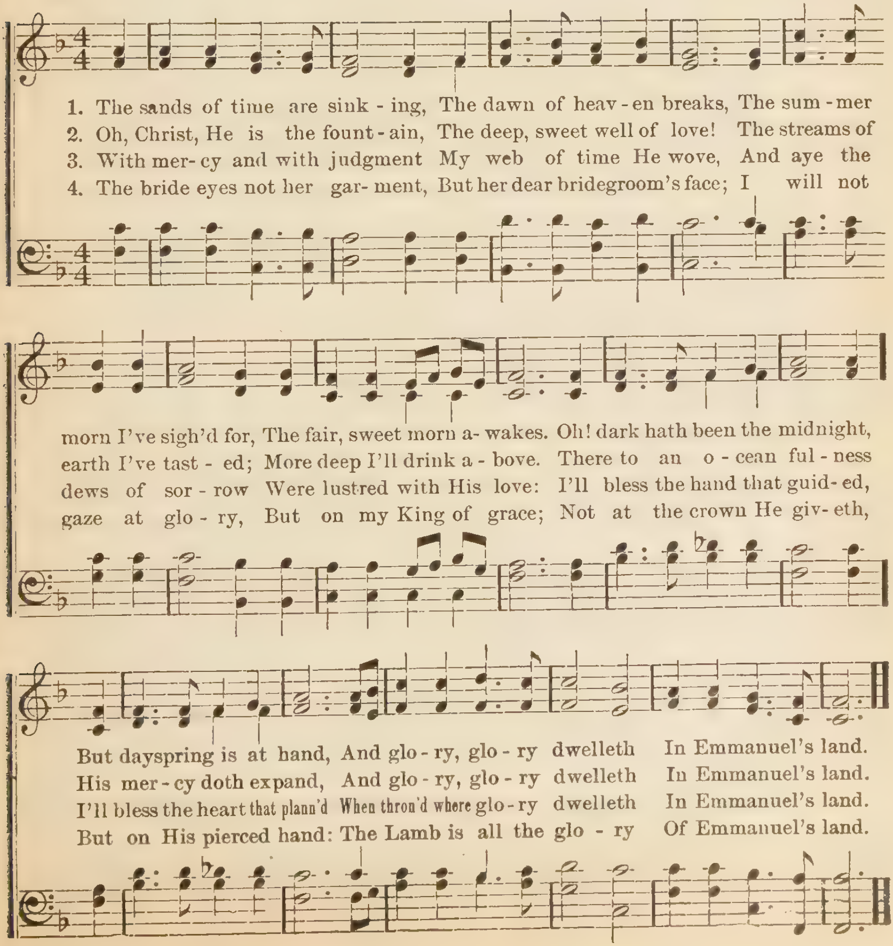

Take it to God, and leave it there, Leave...... it with Him..................
leave it, oh, leave it with Him.

## 606

## The Sands of Time are Sinking.

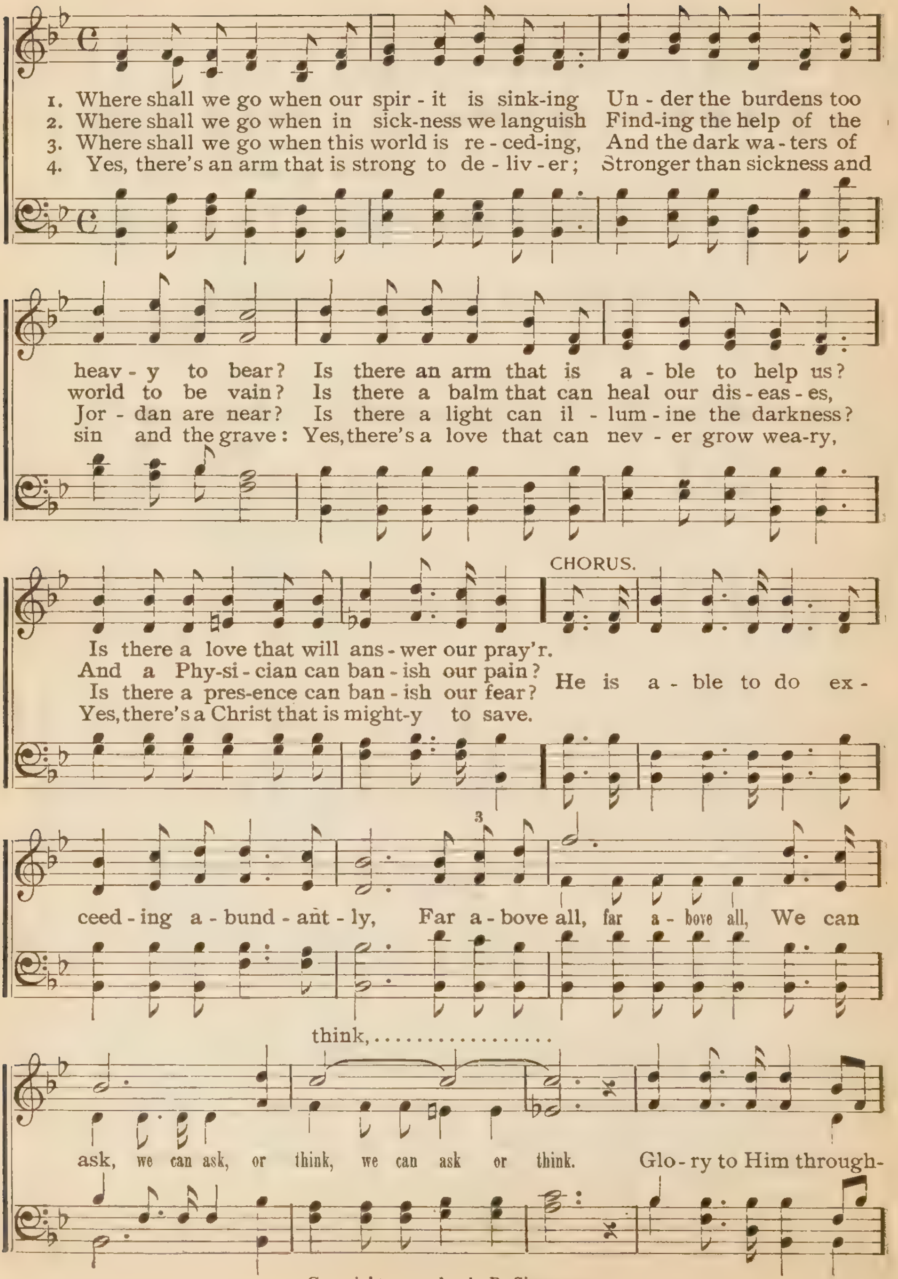
ANNE R. COUSIN.

CHRÉTIEN D'URHAN.
Har. E. F. RIMBAULT.


1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks, The sum - mer
2. Oh, Christ, He is the fount - ain, The deep, sweet well of love! The streams of
3. With mer - cy and with judgment My web of time He wove, And aye the
4. The bride eyes not her gar - ment, But her dear bridegroom's face; I will not
morn I've sigh'd for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes. Oh! dark hath been the midnight,
earth I've tast - ed; More deep I'll drink a - bove. There to an o - cean ful - ness
dews of sor - row Were lustred with His love: I'll bless the hand that guid - ed,
gaze at glo - ry, But on my King of grace; Not at the crown He giv - eth,
But dayspring is at hand, And glo - ry, glo - ry dwelleth In Emmanuel's land.
His mer - cy doth expand, And glo - ry, glo - ry dwelleth In Emmanuel's land.
I'll bless the heart that plann'd When thron'd where glo - ry dwelleth In Emmanuel's land.
But on His pierced hand: The Lamb is all the glo - ry Of Emmanuel's land.

# 607 He is Able.

A. B. SIMPSON. A. B. S.


1. Where shall we go when our spir - it is sink-ing Un - der the burdens too
2. Where shall we go when in sick-ness we languish Find-ing the help of the
3. Where shall we go when this world is re - ced-ing, And the dark wa - ters of
4. Yes, there's an arm that is strong to de - liv - er; Stronger than sickness and
heav - y to bear? Is there an arm that is a - ble to help us?
world to be vain? Is there a balm that can heal our dis - eas - es,
Jor - dan are near? Is there a light can il - lum - ine the darkness?
sin and the grave: Yes, there's a love that can nev - er grow wea-ry,
Is there a love that will ans - wer our pray'r.
And a Phy-si - cian can ban - ish our pain?
Is there a pres-ence can ban - ish our fear?
Yes, there's a Christ that is might-y to save.
CHORUS.
He is a - ble to do ex -
ceed - ing a - bund - ant - ly, Far a - bove all, far a - bove all, We can
think, .................
ask, we can ask, or think, we can ask or think. Glo - ry to Him through-
3

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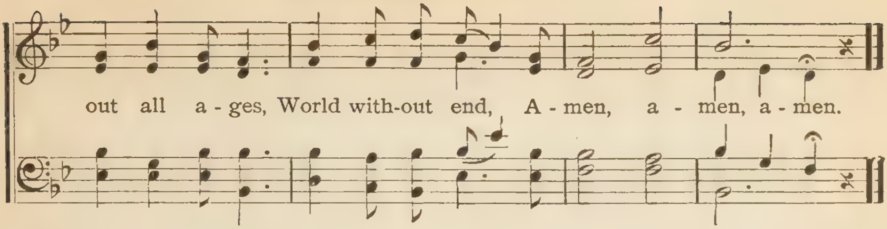
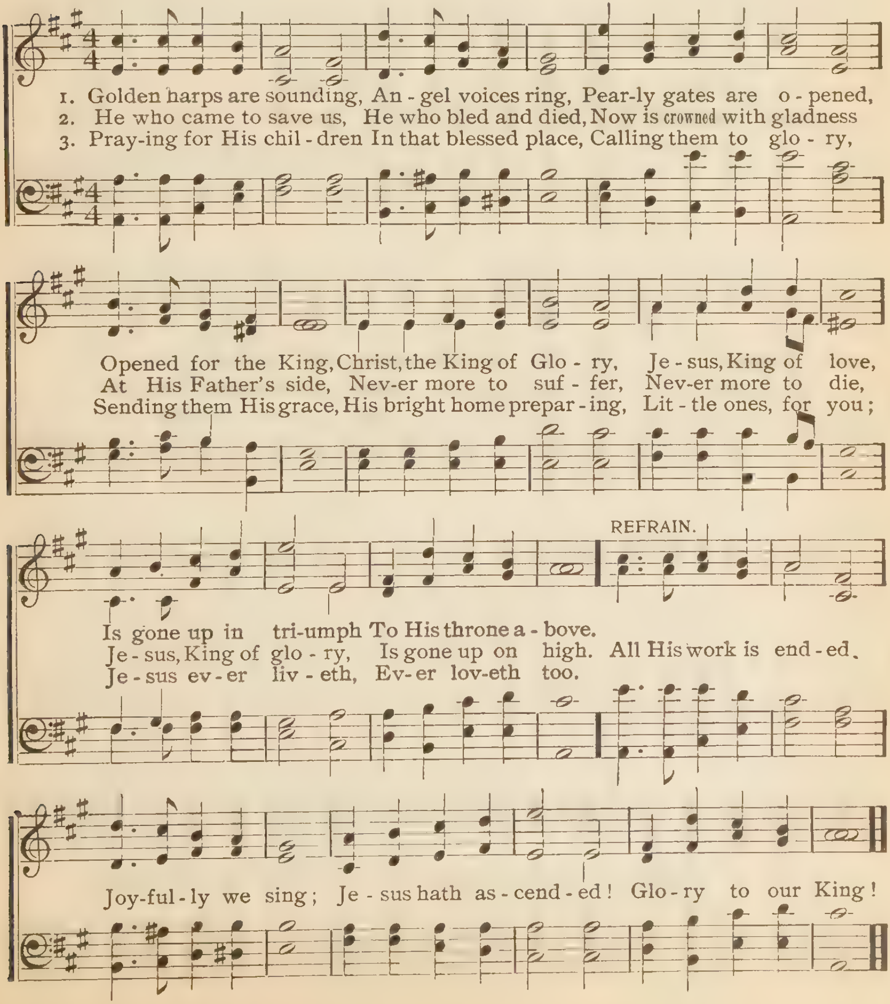
## He is Able.—Concluded.


out all a - ges, World with-out end, A - men, a - men, a - men.

## 608 Golden Harps are Sounding.

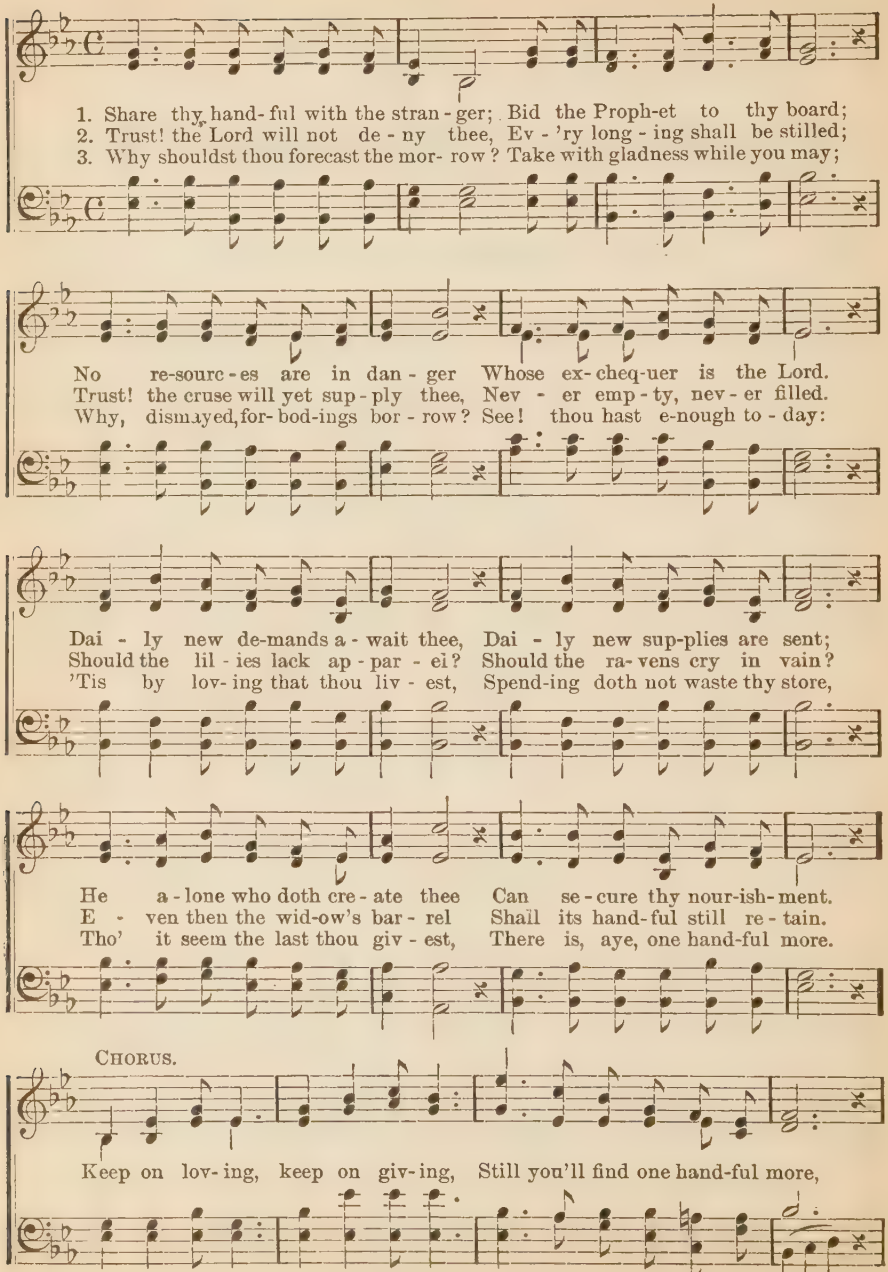
F. R. H. FRANCIS R. HAVERGAL.


1. Golden harps are sounding, An - gel voices ring, Pear-ly gates are o - pened,
2. He who came to save us, He who bled and died, Now is crowned with gladness
3. Pray-ing for His chil - dren In that blessed place, Calling them to glo - ry,
Opened for the King, Christ, the King of Glo - ry, Je - sus, King of love,
At His Father's side, Nev-er more to suf - fer, Nev-er more to die,
Sending them His grace, His bright home prepar - ing, Lit - tle ones, for you;
Is gone up in tri-umph To His throne a - bove.
Je - sus, King of glo - ry, Is gone up on high.
Je - sus ev - er liv - eth, Ev - er lov-eth too.
REFRAIN.
All His work is end - ed,
Joy-ful - ly we sing; Je - sus hath as - cend - ed! Glo - ry to our King!

## 609

# The Last Handful.

LUCY A. BENNETT. REV. A. B. SIMPSON.


1. Share thy hand-ful with the stran-ger; Bid the Proph-et to thy board;
2. Trust! the Lord will not de-ny thee, Ev-'ry long-ing shall be stilled;
3. Why shouldst thou forecast the mor-row? Take with gladness while you may;
No re-sourc-es are in dan-ger Whose ex-cheq-uer is the Lord.
Trust! the cruse will yet sup-ply thee, Nev-er emp-ty, nev-er filled.
Why, dismayed, for-bod-ings bor-row? See! thou hast e-nough to-day:
Dai-ly new de-mands a-wait thee, Dai-ly new sup-plies are sent;
Should the lil-ies lack ap-par-el? Should the ra-vens cry in vain?
'Tis by lov-ing that thou liv-est, Spend-ing doth not waste thy store,
He a-lone who doth cre-ate thee Can se-cure thy nour-ish-ment.
E-ven then the wid-ow's bar-rel Shall its hand-ful still re-tain.
Tho' it seem the last thou giv-est, There is, aye, one hand-ful more.
CHORUS.
Keep on lov-ing, keep on giv-ing, Still you'll find one hand-ful more,

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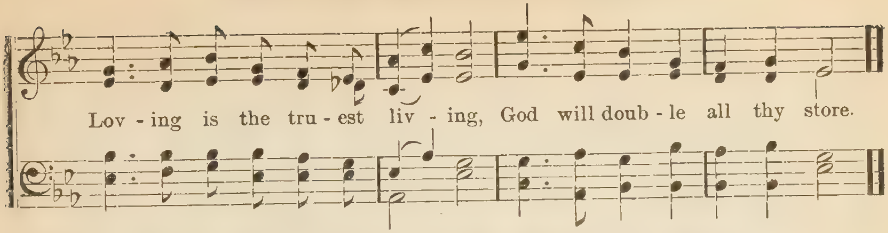
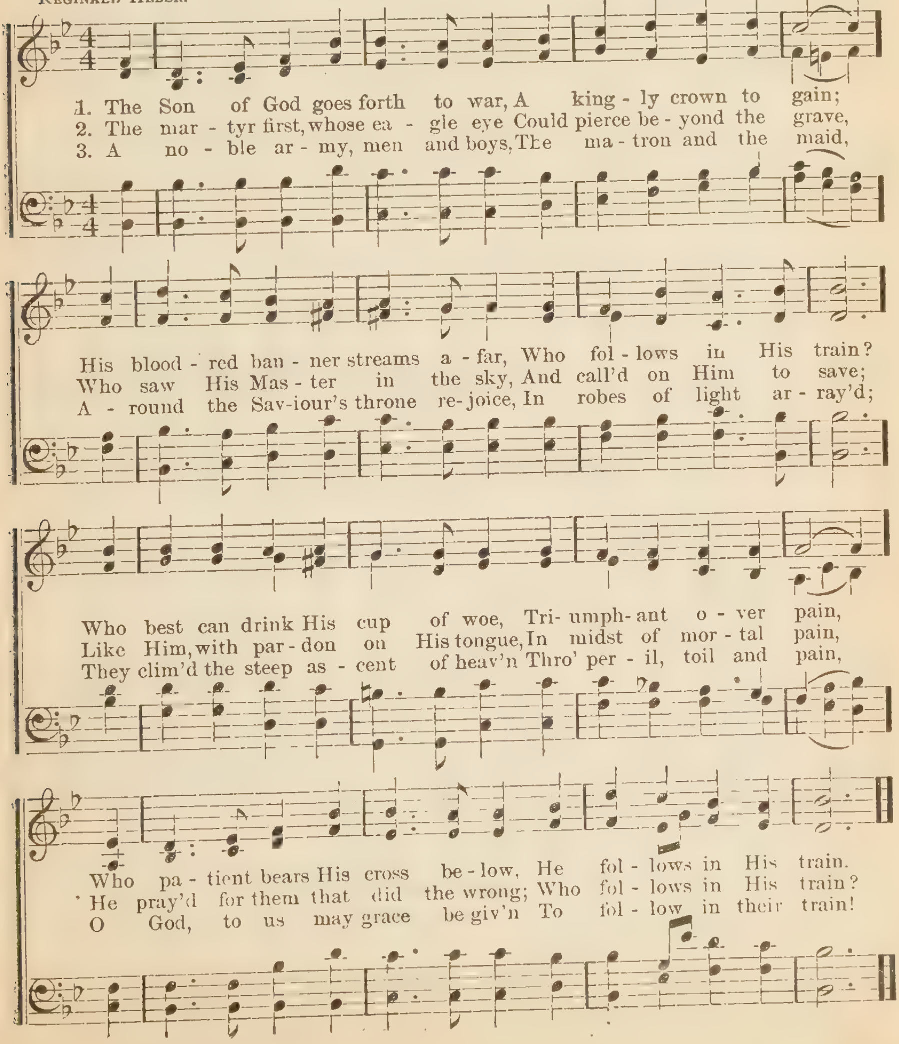
# The Last Handful.—Concluded.


Lov - ing is the tru - est liv - ing, God will doub - le all thy store.

# 610 The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

Reginald Heber.

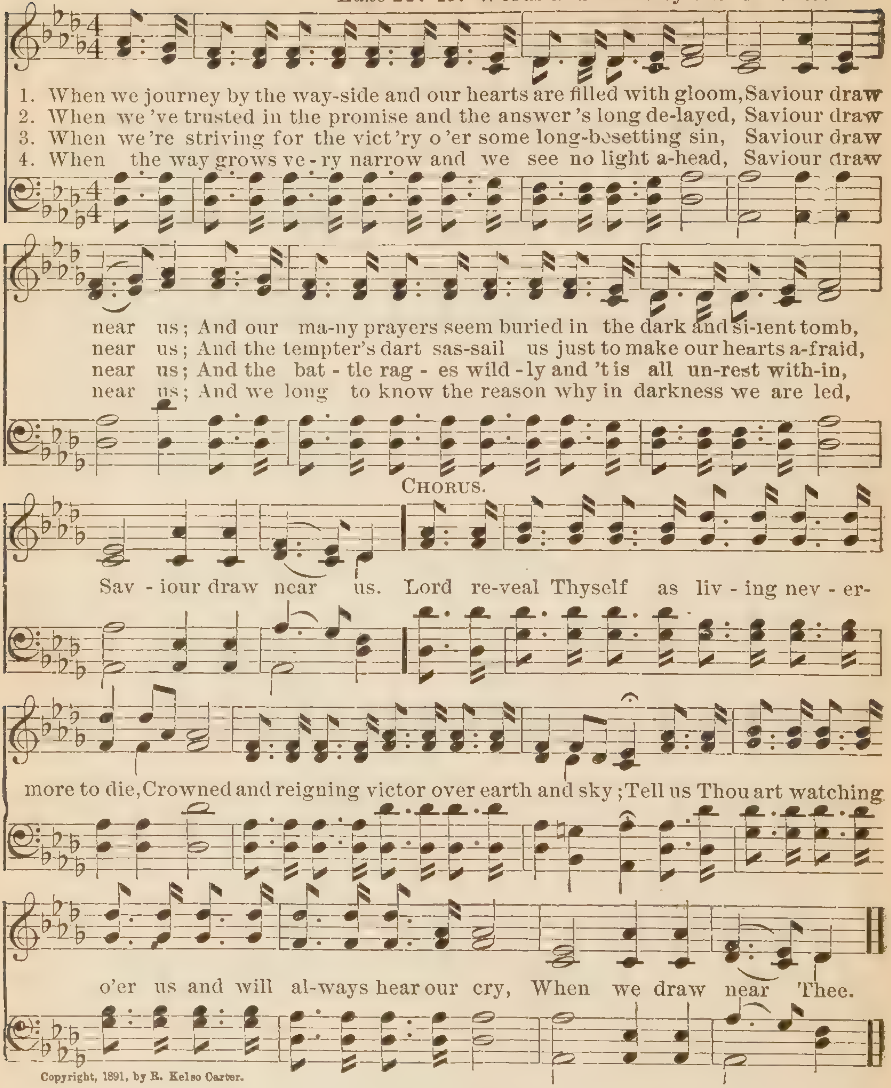
Dr. H. S. Cutler.


1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave,
3. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,
His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far, Who fol - lows in His train?
Who saw His Mas - ter in the sky, And call'd on Him to save;
A - round the Sav-iour's throne re- joice, In robes of light ar - ray'd;
Who best can drink His cup of woe, Tri- umph- ant o - ver pain,
Like Him, with par - don on His tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,
They clim'd the steep as - cent of heav'n Thro' per - il, toil and pain,
Who pa - tient bears His cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.
He pray'd for them that did the wrong; Who fol - lows in His train?
O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol - low in their train!

## 611

# Saviour Draw Near Us.

*Luke* 24: 15. Words and music by Jas. M. Kirk.


1. When we journey by the way-side and our hearts are filled with gloom, Saviour draw
2. When we 've trusted in the promise and the answer 's long de-layed, Saviour draw
3. When we 're striving for the vict'ry o'er some long-besetting sin, Saviour draw
4. When the way grows ve-ry narrow and we see no light a-head, Saviour draw
near us; And our ma-ny prayers seem buried in the dark and si-lent tomb,
near us; And the tempter's dart sas-sail us just to make our hearts a-fraid,
near us; And the bat-tle rag-es wild-ly and 't is all un-rest with-in,
near us; And we long to know the reason why in darkness we are led,
Sav-iour draw near us.
Chorus.
Lord re-veal Thyself as liv-ing nev-er-more to die, Crowned and reigning victor over earth and sky; Tell us Thou art watching o'er us and will al-ways hear our cry, When we draw near Thee.

Copyright, 1891, by R. Kelso Carter.

## 612

# Oh, for a Faith.

Oh, for a faith that will not shrink
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!—

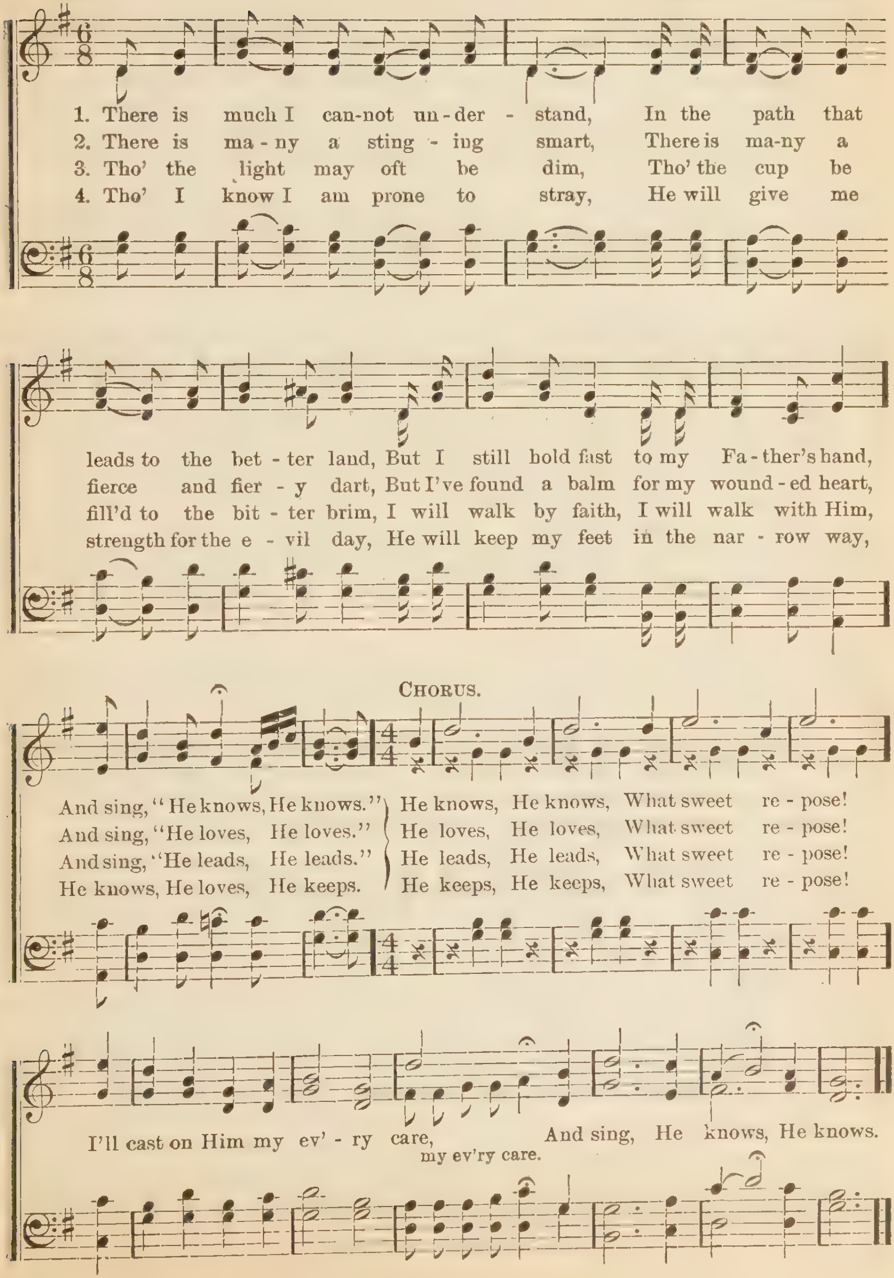
2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief and pain,
Will lean upon its God;—

3 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God;
When His salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

# He Knows.

A. B. S.

Margaret M. Simpson.


1. There is much I can-not un-der - stand, In the path that leads to the bet - ter land, But I still hold fast to my Fa-ther's hand, And sing, "He knows, He knows."
2. There is ma - ny a sting - ing smart, There is ma-ny a fierce and fier - y dart, But I've found a balm for my wound - ed heart, And sing, "He loves, He loves."
3. Tho' the light may oft be dim, Tho' the cup be fill'd to the bit - ter brim, I will walk by faith, I will walk with Him, And sing, "He leads, He leads."
4. Tho' I know I am prone to stray, He will give me strength for the e - vil day, He will keep my feet in the nar - row way, He knows, He loves, He keeps.
Chorus.
He knows, He knows, What sweet re - pose!
He loves, He loves, What sweet re - pose!
He leads, He leads, What sweet re - pose!
He keeps, He keeps, What sweet re - pose!
I'll cast on Him my ev' - ry care, my ev'ry care. And sing, He knows, He knows.

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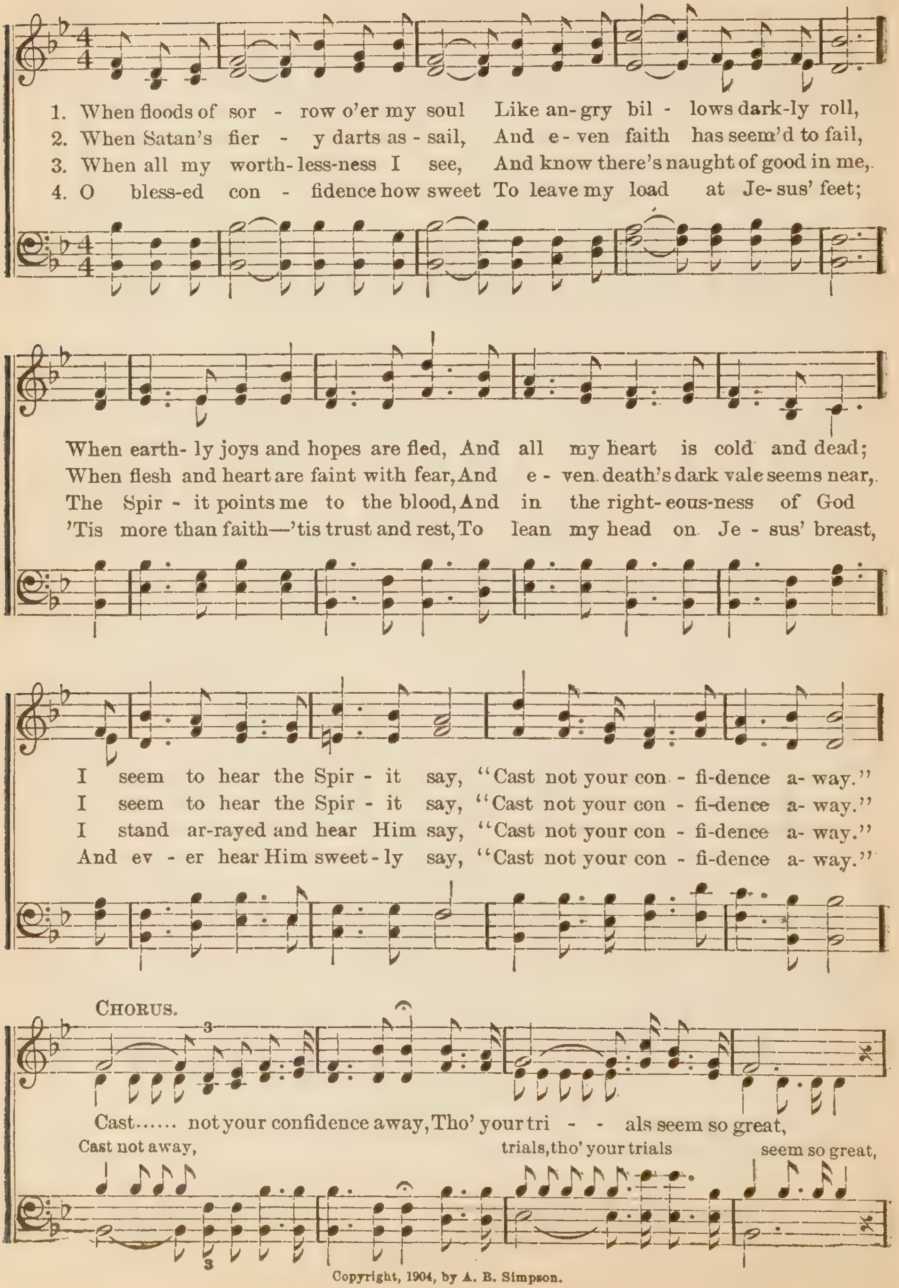
614

# Cast Not Away Your Confidence.

A. B. S. — Margaret M. Simpson.


1. When floods of sor - row o'er my soul Like an- gry bil - lows dark-ly roll,
2. When Satan's fier - y darts as - sail, And e - ven faith has seem'd to fail,
3. When all my worth- less-ness I see, And know there's naught of good in me,
4. O bless-ed con - fidence how sweet To leave my load at Je- sus' feet;
When earth- ly joys and hopes are fled, And all my heart is cold and dead;
When flesh and heart are faint with fear, And e - ven death's dark vale seems near,
The Spir - it points me to the blood, And in the right- eous-ness of God
'Tis more than faith—'tis trust and rest, To lean my head on Je - sus' breast,
I seem to hear the Spir - it say, "Cast not your con - fi-dence a- way."
I seem to hear the Spir - it say, "Cast not your con - fi-dence a- way."
I stand ar-rayed and hear Him say, "Cast not your con - fi-dence a- way."
And ev - er hear Him sweet - ly say, "Cast not your con - fi-dence a- way."
Chorus.
Cast...... not your confidence away, Tho' your tri - - als seem so great,
Cast not away,
trials, tho' your trials
seem so great,
3
3

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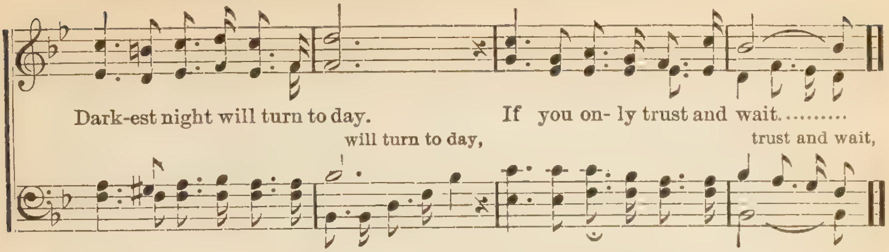
# Cast Not Away Your Confidence.—Concluded.

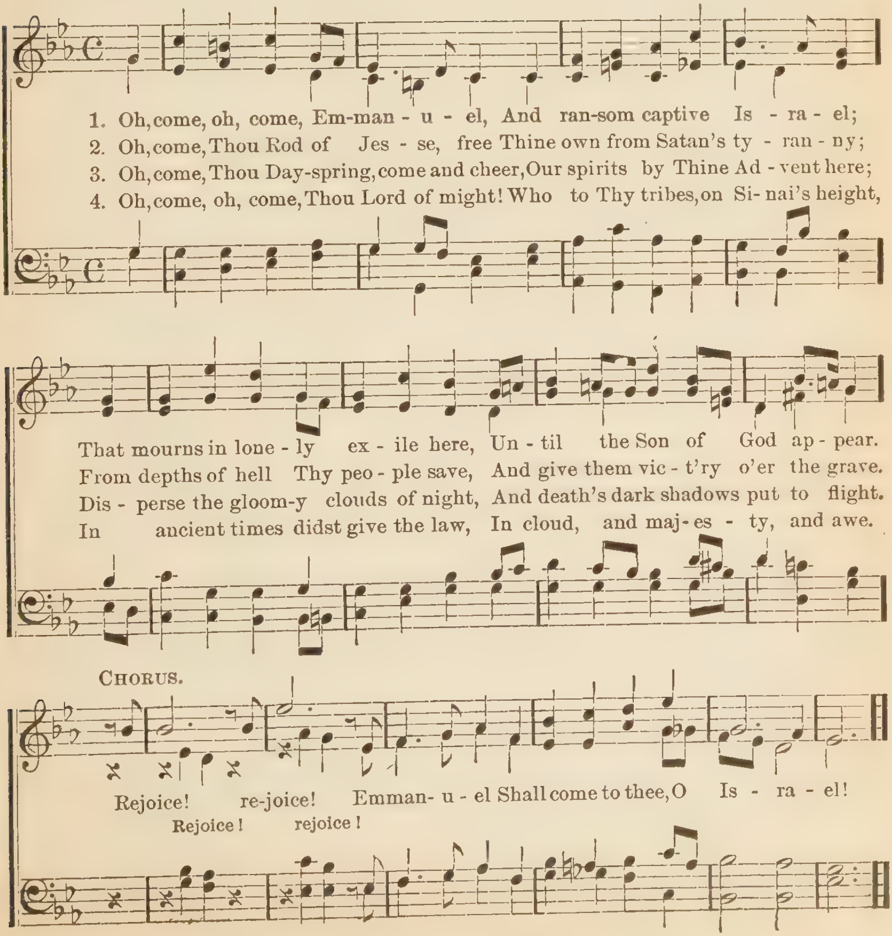

Dark-est night will turn to day.
will turn to day,
If you on- ly trust and wait.........
trust and wait,

## 615

## Oh, Come, Emmanuel.

J. M. Neale, tr.

Rev. K. Mackenzie, Jr.

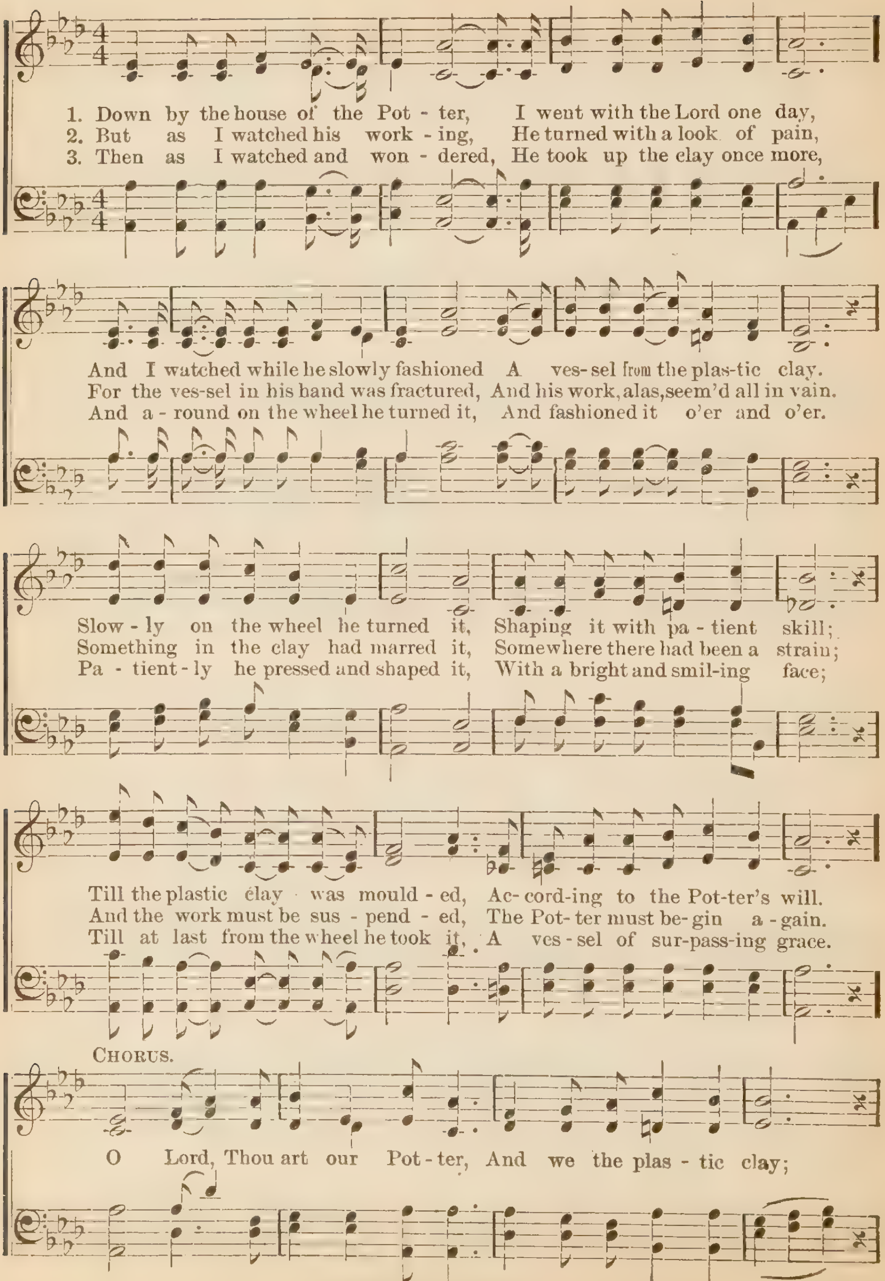

1. Oh, come, oh, come, Em-man - u - el, And ran-som captive Is - ra - el;
2. Oh, come, Thou Rod of Jes - se, free Thine own from Satan's ty - ran - ny;
3. Oh, come, Thou Day-spring, come and cheer, Our spirits by Thine Ad - vent here;
4. Oh, come, oh, come, Thou Lord of might! Who to Thy tribes, on Si- nai's height,
That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here, Un - til the Son of God ap - pear.
From depths of hell Thy peo - ple save, And give them vic - t'ry o'er the grave.
Dis - perse the gloom-y clouds of night, And death's dark shadows put to flight.
In ancient times didst give the law, In cloud, and maj - es - ty, and awe.
Chorus.
Rejoice! re-joice! Emman- u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el!
Rejoice! rejoice!

Copyright, 1901, by F. E. Rimanoczy. By per.

616

# The Potter and the Clay.

A B. S. A. B. Simpson.


1. Down by the house of the Pot - ter, I went with the Lord one day,
2. But as I watched his work - ing, He turned with a look of pain,
3. Then as I watched and won - dered, He took up the clay once more,
And I watched while he slowly fashioned A ves- sel from the plas-tic clay.
For the ves-sel in his hand was fractured, And his work, alas, seem'd all in vain.
And a - round on the wheel he turned it, And fashioned it o'er and o'er.
Slow - ly on the wheel he turned it, Shaping it with pa - tient skill;
Something in the clay had marred it, Somewhere there had been a strain;
Pa - tient - ly he pressed and shaped it, With a bright and smil-ing face;
Till the plastic clay was mould - ed, Ac- cord-ing to the Pot-ter's will.
And the work must be sus - pend - ed, The Pot- ter must be- gin a - gain.
Till at last from the wheel he took it, A ves - sel of sur-pass-ing grace.
CHORUS.
O Lord, Thou art our Pot - ter, And we the plas - tic clay;

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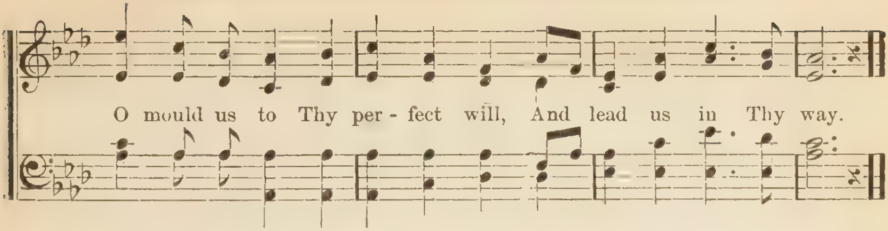
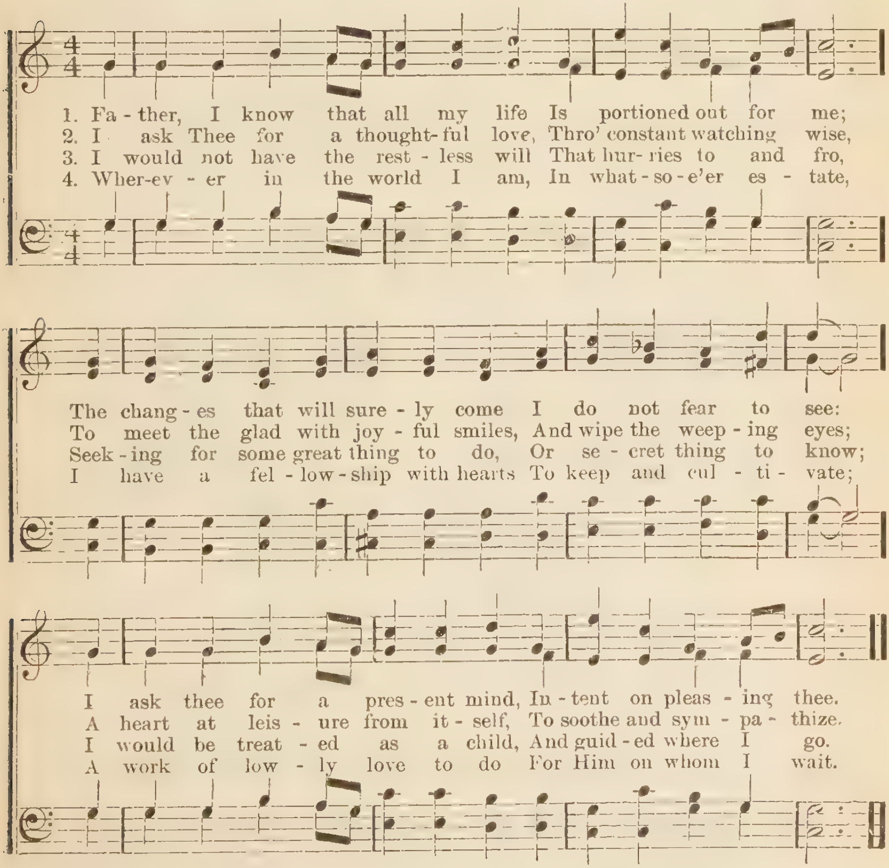
## The Potter and the Clay.—Concluded.


O mould us to Thy per - fect will, And lead us in Thy way.

## 617

## Father, I Know that all My Life.

A. L. Waring. R. DeWitt Mallary.


1. Fa - ther, I know that all my life Is portioned out for me;
2. I ask Thee for a thought-ful love, Thro' constant watching wise,
3. I would not have the rest - less will That hur-ries to and fro,
4. Wher-ev - er in the world I am, In what - so - e'er es - tate,
The chang - es that will sure - ly come I do not fear to see:
To meet the glad with joy - ful smiles, And wipe the weep - ing eyes;
Seek - ing for some great thing to do, Or se - cret thing to know;
I have a fel - low - ship with hearts To keep and cul - ti - vate;
I ask thee for a pres - ent mind, In - tent on pleas - ing thee.
A heart at leis - ure from it - self, To soothe and sym - pa - thize.
I would be treat - ed as a child, And guid - ed where I go.
A work of low - ly love to do For Him on whom I wait.

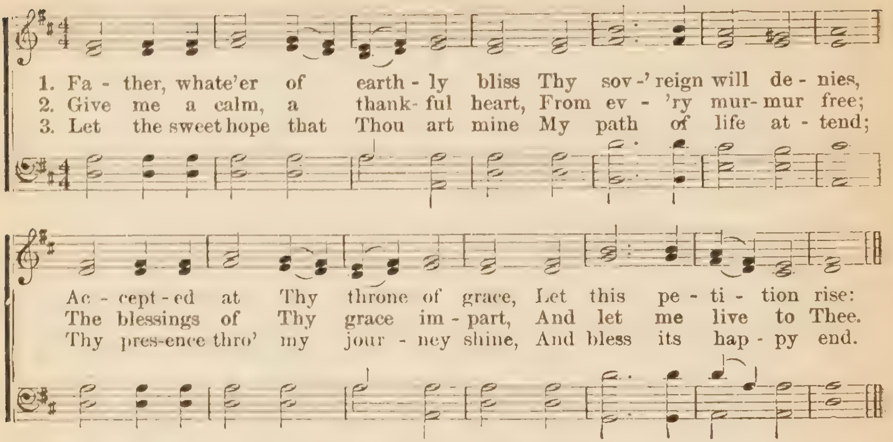
5 I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side,
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

6 In service which Thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me;
My secret heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free;
A life of self-renouncing love
Is one of liberty.

## 618

## Father, whate'er of Earthly Bliss.

A. Steele. Arr. by L. Mason.


1. Fa - ther, whate'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sov-'reign will de - nies,
2. Give me a calm, a thank- ful heart, From ev - 'ry mur- mur free;
3. Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine My path of life at - tend;
Ac - cept - ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:
The blessings of Thy grace im - part, And let me live to Thee.
Thy pres-ence thro' my jour - ney shine, And bless its hap - py end.

---

## 619

## Walk in the Light.

(*Tune above.*)

1 Walk in the light, so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light, and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light, and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone,
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light, and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

5 Walk in the light, and thine shall be
A path, though thorny, bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God Himself is light.

—*B. Barton.*

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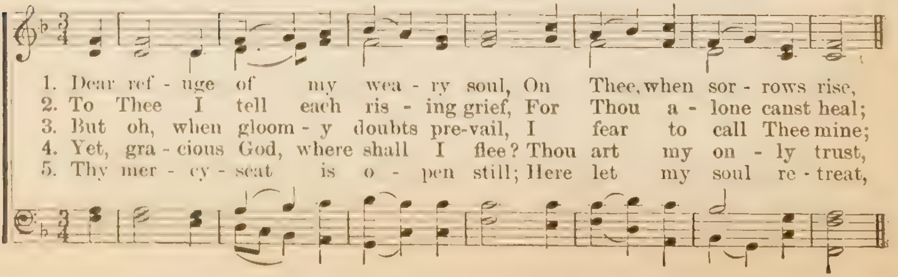
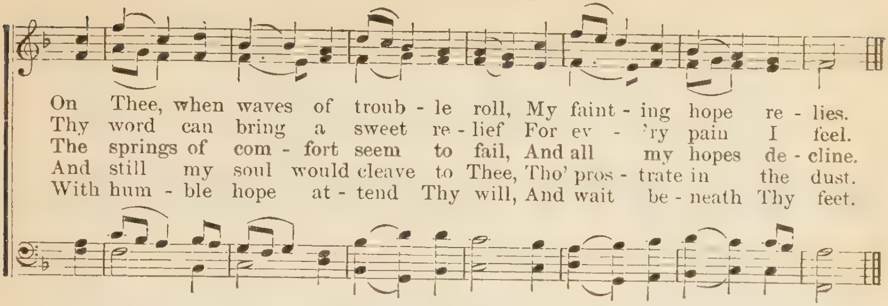
## 620

## Dear Refuge of My Weary Soul.

A. Steele. I. Smith.


1. Dear ref - uge of my wea - ry soul, On Thee, when sor - rows rise,
2. To Thee I tell each ris - ing grief, For Thou a - lone canst heal;
3. But oh, when gloom - y doubts pre-vail, I fear to call Thee mine;
4. Yet, gra - cious God, where shall I flee? Thou art my on - ly trust,
5. Thy mer - cy - seat is o - pen still; Here let my soul re - treat,

# Dear Refuge of My Weary Soul.—Concluded.

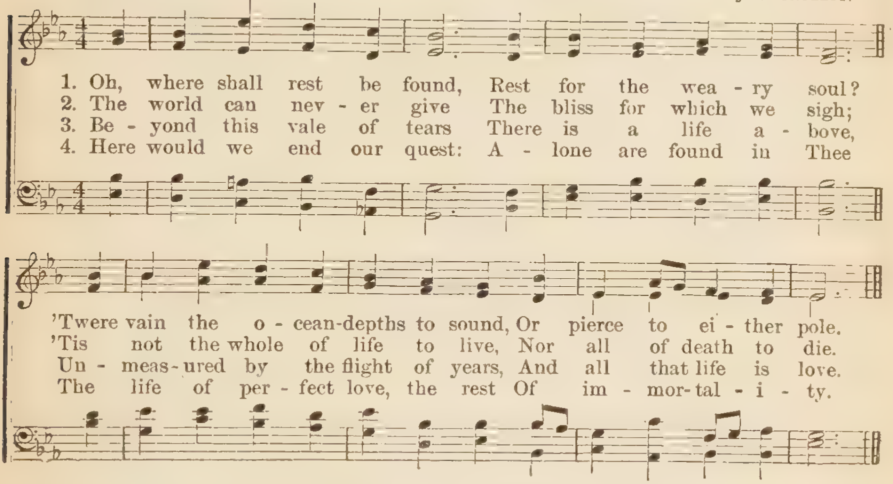

On Thee, when waves of troub - le roll, My faint - ing hope re - lies.
Thy word can bring a sweet re - lief For ev - 'ry pain I feel.
The springs of com - fort seem to fail, And all my hopes de - cline.
And still my soul would cleave to Thee, Tho' pros - trate in the dust.
With hum - ble hope at - tend Thy will, And wait be - neath Thy feet.

## 621

# Oh, Where Shall Rest be Found?

J. Montgomery.

H. J. Gauntlett.


1. Oh, where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul?
2. The world can nev - er give The bliss for which we sigh;
3. Be - yond this vale of tears There is a life a - bove,
4. Here would we end our quest: A - lone are found in Thee
'Twere vain the o - cean-depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.
'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.
Un - meas - ured by the flight of years, And all that life is love.
The life of per - fect love, the rest Of im - mor - tal - i - ty.

---

## 622

# Still with Thee O my God!

(*Tune above.*)

1 Still with Thee, oh, my God,
I would desire to be,
By day, by night; at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee,

2 With Thee when dawn comes in
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer.

3 With Thee amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear Thy voice, where time's is loud
Speak softly to my heart.

4 With Thee when day is done,
And evening calms the mind
The setting as the rising sun
With Thee my heart would find.

5 With Thee when darkness brings
The signal of repose,
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close.

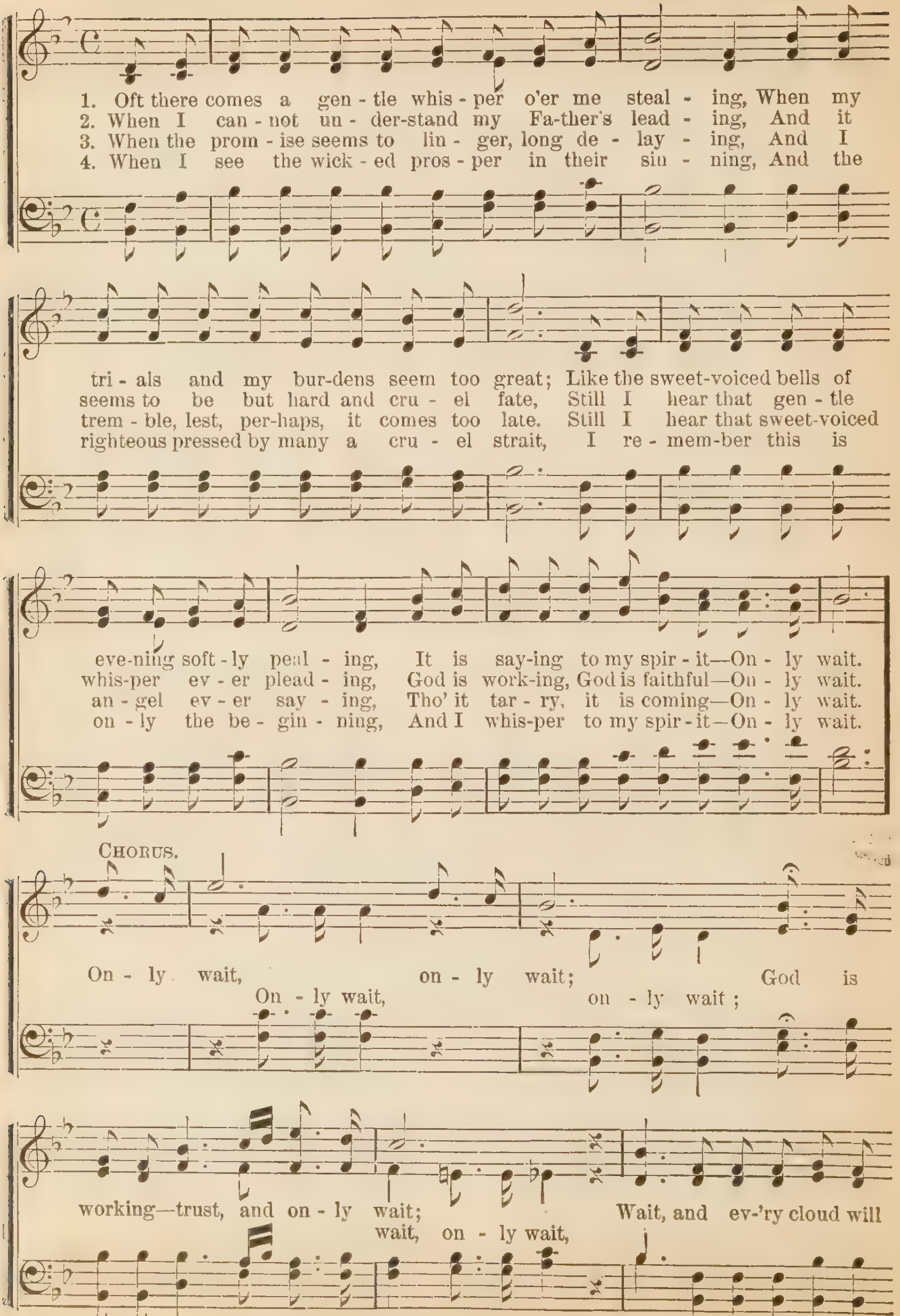
6 With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding, I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would still be with Thee.

—*J. D. Burns.*

623

# Only Wait.

A. B. S. | Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. Oft there comes a gen - tle whis - per o'er me steal - ing, When my
2. When I can - not un - der-stand my Fa-ther's lead - ing, And it
3. When the prom - ise seems to lin - ger, long de - lay - ing, And I
4. When I see the wick - ed pros - per in their sin - ning, And the
tri - als and my bur-dens seem too great; Like the sweet-voiced bells of
seems to be but hard and cru - el fate, Still I hear that gen - tle
trem - ble, lest, per-haps, it comes too late. Still I hear that sweet-voiced
righteous pressed by many a cru - el strait, I re - mem-ber this is
eve-ning soft - ly peal - ing, It is say-ing to my spir - it—On - ly wait.
whis-per ev - er plead - ing, God is work-ing, God is faithful—On - ly wait.
an - gel ev - er say - ing, Tho' it tar - ry, it is coming—On - ly wait.
on - ly the be - gin - ning, And I whis-per to my spir - it—On - ly wait.
Chorus.
On - ly wait, on - ly wait; God is
On - ly wait, on - ly wait;
working—trust, and on - ly wait; Wait, and ev-'ry cloud will
wait, on - ly wait,

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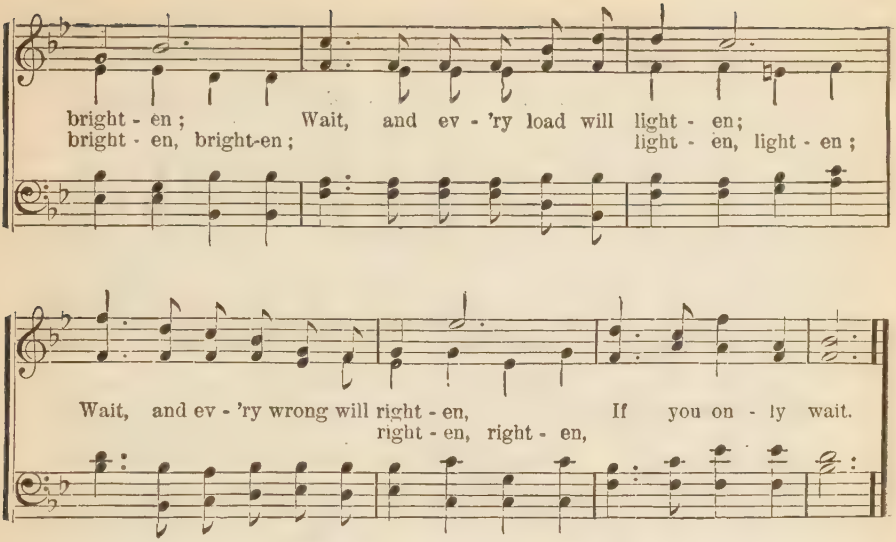
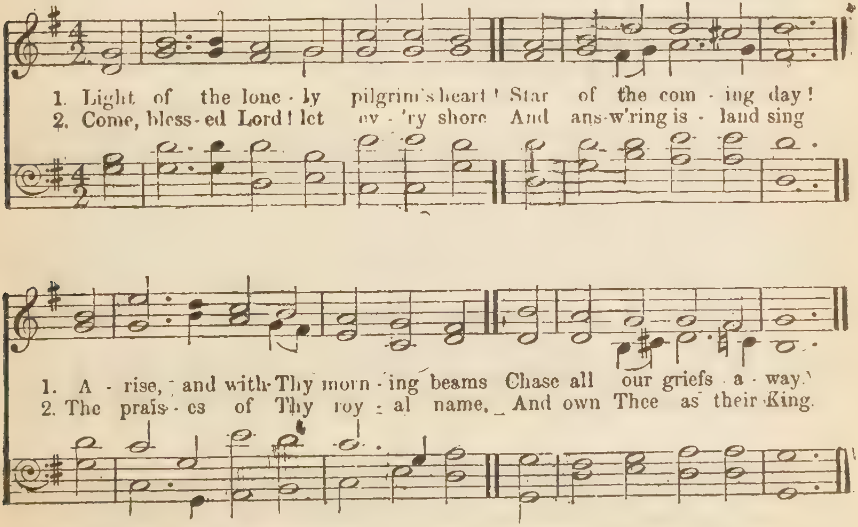
## Only Wait. Concluded.


bright - en; Wait, and ev - 'ry load will light - en;
bright - en, bright-en; light - en, light - en;
Wait, and ev - 'ry wrong will right - en, If you on - ly wait.
right - en, right - en,

## 624

## Light of the Lonely Pilgrim.

DENNY. (WINCHESTER OLD. C.M.) ALISON'S Psalter.


1. Light of the lone - ly pilgrim's heart! Star of the com - ing day!
2. Come, bless - ed Lord! let ev - 'ry shore And ans-w'ring is - land sing
1. A - rise, and with Thy morn - ing beams Chase all our griefs a - way.
2. The prais - es of Thy roy - al name, And own Thee as their King.

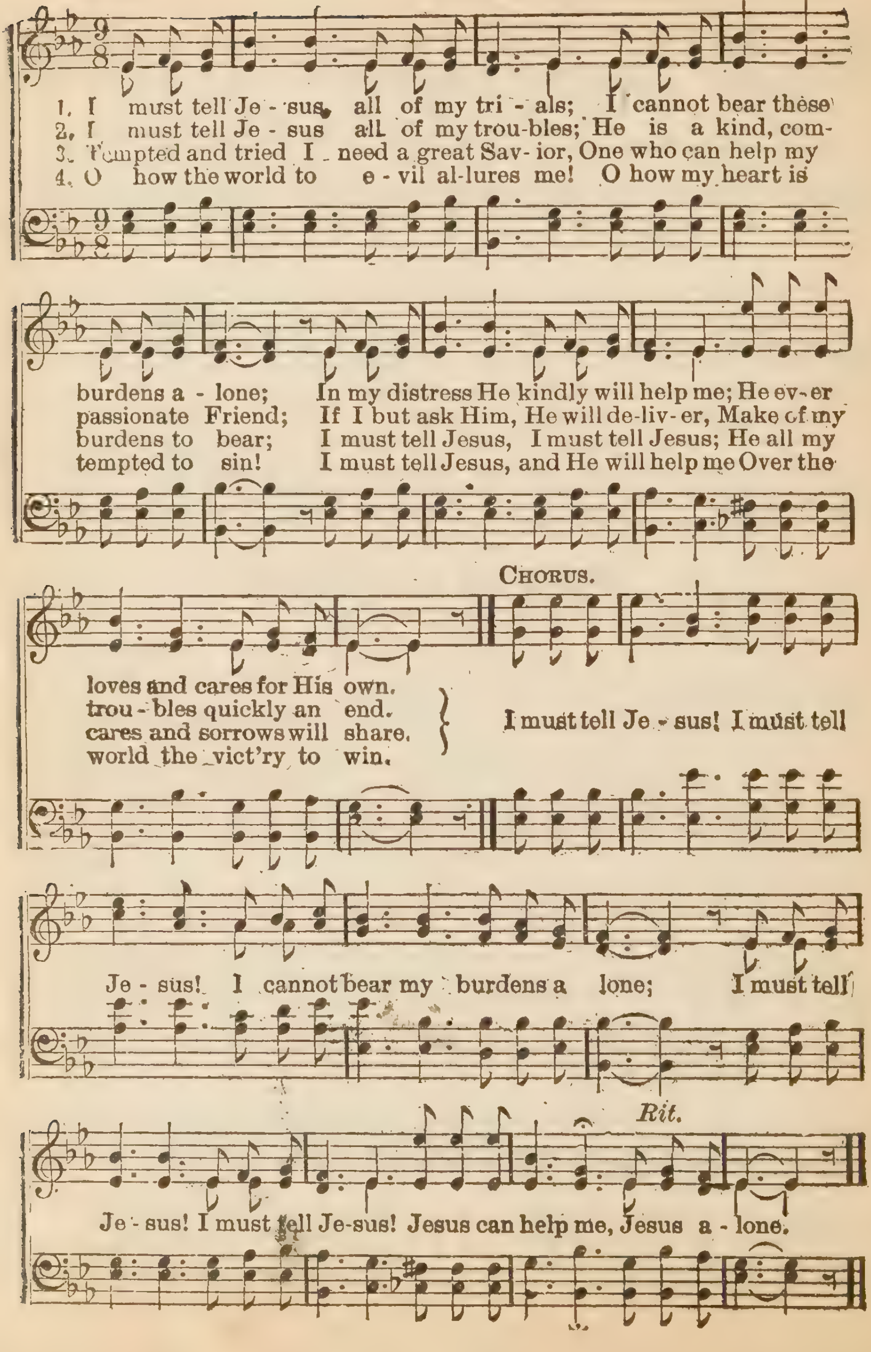
3. Jesus! Thy fair creation groans—
The air, the earth, the sea—
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for Thee.

4. Thine was the Cross with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine;
Be Thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory Thine.

625

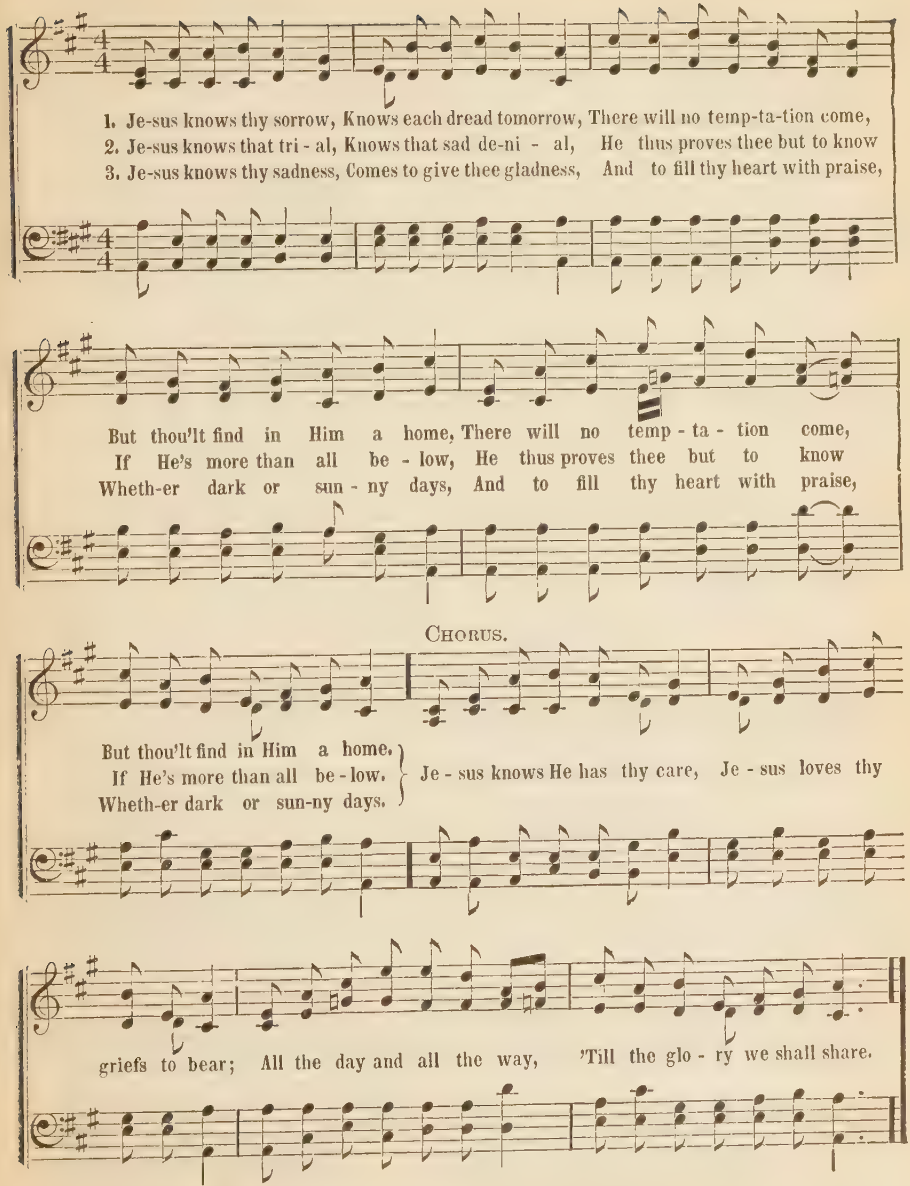
# I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H. By per., Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.


1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I cannot bear these
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my trou-bles; He is a kind, com-
3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav- ior, One who can help my
4. O how the world to e - vil al-lures me! O how my heart is
burdens a - lone; In my distress He kindly will help me; He ev-er
passionate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de-liv- er, Make of my
burdens to bear; I must tell Jesus, I must tell Jesus; He all my
tempted to sin! I must tell Jesus, and He will help me Over the
loves and cares for His own.
trou - bles quickly an end.
cares and sorrows will share.
world the vict'ry to win.
CHORUS.
I must tell Je - sus! I must tell
Je - sus! I cannot bear my burdens a lone; I must tell
Rit.
Je - sus! I must tell Je-sus! Jesus can help me, Jesus a - lone.

# He Knows.

L. S. LOUISE SHEPARD.


1. Je-sus knows thy sorrow, Knows each dread tomorrow, There will no temp-ta-tion come,
2. Je-sus knows that tri - al, Knows that sad de-ni - al, He thus proves thee but to know
3. Je-sus knows thy sadness, Comes to give thee gladness, And to fill thy heart with praise,
But thou'lt find in Him a home, There will no temp - ta - tion come,
If He's more than all be - low, He thus proves thee but to know
Wheth-er dark or sun - ny days, And to fill thy heart with praise,
CHORUS.
But thou'lt find in Him a home.
If He's more than all be - low.
Wheth-er dark or sun-ny days.
Je - sus knows He has thy care, Je - sus loves thy
griefs to bear; All the day and all the way, 'Till the glo - ry we shall share.

4 Jesus knows thy weakness,
'Tis to teach thee meekness
That He takes from thee thy power,
Holding thee to Him each hour.

5 Jesus knows thy trying,
On His bosom lying,
Lean and let Him live His life,
Ceasing all thy weary strife.

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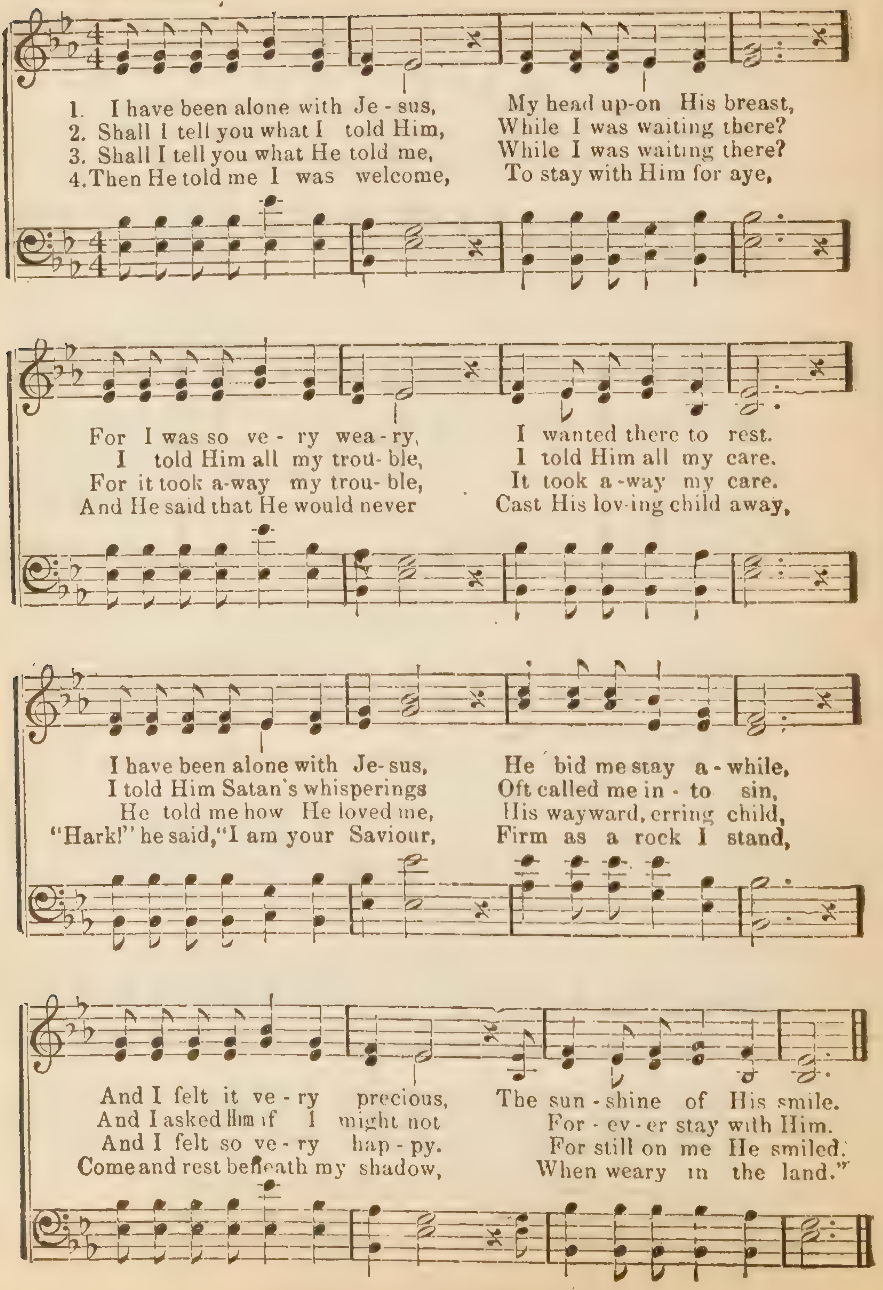
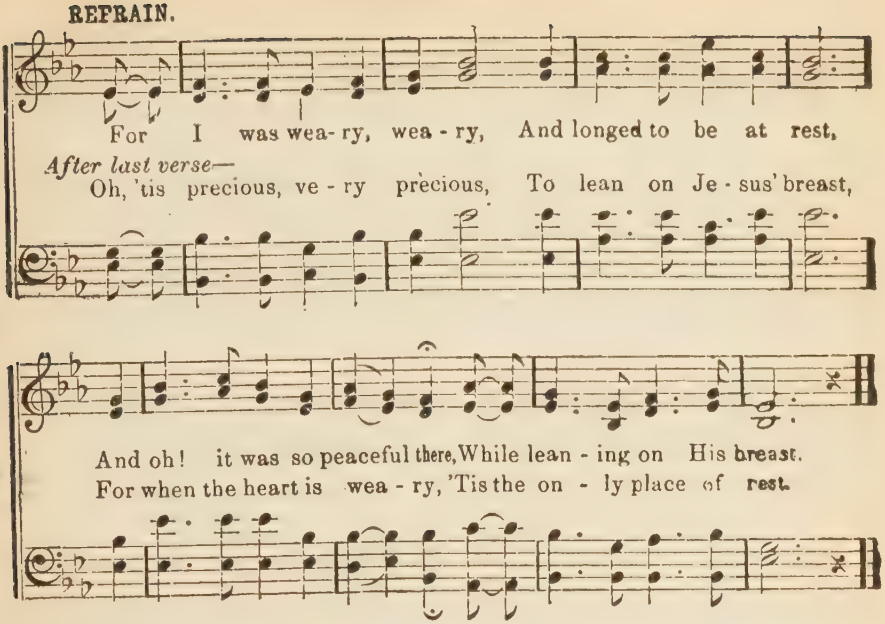
# Leaning on Jesus.

F[illegible] LONSDALE. By per., JAS. M. KIRK.


1. I have been alone with Je - sus, My head up-on His breast,
2. Shall I tell you what I told Him, While I was waiting there?
3. Shall I tell you what He told me, While I was waiting there?
4. Then He told me I was welcome, To stay with Him for aye,
For I was so ve - ry wea - ry, I wanted there to rest.
I told Him all my trou - ble, I told Him all my care.
For it took a-way my trou - ble, It took a - way my care.
And He said that He would never Cast His lov-ing child away,
I have been alone with Je - sus, He bid me stay a - while,
I told Him Satan's whisperings Oft called me in - to sin,
He told me how He loved me, His wayward, erring child,
"Hark!" he said, "I am your Saviour, Firm as a rock I stand,
And I felt it ve - ry precious, The sun - shine of His smile.
And I asked Him if I might not For - ev - er stay with Him.
And I felt so ve - ry hap - py. For still on me He smiled.
Come and rest beneath my shadow, When weary in the land."

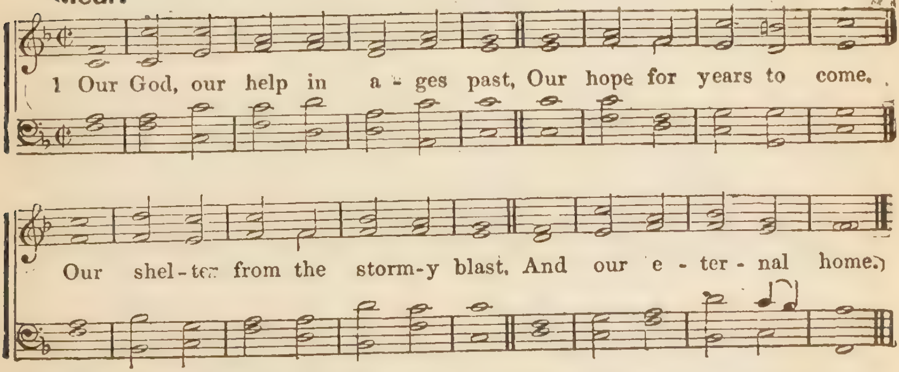
Copyright, 1894, by MYLAND & KIRK.

## Leaning On Jesus. Concluded.


REFRAIN.
For I was wea-ry, wea-ry, And longed to be at rest,
After last verse—
Oh, 'tis precious, ve-ry precious, To lean on Je-sus' breast,
And oh! it was so peaceful there, While lean-ing on His breast.
For when the heart is wea-ry, 'Tis the on-ly place of rest.

## 628 Our God, Our Help.

Mear. C. M. Aaron Williams, 1760, from the Welsh


1 Our God, our help in a-ges past, Our hope for years to come,
Our shel-ter from the storm-y blast, And our e-ter-nal home.

Beneath the shadow of Thy throne.
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising dawn.

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

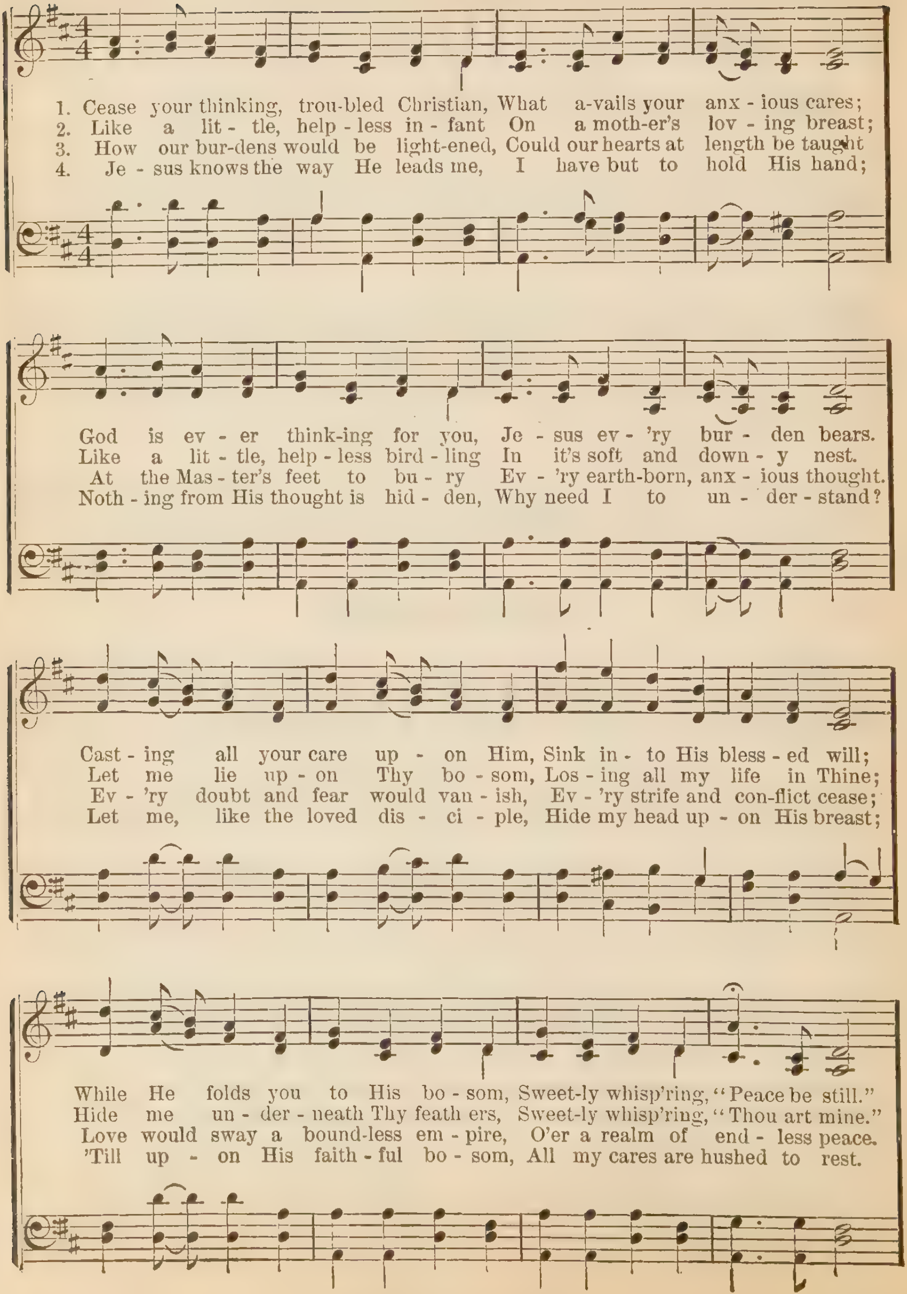
Isaac Watts, ab

## 529

# Cease Your Thinking.

A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. Cease your thinking, trou-bled Christian, What a-vails your anx - ious cares;
2. Like a lit - tle, help - less in - fant On a moth-er's lov - ing breast;
3. How our bur-dens would be light-ened, Could our hearts at length be taught
4. Je - sus knows the way He leads me, I have but to hold His hand;
God is ev - er think-ing for you, Je - sus ev - 'ry bur - den bears.
Like a lit - tle, help - less bird - ling In it's soft and down - y nest.
At the Mas - ter's feet to bu - ry Ev - 'ry earth-born, anx - ious thought.
Noth - ing from His thought is hid - den, Why need I to un - der - stand?
Cast - ing all your care up - on Him, Sink in - to His bless - ed will;
Let me lie up - on Thy bo - som, Los - ing all my life in Thine;
Ev - 'ry doubt and fear would van - ish, Ev - 'ry strife and con-flict cease;
Let me, like the loved dis - ci - ple, Hide my head up - on His breast;
While He folds you to His bo - som, Sweet-ly whisp'ring, "Peace be still."
Hide me un - der - neath Thy feath ers, Sweet-ly whisp'ring, "Thou art mine."
Love would sway a bound-less em - pire, O'er a realm of end - less peace.
'Till up - on His faith - ful bo - som, All my cares are hushed to rest.

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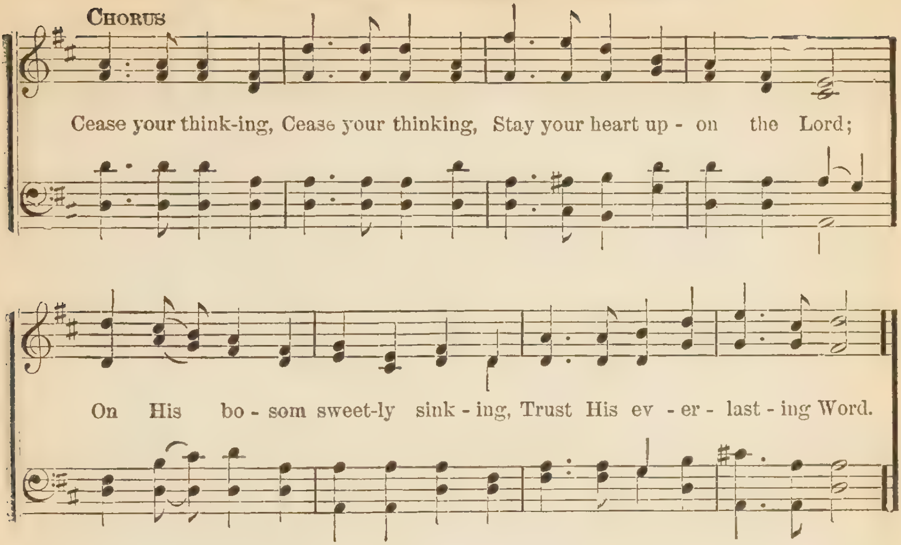
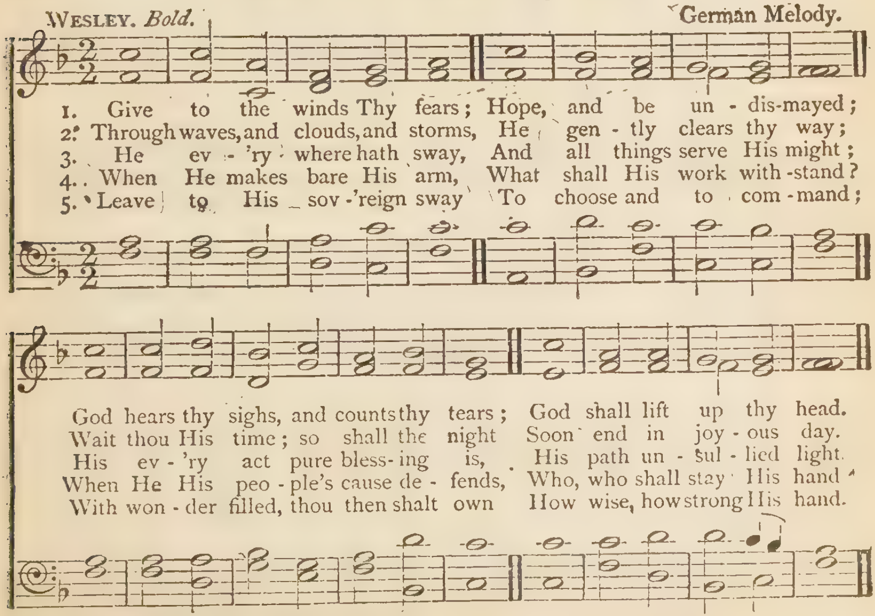
## Cease Your Thinking. Concluded.


CHORUS
Cease your think-ing, Cease your thinking, Stay your heart up - on the Lord;
On His bo - som sweet-ly sink - ing, Trust His ev - er - last - ing Word.

630

## Give to the Winds Thy Fears.

WESLEY. *Bold.* German Melody.

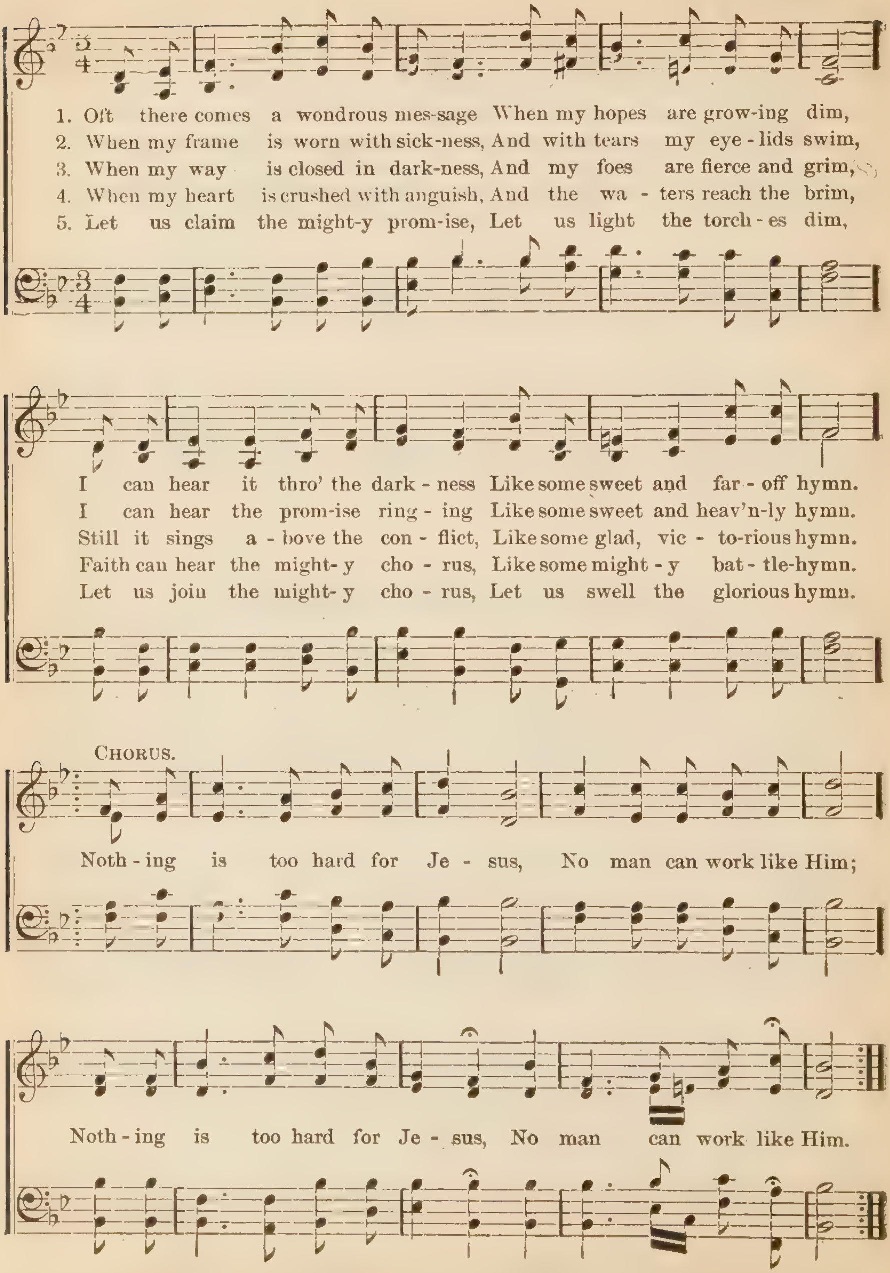

1. Give to the winds Thy fears; Hope, and be un - dis-mayed;
2. Through waves, and clouds, and storms, He gen - tly clears thy way;
3. He ev - 'ry where hath sway, And all things serve His might;
4. When He makes bare His arm, What shall His work with-stand?
5. Leave to His sov - 'reign sway To choose and to com - mand;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears; God shall lift up thy head.
Wait thou His time; so shall the night Soon end in joy - ous day.
His ev - 'ry act pure bless-ing is, His path un - sul - lied light.
When He His peo - ple's cause de - fends, Who, who shall stay His hand?
With won - der filled, thou then shalt own How wise, how strong His hand.

6 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to Thee:
Oh lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!

7 Let us, in life and death,
Thy steadfast truth declare;
Proclaiming, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care!

# 631 Nothing is Too Hard for Jesus.

A. B. S  Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. Oft there comes a wondrous mes-sage When my hopes are grow-ing dim,
2. When my frame is worn with sick-ness, And with tears my eye-lids swim,
3. When my way is closed in dark-ness, And my foes are fierce and grim,
4. When my heart is crushed with anguish, And the wa - ters reach the brim,
5. Let us claim the might-y prom-ise, Let us light the torch - es dim,
I can hear it thro' the dark - ness Like some sweet and far - off hymn.
I can hear the prom-ise ring - ing Like some sweet and heav'n-ly hymn.
Still it sings a - bove the con - flict, Like some glad, vic - to-rious hymn.
Faith can hear the might- y cho - rus, Like some might - y bat - tle-hymn.
Let us join the might- y cho - rus, Let us swell the glorious hymn.
CHORUS.
Noth - ing is too hard for Je - sus, No man can work like Him;
Noth - ing is too hard for Je - sus, No man can work like Him.

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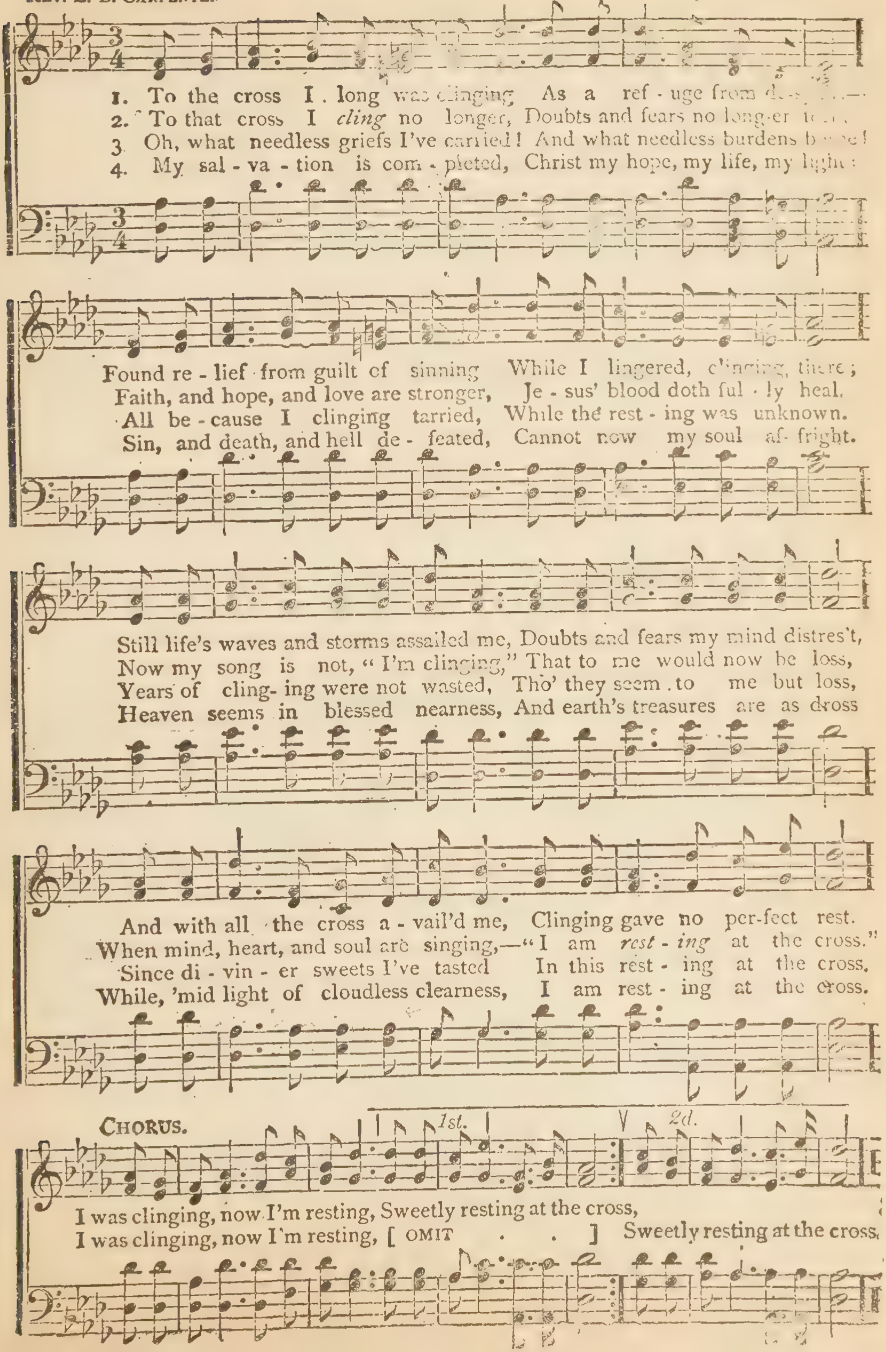
# Clinging And Resting.

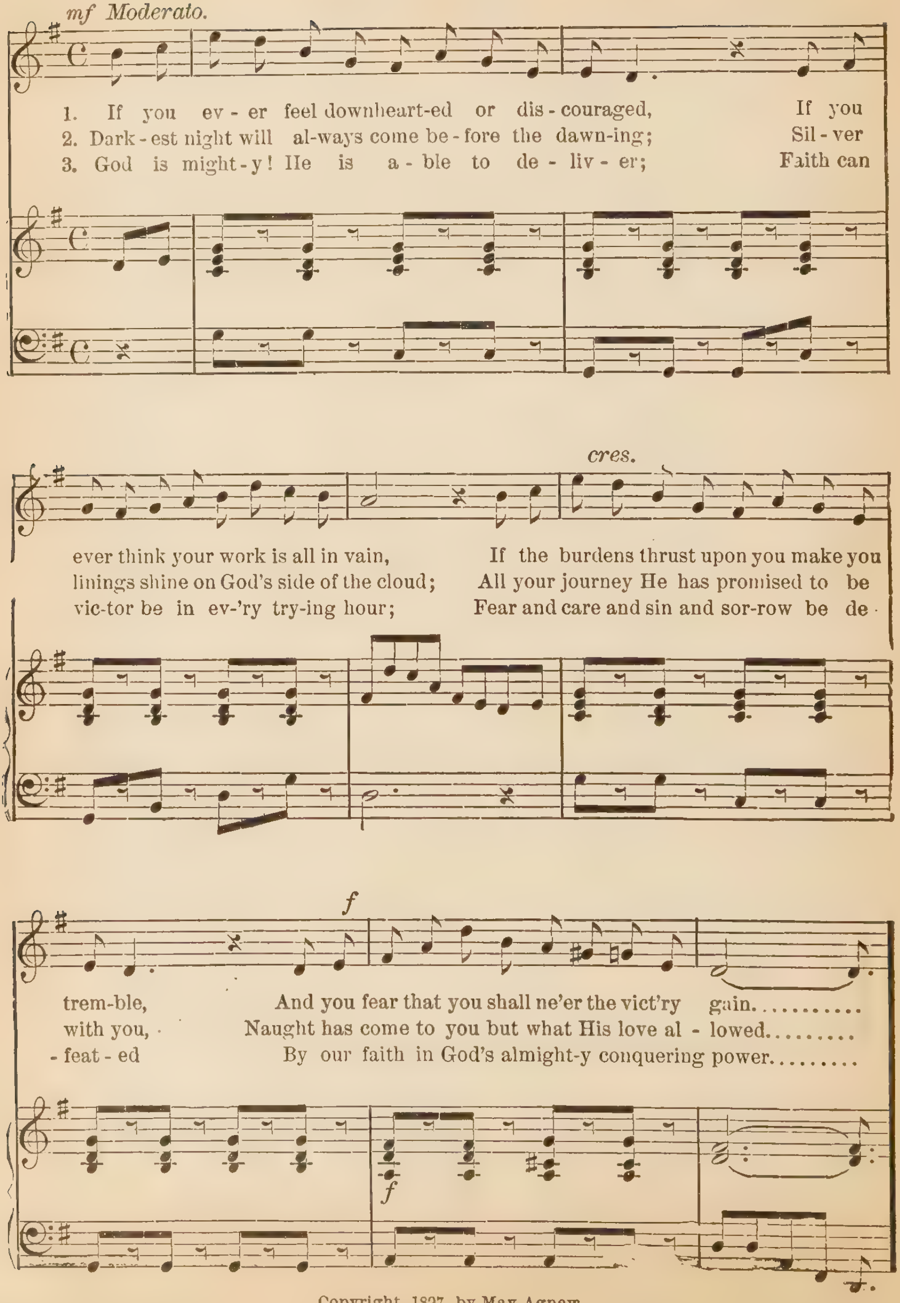
**Rev. L. B. Carpenter** **Jno. R. Sweney.**


1. To the cross I long was clinging As a ref - uge from despair—
2. To that cross I *cling* no longer, Doubts and fears no long-er feel,
3. Oh, what needless griefs I've carried! And what needless burdens bore!
4. My sal - va - tion is com - pleted, Christ my hope, my life, my light:
Found re - lief from guilt of sinning While I lingered, clinging there;
Faith, and hope, and love are stronger, Je - sus' blood doth ful - ly heal.
All be - cause I clinging tarried, While the rest - ing was unknown.
Sin, and death, and hell de - feated, Cannot now my soul af- fright.
Still life's waves and storms assailed me, Doubts and fears my mind distres't,
Now my song is not, "I'm clinging," That to me would now be loss,
Years of cling- ing were not wasted, Tho' they seem to me but loss,
Heaven seems in blessed nearness, And earth's treasures are as dross
And with all the cross a - vail'd me, Clinging gave no per-fect rest.
When mind, heart, and soul are singing,—"I am *rest - ing* at the cross."
Since di - vin - er sweets I've tasted In this rest - ing at the cross.
While, 'mid light of cloudless clearness, I am rest - ing at the cross.
CHORUS.
1st.
2d.
I was clinging, now I'm resting, Sweetly resting at the cross,
I was clinging, now I'm resting, [ OMIT . . ] Sweetly resting at the cross.

633

# Have Faith in God.

M. A. May Agnew.


mf Moderato.
1. If you ev - er feel downheart-ed or dis - couraged, If you
2. Dark - est night will al-ways come be - fore the dawn-ing; Sil - ver
3. God is might - y! He is a - ble to de - liv - er; Faith can
cres.
ever think your work is all in vain, If the burdens thrust upon you make you
linings shine on God's side of the cloud; All your journey He has promised to be
vic-tor be in ev-'ry try-ing hour; Fear and care and sin and sor-row be de -
f
trem-ble, And you fear that you shall ne'er the vict'ry gain...........
with you, Naught has come to you but what His love al - lowed.........
- feat - ed By our faith in God's almight-y conquering power.........
f

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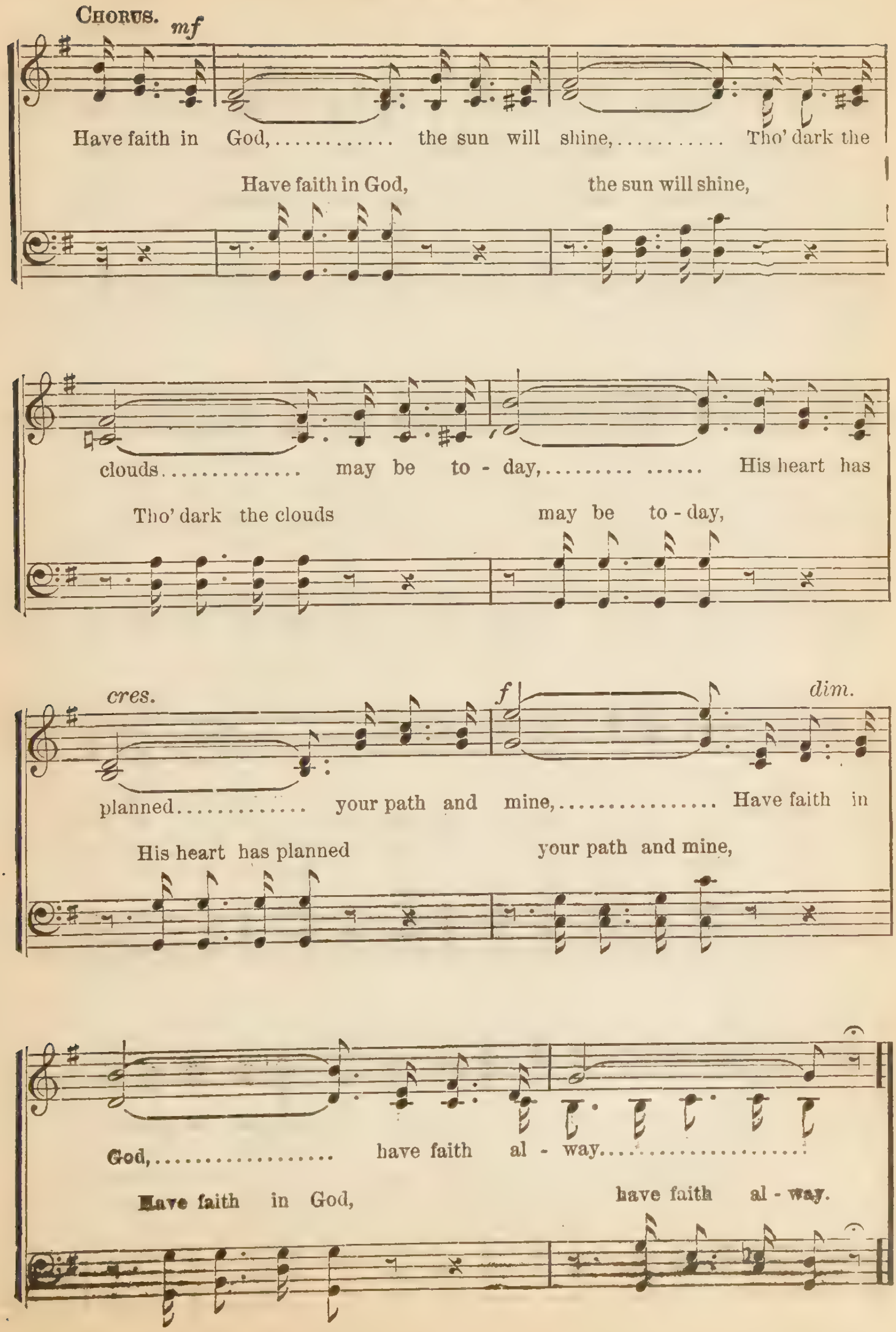
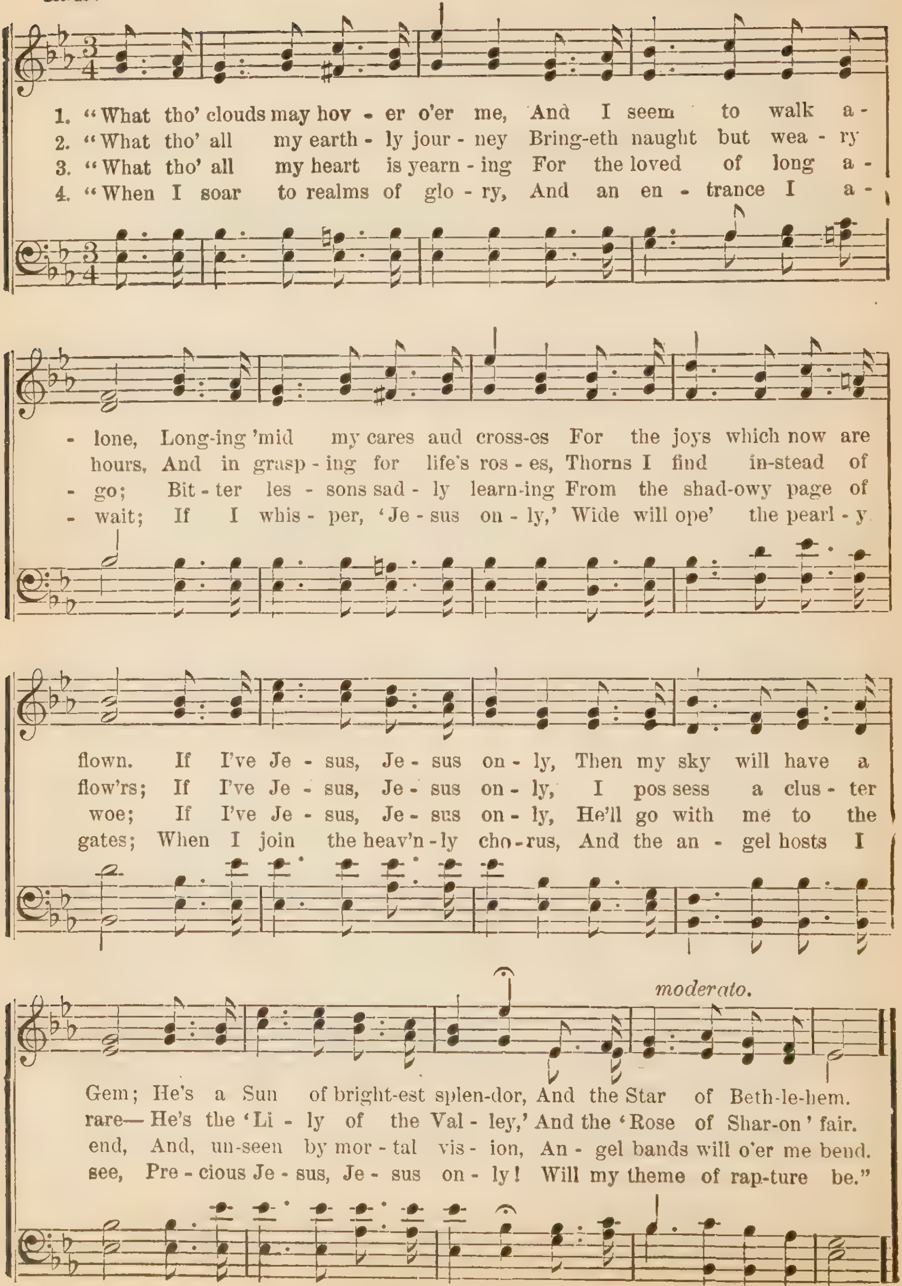
# Have Faith in God. Concluded.


CHORUS.
mf
Have faith in God, the sun will shine, Tho' dark the
Have faith in God, the sun will shine,
clouds may be to - day, His heart has
Tho' dark the clouds may be to - day,
cres.
f
dim.
planned your path and mine, Have faith in
His heart has planned your path and mine,
God, have faith al - way.
Have faith in God, have faith al - way.

# Jesus Only.

**Anon.** **Warren Collins.**


1. "What tho' clouds may hov - er o'er me, And I seem to walk a -
2. "What tho' all my earth - ly jour - ney Bring-eth naught but wea - ry
3. "What tho' all my heart is yearn - ing For the loved of long a -
4. "When I soar to realms of glo - ry, And an en - trance I a -
- lone, Long-ing 'mid my cares and cross-es For the joys which now are
hours, And in grasp - ing for life's ros - es, Thorns I find in-stead of
- go; Bit - ter les - sons sad - ly learn-ing From the shad-owy page of
- wait; If I whis - per, 'Je - sus on - ly,' Wide will ope' the pearl - y
flown. If I've Je - sus, Je - sus on - ly, Then my sky will have a
flow'rs; If I've Je - sus, Je - sus on - ly, I pos sess a clus - ter
woe; If I've Je - sus, Je - sus on - ly, He'll go with me to the
gates; When I join the heav'n - ly cho - rus, And the an - gel hosts I
moderato.
Gem; He's a Sun of bright-est splen-dor, And the Star of Beth-le-hem.
rare— He's the 'Li - ly of the Val - ley,' And the 'Rose of Shar-on' fair.
end, And, un-seen by mor - tal vis - ion, An - gel bands will o'er me bend.
see, Pre - cious Je - sus, Je - sus on - ly! Will my theme of rap-ture be."

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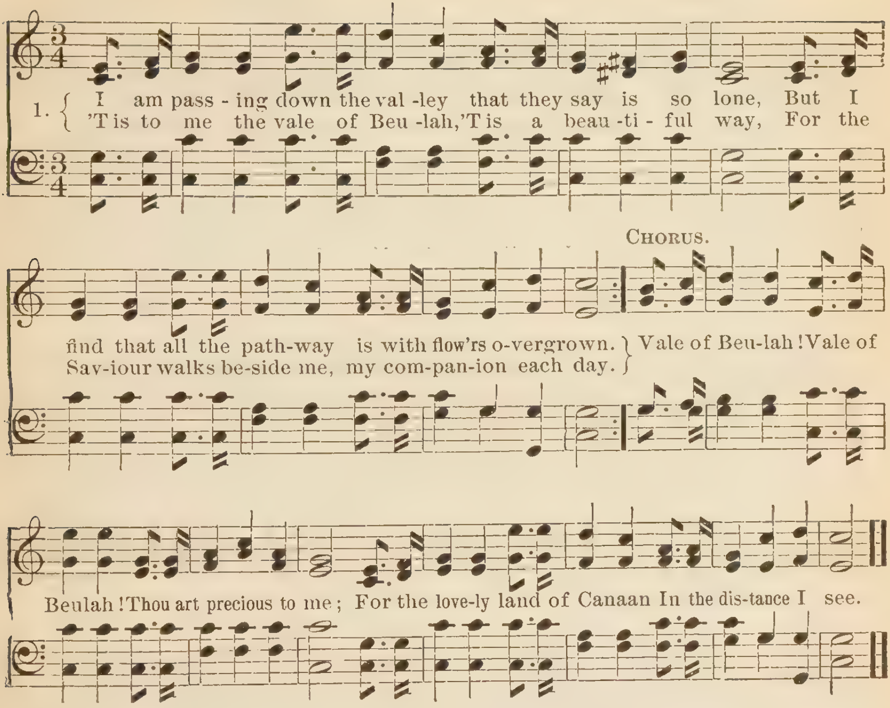
## 635

# Vale of Beulah.

E. A. Hoffman, by per. Joseph Garrison.


1. I am pass-ing down the val-ley that they say is so lone, But I find that all the path-way is with flow'rs o-vergrown.
'Tis to me the vale of Beu-lah, 'Tis a beau-ti-ful way, For the Sav-iour walks be-side me, my com-pan-ion each day.
Chorus.
Vale of Beu-lah! Vale of Beulah! Thou art precious to me; For the love-ly land of Canaan In the dis-tance I see.

2 Not a shadow, not a shadow ever darkens the way,
For a radiance bright as glory shines upon it all day;
And the music, sweetly chanted by the heavenly throng,
Floats in cadence down the valley, and it cheers me along.

3 So I journey with rejoicing t'ward the City of Light,
While each day my joy grows deeper, and the pathway more bright;
And I near the open portals of the Kingdom above,
For this highway leads to Canaan, to the Kingdom of love.

## 636 Bless the Lord.

*Tune. Wilmot.*
Ps. 103: 1—5.

1 Bless the Lord, my soul adore Him,
Bless and laud His holy name;
For His benefits unchanging,
Day by day are still the same.

2 Bless Him for His boundless mercy,
Wrought in God the Father's will,
Who thy sins forgiveth freely,
And who healeth all thine ill.

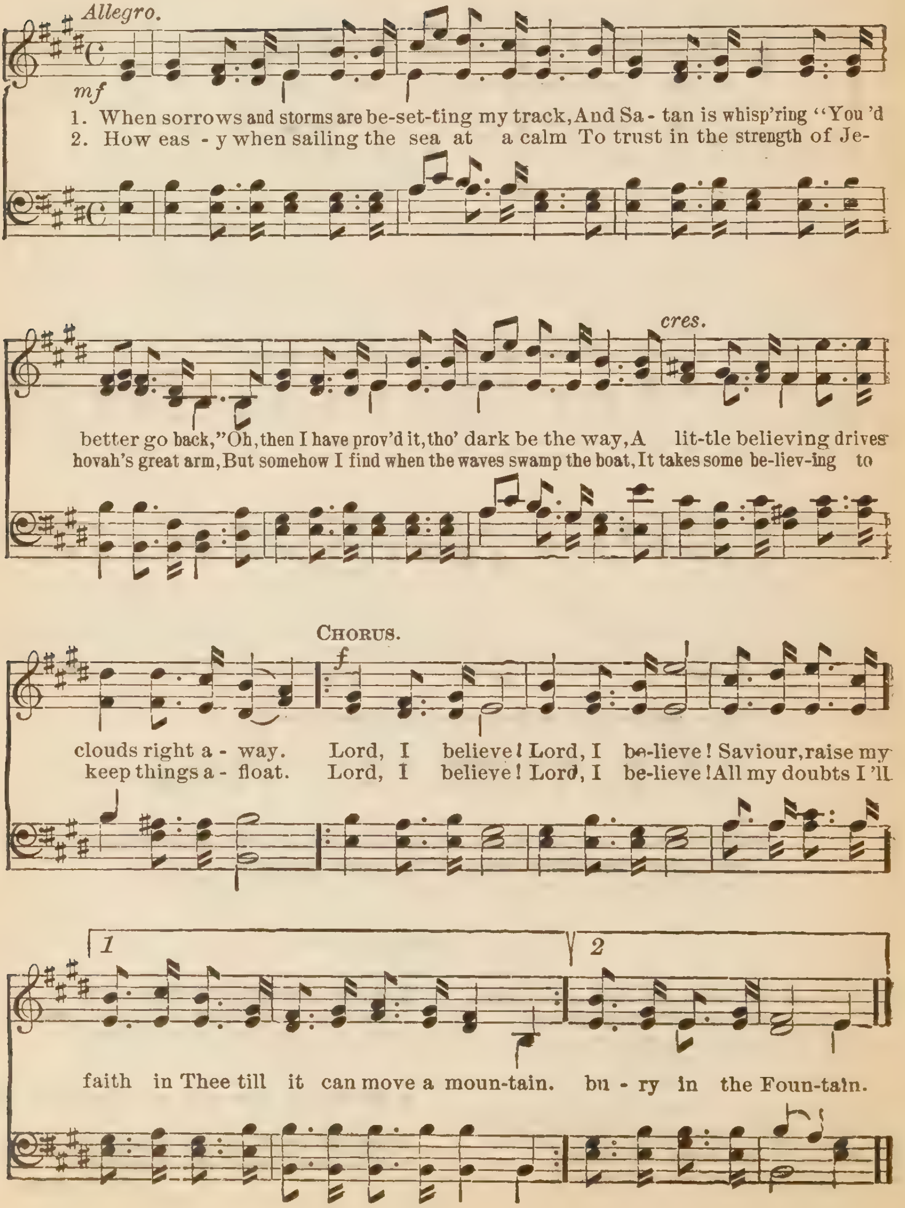
3 He redeems thy life from evil,
Crowns with loving kindness, too,
With His good things satisfieth,
E'en thy strength He doth renew.

4 Sing! and praise this matchless Saviour,
Tell to all around His fame;
Bless the Lord! let all within me
Bless and praise His holy name.

C. Warner.

# 637 Lord, I Believe.

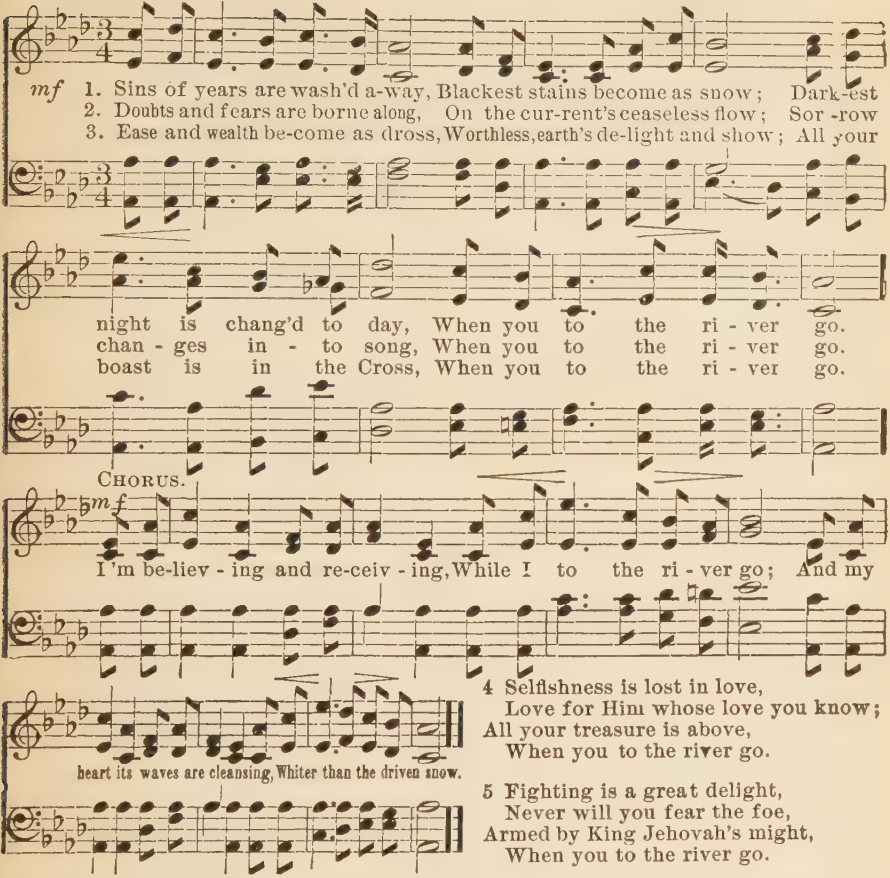
H. H. B. Commandant HERBERT BOOTH.


Allegro.
mf
1. When sorrows and storms are be-set-ting my track, And Sa - tan is whisp'ring "You'd
2. How eas - y when sailing the sea at a calm To trust in the strength of Je-
better go back," Oh, then I have prov'd it, tho' dark be the way, A lit-tle believing drives
hovah's great arm, But somehow I find when the waves swamp the boat, It takes some be-liev-ing to
cres.
clouds right a - way.
keep things a - float.
CHORUS.
f
Lord, I believe! Lord, I be-lieve! Saviour, raise my
Lord, I believe! Lord, I be-lieve! All my doubts I'll
1
faith in Thee till it can move a moun-tain.
2
bu - ry in the Foun-tain.

# Believing and Receiving.

H. H. B.

Commandant HERBERT BOOTH


Allegretto.
mf
1. Sins of years are wash'd a-way, Blackest stains become as snow; Dark-est night is chang'd to day, When you to the ri - ver go.
2. Doubts and fears are borne along, On the cur-rent's ceaseless flow; Sor -row chan - ges in - to song, When you to the ri - ver go.
3. Ease and wealth be-come as dross, Worthless, earth's de-light and show; All your boast is in the Cross, When you to the ri - ver go.
CHORUS.
mf
I'm be-liev - ing and re-ceiv - ing, While I to the ri - ver go; And my heart its waves are cleansing, Whiter than the driven snow.

4 Selfishness is lost in love,
Love for Him whose love you know;
All your treasure is above,
When you to the river go.

5 Fighting is a great delight,
Never will you fear the foe,
Armed by King Jehovah's might,
When you to the river go.

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*Concluded from opposite page.*

3 "I'll stand to the end," I have heard people say,
"I'll fight till I die, and I'll ne'er run away;"
But when the temptations so fiercely assailed,
They left off believing, and terribly failed.

4 And others there are full of courage and zeal,
Who go to the battle like warriors of steel;
But right in the heat of the conflict with sin,
Instead of believing, they faint and give in.

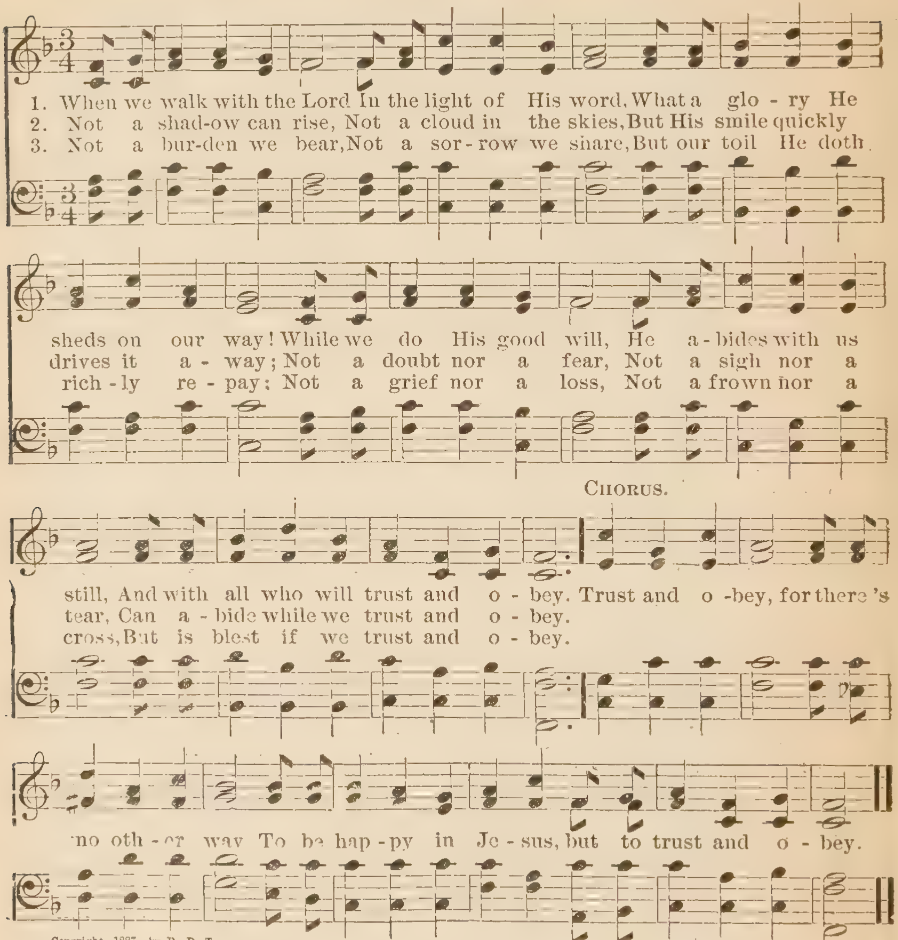
5 Oh, let us remember, in running our race,
That faith is not feeling, and trust is not trace;
And when all is seeming as black as the night,
We'll keep on believing, and go on with the fight.

639

# Trust and Obey.

*"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him."* Ps. 25: 14.

Rev. J. H. Sammis. D. B. Towner, by per.


1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His word, What a glo - ry He sheds on our way! While we do His good will, He a - bides with us still, And with all who will trust and o - bey.
2. Not a shad-ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly drives it a - way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear, Can a - bide while we trust and o - bey.
3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor - row we share, But our toil He doth rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a cross, But is blest if we trust and o - bey.
CHORUS.
Trust and o -bey, for there's no oth - er way To be hap - py in Je - sus, but to trust and o - bey.

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4 But we never can prove
The delights of His love,
Until all on the altar we lay;
For the favor He shows,
And the joy He bestows
Are for them who will trust and obey.

5 Then in fellowship sweet
We will sit at His feet,
Or we'll walk by His side in the way;
What He says we will do,
Where He sends we will go,
Never fear, only trust and obey.

640

## Trust Him Today.

*Tune, Trust and Obey.*
Malachi 3: 10.

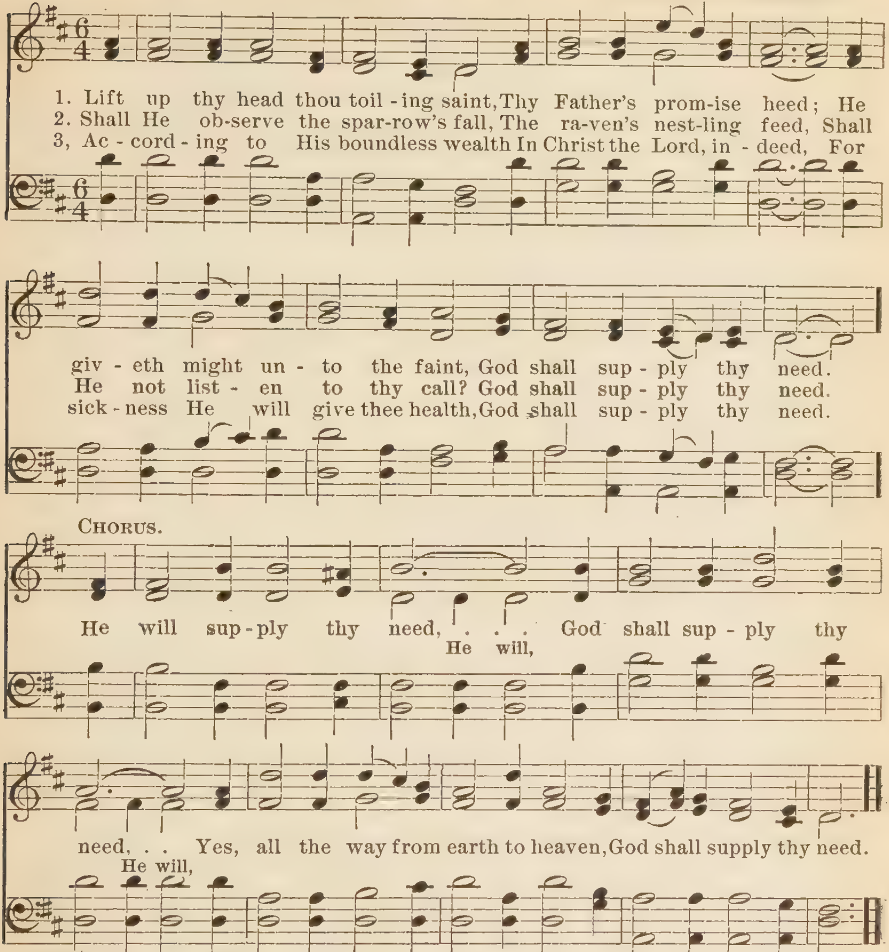
1 In the strength of my King,
To the storehouse I bring
Every tithe that would keep me away
From my Saviour and Friend,
And the joy He doth send
Unto all who will trust Him today.

CHORUS.
Trust Him today,
His command now obey;
In His love be made perfect,
Fully trust Him today.

# God Shall Supply Thy Need.

"*My God shall supply all your need, according to the riches of His glory in Christ Jesus.*" Phil. iv: 19.

Rev. Frederick W. Farr. E. Grace Updegraff.


1. Lift up thy head thou toil-ing saint, Thy Father's prom-ise heed; He giv-eth might un-to the faint, God shall sup-ply thy need.
2. Shall He ob-serve the spar-row's fall, The ra-ven's nest-ling feed, Shall He not list-en to thy call? God shall sup-ply thy need.
3, Ac-cord-ing to His boundless wealth In Christ the Lord, in-deed, For sick-ness He will give thee health, God shall sup-ply thy need.
Chorus.
He will sup-ply thy need, . . . God shall sup-ply thy need, . . Yes, all the way from earth to heaven, God shall supply thy need.
He will,
He will,

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4 If from His altar and His cross
Thou wilt not e'er recede,
No grace or glory shall be loss,
God shall supply thy need.

5 His love inspires thy fleeting breath,
His wounds, His sorrows plead;
Oh, cling to Him in life and death,
He will supply thy need.

---

*Concluded from opposite page.*

2 As before Him I kneel,
In my heart I can feel
Every doubt has been driven away;
By His power divine,
In this poor heart of mine
He has perfected my love today.

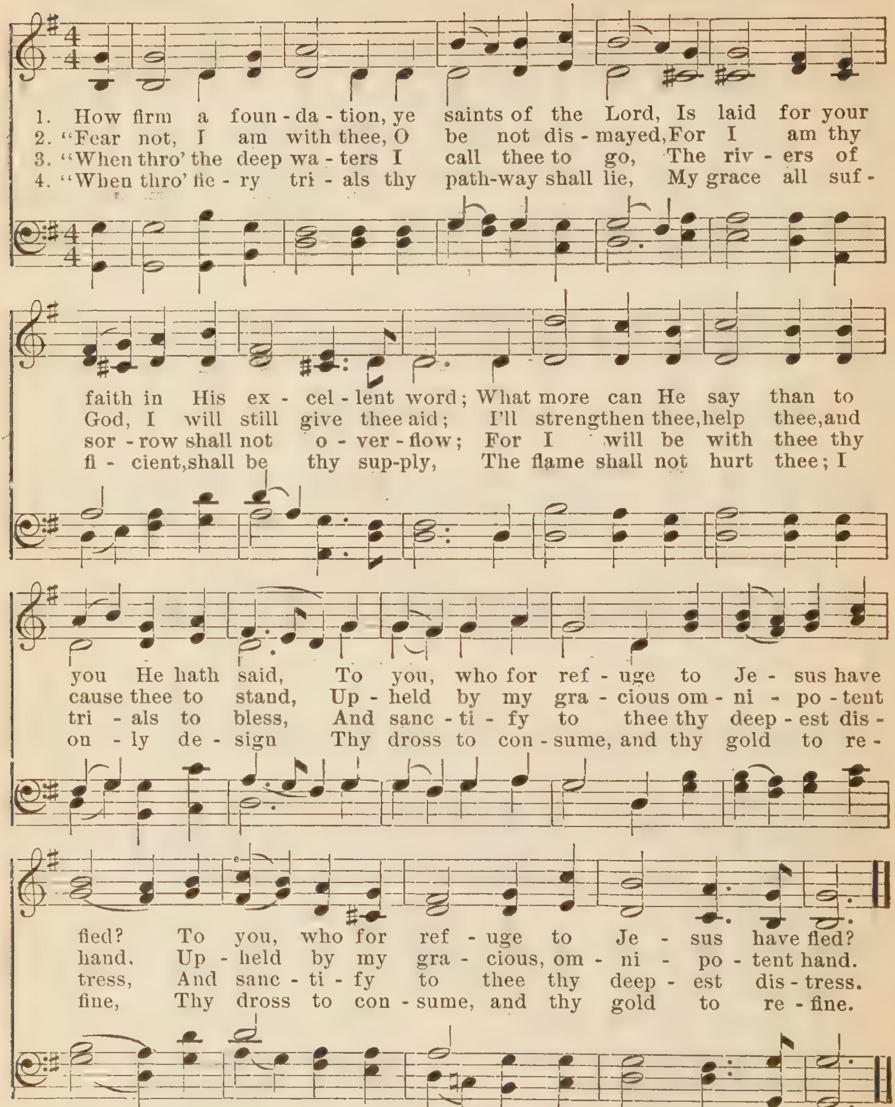
3 Oh, the wondrous love!
From the windows above
He is pouring like showers of rain;
While we do all His will,
How our hearts He does fill!
With love we can hardly contain.

A. L. Shilton.

642

# How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. Tune, Portuguese Hymn.

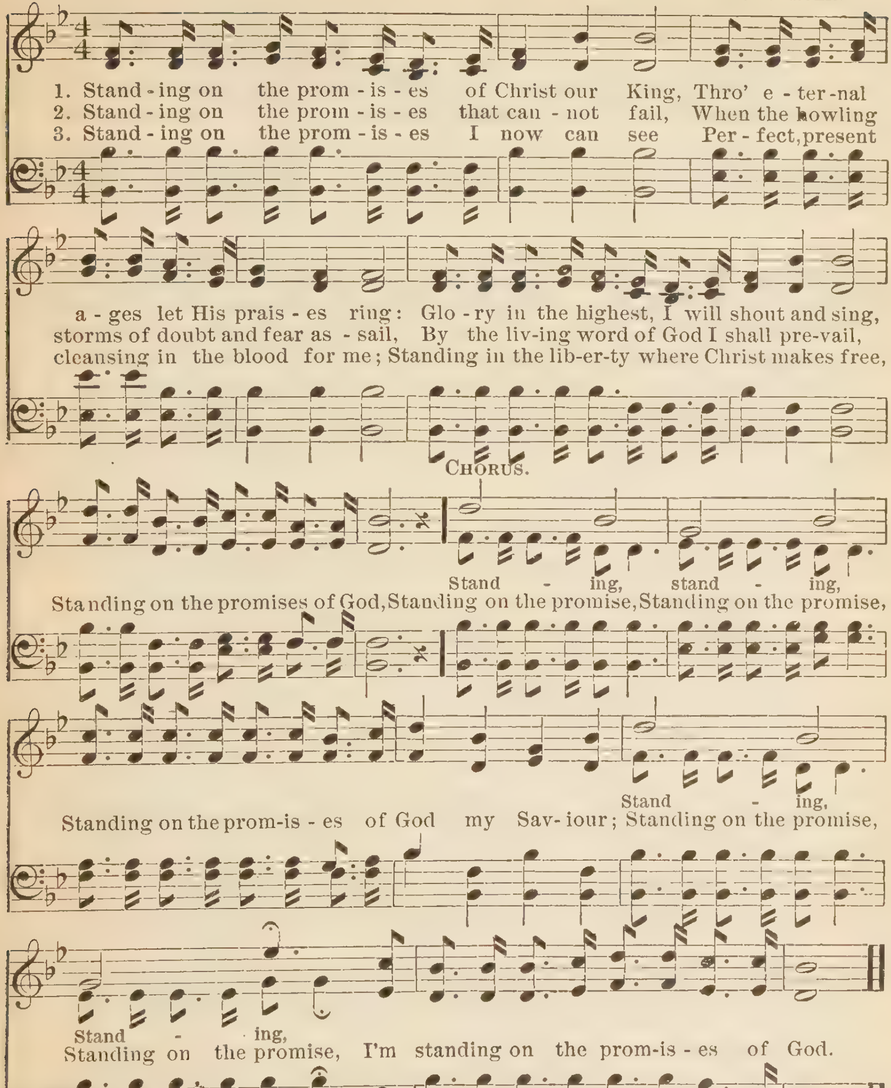

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis - mayed, For I am thy
3. "When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of
4. "When thro' fie - ry tri - als thy path-way shall lie, My grace all suf -
faith in His ex - cel - lent word; What more can He say than to
God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
sor - row shall not o - ver - flow; For I will be with thee thy
fi - cient, shall be thy sup-ply, The flame shall not hurt thee; I
you He hath said, To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have
cause thee to stand, Up - held by my gra - cious om - ni - po - tent
tri - als to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis -
on - ly de - sign Thy dross to con - sume, and thy gold to re -
fied? To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?
hand. Up - held by my gra - cious, om - ni - po - tent hand.
tress, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.
fine, Thy dross to con - sume, and thy gold to re - fine.

5 "E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be [borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to His foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

# 643 Standing on the Promises.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.


1. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ our King, Thro' e-ter-nal a-ges let His prais-es ring: Glo-ry in the highest, I will shout and sing,
2. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es that can-not fail, When the howling storms of doubt and fear as-sail, By the liv-ing word of God I shall pre-vail,
3. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es I now can see Per-fect, present cleansing in the blood for me; Standing in the lib-er-ty where Christ makes free,
Standing on the promises of God,
Chorus.
Stand-ing, stand-ing,
Standing on the promise, Standing on the promise,
Standing on the prom-is-es of God my Sav-iour;
Stand-ing,
Standing on the promise,
Stand-ing,
Standing on the promise, I'm standing on the prom-is-es of God.

From "The Silver Trumpet" by per. John J. Hood.

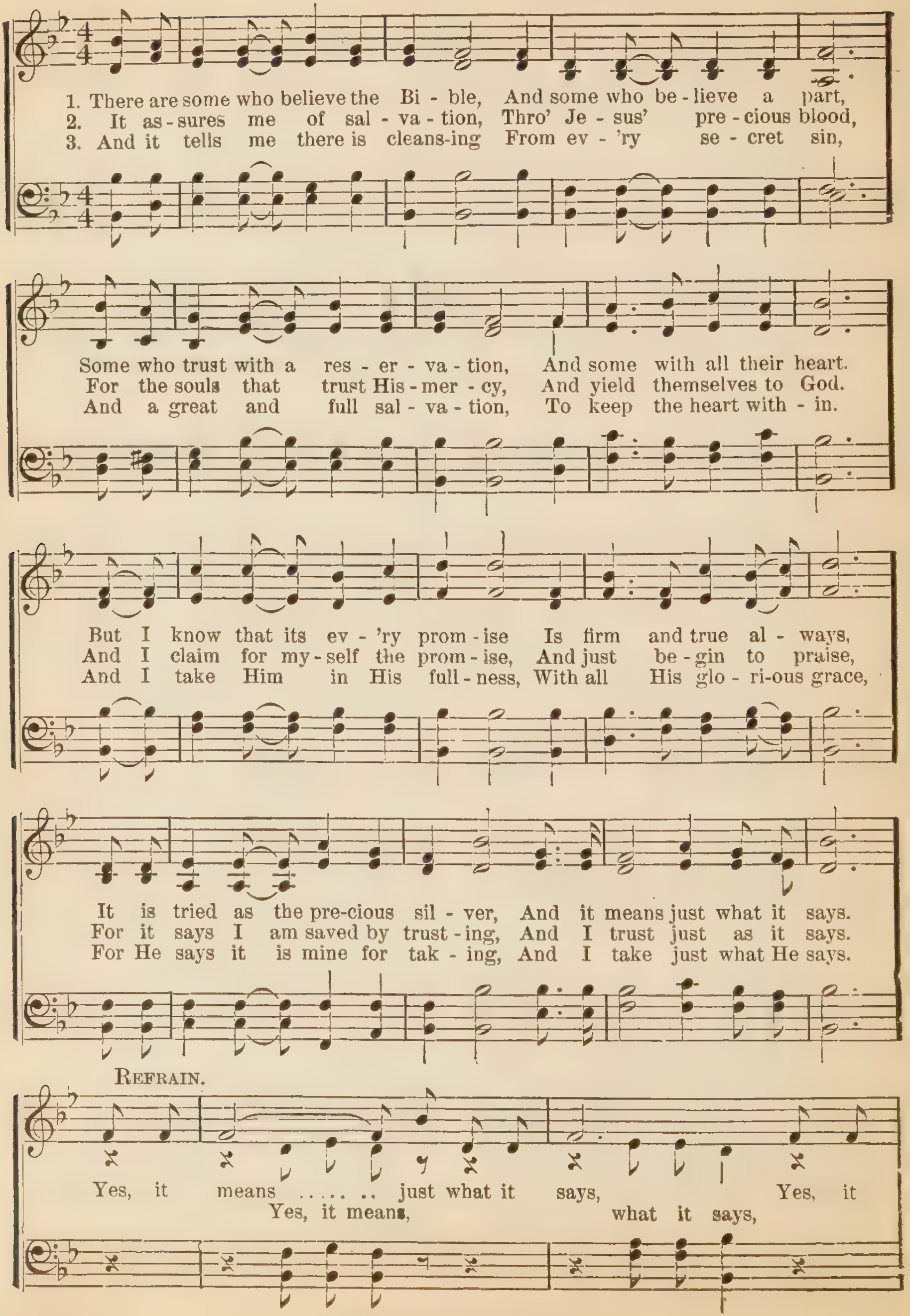
4 Standing on the promises of Christ the Lord,
Bound to Him eternally by love's strong cord,
Overcoming daily with the Spirit's sword,
Standing on the promises of God.

5 Standing on the promises I cannot fall,
Listening every moment to the Spirit's call;
Resting in my Saviour as my all in all,
Standing on the promises of God.

# It Means Just What it Says.

A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. There are some who believe the Bi - ble, And some who be - lieve a part,
2. It as - sures me of sal - va - tion, Thro' Je - sus' pre - cious blood,
3. And it tells me there is cleans-ing From ev - 'ry se - cret sin,
Some who trust with a res - er - va - tion, And some with all their heart.
For the souls that trust His - mer - cy, And yield themselves to God.
And a great and full sal - va - tion, To keep the heart with - in.
But I know that its ev - 'ry prom - ise Is firm and true al - ways,
And I claim for my - self the prom - ise, And just be - gin to praise,
And I take Him in His full - ness, With all His glo - ri-ous grace,
It is tried as the pre-cious sil - ver, And it means just what it says.
For it says I am saved by trust - ing, And I trust just as it says.
For He says it is mine for tak - ing, And I take just what He says.
Refrain.
Yes, it means ...... .. just what it says, Yes, it
Yes, it means, what it says,

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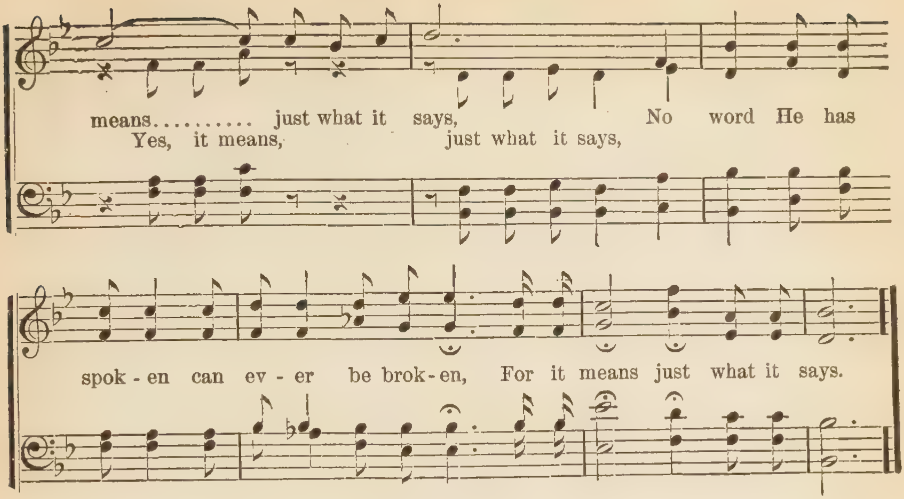
## It Means Just What it Says. Concluded.

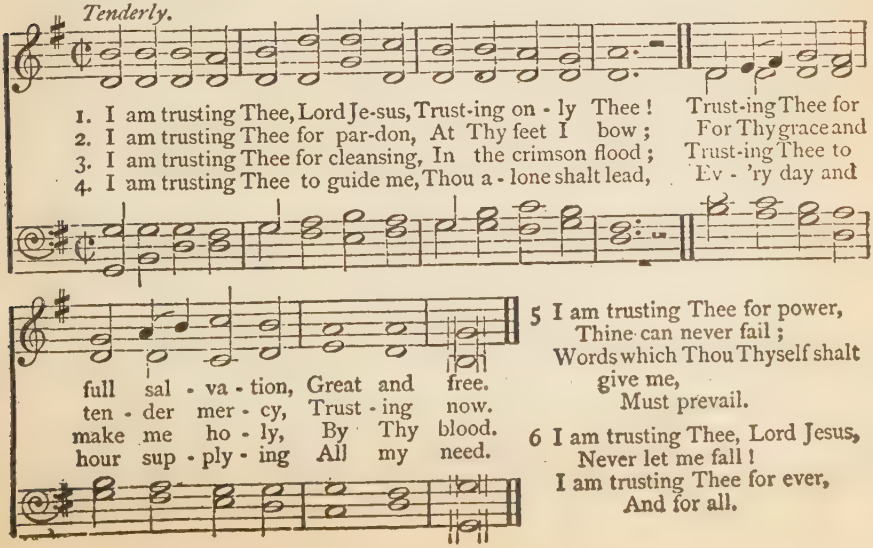

means.......... just what it says, No word He has
Yes, it means, just what it says,
spok - en can ev - er be brok - en, For it means just what it says.

4 And it tells me He will heal me,
And hear my feeblest cry,
And that all His royal bounty,
Will all my need supply.
And I seem to know no better,
Than trust Him all my ways,
For He says I may trust Him fully,
And I trust just as He says.

5 It is strange we trust each other,
And only doubt our Lord;
We will take the word of mortals
And yet distrust His Word;
But oh, what light and glory,
Would shine o'er all our days,
If we always would remember
That He means just what He says.

## 645 I am Trusting Thee, Lord Jesus.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. REV. SIR H. W. BAKER.


Tenderly.
1. I am trusting Thee, Lord Je-sus, Trust-ing on - ly Thee! Trust-ing Thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free.
2. I am trusting Thee for par-don, At Thy feet I bow; For Thy grace and ten - der mer - cy, Trust - ing now.
3. I am trusting Thee for cleansing, In the crimson flood; Trust-ing Thee to make me ho - ly, By Thy blood.
4. I am trusting Thee to guide me, Thou a - lone shalt lead, Ev - 'ry day and hour sup - ply - ing All my need.

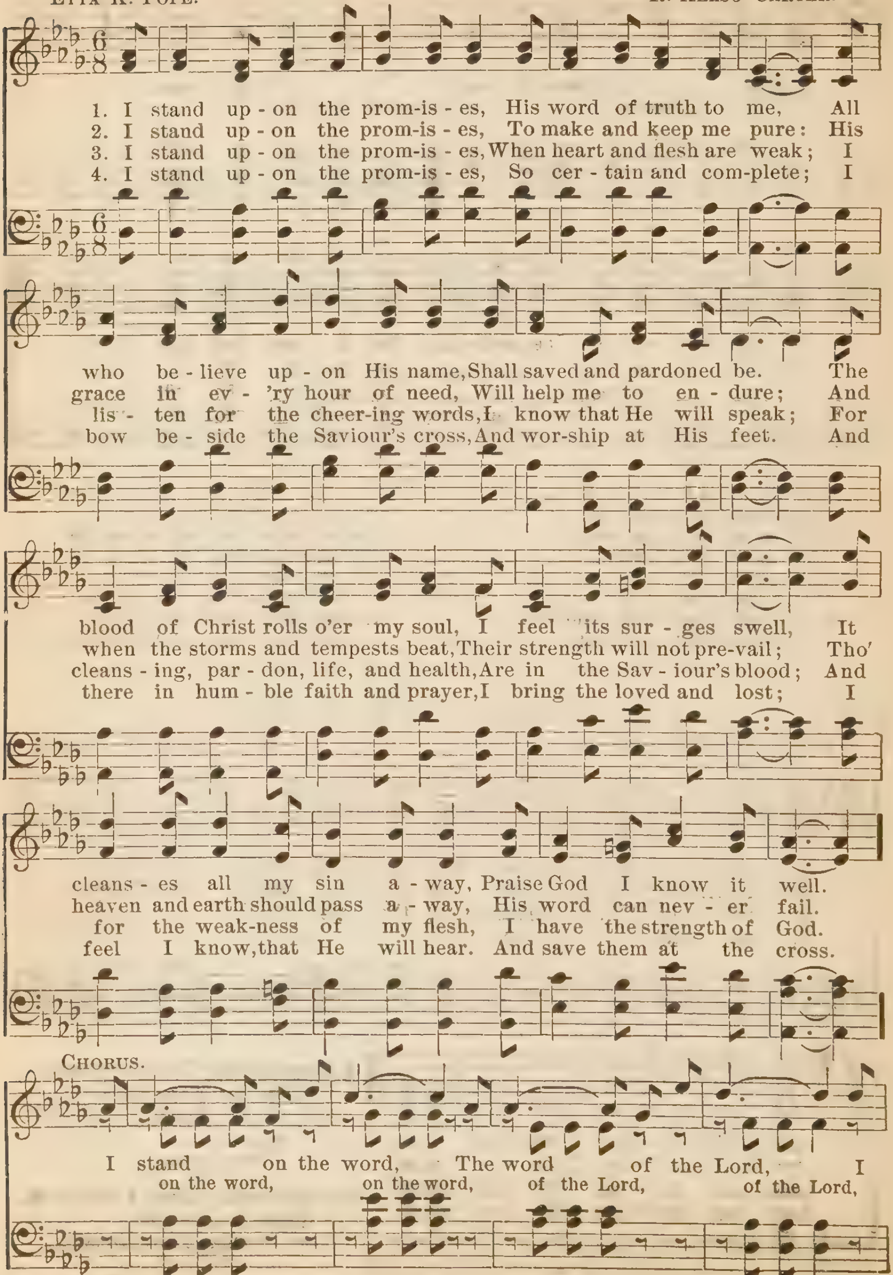
5 I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me,
Must prevail.

6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Never let me fall!
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.

646

# I Stand upon the Promises.

ETTA K. POPE. R. KELSO CARTER.


1. I stand up - on the prom-is - es, His word of truth to me, All
2. I stand up - on the prom-is - es, To make and keep me pure: His
3. I stand up - on the prom-is - es, When heart and flesh are weak; I
4. I stand up - on the prom-is - es, So cer - tain and com-plete; I
who be - lieve up - on His name, Shall saved and pardoned be. The
grace in ev - 'ry hour of need, Will help me to en - dure; And
lis - ten for the cheer-ing words, I know that He will speak; For
bow be - side the Saviour's cross, And wor-ship at His feet. And
blood of Christ rolls o'er my soul, I feel its sur - ges swell, It
when the storms and tempests beat, Their strength will not pre-vail; Tho'
cleans - ing, par - don, life, and health, Are in the Sav - iour's blood; And
there in hum - ble faith and prayer, I bring the loved and lost; I
cleans - es all my sin a - way, Praise God I know it well.
heaven and earth should pass a - way, His word can nev - er fail.
for the weak-ness of my flesh, I have the strength of God.
feel I know, that He will hear. And save them at the cross.
CHORUS.
I stand on the word, The word of the Lord, I
on the word, on the word, of the Lord, of the Lord,

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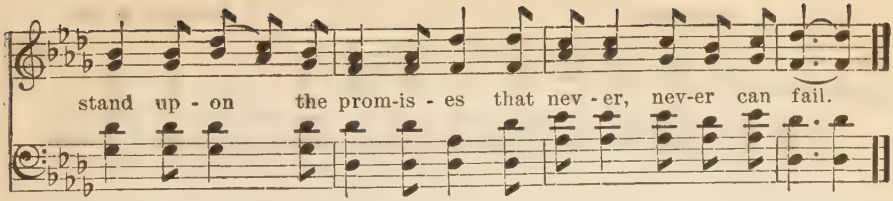
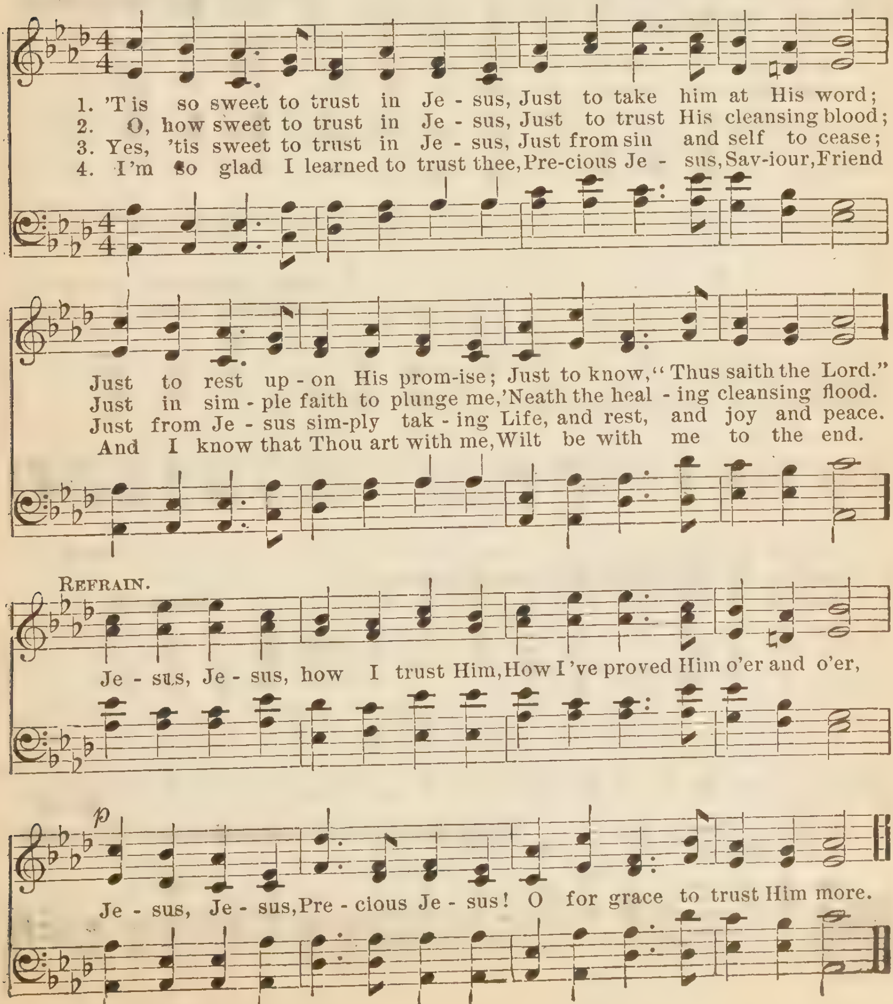

stand up - on the prom-is - es that nev - er, nev-er can fail.

## 647 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

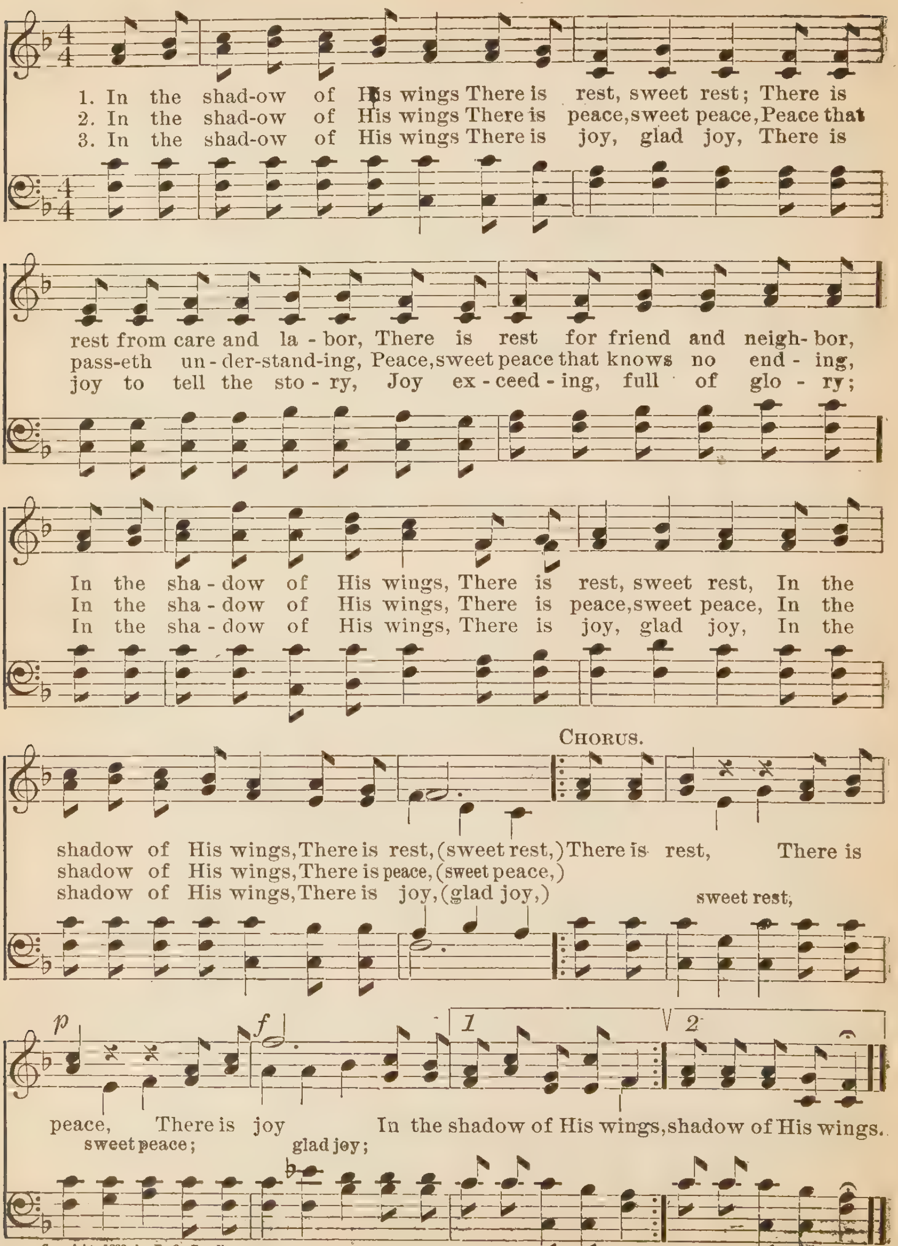
Mrs. Louisa M. R. Stead. W. J. Kirkpatrick, by per.


1. 'T is so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take him at His word;
2. O, how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learned to trust thee, Pre-cious Je - sus, Sav-iour, Friend
Just to rest up - on His prom-ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me, 'Neath the heal - ing cleansing flood.
Just from Je - sus sim-ply tak - ing Life, and rest, and joy and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.
Refrain.
Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him, How I've proved Him o'er and o'er,
p
Je - sus, Je - sus, Pre - cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more.

From "Songs of Triumph."

# In the Shadow of His Wings.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. E. O. Excell, by per.


1. In the shad-ow of His wings There is rest, sweet rest; There is
2. In the shad-ow of His wings There is peace, sweet peace, Peace that
3. In the shad-ow of His wings There is joy, glad joy, There is
rest from care and la - bor, There is rest for friend and neigh- bor,
pass-eth un-der-stand-ing, Peace, sweet peace that knows no end - ing,
joy to tell the sto - ry, Joy ex - ceed - ing, full of glo - ry;
In the sha - dow of His wings, There is rest, sweet rest, In the
In the sha - dow of His wings, There is peace, sweet peace, In the
In the sha - dow of His wings, There is joy, glad joy, In the
shadow of His wings, There is rest, (sweet rest,)
shadow of His wings, There is peace, (sweet peace,)
shadow of His wings, There is joy, (glad joy,)
Chorus.
There is rest, sweet rest, There is
p
peace, sweet peace; There is
f
joy glad joy; In the shadow of His wings,
1
2
shadow of His wings.

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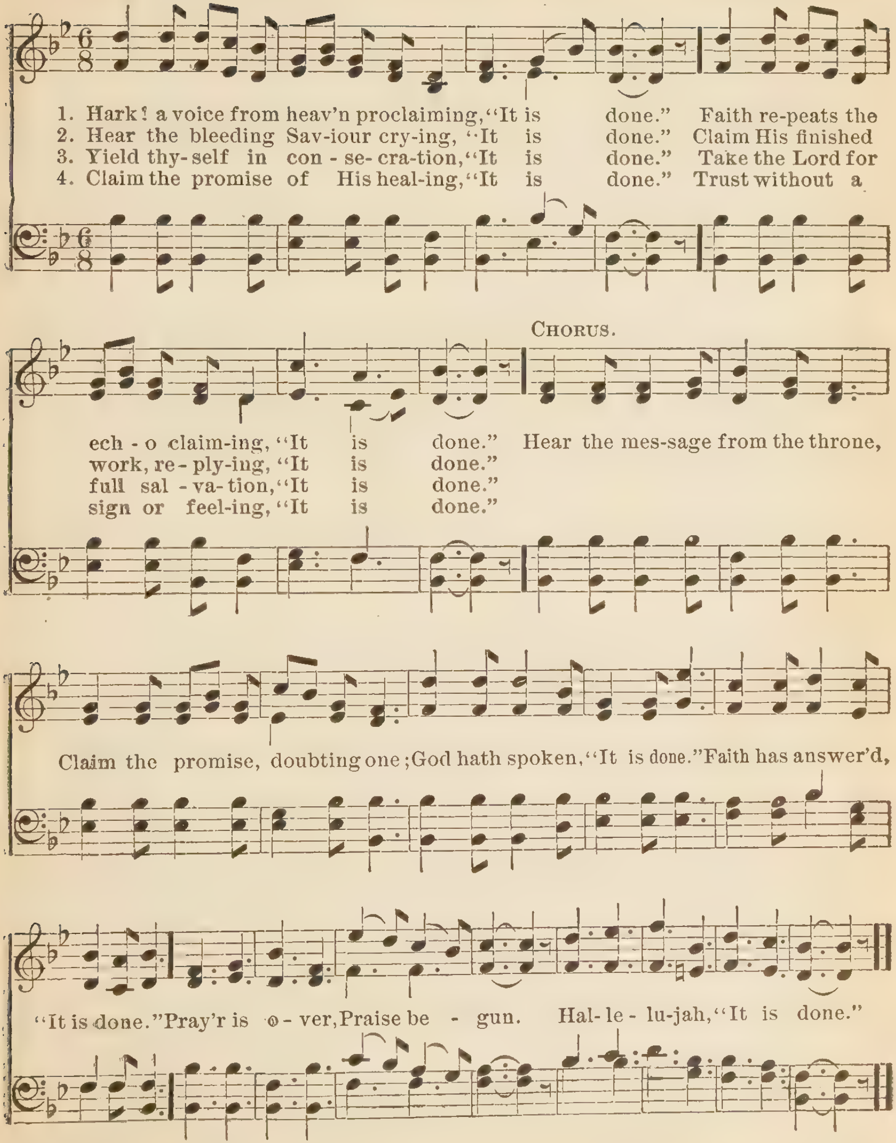
649

# It is Done.

A. B. S. A. B. SIMPSON.


1. Hark! a voice from heav'n proclaiming, "It is done." Faith re-peats the
2. Hear the bleeding Sav-iour cry-ing, "It is done." Claim His finished
3. Yield thy-self in con-se-cra-tion, "It is done." Take the Lord for
4. Claim the promise of His heal-ing, "It is done." Trust without a
ech-o claim-ing, "It is done."
work, re-ply-ing, "It is done."
full sal-va-tion, "It is done."
sign or feel-ing, "It is done."
CHORUS.
Hear the mes-sage from the throne,
Claim the promise, doubting one; God hath spoken, "It is done." Faith has answer'd,
"It is done." Pray'r is o-ver, Praise be-gun. Hal-le-lu-jah, "It is done."

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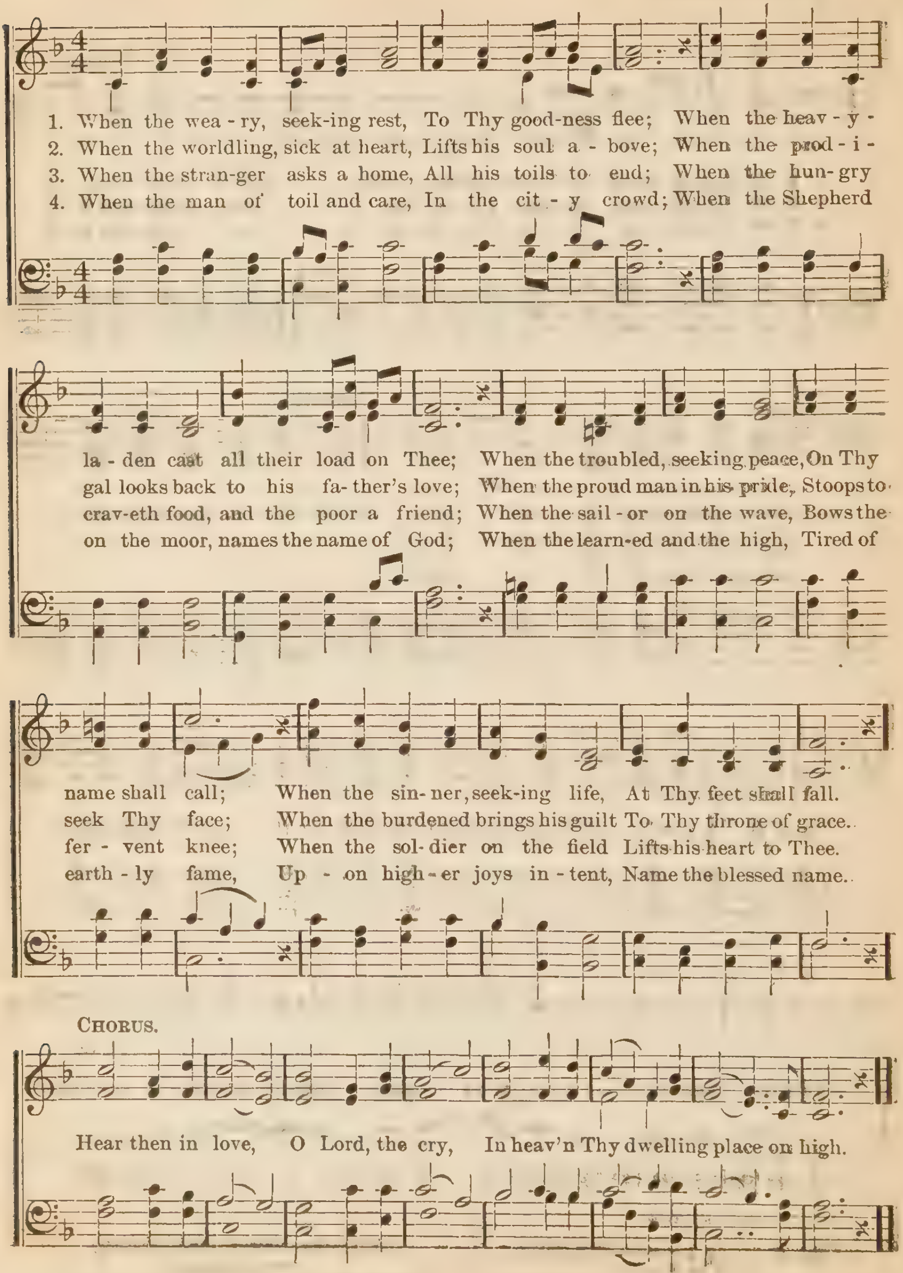
5 Say of every promised blessing,
"It is done."
Rest upon His word confessing,
"It is done."

6 This the secret of receiving,
"It is done."
Take Him at His word believing,
"It is done."

# When the Weary, Seeking Rest.

Horatius Bonar. Margaret M. Simpson.


1. When the wea - ry, seek-ing rest, To Thy good-ness flee; When the heav - y -
2. When the worldling, sick at heart, Lifts his soul a - bove; When the prod - i -
3. When the stran-ger asks a home, All his toils to end; When the hun-gry
4. When the man of toil and care, In the cit - y crowd; When the Shepherd
la - den cast all their load on Thee; When the troubled, seeking peace, On Thy
gal looks back to his fa-ther's love; When the proud man in his pride, Stoops to
crav-eth food, and the poor a friend; When the sail - or on the wave, Bows the
on the moor, names the name of God; When the learn-ed and the high, Tired of
name shall call; When the sin-ner, seek-ing life, At Thy feet shall fall.
seek Thy face; When the burdened brings his guilt To Thy throne of grace.
fer - vent knee; When the sol-dier on the field Lifts his heart to Thee.
earth - ly fame, Up - on high - er joys in - tent, Name the blessed name.
Chorus.
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry, In heav'n Thy dwelling place on high.

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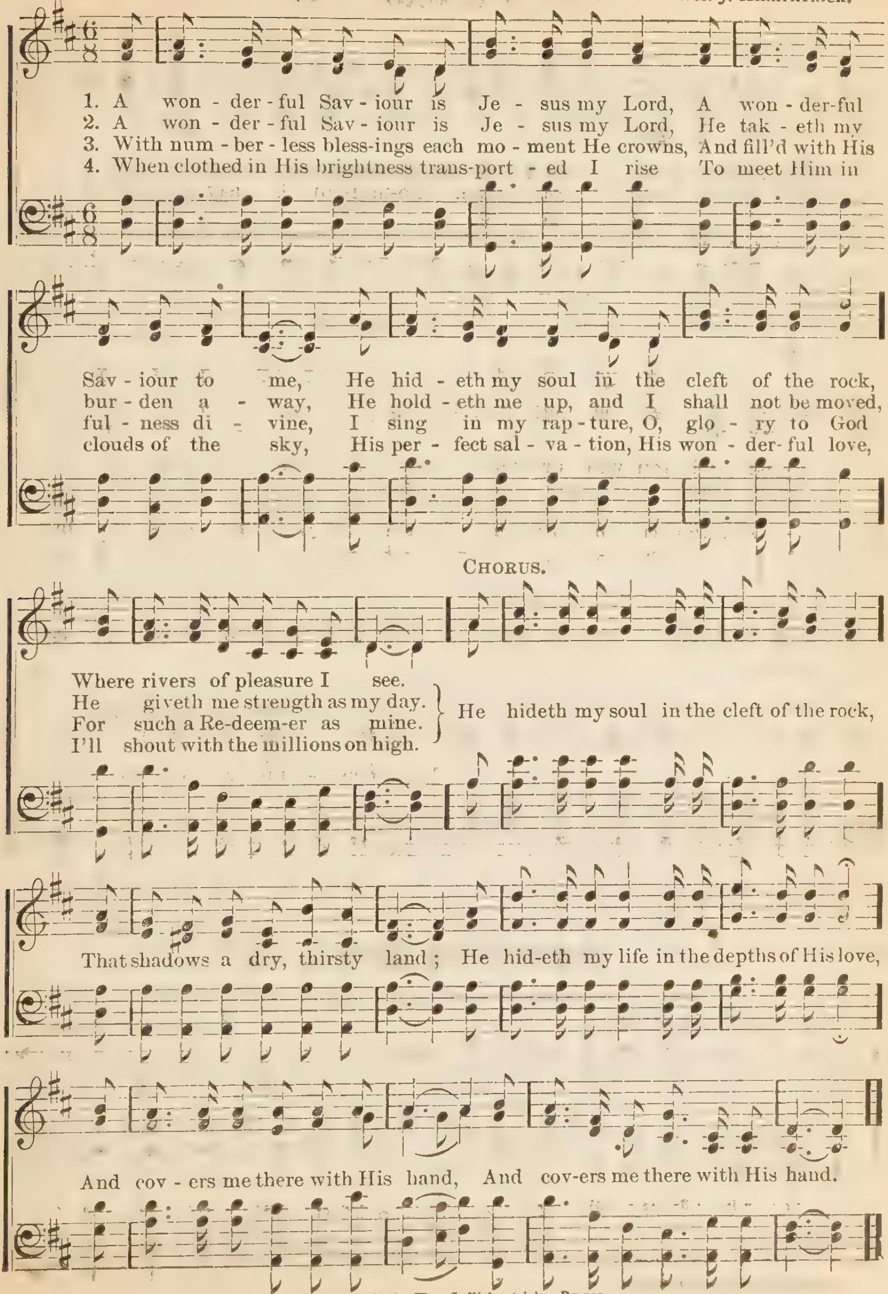
# He Hideth My Soul.

Fanny J. Crosby.

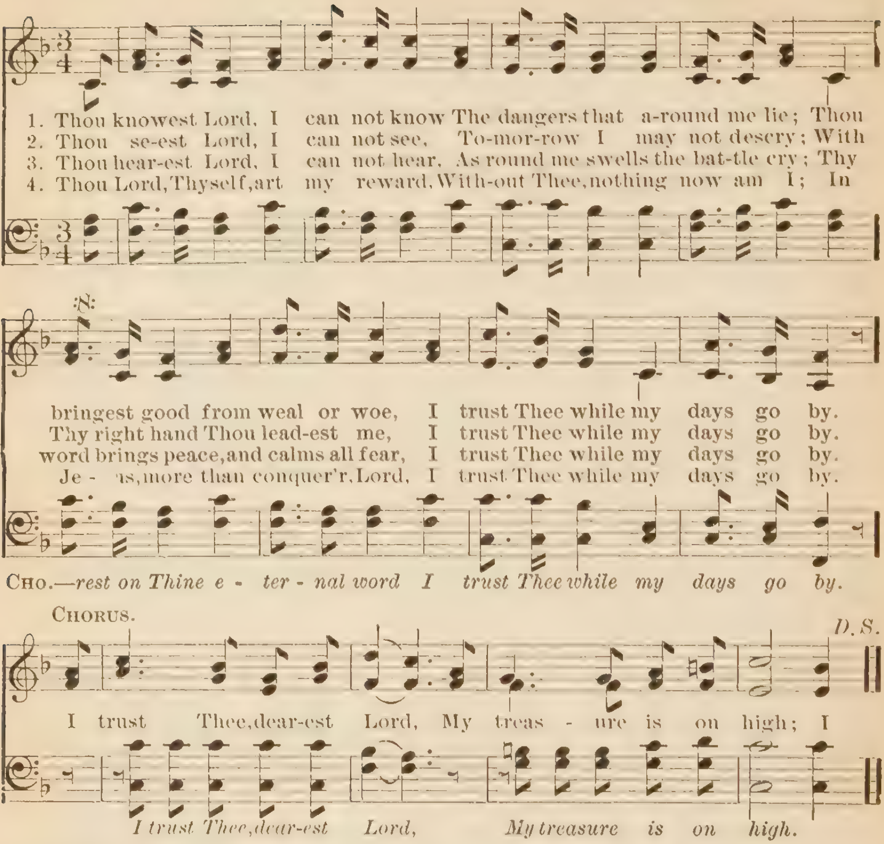
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. A wonder-ful Sav-iour is Je-sus my Lord, A won-der-ful
2. A won-der-ful Sav-iour is Je-sus my Lord, He tak-eth my
3. With num-ber-less bless-ings each mo-ment He crowns, And fill'd with His
4. When clothed in His brightness trans-port-ed I rise To meet Him in
Sav-iour to me, He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
bur-den a-way, He hold-eth me up, and I shall not be moved,
ful-ness di-vine, I sing in my rap-ture, O, glo-ry to God
clouds of the sky, His per-fect sal-va-tion, His won-der-ful love,
Chorus.
Where rivers of pleasure I see.
He giveth me strength as my day.
For such a Re-deem-er as mine.
I'll shout with the millions on high.
He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
That shadows a dry, thirsty land; He hid-eth my life in the depths of His love,
And cov-ers me there with His hand, And cov-ers me there with His hand.

Copyright, 1890, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

# 652 God Knoweth. L. M.

R. K. C. **R. Kelso Carter.**


1. Thou knowest Lord, I can not know The dangers that a-round me lie; Thou
2. Thou se-est Lord, I can not see, To-mor-row I may not descry; With
3. Thou hear-est Lord, I can not hear, As round me swells the bat-tle cry; Thy
4. Thou Lord, Thyself, art my reward, With-out Thee, nothing now am I; In
bringest good from weal or woe, I trust Thee while my days go by.
Thy right hand Thou lead-est me, I trust Thee while my days go by.
word brings peace, and calms all fear, I trust Thee while my days go by.
Je - sus, more than conquer'r, Lord, I trust Thee while my days go by.
CHO.—rest on Thine e - ter - nal word I trust Thee while my days go by.
CHORUS.
D.S.
I trust Thee, dear-est Lord, My treas - ure is on high; I
I trust Thee, dear-est Lord, My treasure is on high.

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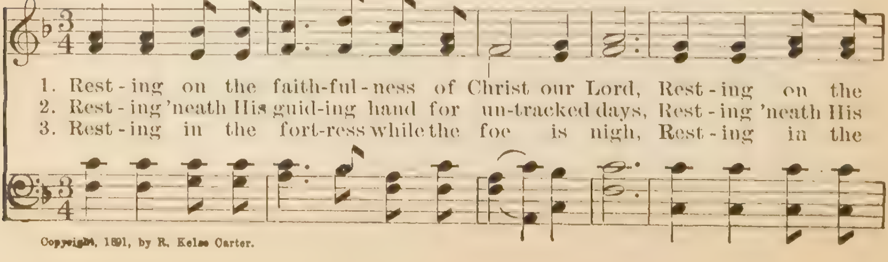
# 653 Resting In Christ.

*"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."* Heb. iv: 9.

Frances R. Havergal. R. Kelso Carter.


1. Rest - ing on the faith-ful-ness of Christ our Lord, Rest - ing on the
2. Rest - ing 'neath His guid-ing hand for un-tracked days, Rest - ing 'neath His
3. Rest - ing in the fort-ress while the foe is nigh, Rest - ing in the

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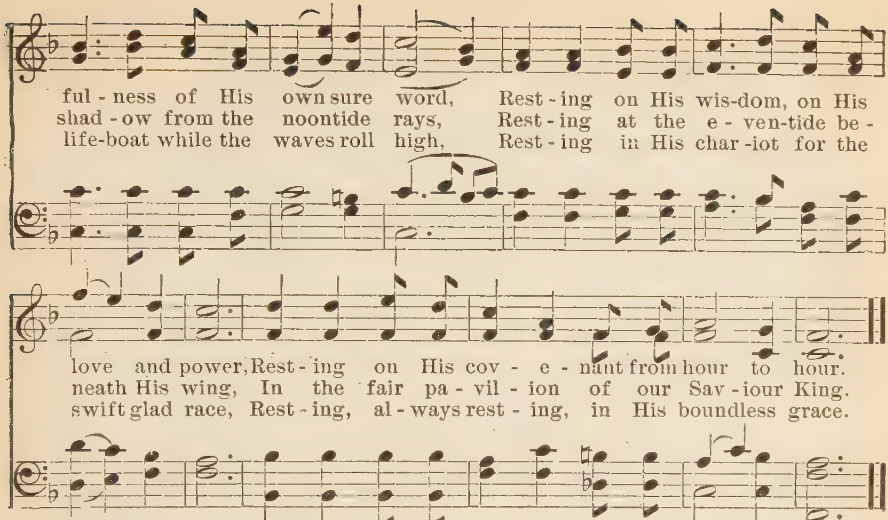
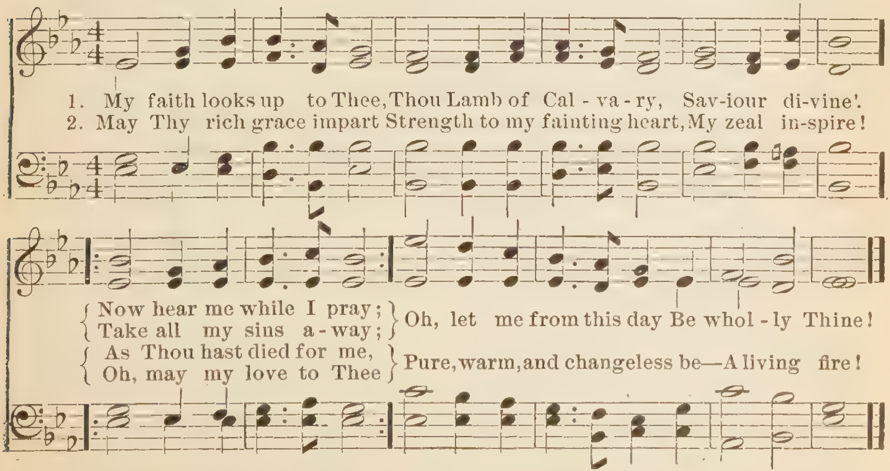

ful - ness of His own sure word, Rest - ing on His wis-dom, on His
shad - ow from the noontide rays, Rest - ing at the e - ven-tide be -
life-boat while the waves roll high, Rest - ing in His char -iot for the
love and power, Rest - ing on His cov - e - nant from hour to hour.
neath His wing, In the fair pa - vil - ion of our Sav - iour King.
swift glad race, Rest - ing, al - ways rest - ing, in His boundless grace.

4 Resting in the pastures and beneath the rock,
Resting by the waters where He leads His flock;
Resting, while we listen, at His glorious feet,
Resting in His very arms! Oh, rest complete!

5 Resting and believing, let us onward press,
Resting on Himself, the Lord our righteousness;
Resting and rejoicing, let His saved ones sing,—
"Glory, glory, glory be to Christ our King."

## 654 My Faith Looks up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. L. MASON.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav-iour di-vine!
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in-spire!
Now hear me while I pray; Take all my sins a - way; Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be—A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

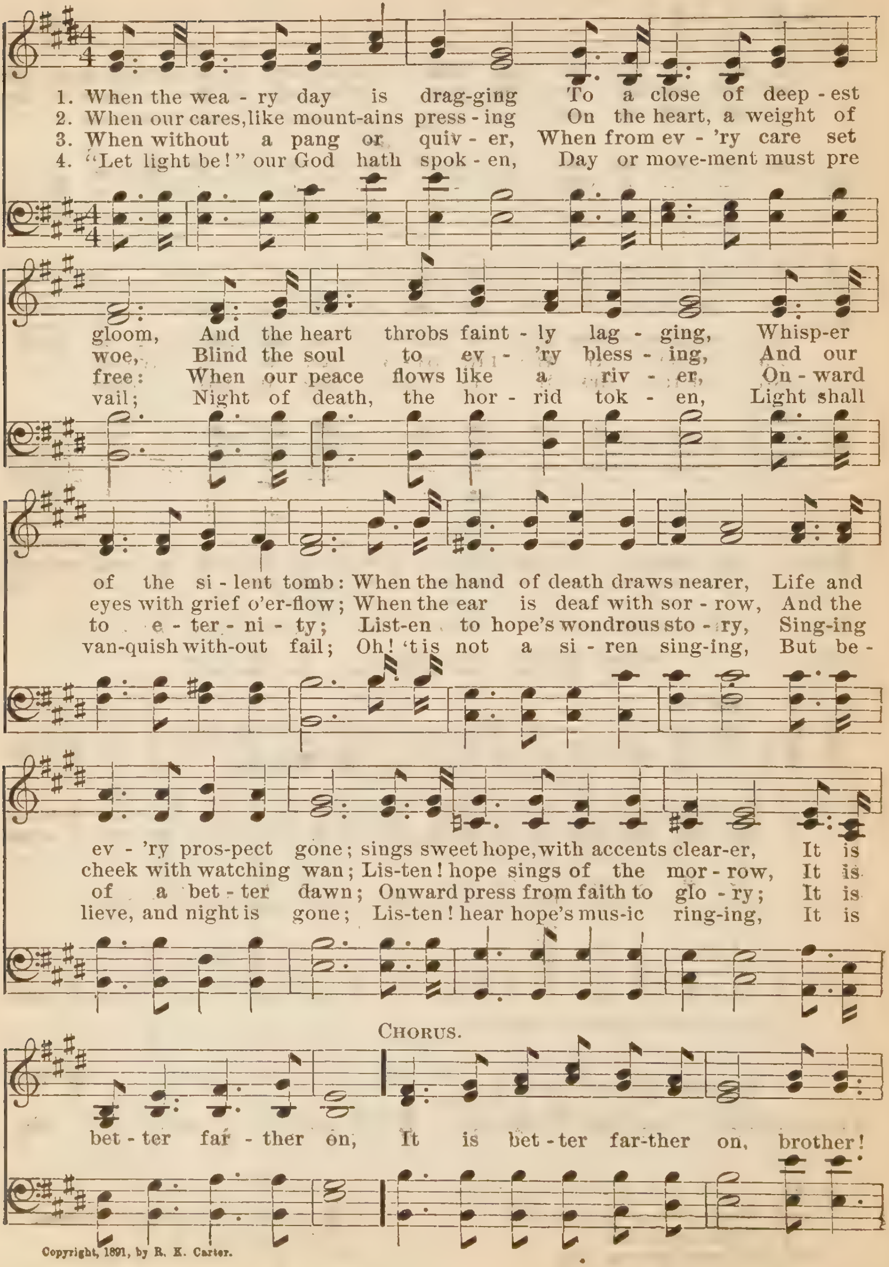
4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul!

655

# It is Better Farther On.

R. K. C.

R. Kelso Carter.


1. When the wea - ry day is drag-ging To a close of deep - est
2. When our cares,like mount-ains press - ing On the heart, a weight of
3. When without a pang or quiv - er, When from ev - 'ry care set
4. "Let light be!" our God hath spok - en, Day or move-ment must pre
gloom, And the heart throbs faint - ly lag - ging, Whisp-er
woe, Blind the soul to ev - 'ry bless - ing, And our
free: When our peace flows like a riv - er, On - ward
vail; Night of death, the hor - rid tok - en, Light shall
of the si - lent tomb: When the hand of death draws nearer, Life and
eyes with grief o'er-flow; When the ear is deaf with sor - row, And the
to e - ter - ni - ty; List-en to hope's wondrous sto - ry, Sing-ing
van-quish with-out fail; Oh! 't is not a si - ren sing-ing, But be -
ev - 'ry pros-pect gone; sings sweet hope, with accents clear-er, It is
cheek with watching wan; Lis-ten! hope sings of the mor - row, It is
of a bet - ter dawn; Onward press from faith to glo - ry; It is
lieve, and night is gone; Lis-ten! hear hope's mus-ic ring-ing, It is
Chorus.
bet - ter far - ther on, It is bet - ter far-ther on, brother!

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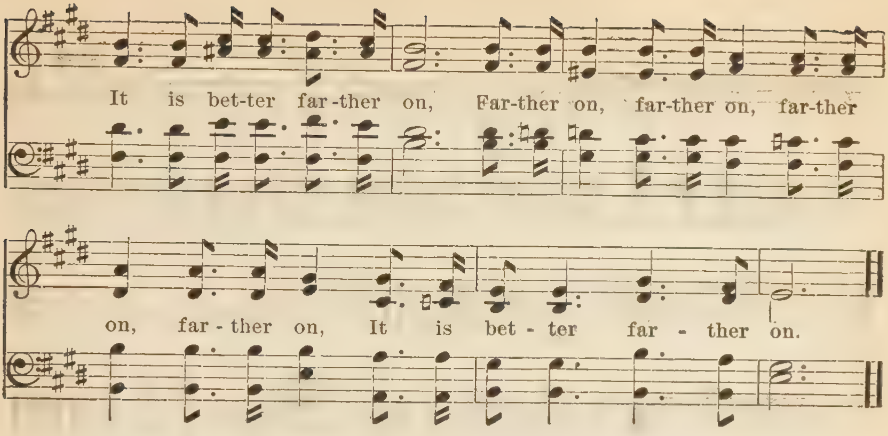
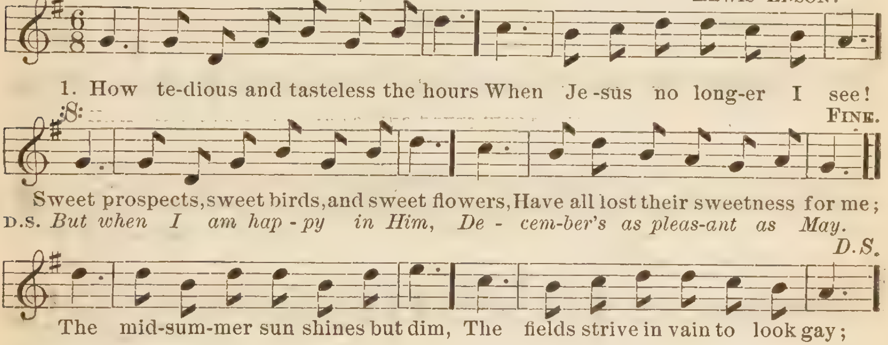


It is bet-ter far-ther on, Far-ther on, far-ther on, far-ther
on, far-ther on, It is bet-ter far-ther on.

## 656 Contrast. 8.

LEWIS EDSON.



1. How te-dious and tasteless the hours When Je-sus no long-er I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers, Have all lost their sweetness for me;
D.S. But when I am hap-py in Him, De-cem-ber's as pleas-ant as May.
FINE.
D.S.
The mid-sum-mer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;

1 How tedious and tastless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me;
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay:
But when I am happy in Him,
December's as pleasant as May.

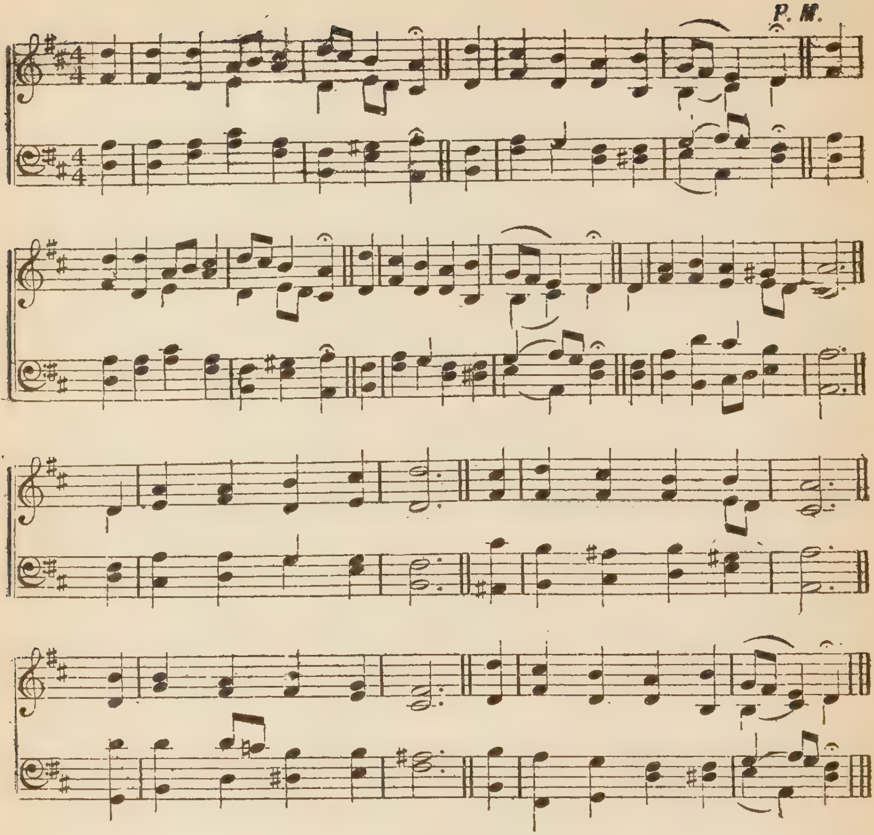
2 His name yields the richest perfume.
And sweeter than music His voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were He always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blest with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 My Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to Thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

JOHN NEWTON.

# Luther's Hymn.



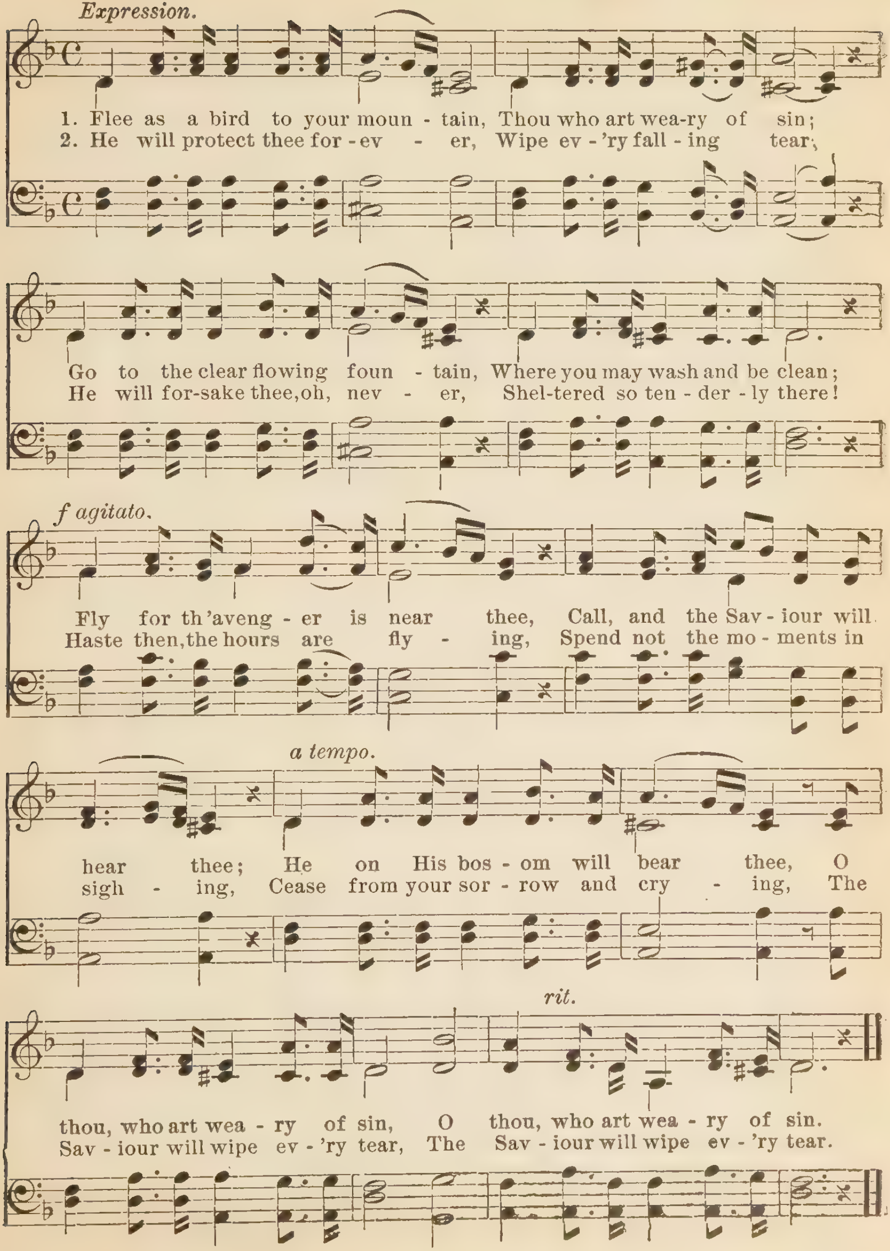
1 Our God stands firm, a rock and tow'r,
A shield when danger presses;
A ready help in ev'ry hour
When doubt or pain distresses;
For our malignant foe
Unswerving aims his blow;
His fearful arms the while,
Dark pow'r and darker guile;
His hidden craft is matchless.

2 Our strength is weakness in tne fight,
Our courage soon defection;
But comes a Warrior clad in might,
A prince of God's election;
Who is this wondrous Chief
That brings this glad relief?
The field of battle boasts
Christ Jesus, Lord of hosts,
Still conq'ring and to conquer.

3 Then, Lord! arise; lift up thine arm,
With mighty succor stay us;
Oh, turn aside the deadly harm
When Satan would betray us,
That, rescued by thy hand,
In triumph we may stand,
And round thy footstool crowd
In joy to sing aloud
High praise to our Redeemer.

# Flee as a Bird.

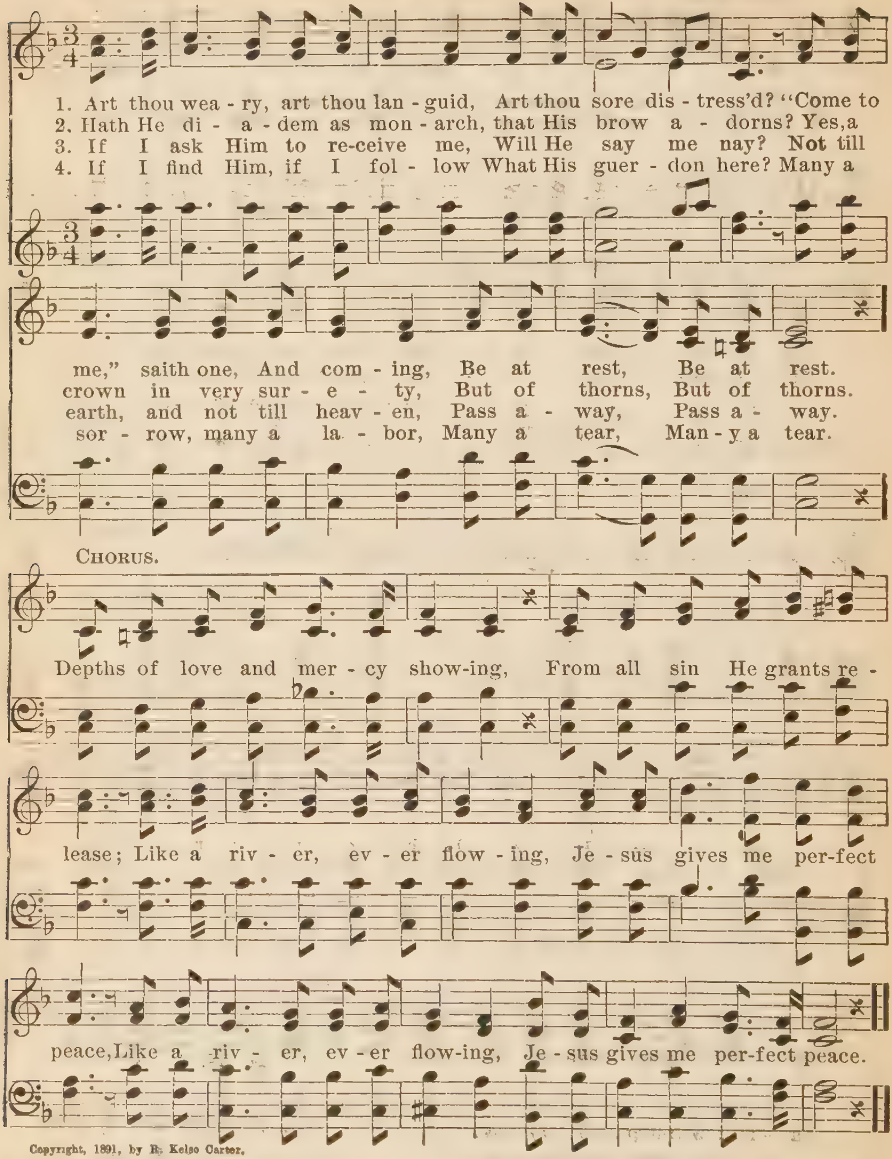
Mary S. B. Dana, 1840.


Expression.
1. Flee as a bird to your moun - tain, Thou who art wea-ry of sin;
2. He will protect thee for - ev - er, Wipe ev - 'ry fall - ing tear;
Go to the clear flowing foun - tain, Where you may wash and be clean;
He will for-sake thee, oh, nev - er, Shel-tered so ten - der - ly there!
f agitato.
Fly for th'aveng - er is near thee, Call, and the Sav - iour will
Haste then, the hours are fly - ing, Spend not the mo - ments in
a tempo.
hear thee; He on His bos - om will bear thee, O
sigh - ing, Cease from your sor - row and cry - ing, The
rit.
thou, who art wea - ry of sin, O thou, who art wea - ry of sin.
Sav - iour will wipe ev - 'ry tear, The Sav - iour will wipe ev - 'ry tear.

659

# Art Thou Weary.

J. M. NEALE, D.D. Chorus by R. K. C. Arranged from M. LINDSEY.


1. Art thou weary, art thou languid, Art thou sore distress'd? "Come to
2. Hath He diadem as monarch, that His brow adorns? Yes, a
3. If I ask Him to receive me, Will He say me nay? Not till
4. If I find Him, if I follow What His guerdon here? Many a
me," saith one, And coming, Be at rest, Be at rest.
crown in very surety, But of thorns, But of thorns.
earth, and not till heaven, Pass away, Pass away.
sorrow, many a labor, Many a tear, Many a tear.
CHORUS.
Depths of love and mercy showing, From all sin He grants release; Like a river, ever flowing, Jesus gives me perfect peace, Like a river, ever flowing, Jesus gives me perfect peace.

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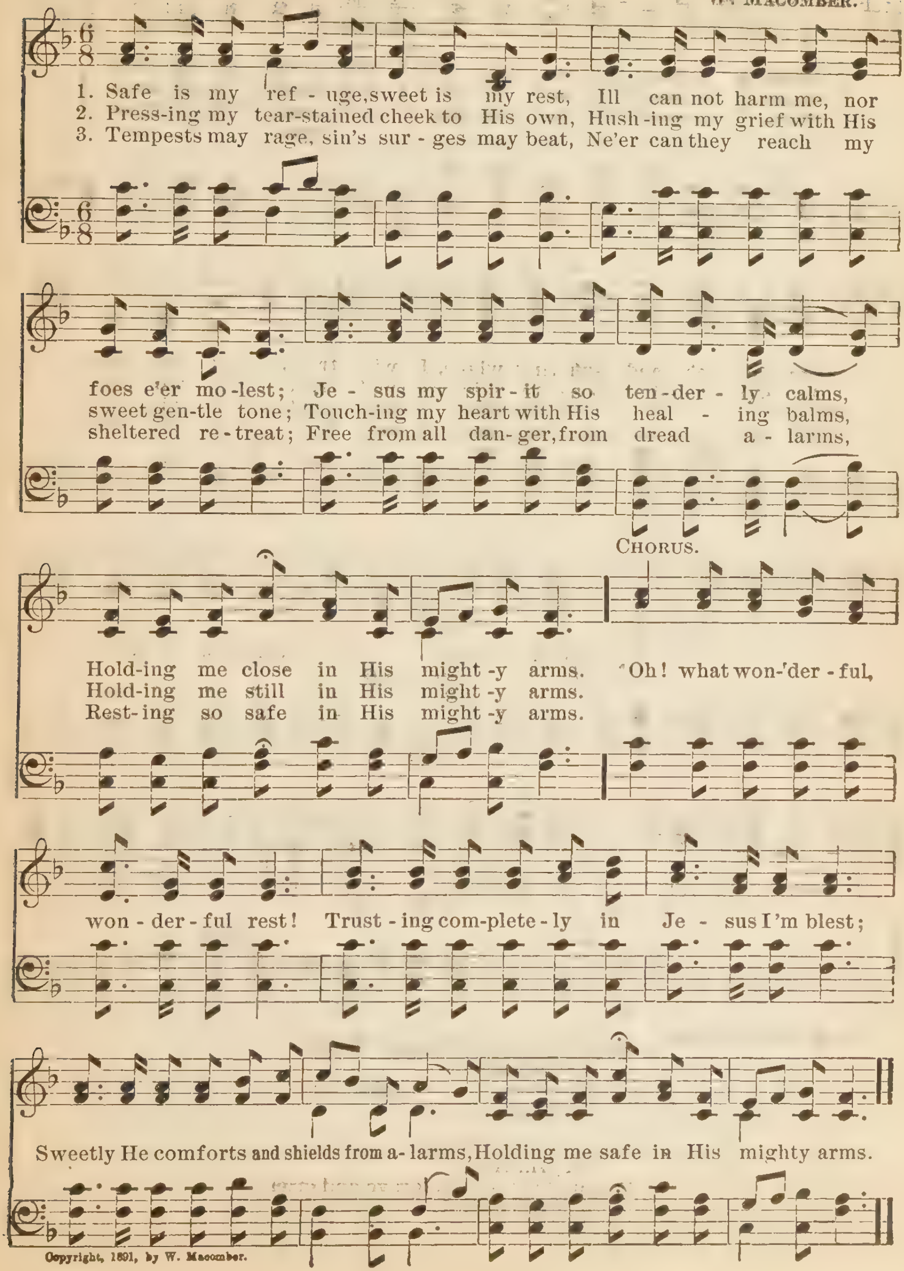
5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
Sorrow vanquished, labors ended,
‖:Jordan past.:‖

6 Finding, following, keeping, fighting,
Is He sure to bless?
Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
‖:Answer, yes!:‖

660

# Held in His Mighty Arms.

W. M. W. Macomber.



1. Safe is my ref - uge, sweet is my rest, Ill can not harm me, nor
2. Press-ing my tear-stained cheek to His own, Hush-ing my grief with His
3. Tempests may rage, sin's sur - ges may beat, Ne'er can they reach my
foes e'er mo-lest; Je - sus my spir - it so ten - der - ly calms,
sweet gen-tle tone; Touch-ing my heart with His heal - ing balms,
sheltered re - treat; Free from all dan - ger, from dread a - larms,
Hold-ing me close in His might - y arms.
Hold-ing me still in His might - y arms.
Rest-ing so safe in His might - y arms.
Chorus.
Oh! what won-der - ful,
won - der - ful rest! Trust - ing com-plete - ly in Je - sus I'm blest;
Sweetly He comforts and shields from a- larms, Holding me safe in His mighty arms.

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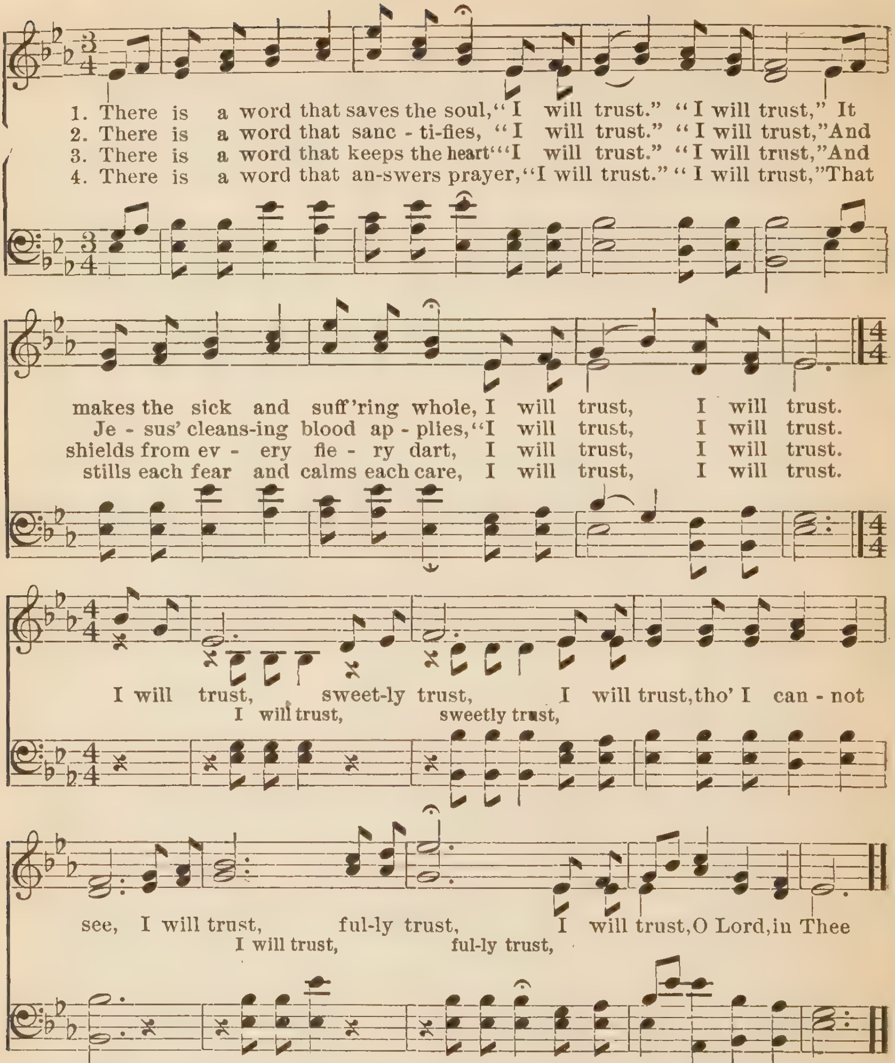
# 661 Trust.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. There is a word that saves the soul, "I will trust." "I will trust," It
2. There is a word that sanc - ti-fies, "I will trust." "I will trust," And
3. There is a word that keeps the heart "I will trust." "I will trust," And
4. There is a word that an-swers prayer, "I will trust." "I will trust," That
makes the sick and suff'ring whole, I will trust, I will trust.
Je - sus' cleans-ing blood ap - plies, "I will trust, I will trust.
shields from ev - ery fie - ry dart, I will trust, I will trust.
stills each fear and calms each care, I will trust, I will trust.
I will trust, sweet-ly trust, I will trust, tho' I can - not
I will trust, sweetly trust,
see, I will trust, ful-ly trust, I will trust, O Lord, in Thee
I will trust, ful-ly trust,

Copyright, 1891, by A. B. Simpson.

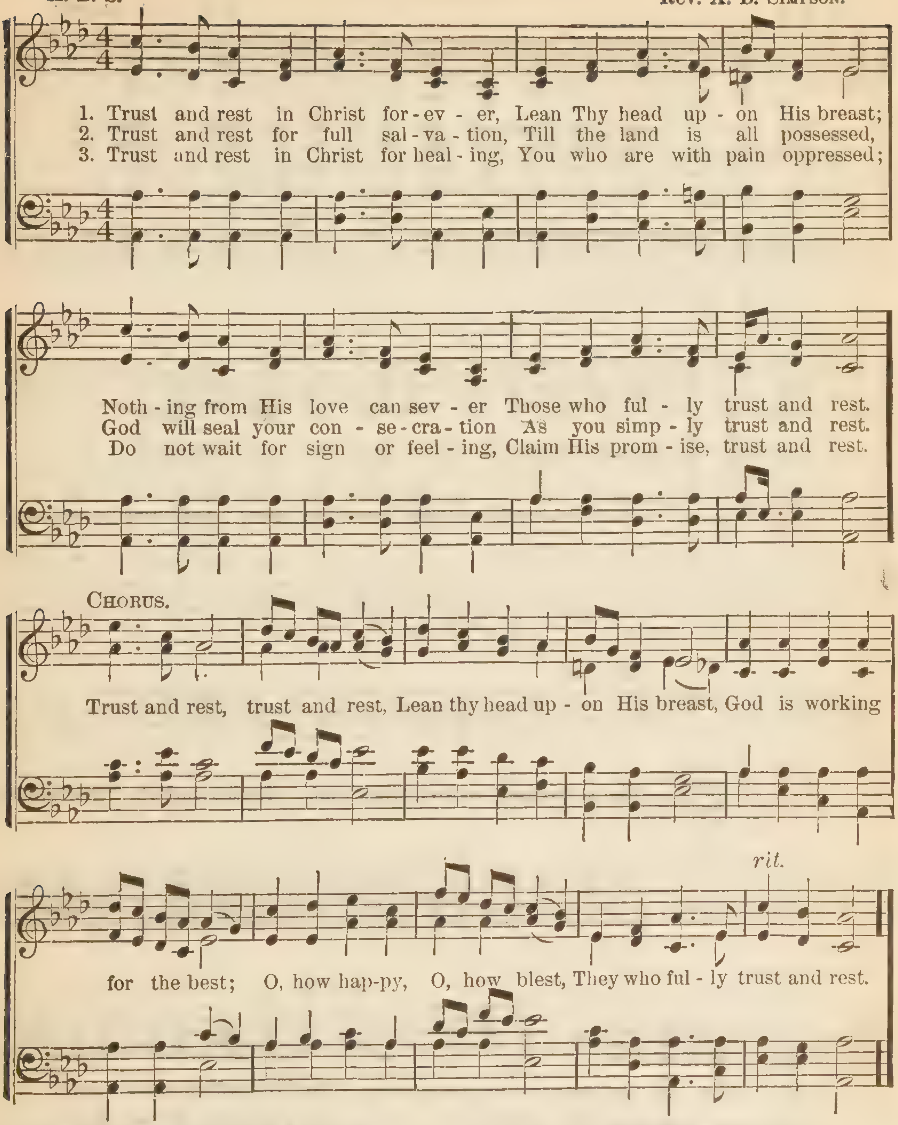
5 There is a word of power divine,
"I will trust."
For God hath said "All things are mine,"
"While I trust."

6 There is a word that death defies,
"I will trust."
It mounts above the grave and cries,
"I will trust."

662

# Trust and Rest.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. Trust and rest in Christ for-ev - er, Lean Thy head up - on His breast;
2. Trust and rest for full sal-va - tion, Till the land is all possessed,
3. Trust and rest in Christ for heal - ing, You who are with pain oppressed;
Noth - ing from His love can sev - er Those who ful - ly trust and rest.
God will seal your con - se-cra-tion As you simp - ly trust and rest.
Do not wait for sign or feel - ing, Claim His prom - ise, trust and rest.
Chorus.
Trust and rest, trust and rest, Lean thy head up - on His breast, God is working
for the best; O, how hap-py, O, how blest, They who ful - ly trust and rest.
rit.

4 Trust and rest in hours of sorrow
Every wrong shall be redressed
In some happy bright to-morrow;
If you only trust and rest.

5 Trust and rest when all around thee
Puts thy faith to sorest test;
Let no fear or foe confound thee,
Wait for God and trust and rest.

6 Trust and rest with heart abiding,
Like a birdling in its nest,
Underneath His feathers hiding,
Fold thy wings and trust and rest.

7 Trust and rest till gentle fingers
Fold thy hands across thy breast,
While the echo softly lingers
Everlasting trust and rest.

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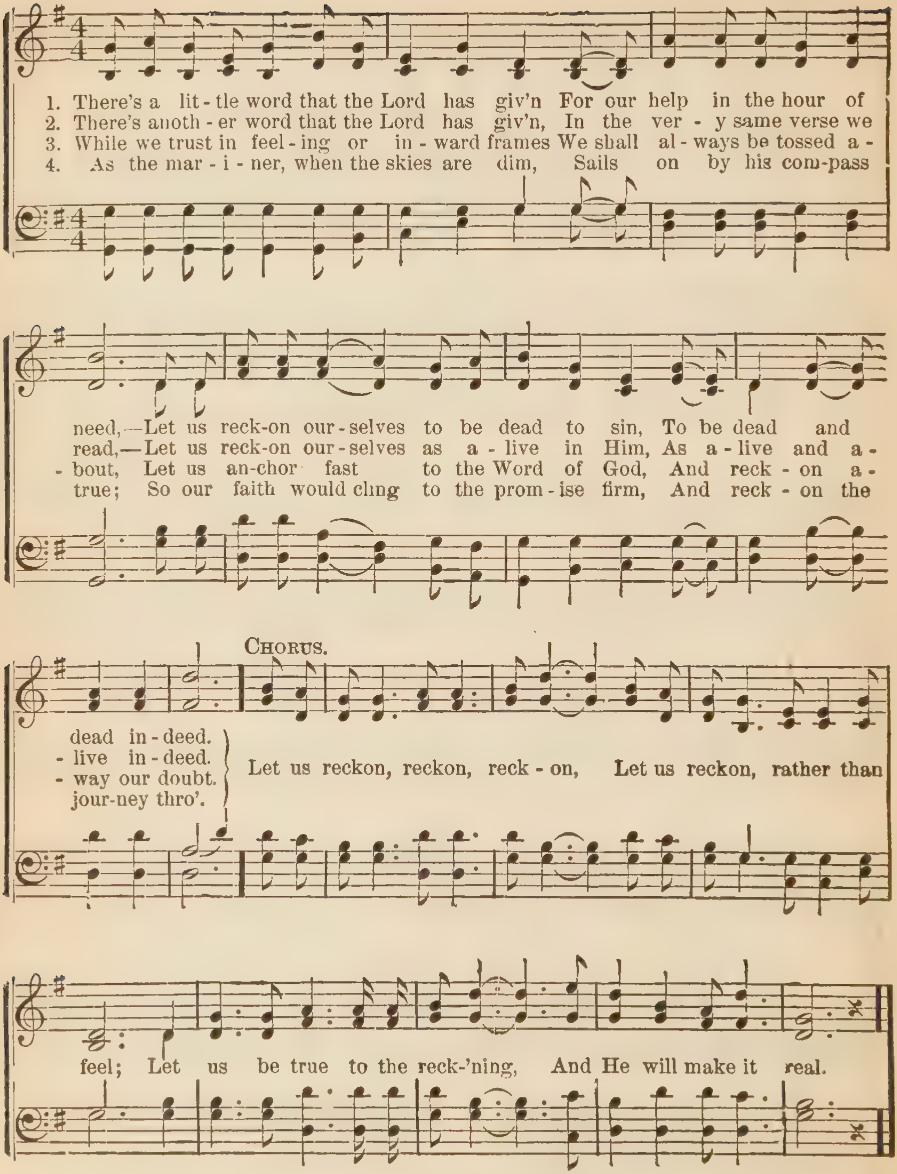
# Reckon.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. There's a lit-tle word that the Lord has giv'n For our help in the hour of
2. There's anoth-er word that the Lord has giv'n, In the ver-y same verse we
3. While we trust in feel-ing or in-ward frames We shall al-ways be tossed a-
4. As the mar-i-ner, when the skies are dim, Sails on by his com-pass
need,—Let us reck-on our-selves to be dead to sin, To be dead and
read,—Let us reck-on our-selves as a-live in Him, As a-live and a-
-bout, Let us an-chor fast to the Word of God, And reck-on a-
true; So our faith would cling to the prom-ise firm, And reck-on the
dead in-deed.
-live in-deed.
-way our doubt.
jour-ney thro'.
Chorus.
Let us reckon, reckon, reck-on, Let us reckon, rather than
feel; Let us be true to the reck-'ning, And He will make it real.

5 O how sweet it is to be anchored fast
To a hope that can never fail;
Let us reckon on with a firmer trust,
Till we anchor within the vale.

6 You may claim the promise from ev'ry pain,
You may know His power to heal;
But your faith must rest in His word alone,
And reckon, rather than feel.

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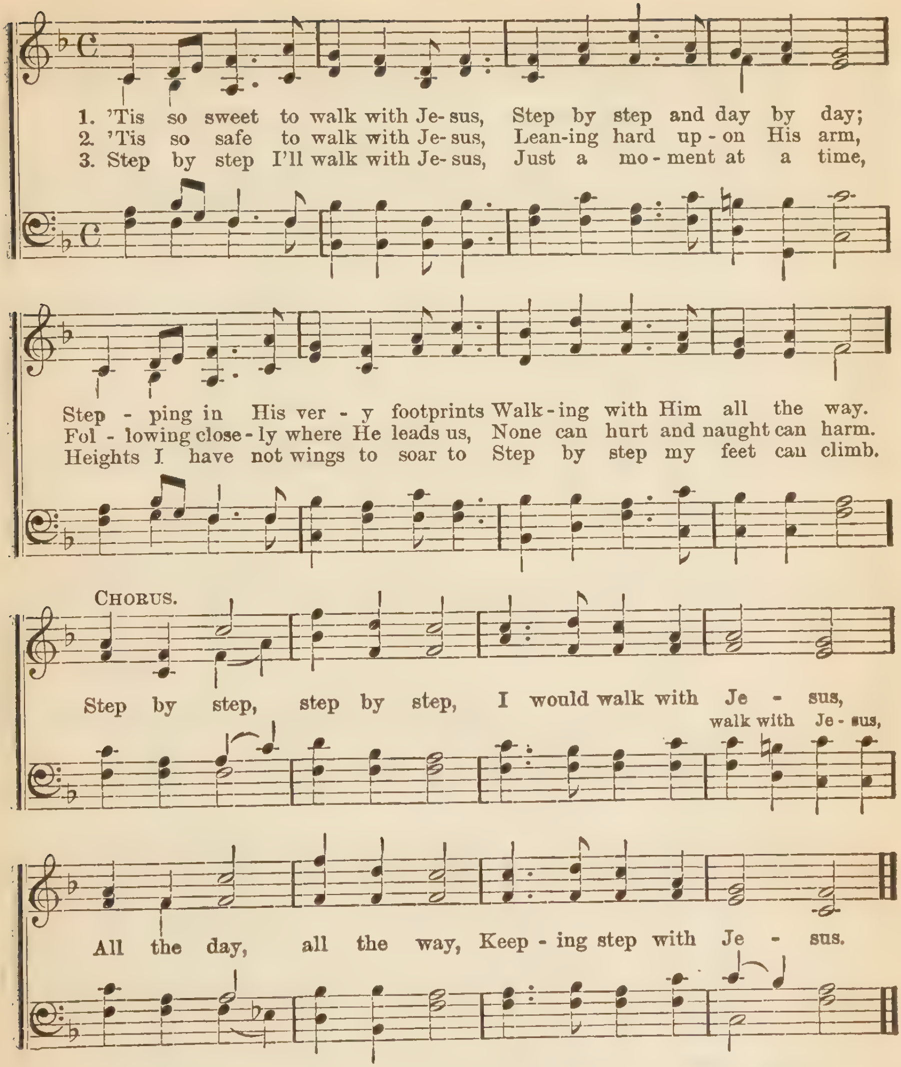
# Step by Step.

A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. 'Tis so sweet to walk with Je-sus, Step by step and day by day;
2. 'Tis so safe to walk with Je-sus, Lean-ing hard up-on His arm,
3. Step by step I'll walk with Je-sus, Just a mo-ment at a time,
Step-ping in His ver-y footprints Walk-ing with Him all the way.
Fol-lowing close-ly where He leads us, None can hurt and naught can harm.
Heights I have not wings to soar to Step by step my feet can climb.
Chorus.
Step by step, step by step, I would walk with Je-sus,
walk with Je-sus,
All the day, all the way, Keep-ing step with Je-sus.

4 All the way I'll walk with Jesus,
Thro' the sunshine, thro' the gloom,
Tho' His blood-marked steps may lead me
To the garden, to the tomb.

5 Here a while we walk with Jesus,
But the time will not be long
Till the night shall change to morning,
And the sorrow into song.

6 Then, with all who walked with Jesus,
We shall walk with Him in white,
While He turns our grief to gladness,
And our darkness into light.

7 Jesus, keep me closer—closer,
Step by step, and day by day:
Stepping in Thy very footprints,
Walking with Thee all the way.

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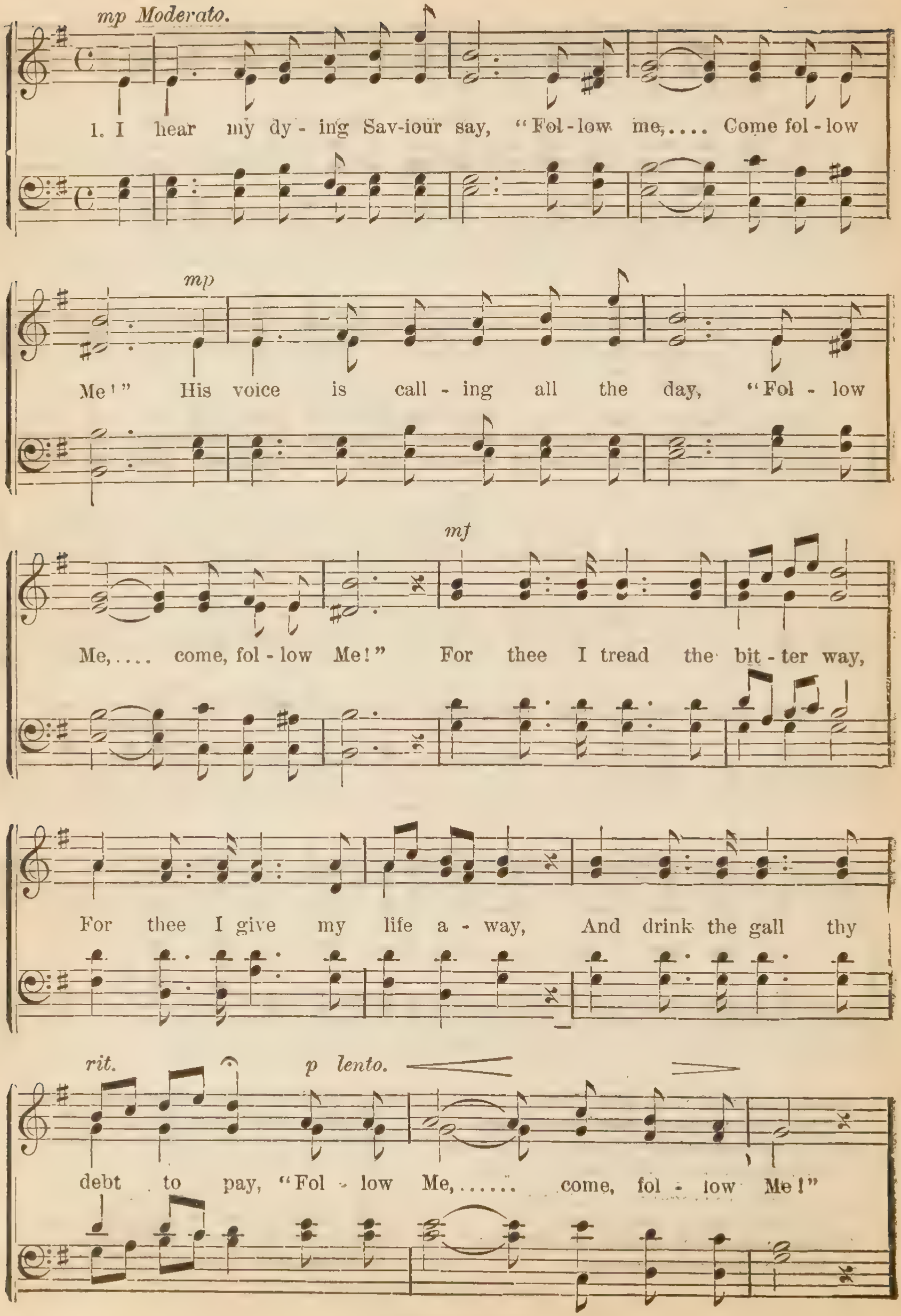
# Follow Me.


mp Moderato.
1. I hear my dy - ing Sav-iour say, "Fol - low me,.... Come fol - low
mp
Me!" His voice is call - ing all the day, "Fol - low
mf
Me,.... come, fol - low Me!" For thee I tread the bit - ter way,
For thee I give my life a - way, And drink the gall thy
rit.
p lento.
debt to pay, "Fol - low Me,...... come, fol - low Me!"

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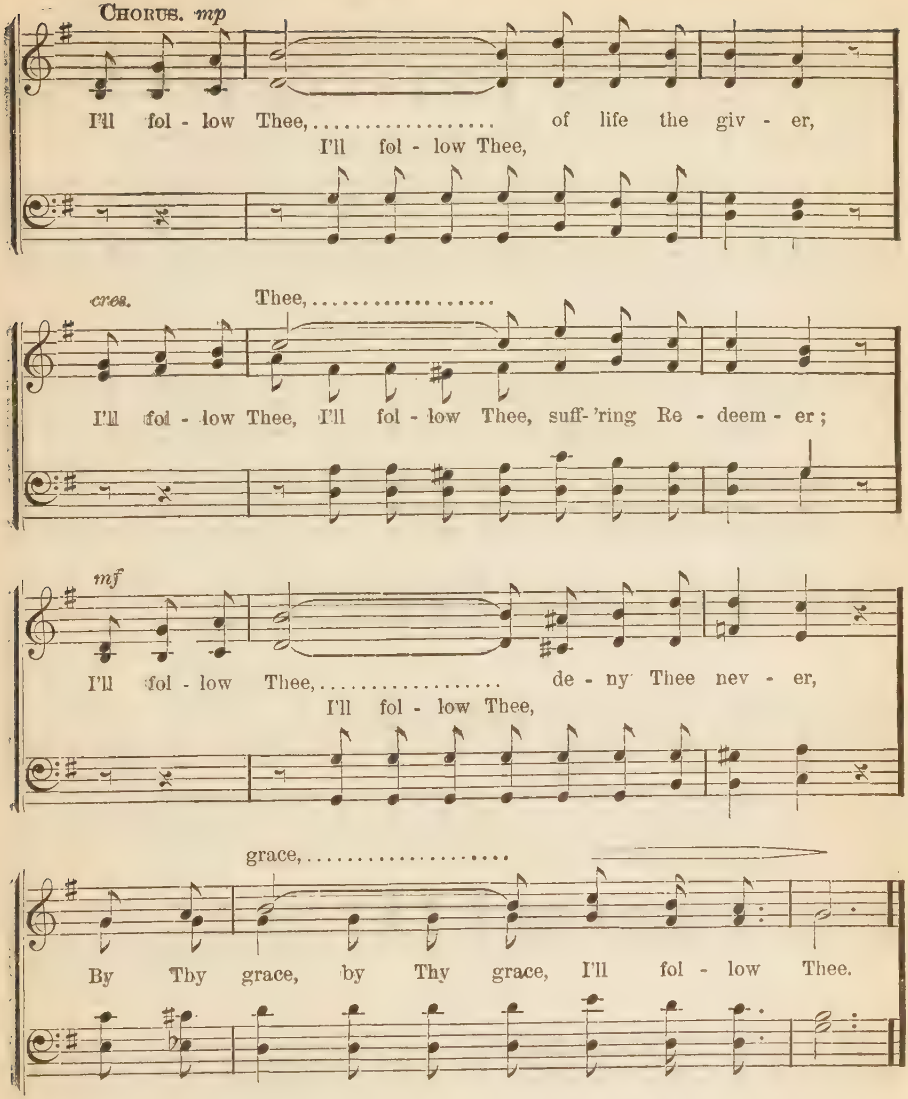
# Follow Me. Concluded.


CHORUS. mp
I'll fol - low Thee, ................... of life the giv - er,
I'll fol - low Thee,
cres.
Thee, ..................
I'll fol - low Thee, I'll fol - low Thee, suff-'ring Re - deem - er;
mf
I'll fol - low Thee, ................... de - ny Thee nev - er,
I'll fol - low Thee,
grace, .....................
By Thy grace, by Thy grace, I'll fol - low Thee.

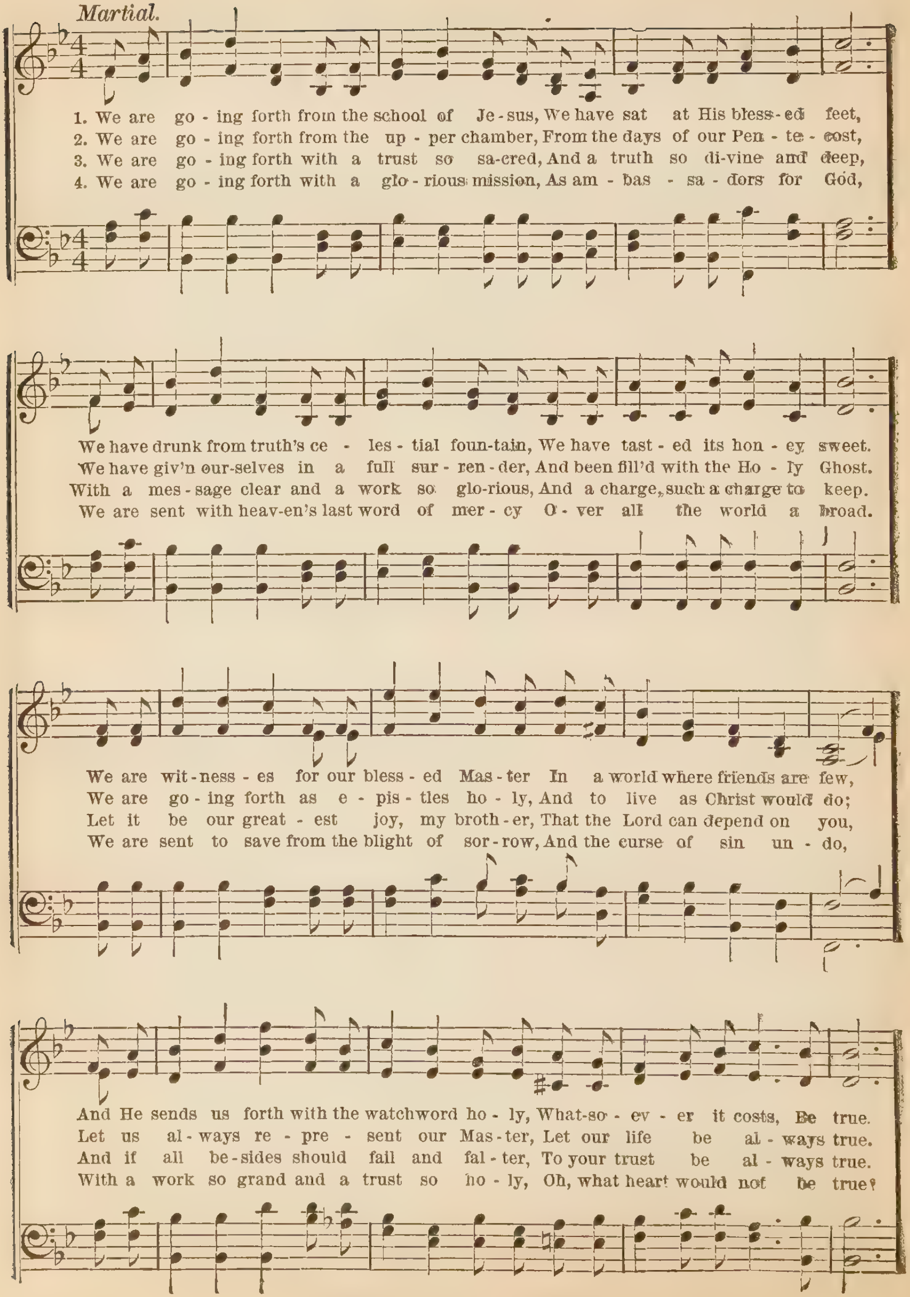
2 Though thou hast sinned, I've pardoned thee,
Follow Me! come, follow Me!
From inbred sin I'll set thee free,
Follow Me! come, follow Me!
In all thy changing life I'll be
Thy God and Guide o'er land and sea
Thy bliss through all eternity,
Follow Me! come, follow Me!

3 Bring unto Me thy many cares,
Follow Me! come, follow Me!
Thy heavy load My arm upbears,
Follow Me! come, follow Me!
Lean on My breast, dismiss thy fears,
And trust Me through the future years,
My hand shall wipe away thy tears,
Follow Me! come, follow Me!

666

# Be True.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


Martial.
1. We are go - ing forth from the school of Je - sus, We have sat at His bless - ed feet,
2. We are go - ing forth from the up - per chamber, From the days of our Pen - te - cost,
3. We are go - ing forth with a trust so sa-cred, And a truth so di-vine and deep,
4. We are go - ing forth with a glo - rious mission, As am - bas - sa - dors for God,
We have drunk from truth's ce - les - tial foun-tain, We have tast - ed its hon - ey sweet.
We have giv'n our-selves in a full sur - ren - der, And been fill'd with the Ho - ly Ghost.
With a mes - sage clear and a work so glo-rious, And a charge, such a charge to keep.
We are sent with heav-en's last word of mer - cy O - ver all the world a broad.
We are wit - ness - es for our bless - ed Mas - ter In a world where friends are few,
We are go - ing forth as e - pis - tles ho - ly, And to live as Christ would do;
Let it be our great - est joy, my broth - er, That the Lord can depend on you,
We are sent to save from the blight of sor - row, And the curse of sin un - do,
And He sends us forth with the watchword ho - ly, What-so - ev - er it costs, Be true.
Let us al - ways re - pre - sent our Mas - ter, Let our life be al - ways true.
And if all be - sides should fail and fal - ter, To your trust be al - ways true.
With a work so grand and a trust so ho - ly, Oh, what heart would not be true?

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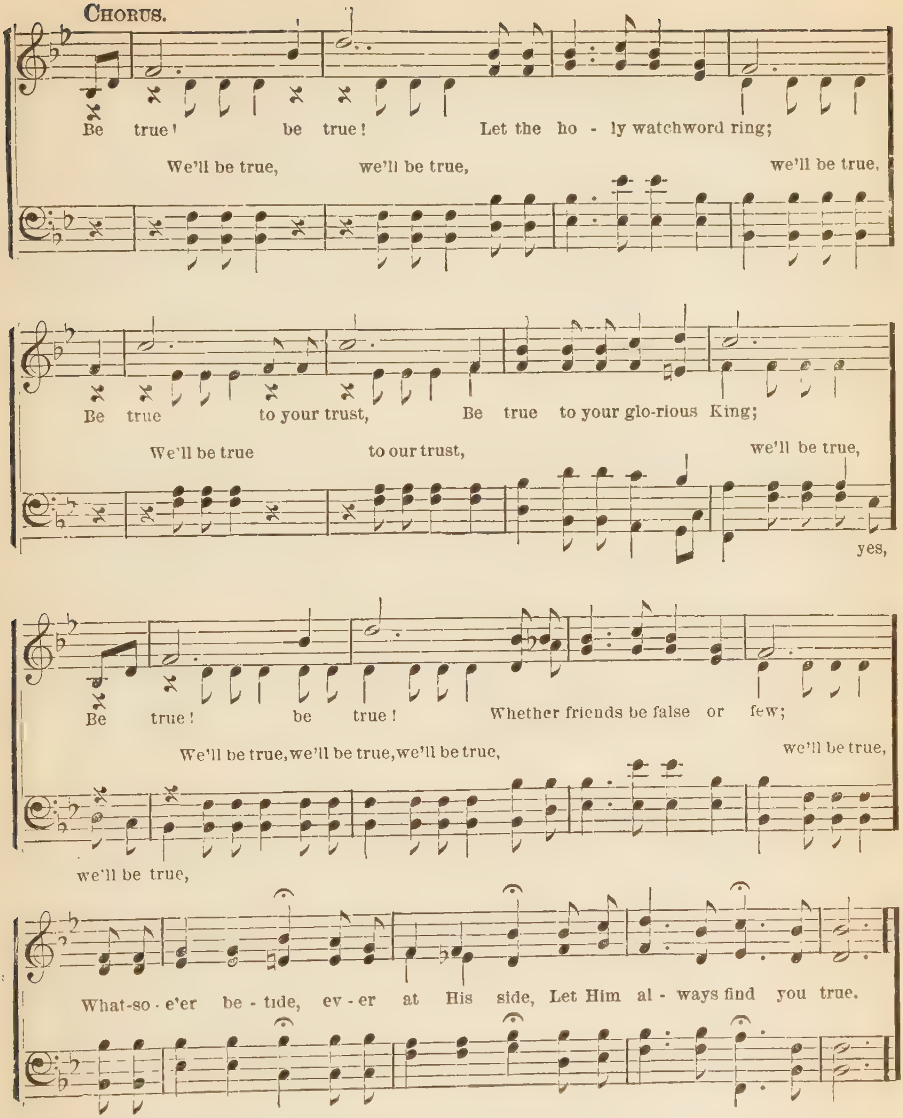
# Be True. Concluded.


CHORUS.
Be true! be true! Let the ho - ly watchword ring;
We'll be true, we'll be true, we'll be true,
Be true to your trust, Be true to your glo-rious King;
We'll be true to our trust, we'll be true, yes,
Be true! be true! Whether friends be false or few;
We'll be true, we'll be true, we'll be true, we'll be true,
we'll be true,
What-so - e'er be - tide, ev - er at His side, Let Him al - ways find you true.

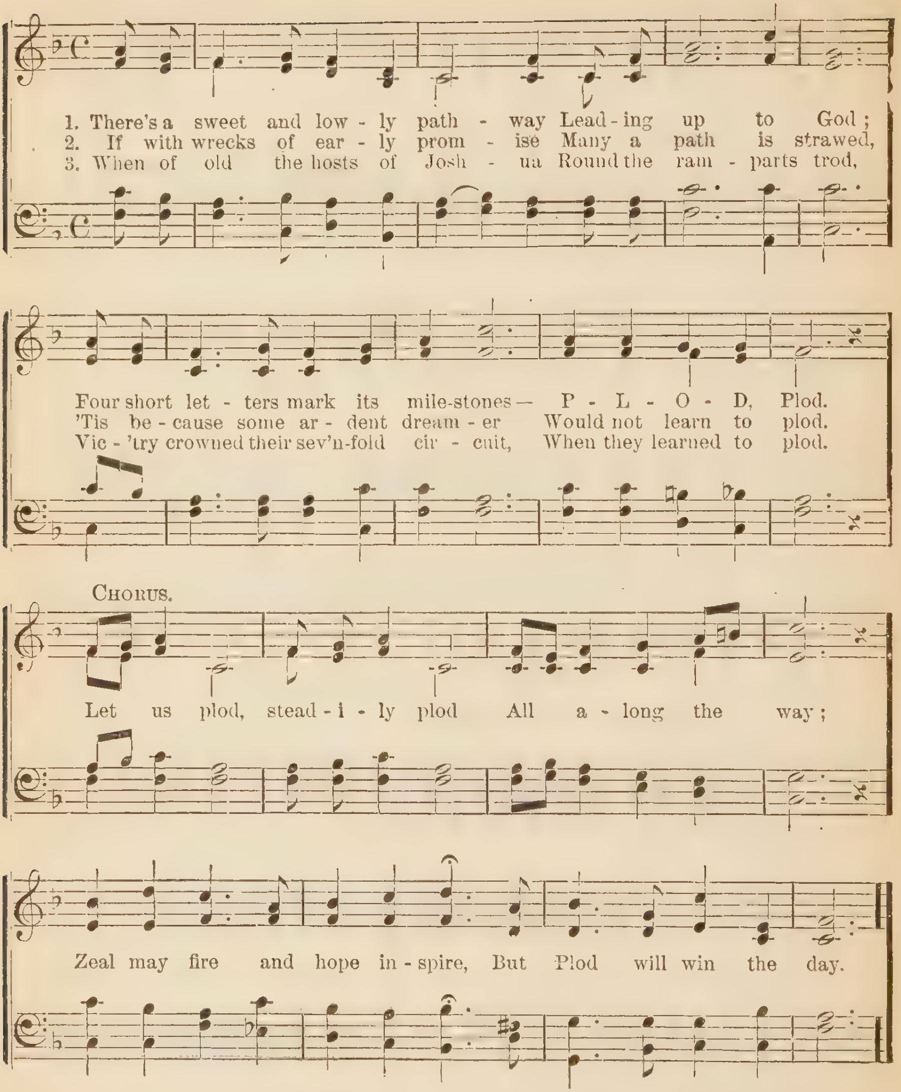
5 We are going forth with the blessed Spirit,
And the Master always near:
He has told us, "Lo, I am with you always,"
And we need not faint or fear.
With the Master's presence always near us,
Shall we not both dare and do?
With the mighty Holy Ghost within us,
Shall we not be always true?

6 We are going forth with a hope supernal,
'Tis the hope of the "Home, Sweet Home;"
We shall not have gone over all the cities
Till the Son of Man be come.
We are calling out the guests to the marriage,
We are hasting to meet Him too
May He find us watching and robed and ready;
May He say "Thou hast been true."

# 667

# Plod.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. There's a sweet and low-ly path-way Lead-ing up to God;
Four short let-ters mark its mile-stones— P-L-O-D, Plod.
2. If with wrecks of ear-ly prom-ise Many a path is strawed,
'Tis be-cause some ar-dent dream-er Would not learn to plod.
3. When of old the hosts of Josh-ua Round the ram-parts trod,
Vic-'try crowned their sev'n-fold cir-cuit, When they learned to plod.
Chorus.
Let us plod, stead-i-ly plod All a-long the way;
Zeal may fire and hope in-spire, But Plod will win the day.

4 Are you waiting for a promise,
Trusting in your God?
Tho' He tarry He is coming,
Faith must learn to plod.

5 Are you going forth with weeping,
Scatt'ring seeds abroad?
You shall bring your sheaves with singing,
If you'll trust and plod.

6 Are you suff'ring in affliction
'Neath the chast'ning rod?
God is working, wait upon Him,
Wait, and pray, and plod.

7 Yes, we need, along life's pathway,
Feet with patience shod;
Faith to wait and not grow weary,
Lives that love to plod.

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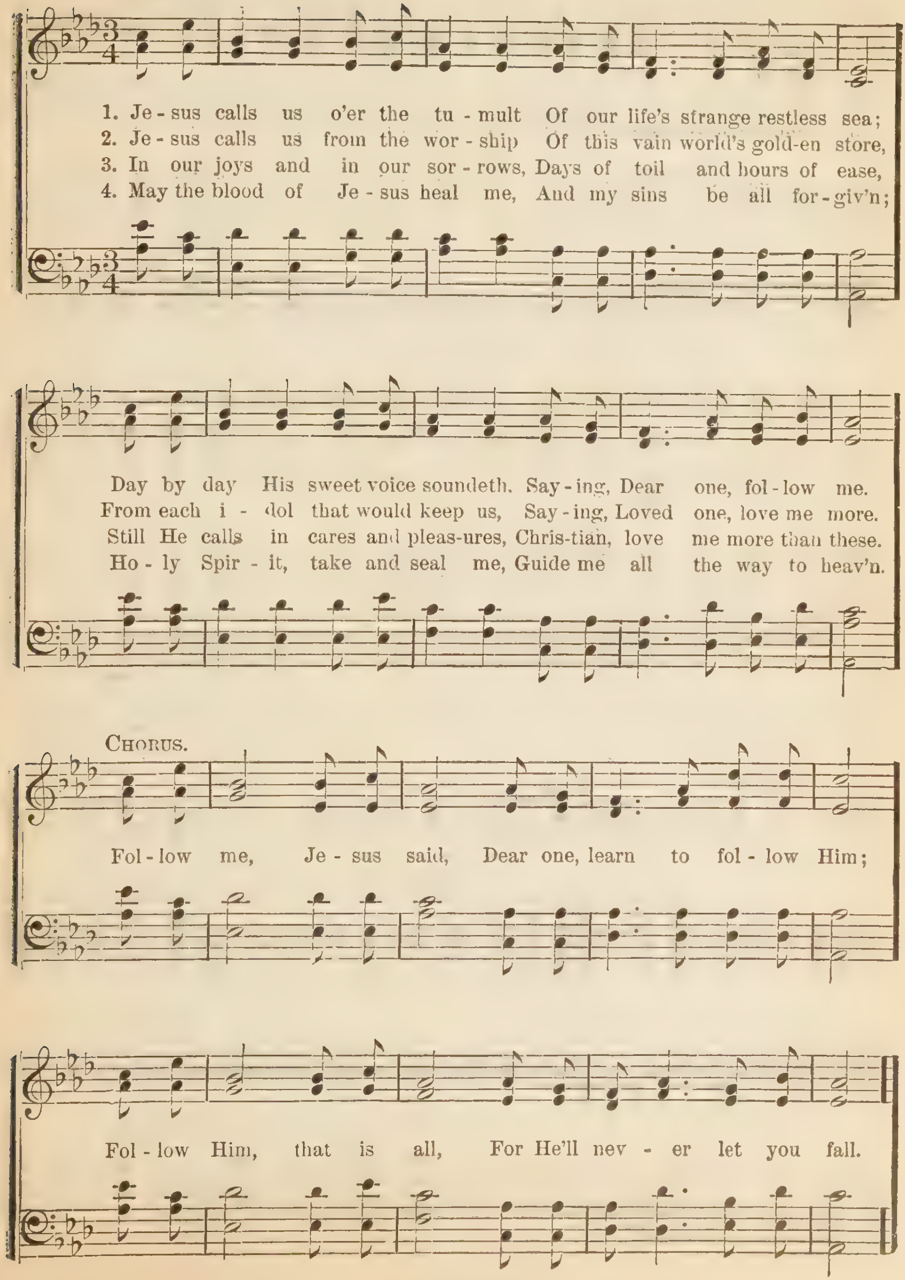
# Jesus Calls Us.

C. F. ALEXANDER. WARREN COLLINS.

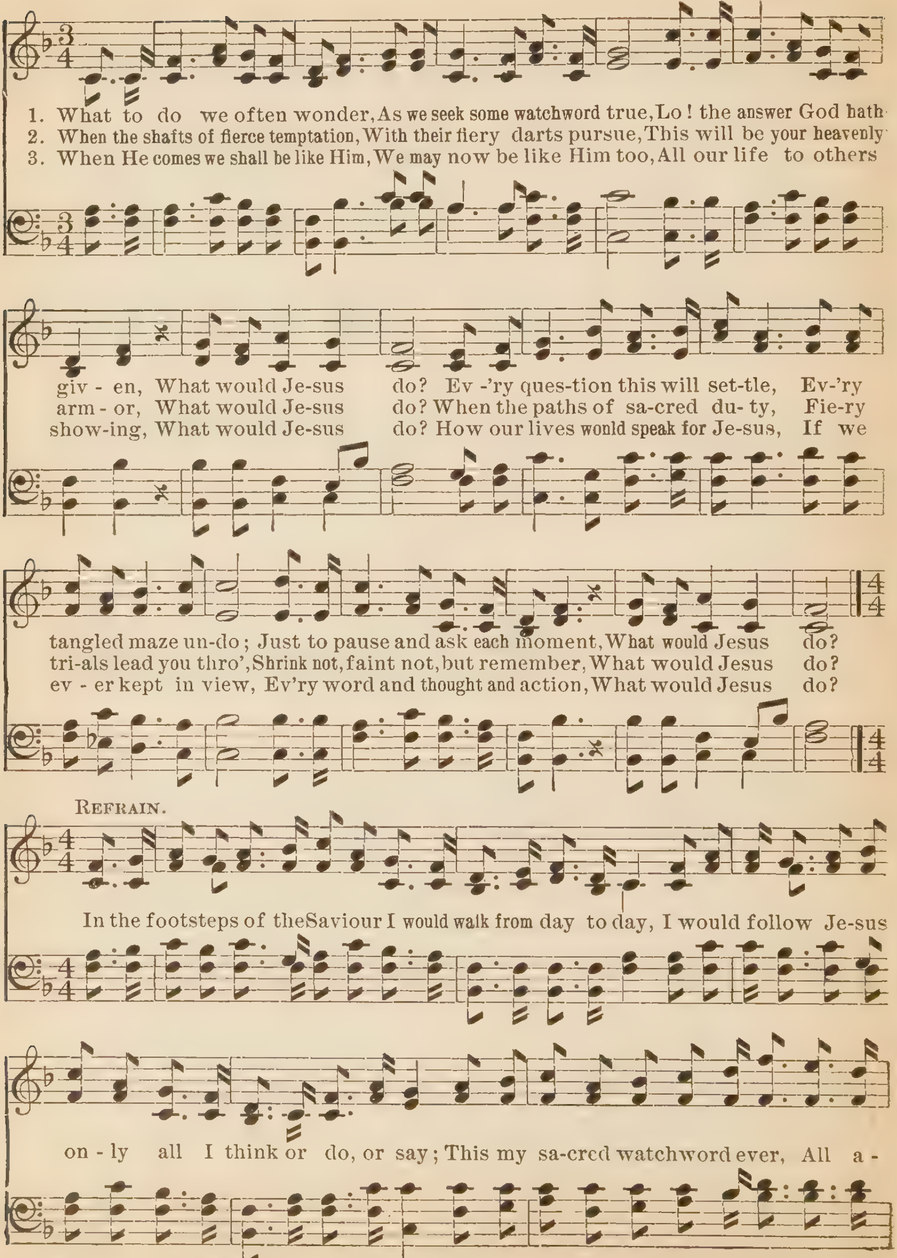

1. Je-sus calls us o'er the tu-mult Of our life's strange restless sea;
2. Je-sus calls us from the wor-ship Of this vain world's gold-en store,
3. In our joys and in our sor-rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. May the blood of Je-sus heal me, And my sins be all for-giv'n;
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Say-ing, Dear one, fol-low me.
From each i-dol that would keep us, Say-ing, Loved one, love me more.
Still He calls in cares and pleas-ures, Chris-tian, love me more than these.
Ho-ly Spir-it, take and seal me, Guide me all the way to heav'n.
CHORUS.
Fol-low me, Je-sus said, Dear one, learn to fol-low Him;
Fol-low Him, that is all, For He'll nev-er let you fall.

By permission.

# What would Jesus do?

A. B. S.

A. B. Simpson.


1. What to do we often wonder, As we seek some watchword true, Lo! the answer God hath
2. When the shafts of fierce temptation, With their fiery darts pursue, This will be your heavenly
3. When He comes we shall be like Him, We may now be like Him too, All our life to others
giv - en, What would Je-sus do? Ev -'ry ques-tion this will set-tle, Ev-'ry
arm - or, What would Je-sus do? When the paths of sa-cred du- ty, Fie-ry
show-ing, What would Je-sus do? How our lives would speak for Je-sus, If we
tangled maze un-do; Just to pause and ask each moment, What would Jesus do?
tri-als lead you thro', Shrink not, faint not, but remember, What would Jesus do?
ev - er kept in view, Ev'ry word and thought and action, What would Jesus do?
Refrain.
In the footsteps of the Saviour I would walk from day to day, I would follow Je-sus
on - ly all I think or do, or say; This my sa-cred watchword ever, All a -

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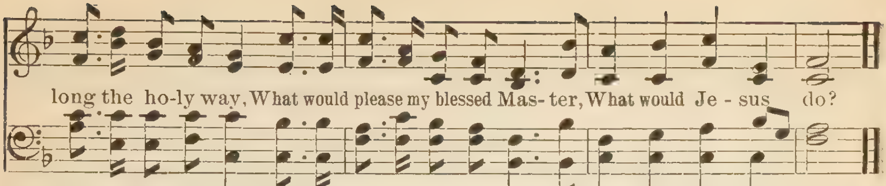
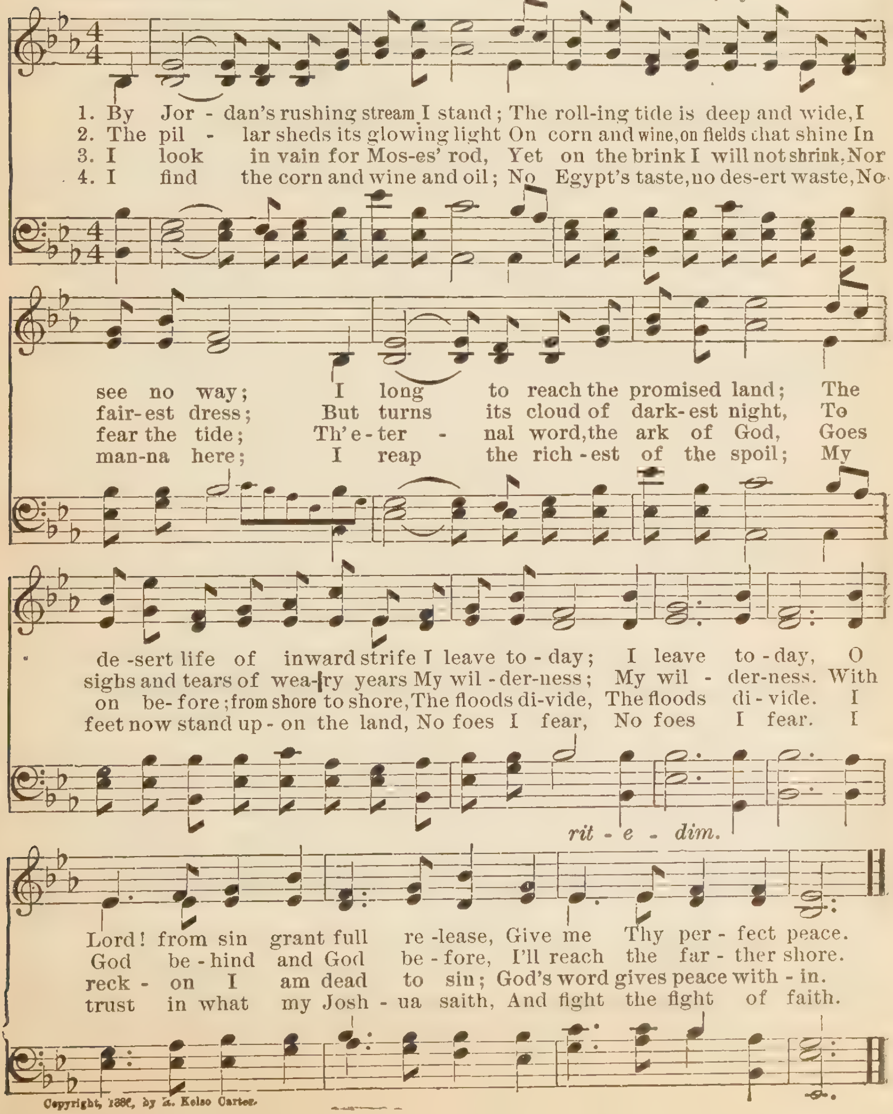

long the ho-ly way, What would please my blessed Mas- ter, What would Je - sus do?

670

# The Jordan Crossing.

R. KELSO CARTER. Arr. from SCHUMANN, by R. K. C.


1. By Jor - dan's rushing stream I stand; The roll-ing tide is deep and wide, I
2. The pil - lar sheds its glowing light On corn and wine, on fields that shine In
3. I look in vain for Mos-es' rod, Yet on the brink I will not shrink, Nor
4. I find the corn and wine and oil; No Egypt's taste, no des-ert waste, No
see no way; I long to reach the promised land; The
fair-est dress; But turns its cloud of dark-est night, To
fear the tide; Th' e - ter - nal word, the ark of God, Goes
man-na here; I reap the rich - est of the spoil; My
de - sert life of inward strife I leave to - day; I leave to - day, O
sighs and tears of wea - ry years My wil - der-ness; My wil - der-ness. With
on be - fore; from shore to shore, The floods di-vide, The floods di - vide. I
feet now stand up - on the land, No foes I fear, No foes I fear. I
rit - e - dim.
Lord! from sin grant full re - lease, Give me Thy per - fect peace.
God be - hind and God be - fore, I'll reach the far - ther shore.
reck - on I am dead to sin; God's word gives peace with - in.
trust in what my Josh - ua saith, And fight the fight of faith.

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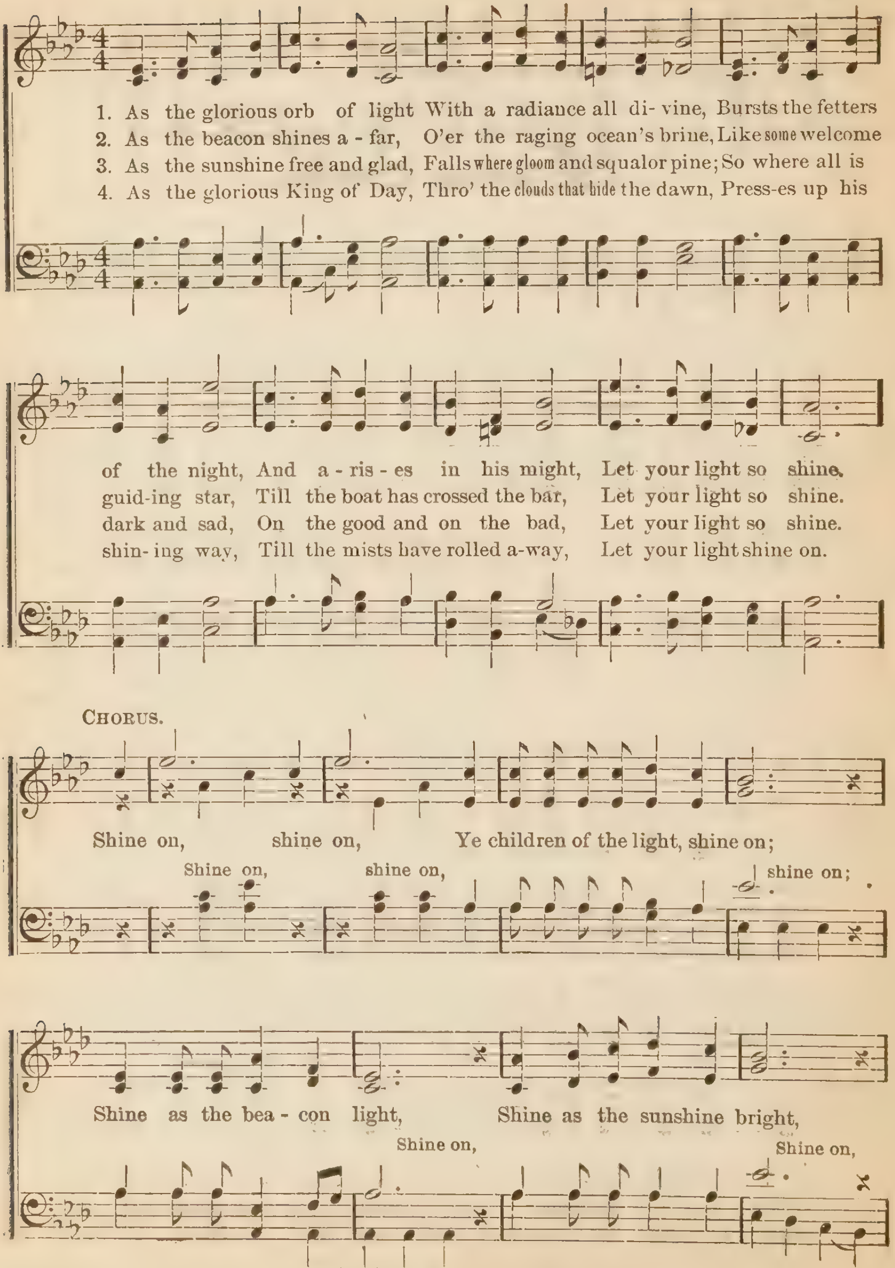
# Shine On.

A. B. S.　　　　　　　　　　Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. As the glorious orb of light With a radiance all di- vine, Bursts the fetters of the night, And a - ris - es in his might, Let your light so shine.
2. As the beacon shines a - far, O'er the raging ocean's brine, Like some welcome guid-ing star, Till the boat has crossed the bar, Let your light so shine.
3. As the sunshine free and glad, Falls where gloom and squalor pine; So where all is dark and sad, On the good and on the bad, Let your light so shine.
4. As the glorious King of Day, Thro' the clouds that hide the dawn, Press-es up his shin-ing way, Till the mists have rolled a-way, Let your light shine on.
Chorus.
Shine on, shine on, Ye children of the light, shine on;
Shine on, shine on, shine on;
Shine as the bea - con light, Shine as the sunshine bright,
Shine on, Shine on,

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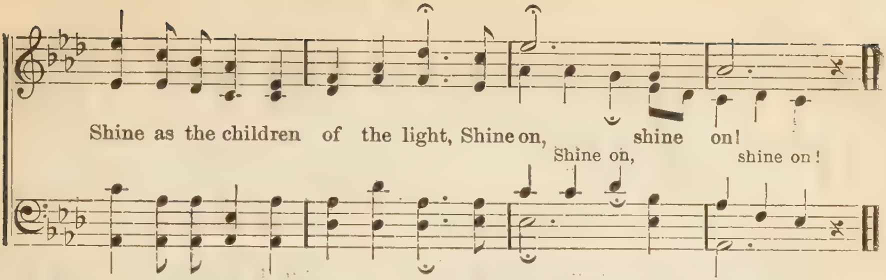
# Shine On.—Concluded.

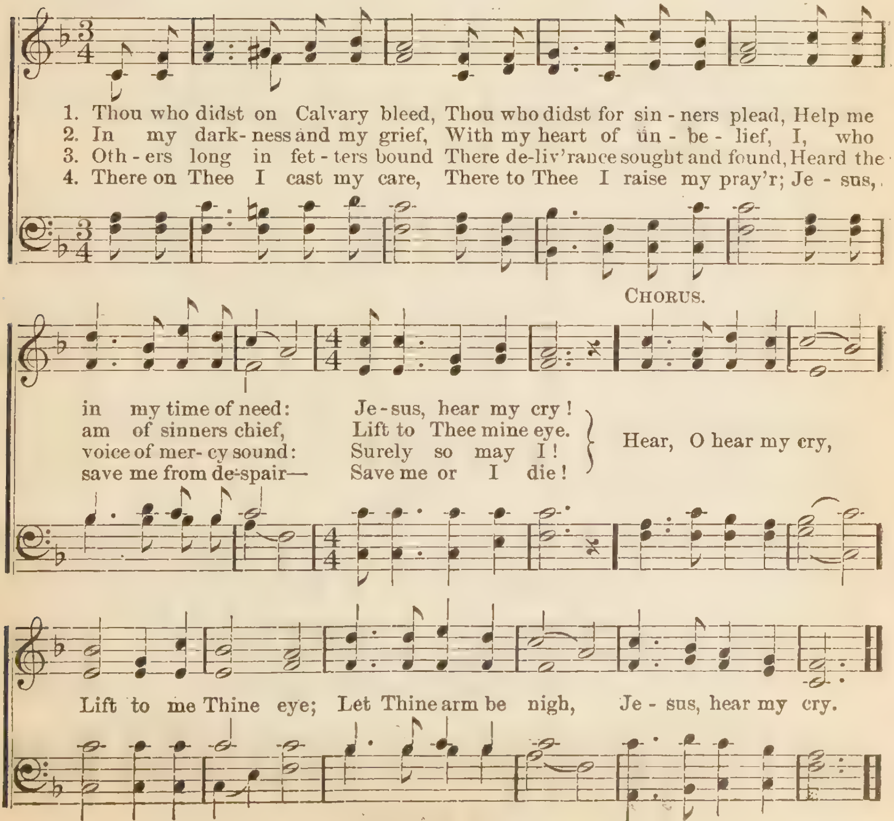

Shine as the children of the light, Shine on, shine on!
Shine on, shine on!

5 As the beacon brightest shines,
When the sun and stars are gone,
So though every hope declines,
And though every foe combines,
Let your light shine on.

6 We are children of the light,
Waiting for th' eternal dawn,
Let us keep our armor bright,
And through all earth's dreary night,
Let our light shine on.

## 672 Thou Who Didst On Calvary Bleed.

J. D. Burns. Margaret M. Simpson.


1. Thou who didst on Calvary bleed, Thou who didst for sin - ners plead, Help me in my time of need: Je - sus, hear my cry!
2. In my dark- ness and my grief, With my heart of un - be - lief, I, who am of sinners chief, Lift to Thee mine eye.
3. Oth - ers long in fet - ters bound There de-liv'rance sought and found, Heard the voice of mer- cy sound: Surely so may I!
4. There on Thee I cast my care, There to Thee I raise my pray'r; Je - sus, save me from de-spair— Save me or I die!
CHORUS.
Hear, O hear my cry, Lift to me Thine eye; Let Thine arm be nigh, Je - sus, hear my cry.

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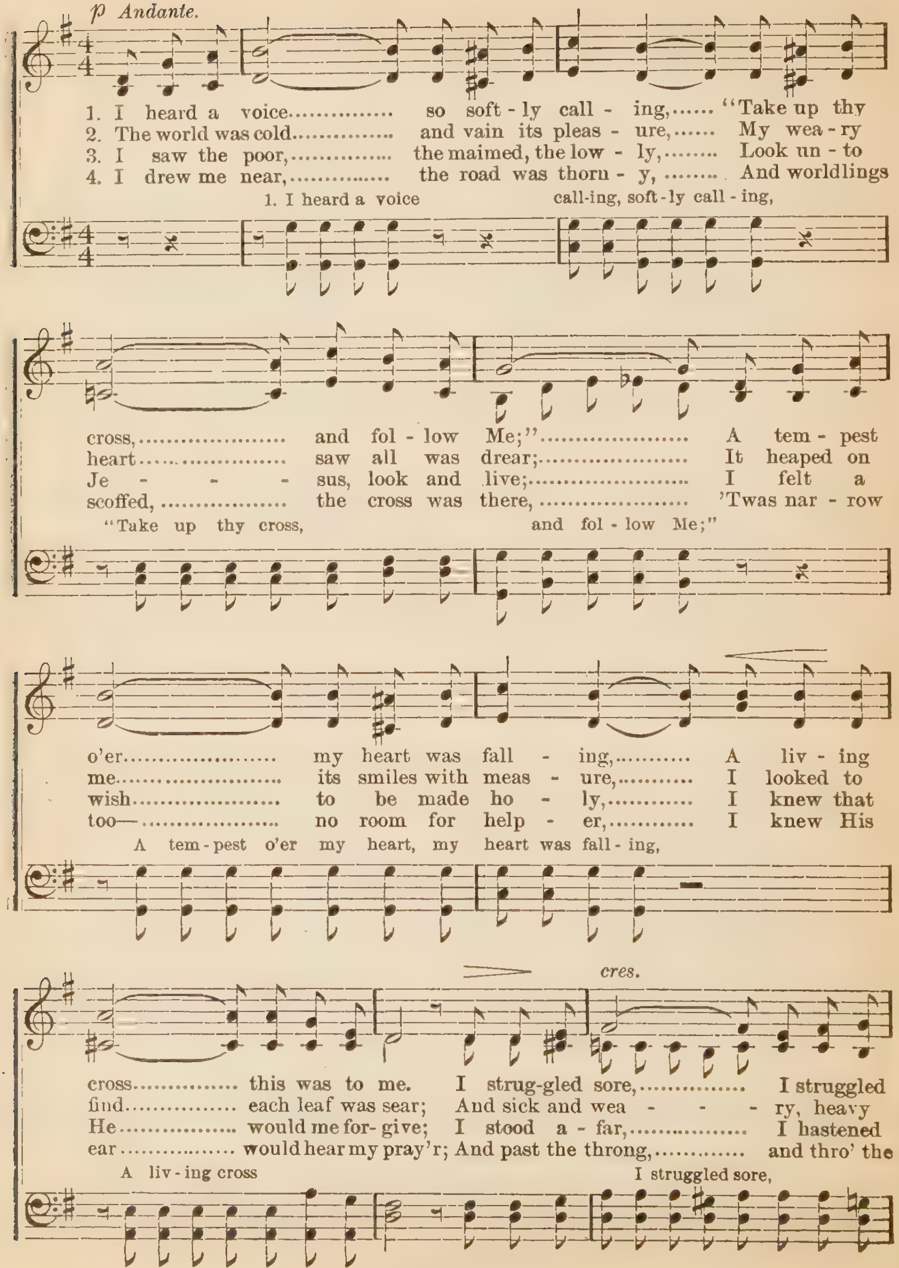
# 673 I'll Follow Thee.

A. M. H. Mrs. A. M. Heathcote.


p Andante.
1. I heard a voice............... so soft - ly call - ing,...... "Take up thy
2. The world was cold............... and vain its pleas - ure,...... My wea - ry
3. I saw the poor,............... the maimed, the low - ly,........ Look un - to
4. I drew me near,............... the road was thorn - y, ........ And worldlings
1. I heard a voice call-ing, soft - ly call - ing,
cross,...................... and fol - low Me;''..................... A tem - pest
heart....................... saw all was drear;..................... It heaped on
Je - - - sus, look and live;..................... I felt a
scoffed, .................. the cross was there, ..................... 'Twas nar - row
"Take up thy cross, and fol - low Me;"
o'er...................... my heart was fall - ing,........... A liv - ing
me........................ its smiles with meas - ure,........... I looked to
wish...................... to be made ho - ly,............ I knew that
too—..................... no room for help - er,............ I knew His
A tem - pest o'er my heart, my heart was fall - ing,
cres.
cross............... this was to me. I strug-gled sore,............... I struggled
find................ each leaf was sear; And sick and wea - - - ry, heavy
He.................. would me for - give; I stood a - far,................. I hastened
ear................. would hear my pray'r; And past the throng,............ and thro' the
A liv - ing cross I struggled sore,

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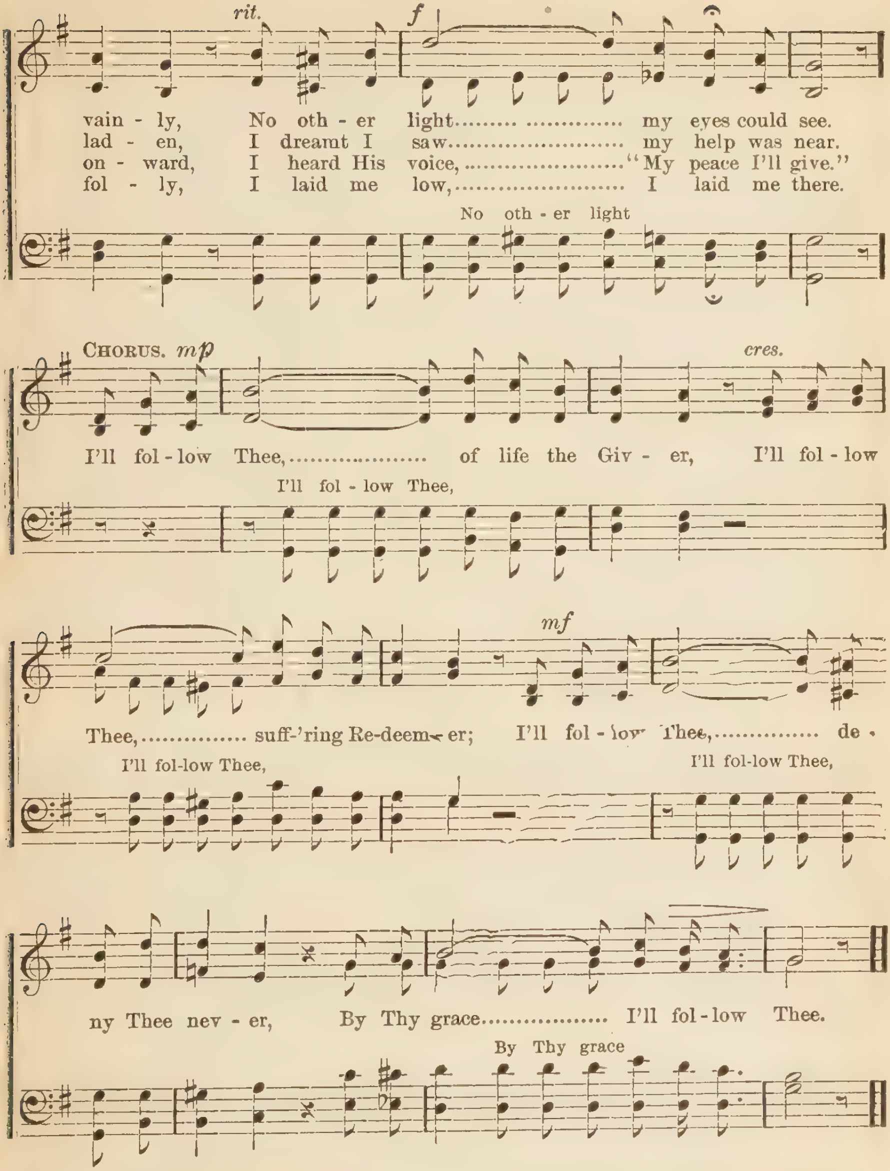
# I'll Follow Thee.—Concluded.


rit.
f
vain - ly, No oth - er light........ ............. my eyes could see.
lad - en, I dreamt I saw........................ my help was near.
on - ward, I heard His voice, ......................"My peace I'll give."
fol - ly, I laid me low,........................ I laid me there.
No oth - er light
CHORUS. mp
cres.
I'll fol - low Thee,...................... of life the Giv - er, I'll fol - low
I'll fol - low Thee,
Thee,............... suff-'ring Re-deem - er; I'll fol - low Thee,............... de -
mf
I'll fol-low Thee,
I'll fol-low Thee,
ny Thee nev - er, By Thy grace.................. I'll fol - low Thee.
By Thy grace

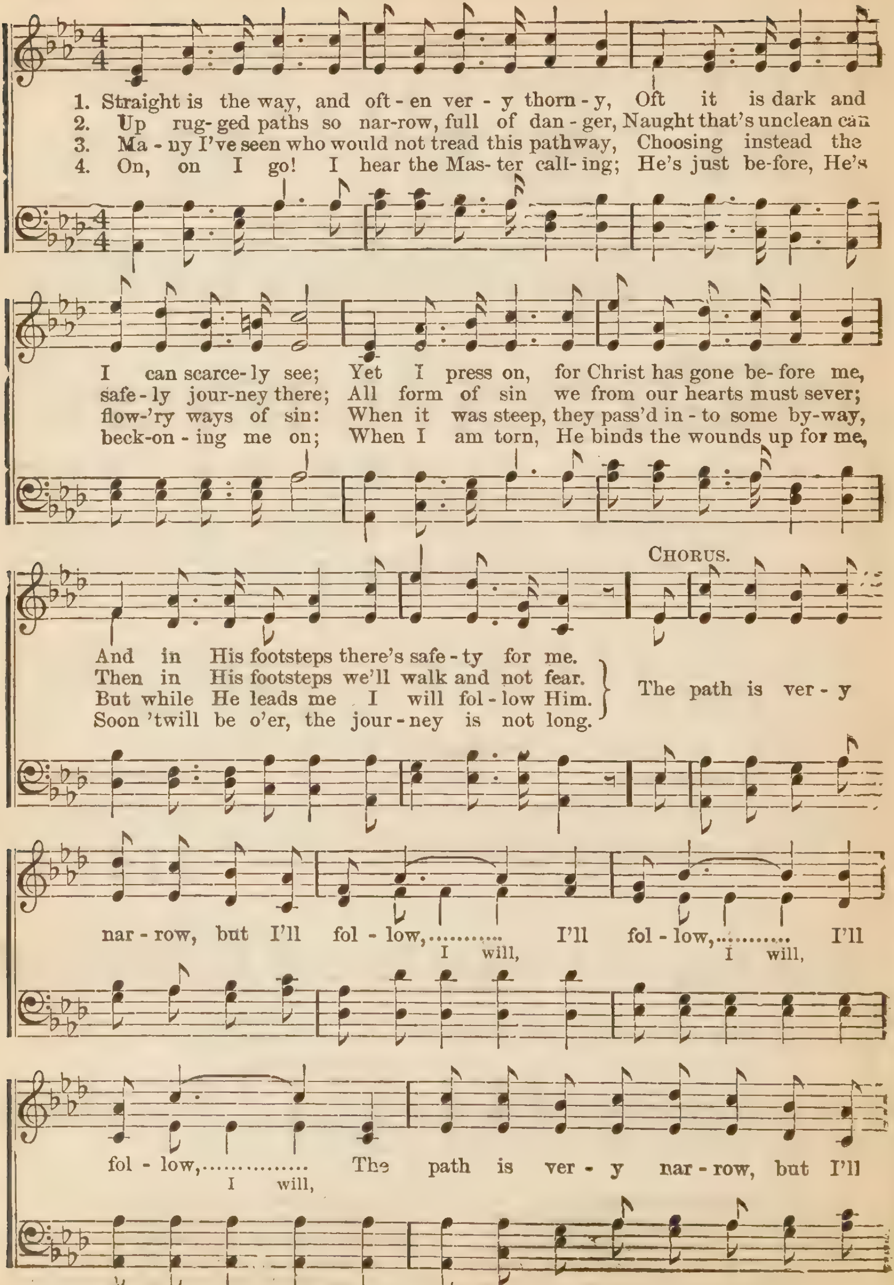
5 I heard His voice unto me saying,
"Take up thy cross and follow Me;"
My heart is Thine, now Thee obeying,
Speak all Thy will, dear Lord, to me;
Make weakness strength, Thy power now give me,
And from this hour I'll follow Thee.

6 His cross I took—which cross no longer,
A hundred-fold brings life to me;
Of weary days I often ponder,
Of days that now bring liberty;
My heart is filled with joy o'er-flowing,
His love and life are light to me.

# The Narrow Path.

H. A.

H. Allen.


1. Straight is the way, and oft - en ver - y thorn - y, Oft it is dark and
2. Up rug - ged paths so nar - row, full of dan - ger, Naught that's unclean can
3. Ma - ny I've seen who would not tread this pathway, Choosing instead the
4. On, on I go! I hear the Mas - ter call - ing; He's just be - fore, He's
I can scarce - ly see; Yet I press on, for Christ has gone be - fore me,
safe - ly jour - ney there; All form of sin we from our hearts must sever;
flow - 'ry ways of sin: When it was steep, they pass'd in - to some by - way,
beck - on - ing me on; When I am torn, He binds the wounds up for me,
And in His footsteps there's safe - ty for me.
Then in His footsteps we'll walk and not fear.
But while He leads me I will fol - low Him.
Soon 'twill be o'er, the jour - ney is not long.
CHORUS.
The path is ver - y
nar - row, but I'll fol - low,.......... I will, I'll fol - low,.......... I will, I'll
fol - low,.............. I will, The path is ver - y nar - row, but I'll

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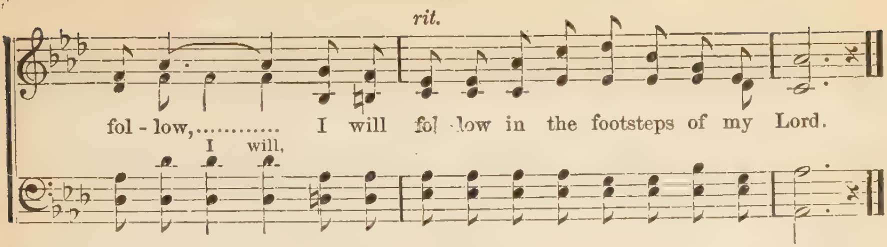
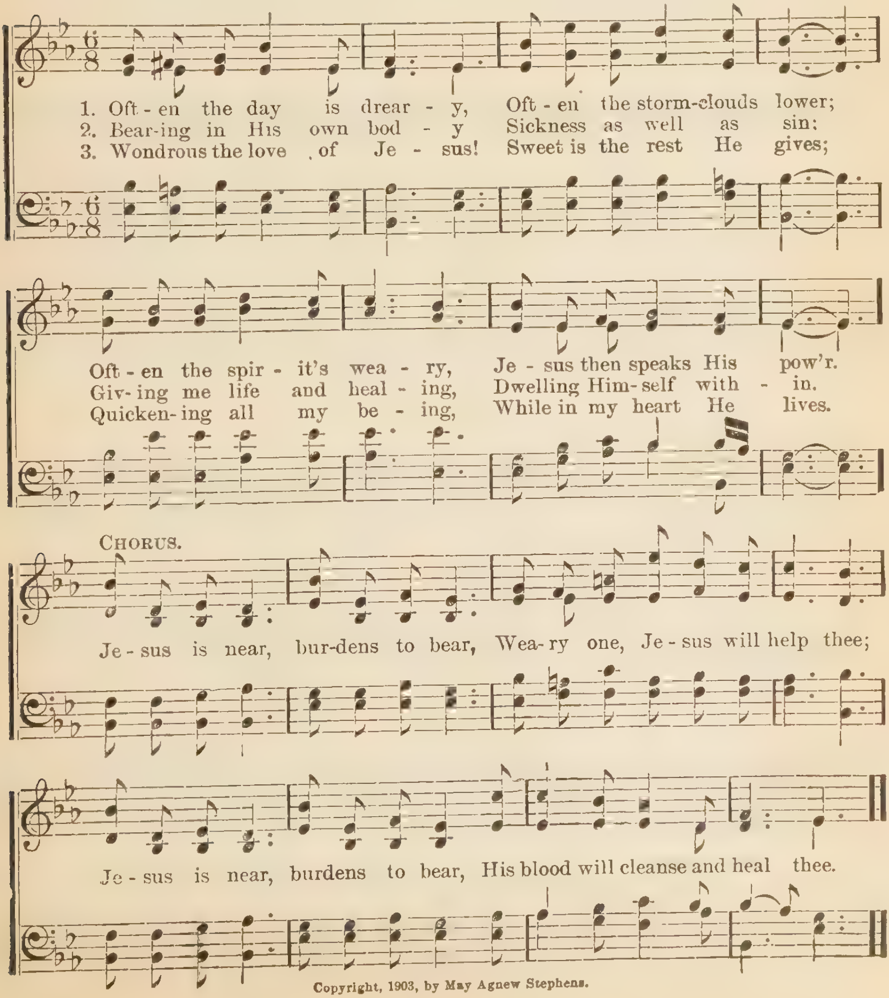

rit.
fol - low,............ I will fol - low in the footsteps of my Lord.
I will,

## 675

# Jesus is Near.

Mrs. HEATHCOTE. Words and Music arr. by MAY AGNEW STEPHENS.


1. Oft - en the day is drear - y, Oft - en the storm-clouds lower; Oft - en the spir - it's wea - ry, Je - sus then speaks His pow'r.
2. Bear-ing in His own bod - y Sickness as well as sin; Giv- ing me life and heal - ing, Dwelling Him- self with - in.
3. Wondrous the love of Je - sus! Sweet is the rest He gives; Quicken- ing all my be - ing, While in my heart He lives.
CHORUS.
Je - sus is near, bur-dens to bear, Wea- ry one, Je - sus will help thee;
Je - sus is near, burdens to bear, His blood will cleanse and heal thee.

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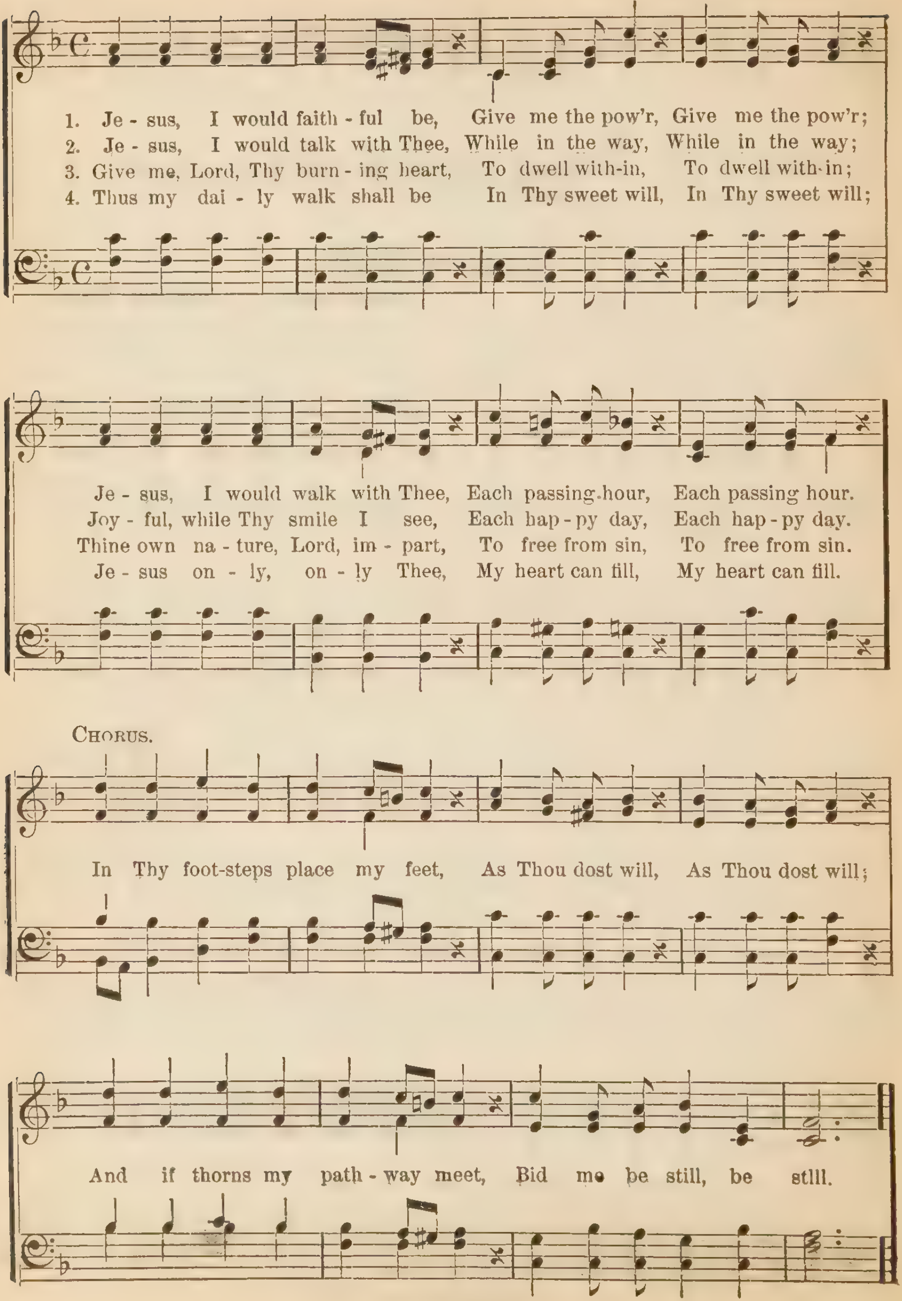
## 676 Jesus, I Would Faithful Be.

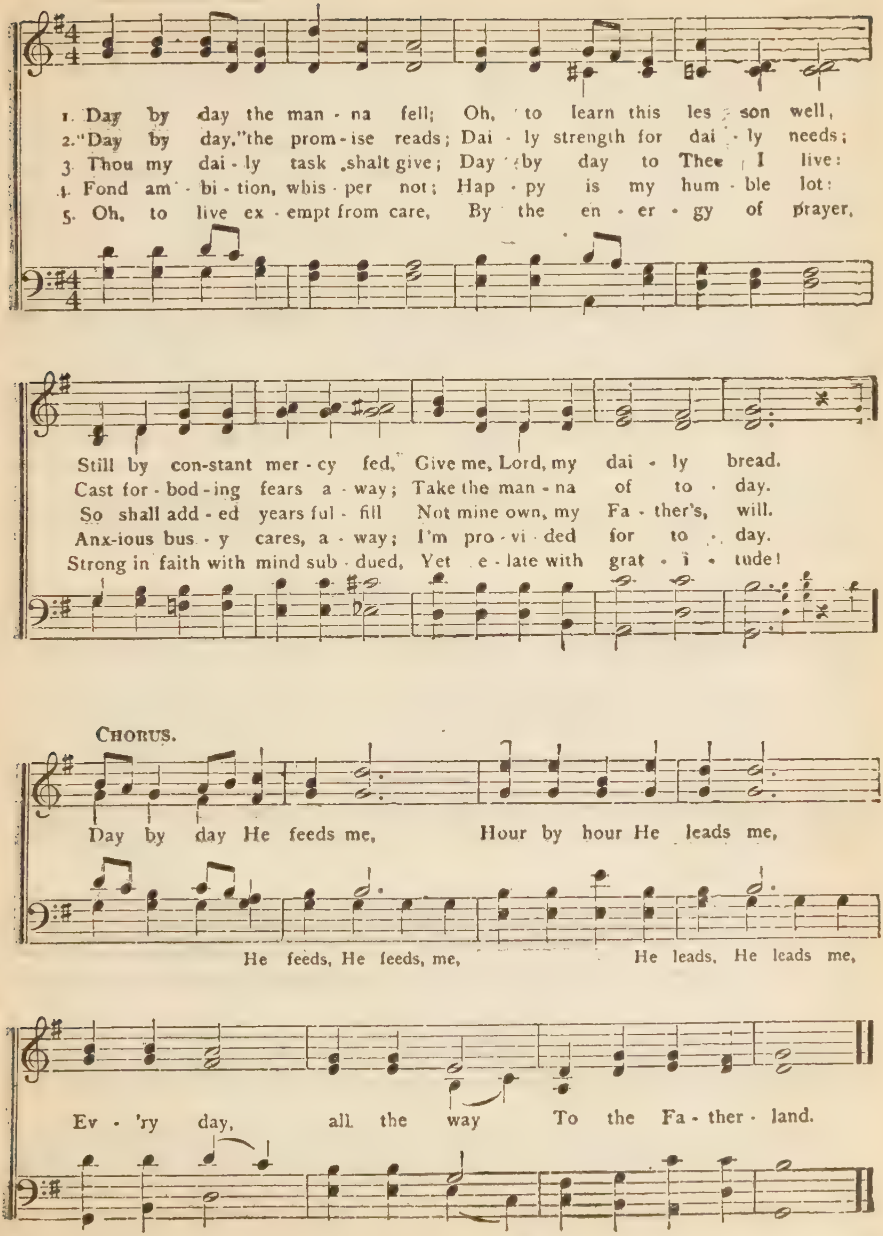
J. O. H. J. O. Hillyer.


1. Jesus, I would faithful be, Give me the pow'r, Give me the pow'r;
2. Jesus, I would talk with Thee, While in the way, While in the way;
3. Give me, Lord, Thy burning heart, To dwell with-in, To dwell with-in;
4. Thus my daily walk shall be In Thy sweet will, In Thy sweet will;
Jesus, I would walk with Thee, Each passing hour, Each passing hour.
Joyful, while Thy smile I see, Each happy day, Each happy day.
Thine own nature, Lord, impart, To free from sin, To free from sin.
Jesus only, only Thee, My heart can fill, My heart can fill.
Chorus.
In Thy foot-steps place my feet, As Thou dost will, As Thou dost will;
And if thorns my pathway meet, Bid me be still, be still.

By permission.

# 677 Day By Day.

Josiah Conder. 1837. — Mrs. Abby Clark-Ford


1. Day by day the man - na fell; Oh, to learn this les - son well,
2. "Day by day," the prom - ise reads; Dai - ly strength for dai - ly needs;
3. Thou my dai - ly task shalt give; Day by day to Thee I live:
4. Fond am - bi - tion, whis - per not; Hap - py is my hum - ble lot:
5. Oh, to live ex - empt from care, By the en - er - gy of prayer,
Still by con-stant mer - cy fed, Give me, Lord, my dai - ly bread.
Cast for - bod - ing fears a - way; Take the man - na of to - day.
So shall add - ed years ful - fill Not mine own, my Fa - ther's, will.
Anx-ious bus - y cares, a - way; I'm pro - vi - ded for to - day.
Strong in faith with mind sub - dued, Yet e - late with grat - i - tude!
Chorus.
Day by day He feeds me, Hour by hour He leads me,
He feeds, He feeds, me, He leads, He leads me,
Ev - 'ry day, all the way To the Fa - ther - land.

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By per.

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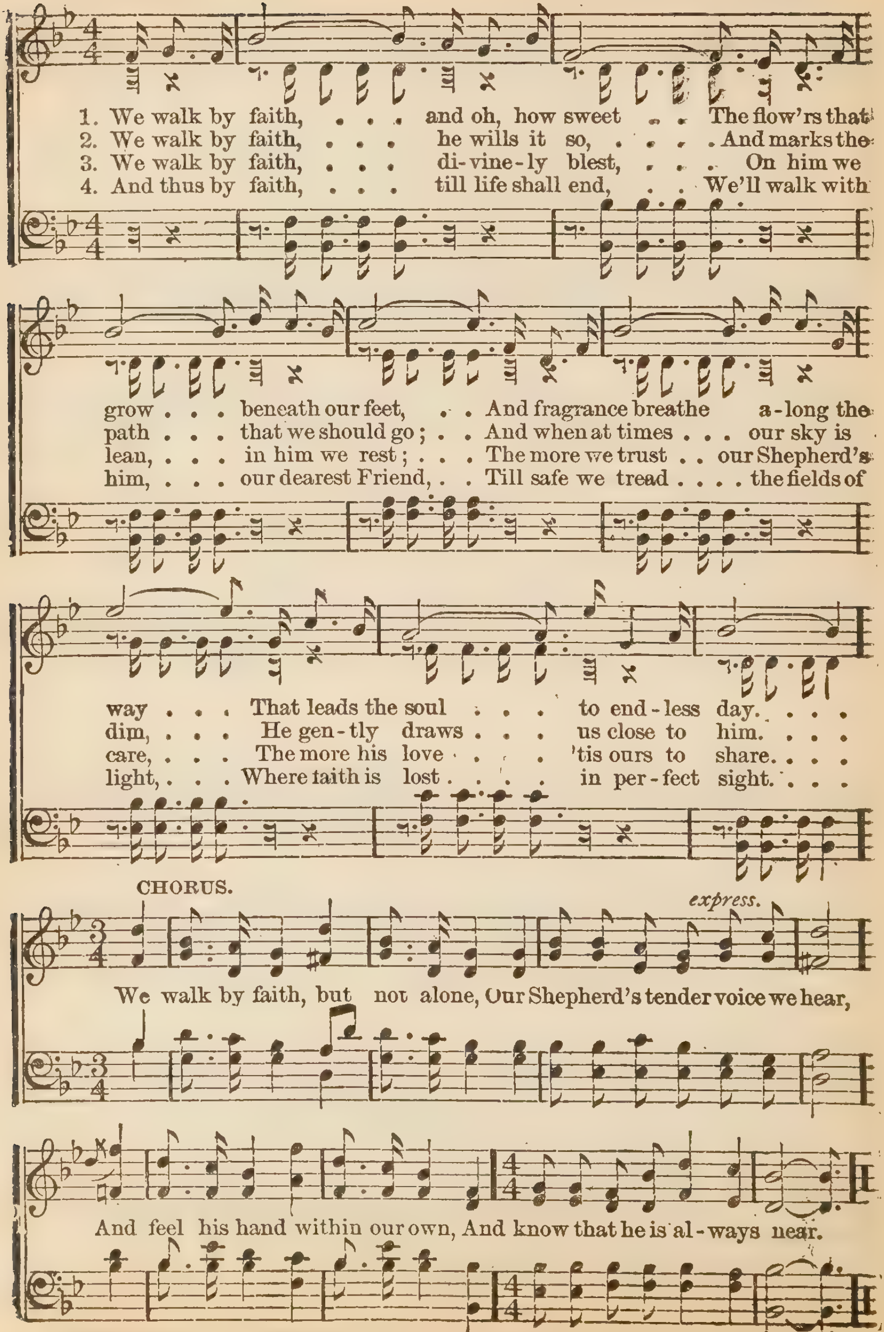
# We Walk By Faith.

**Fanny J. Crosby.** **By per., Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.**


1. We walk by faith, . . . and oh, how sweet . . The flow'rs that
2. We walk by faith, . . . he wills it so, . . . . And marks the
3. We walk by faith, . . . di-vine-ly blest, . . . On him we
4. And thus by faith, . . . till life shall end, . . We'll walk with
grow . . . beneath our feet, . . And fragrance breathe a-long the
path . . . that we should go; . . And when at times . . . our sky is
lean, . . . in him we rest; . . . The more we trust . . our Shepherd's
him, . . . our dearest Friend, . . Till safe we tread . . . . the fields of
way . . . That leads the soul . . . to end-less day. . . .
dim, . . . He gen-tly draws . . . us close to him. . . .
care, . . . The more his love . . . 'tis ours to share. . . .
light, . . . Where faith is lost . . . . in per-fect sight. . . .
CHORUS.
express.
We walk by faith, but not alone, Our Shepherd's tender voice we hear,
And feel his hand within our own, And know that he is al-ways near.

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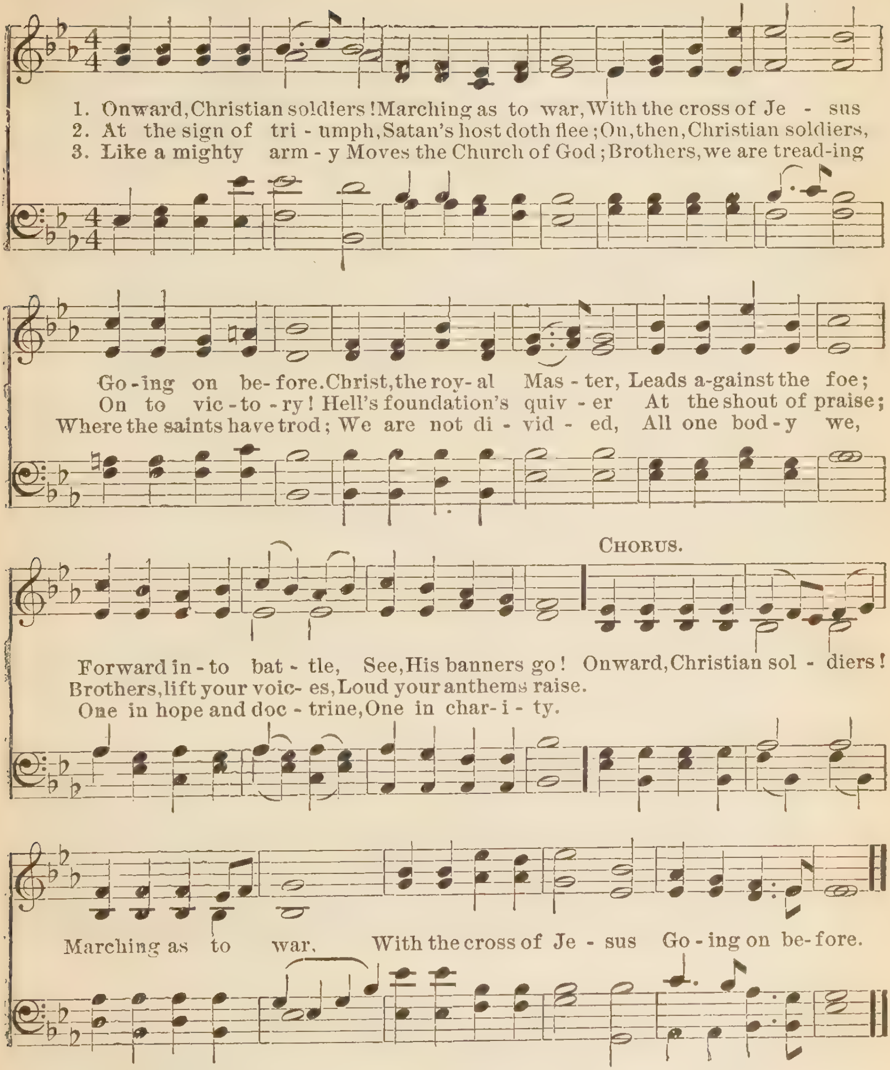
379

# Onward Christian Soldiers.

SABINE BARING-GOULD. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

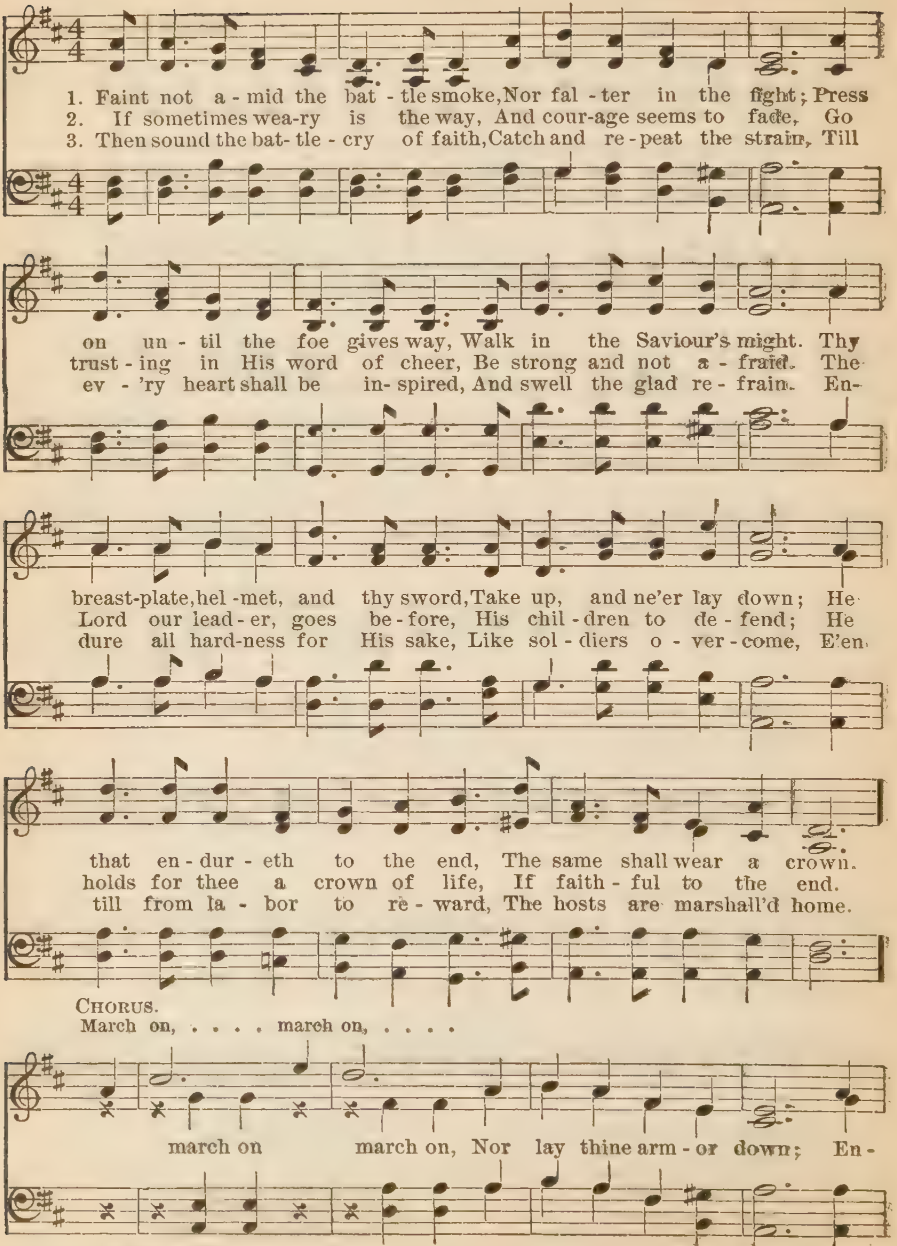

1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore. Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe; Forward in-to bat - tle, See, His banners go!
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers, On to vic-to-ry! Hell's foundation's quiv - er At the shout of praise; Brothers, lift your voic- es, Loud your anthems raise.
3. Like a mighty arm - y Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread-ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod-y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char-i - ty.
CHORUS.
Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

5 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

# A Crown Beyond.

E. G. U.　　　　E. GRACE UPDEGRAFF.


1. Faint not a-mid the bat-tle smoke, Nor fal-ter in the fight; Press on un-til the foe gives way, Walk in the Saviour's might. Thy breast-plate, hel-met, and thy sword, Take up, and ne'er lay down; He that en-dur-eth to the end, The same shall wear a crown.
2. If sometimes wea-ry is the way, And cour-age seems to fade, Go trust-ing in His word of cheer, Be strong and not a-fraid. The Lord our lead-er, goes be-fore, His chil-dren to de-fend; He holds for thee a crown of life, If faith-ful to the end.
3. Then sound the bat-tle-cry of faith, Catch and re-peat the strain, Till ev-'ry heart shall be in-spired, And swell the glad re-frain. En-dure all hard-ness for His sake, Like sol-diers o-ver-come, E'en till from la-bor to re-ward, The hosts are marshall'd home.
CHORUS.
March on, . . . . march on, . . . .
march on march on, Nor lay thine arm-or down; En-

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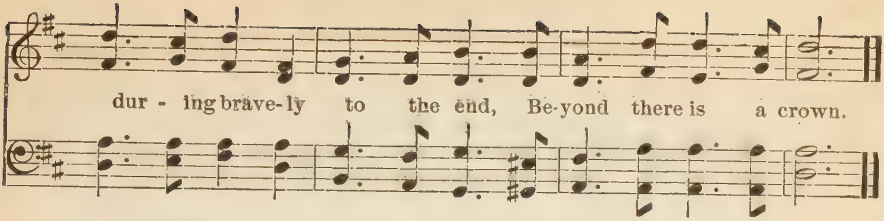
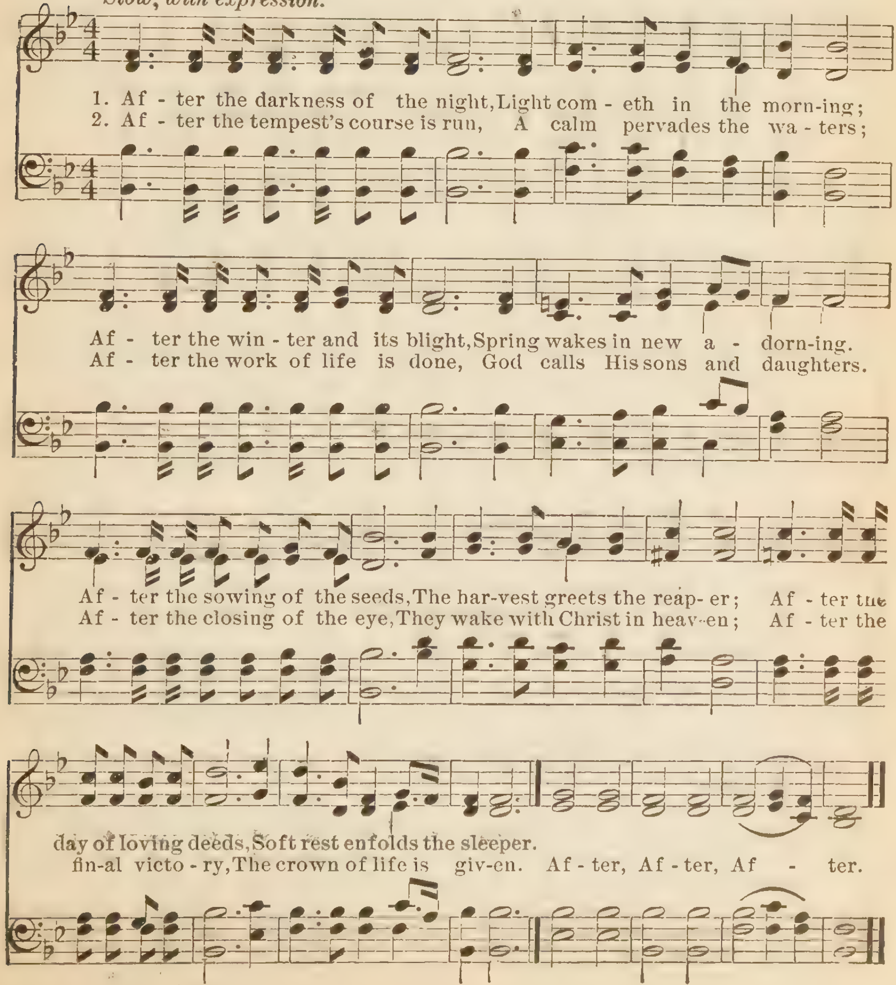

dur - ing brave-ly to the end, Be-yond there is a crown.

681

# Afterwards.

THOMAS MACKELLAR. R. KELSO CARTER.

*Slow, with expression.*


1. Af - ter the darkness of the night, Light com - eth in the morn-ing;
2. Af - ter the tempest's course is run, A calm pervades the wa - ters;
Af - ter the win - ter and its blight, Spring wakes in new a - dorn-ing.
Af - ter the work of life is done, God calls His sons and daughters.
Af - ter the sowing of the seeds, The har-vest greets the reap- er; Af - ter the
Af - ter the closing of the eye, They wake with Christ in heav-en; Af - ter the
day of loving deeds, Soft rest enfolds the sleeper.
fin-al victo - ry, The crown of life is giv-en. Af - ter, Af - ter, Af - ter.

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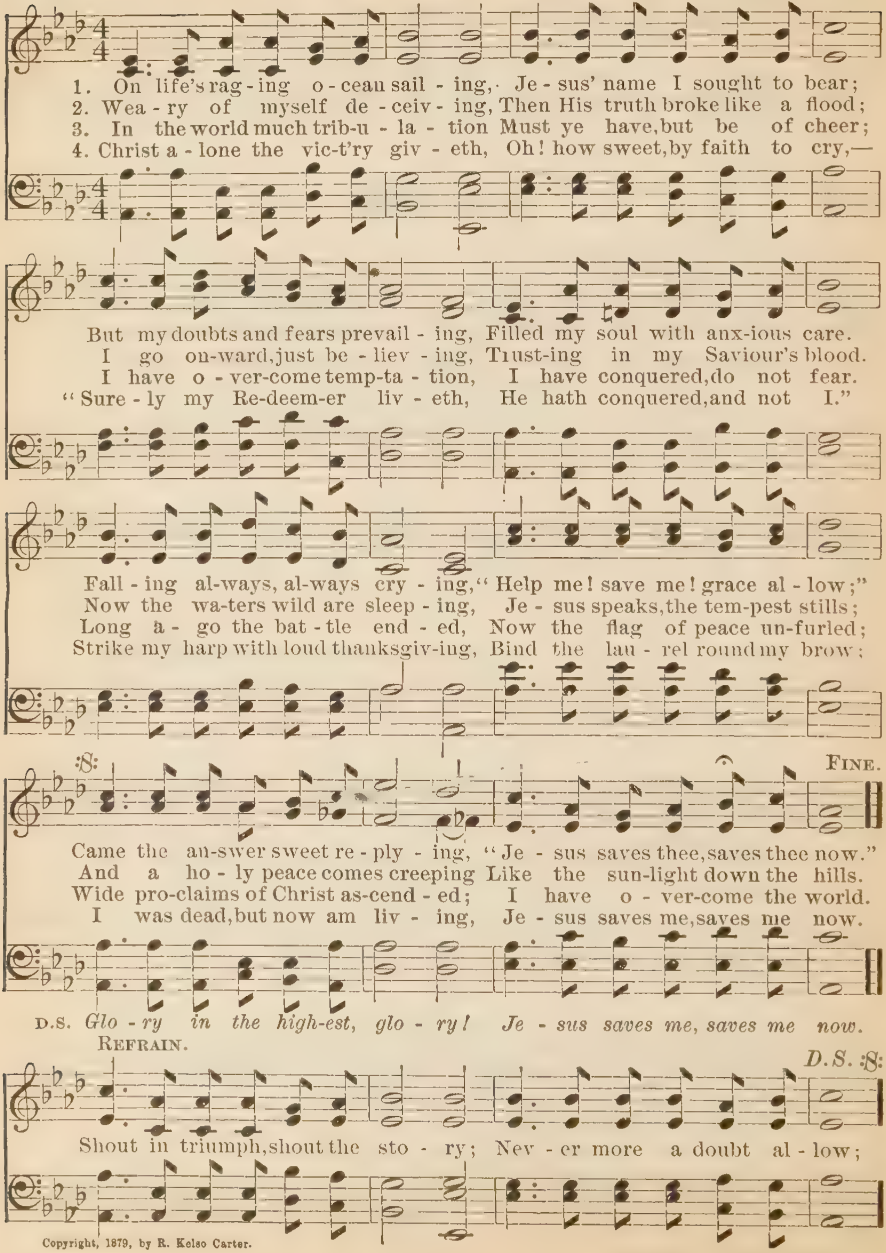
682

# Present Victory.

*"Stand ye still, and see the salvation of the Lord."* 2 Chor. xx: 17.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.


1. On life's rag-ing o-cean sail-ing, Je-sus' name I sought to bear;
2. Wea-ry of myself de-ceiv-ing, Then His truth broke like a flood;
3. In the world much trib-u-la-tion Must ye have, but be of cheer;
4. Christ a-lone the vic-t'ry giv-eth, Oh! how sweet, by faith to cry,—
But my doubts and fears prevail-ing, Filled my soul with anx-ious care.
I go on-ward, just be-liev-ing, Trust-ing in my Saviour's blood.
I have o-ver-come temp-ta-tion, I have conquered, do not fear.
"Sure-ly my Re-deem-er liv-eth, He hath conquered, and not I."
Fall-ing al-ways, al-ways cry-ing, "Help me! save me! grace al-low;"
Now the wa-ters wild are sleep-ing, Je-sus speaks, the tem-pest stills;
Long a-go the bat-tle end-ed, Now the flag of peace un-furled;
Strike my harp with loud thanksgiv-ing, Bind the lau-rel round my brow;
Came the an-swer sweet re-ply-ing, "Je-sus saves thee, saves thee now."
And a ho-ly peace comes creeping Like the sun-light down the hills.
Wide pro-claims of Christ as-cend-ed; I have o-ver-come the world.
I was dead, but now am liv-ing, Je-sus saves me, saves me now.
Fine.
D.S. Glo-ry in the high-est, glo-ry! Je-sus saves me, saves me now.
Refrain.
D.S.
Shout in triumph, shout the sto-ry; Nev-er more a doubt al-low;

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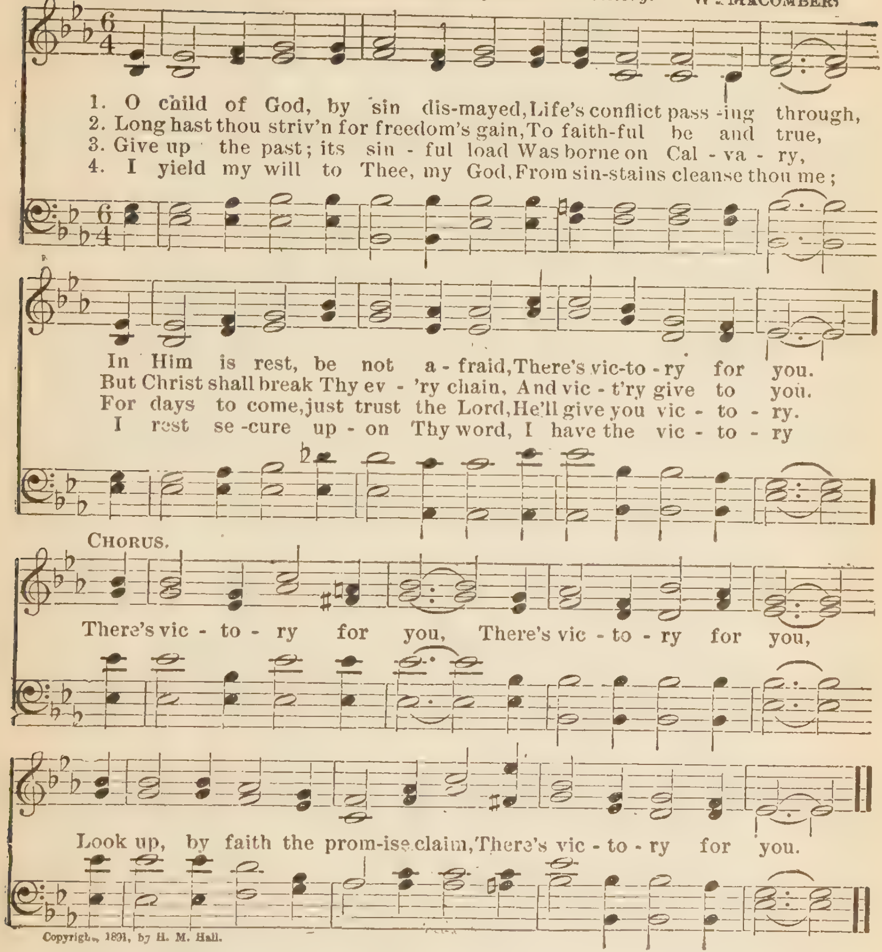
## 683 There's Victory for You.

W. M. *"Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory."* W. Macomber.


1. O child of God, by sin dis-mayed, Life's conflict pass-ing through,
2. Long hast thou striv'n for freedom's gain, To faith-ful be and true,
3. Give up the past; its sin - ful load Was borne on Cal - va - ry,
4. I yield my will to Thee, my God, From sin-stains cleanse thou me;
In Him is rest, be not a - fraid, There's vic-to - ry for you.
But Christ shall break Thy ev - 'ry chain, And vic - t'ry give to you.
For days to come, just trust the Lord, He'll give you vic - to - ry.
I rest se-cure up - on Thy word, I have the vic - to - ry
Chorus.
There's vic - to - ry for you, There's vic - to - ry for you,
Look up, by faith the prom-ise claim, There's vic - to - ry for you.

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## 684 Alas! and Did My Saviour Bleed.

*Tune, Avon, Key of A flat.*

1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my sov'reign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut His glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker died,
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'T is all that I can do.

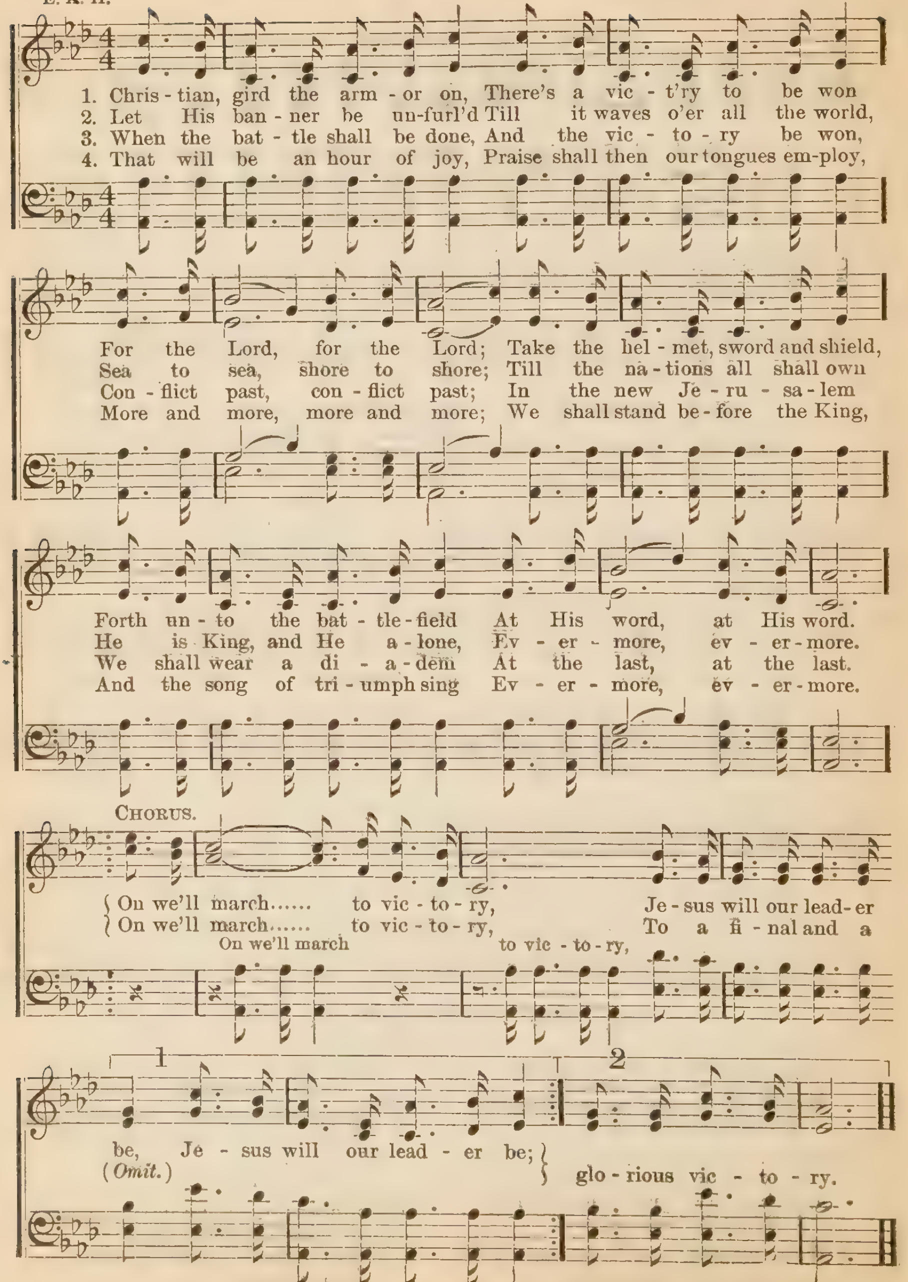
**Isaac Watts.**

685

# On to Victory.

E. A. H.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.


1. Chris - tian, gird the arm - or on, There's a vic - t'ry to be won
2. Let His ban - ner be un-furl'd Till it waves o'er all the world,
3. When the bat - tle shall be done, And the vic - to - ry be won,
4. That will be an hour of joy, Praise shall then our tongues em-ploy,
For the Lord, for the Lord; Take the hel - met, sword and shield,
Sea to sea, shore to shore; Till the na - tions all shall own
Con - flict past, con - flict past; In the new Je - ru - sa - lem
More and more, more and more; We shall stand be - fore the King,
Forth un - to the bat - tle - field At His word, at His word.
He is King, and He a - lone, Ev - er - more, ev - er - more.
We shall wear a di - a - dem At the last, at the last.
And the song of tri - umph sing Ev - er - more, ev - er - more.
CHORUS.
On we'll march...... to vic - to - ry, Je - sus will our lead - er
On we'll march...... to vic - to - ry, To a fi - nal and a
On we'll march to vic - to - ry,
1
2
be, Je - sus will our lead - er be;
(Omit.)
glo - rious vic - to - ry.

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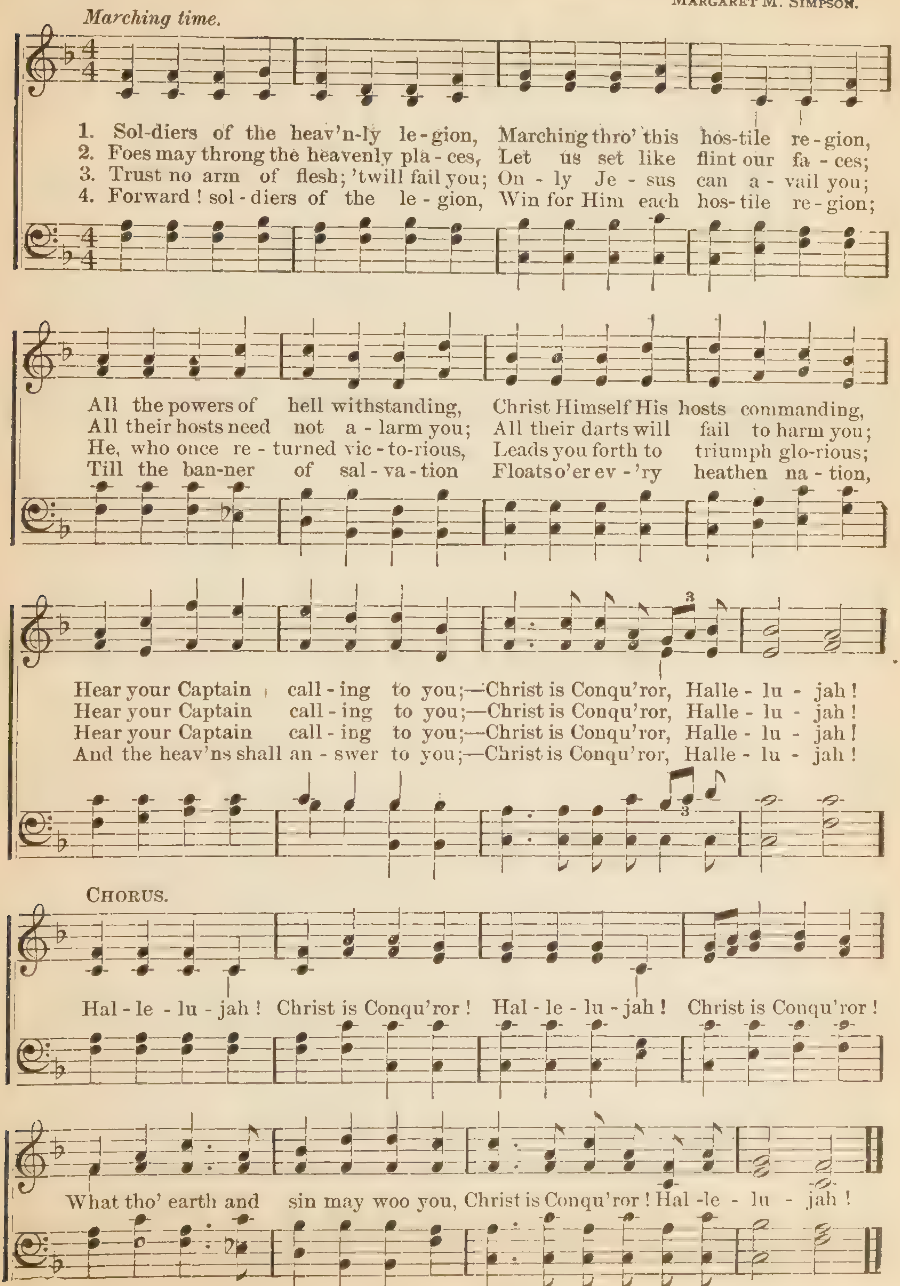
# Christ is Conqueror, Hallelujah!

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON. MARGARET M. SIMPSON.


Marching time.
1. Sol-diers of the heav'n-ly le-gion, Marching thro' this hos-tile re-gion,
2. Foes may throng the heavenly pla-ces, Let us set like flint our fa-ces;
3. Trust no arm of flesh; 'twill fail you; On-ly Je-sus can a-vail you;
4. Forward! sol-diers of the le-gion, Win for Him each hos-tile re-gion;
All the powers of hell withstanding, Christ Himself His hosts commanding,
All their hosts need not a-larm you; All their darts will fail to harm you;
He, who once re-turned vic-to-rious, Leads you forth to triumph glo-rious;
Till the ban-ner of sal-va-tion Floats o'er ev-'ry heathen na-tion,
Hear your Captain call-ing to you;—Christ is Conqu'ror, Halle-lu-jah!
Hear your Captain call-ing to you;—Christ is Conqu'ror, Halle-lu-jah!
Hear your Captain call-ing to you;—Christ is Conqu'ror, Halle-lu-jah!
And the heav'ns shall an-swer to you;—Christ is Conqu'ror, Halle-lu-jah!
3
3
CHORUS.
Hal-le-lu-jah! Christ is Conqu'ror! Hal-le-lu-jah! Christ is Conqu'ror!
What tho' earth and sin may woo you, Christ is Conqu'ror! Hal-le-lu-jah!

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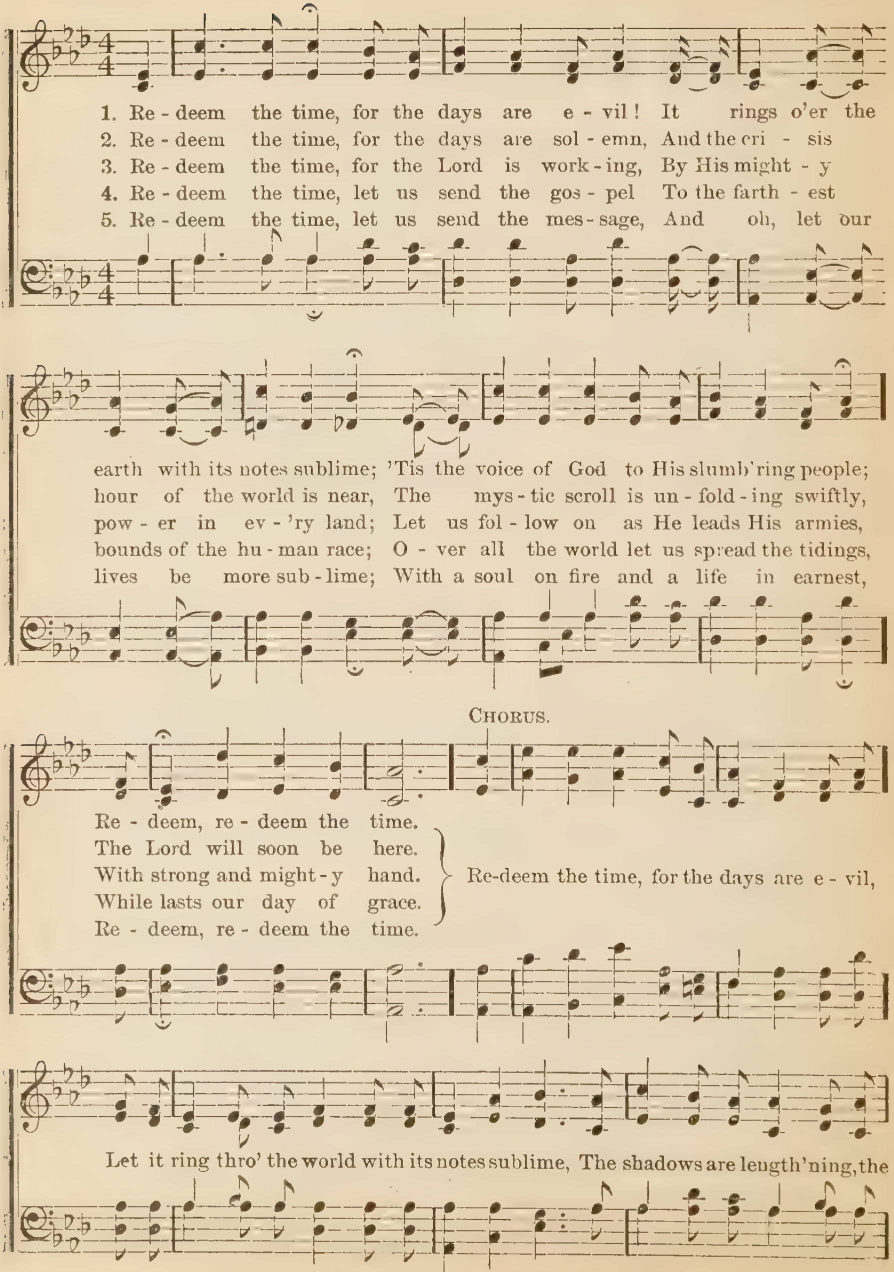
# Redeem the Time.

A. B. SIMPSON. MARGARET M. SIMPSON.


1. Re-deem the time, for the days are e-vil! It rings o'er the earth with its notes sublime; 'Tis the voice of God to His slumb'ring people; Re-deem, re-deem the time.
2. Re-deem the time, for the days are sol-emn, And the cri-sis hour of the world is near, The mys-tic scroll is un-fold-ing swiftly, The Lord will soon be here.
3. Re-deem the time, for the Lord is work-ing, By His might-y pow-er in ev-'ry land; Let us fol-low on as He leads His armies, With strong and might-y hand.
4. Re-deem the time, let us send the gos-pel To the farth-est bounds of the hu-man race; O-ver all the world let us spread the tidings, While lasts our day of grace.
5. Re-deem the time, let us send the mes-sage, And oh, let our lives be more sub-lime; With a soul on fire and a life in earnest, Re-deem, re-deem the time.
CHORUS.
Re-deem the time, for the days are e-vil,
Let it ring thro' the world with its notes sublime, The shadows are length'ning, the

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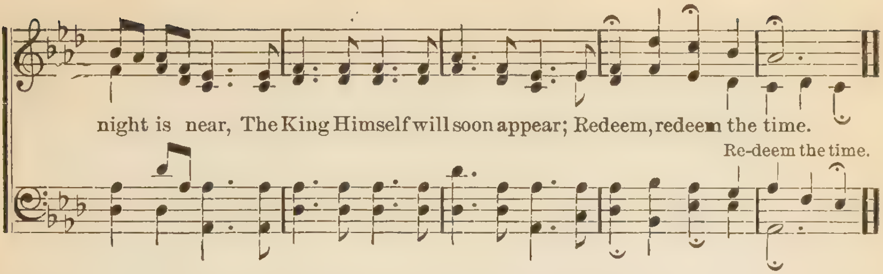
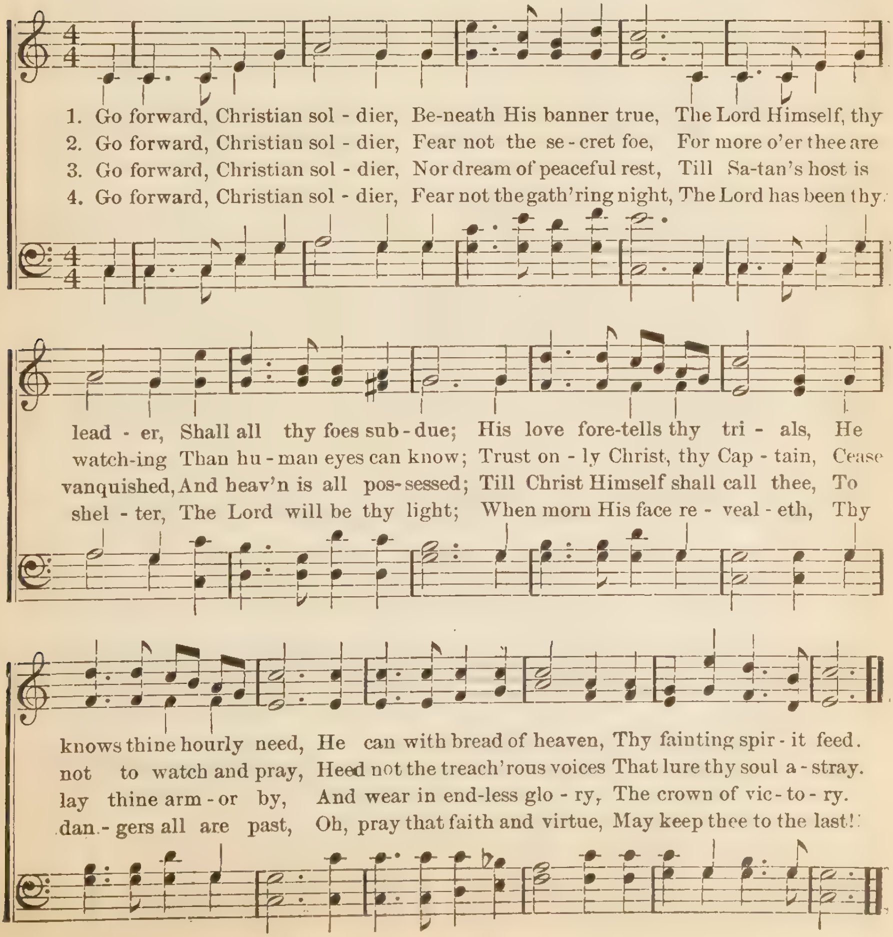
# Redeem the Time.—Concluded.


night is near, The King Himself will soon appear; Redeem, redeem the time.
Re-deem the time.

## 688

# Forward, Christian Soldier.

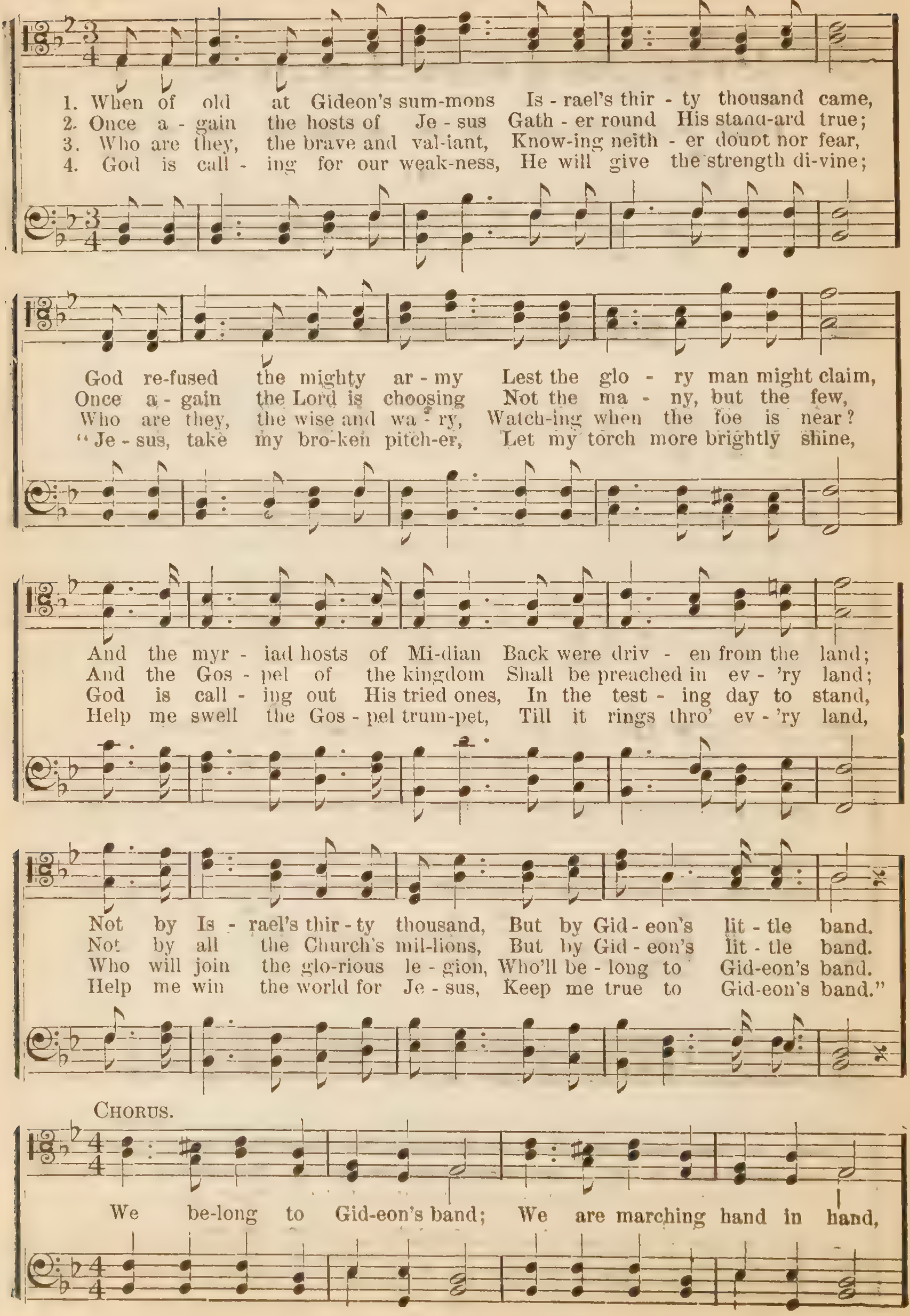
L. Tuttiett. J. Farmer.


1. Go forward, Christian sol - dier, Be-neath His banner true, The Lord Himself, thy
2. Go forward, Christian sol - dier, Fear not the se - cret foe, For more o'er thee are
3. Go forward, Christian sol - dier, Nor dream of peaceful rest, Till Sa-tan's host is
4. Go forward, Christian sol - dier, Fear not the gath'ring night, The Lord has been thy
lead - er, Shall all thy foes sub - due; His love fore-tells thy tri - als, He
watch-ing Than hu - man eyes can know; Trust on - ly Christ, thy Cap - tain, Cease
vanquished, And heav'n is all pos-sessed; Till Christ Himself shall call thee, To
shel - ter, The Lord will be thy light; When morn His face re - veal - eth, Thy
knows thine hourly need, He can with bread of heaven, Thy fainting spir - it feed.
not to watch and pray, Heed not the treach'rous voices That lure thy soul a - stray.
lay thine arm - or by, And wear in end-less glo - ry, The crown of vic - to - ry.
dan - gers all are past, Oh, pray that faith and virtue, May keep thee to the last!

689

# Gideon's Band.

A. B. S. [Composed for the Young Men's Crusade.] Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. When of old at Gideon's sum-mons Is-rael's thir-ty thousand came,
2. Once a-gain the hosts of Je-sus Gath-er round His stand-ard true;
3. Who are they, the brave and val-iant, Know-ing neith-er doubt nor fear,
4. God is call-ing for our weak-ness, He will give the strength di-vine;
God re-fused the mighty ar-my Lest the glo-ry man might claim,
Once a-gain the Lord is choosing Not the ma-ny, but the few,
Who are they, the wise and wa-ry, Watch-ing when the foe is near?
"Je-sus, take my bro-ken pitch-er, Let my torch more brightly shine,
And the myr-iad hosts of Mi-dian Back were driv-en from the land;
And the Gos-pel of the kingdom Shall be preached in ev-'ry land;
God is call-ing out His tried ones, In the test-ing day to stand,
Help me swell the Gos-pel trum-pet, Till it rings thro' ev-'ry land,
Not by Is-rael's thir-ty thousand, But by Gid-eon's lit-tle band.
Not by all the Church's mil-lions, But by Gid-eon's lit-tle band.
Who will join the glo-rious le-gion, Who'll be-long to Gid-eon's band.
Help me win the world for Je-sus, Keep me true to Gid-eon's band."
Chorus.
We be-long to Gid-eon's band; We are marching hand in hand,

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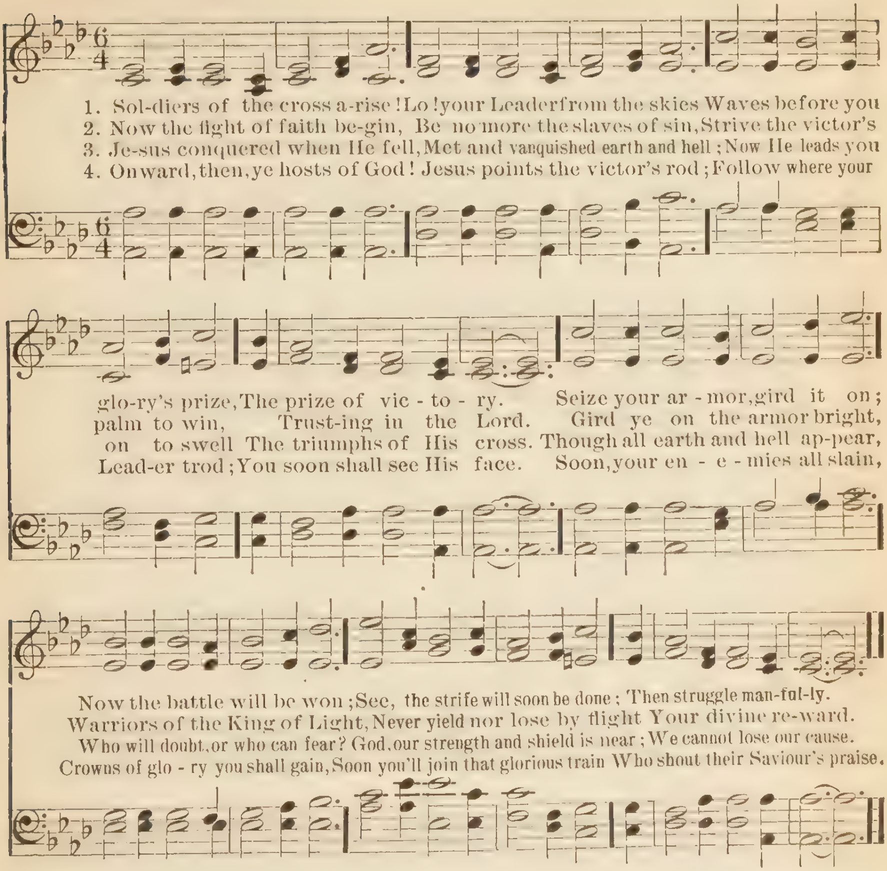
## 692 Soldiers of the Cross.

J. B. WATERBURY.

Tune, CALEDONIA, 7, 7, 7, 6.


1. Sol-diers of the cross a-rise! Lo! your Leader from the skies Waves before you glo-ry's prize, The prize of vic - to - ry. Seize your ar - mor, gird it on; Now the battle will be won; See, the strife will soon be done; Then struggle man-ful-ly.
2. Now the fight of faith be-gin, Be no more the slaves of sin, Strive the victor's palm to win, Trust-ing in the Lord. Gird ye on the armor bright, Warriors of the King of Light, Never yield nor lose by flight Your divine re-ward.
3. Je-sus conquered when He fell, Met and vanquished earth and hell; Now He leads you on to swell The triumphs of His cross. Though all earth and hell ap-pear, Who will doubt, or who can fear? God, our strength and shield is near; We cannot lose our cause.
4. Onward, then, ye hosts of God! Jesus points the victor's rod; Follow where your Lead-er trod; You soon shall see His face. Soon, your en - e - mies all slain, Crowns of glo - ry you shall gain, Soon you'll join that glorious train Who shout their Saviour's praise.

## 693 Work, for the Night is Coming.

*Key F.*

1 Work, for the night is coming;
Work, through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work, in the glowing sun,
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store,
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

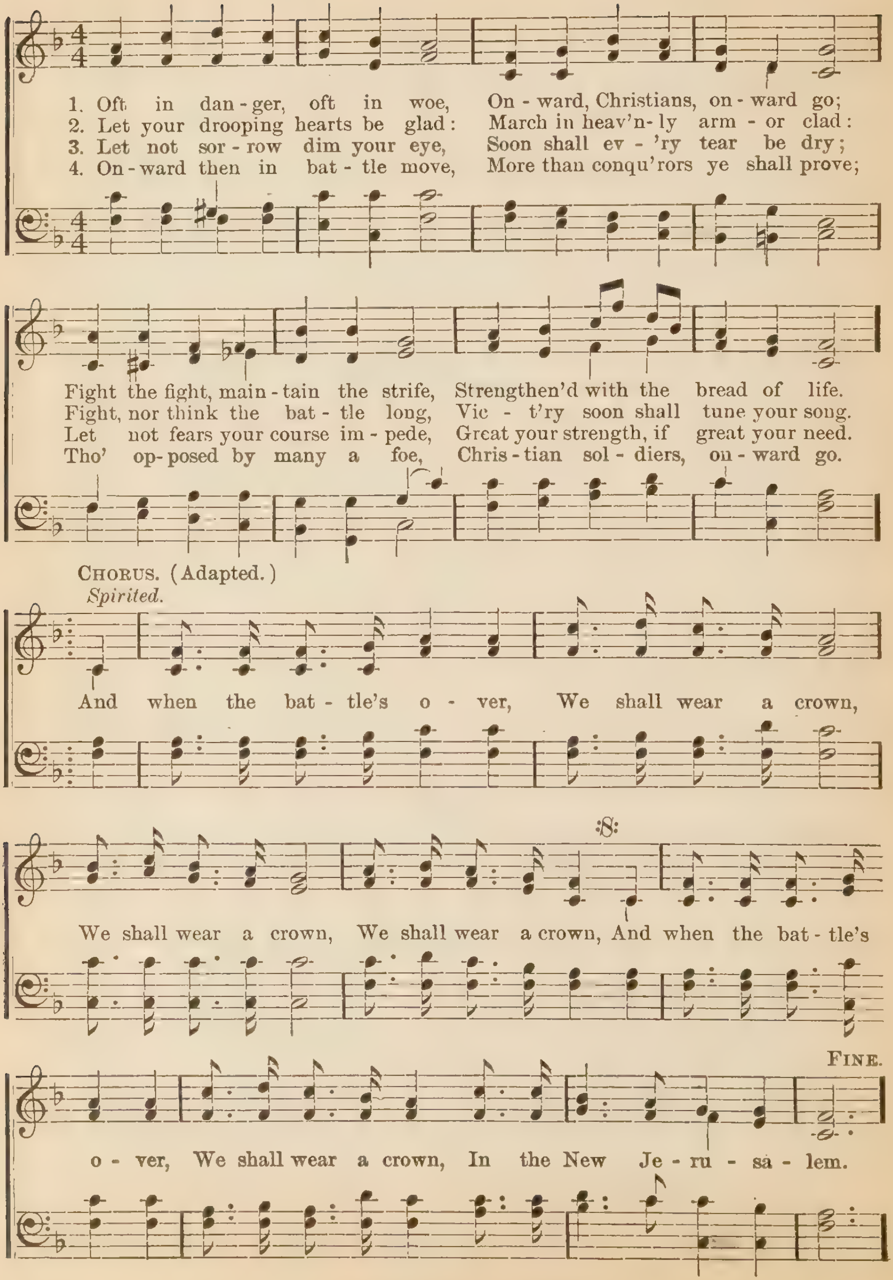
3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

SIDNEY DYER.

694

# Onward Go.

H. K. White. May Agnew Stephens.


1. Oft in dan-ger, oft in woe, On-ward, Christians, on-ward go;
2. Let your drooping hearts be glad: March in heav'n-ly arm-or clad:
3. Let not sor-row dim your eye, Soon shall ev-'ry tear be dry;
4. On-ward then in bat-tle move, More than conqu'rors ye shall prove;
Fight the fight, main-tain the strife, Strengthen'd with the bread of life.
Fight, nor think the bat-tle long, Vic-t'ry soon shall tune your song.
Let not fears your course im-pede, Great your strength, if great your need.
Tho' op-posed by many a foe, Chris-tian sol-diers, on-ward go.
Chorus. (Adapted.)
Spirited.
And when the bat-tle's o-ver, We shall wear a crown,
We shall wear a crown, We shall wear a crown, And when the bat-tle's
o-ver, We shall wear a crown, In the New Je-ru-sa-lem.
Fine.

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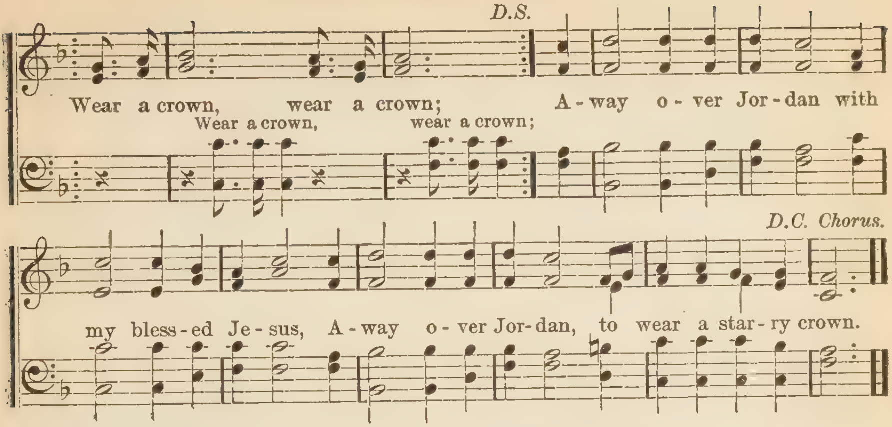
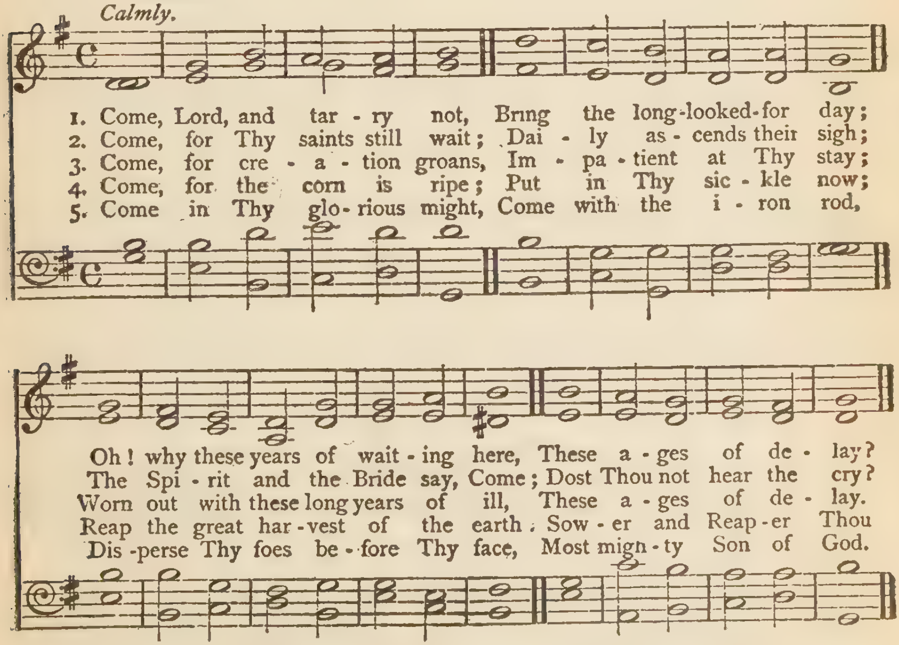
# Onward Go.—Concluded.


D.S.
Wear a crown, wear a crown; A-way o-ver Jor-dan with
Wear a crown, wear a crown;
D.C. Chorus.
my bless-ed Je-sus, A-way o-ver Jor-dan, to wear a star-ry crown.

## 695 Come Lord and Tarry Not.

DR. H. BONAR.


Calmly.
1. Come, Lord, and tar-ry not, Bring the long-looked-for day;
2. Come, for Thy saints still wait; Dai-ly as-cends their sigh;
3. Come, for cre-a-tion groans, Im-pa-tient at Thy stay;
4. Come, for the corn is ripe; Put in Thy sic-kle now;
5. Come in Thy glo-rious might, Come with the i-ron rod,
Oh! why these years of wait-ing here, These a-ges of de-lay?
The Spi-rit and the Bride say, Come; Dost Thou not hear the cry?
Worn out with these long years of ill, These a-ges of de-lay.
Reap the great har-vest of the earth; Sow-er and Reap-er Thou
Dis-perse Thy foes be-fore Thy face, Most migh-ty Son of God.

6 Come, and make all things new;
Build up this ruined earth;
Restore our faded paradise,
Creation's second birth.

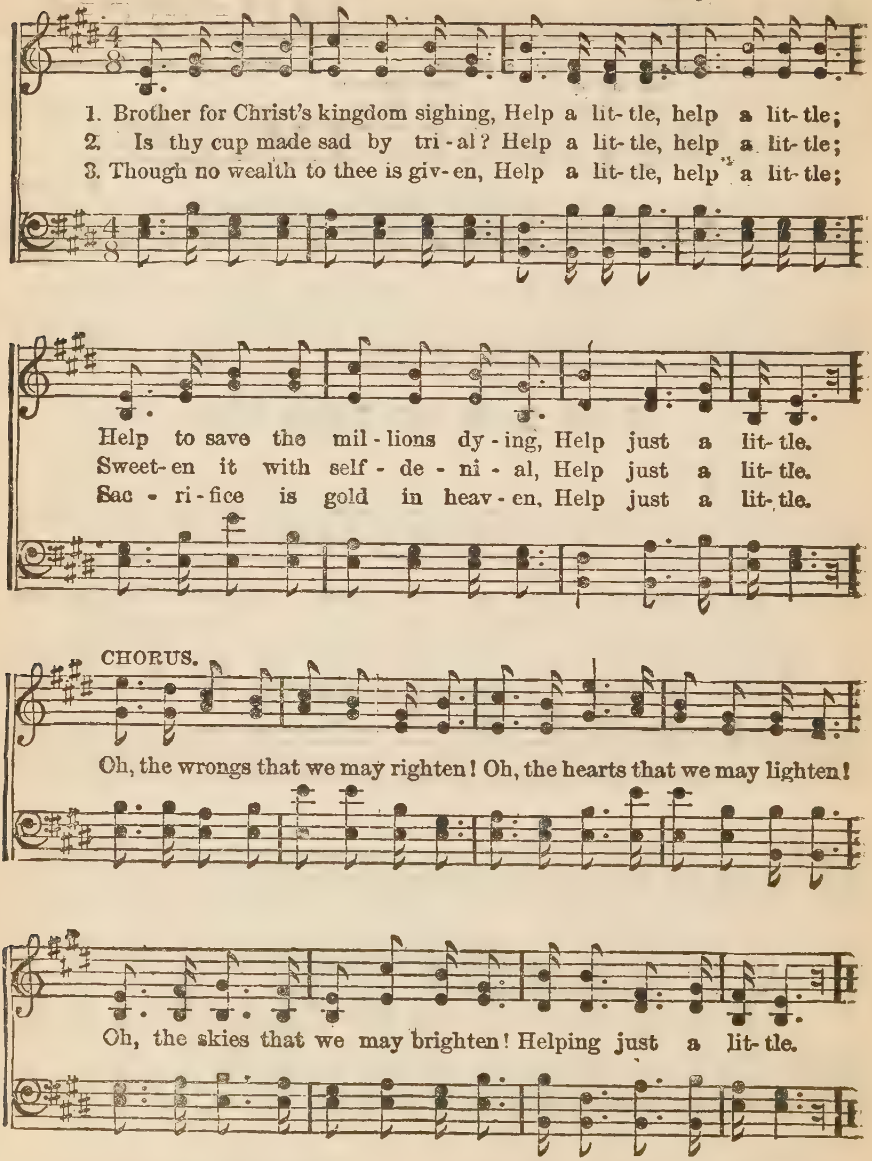
7 Come, and begin Thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,
Great King of Righteousness!

696

# Help, Just a Little.

Music from "The Wells of Salvation," new words by Rev. W. A. Spencer.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Brother for Christ's kingdom sighing, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;
2. Is thy cup made sad by tri-al? Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;
3. Though no wealth to thee is giv-en, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;
Help to save the mil-lions dy-ing, Help just a lit-tle.
Sweet-en it with self-de-ni-al, Help just a lit-tle.
Sac-ri-fice is gold in heav-en, Help just a lit-tle.
CHORUS.
Oh, the wrongs that we may righten! Oh, the hearts that we may lighten!
Oh, the skies that we may brighten! Helping just a lit-tle.

4 Let us live for one another,
Help a little, help a little;
Help to lift each fallen brother,
Help just a little.

5 Tho' thy life is pressed with sorrow,
Help a little, help a little;
Bravely look t'ward God's to-morrow
Help just a little.

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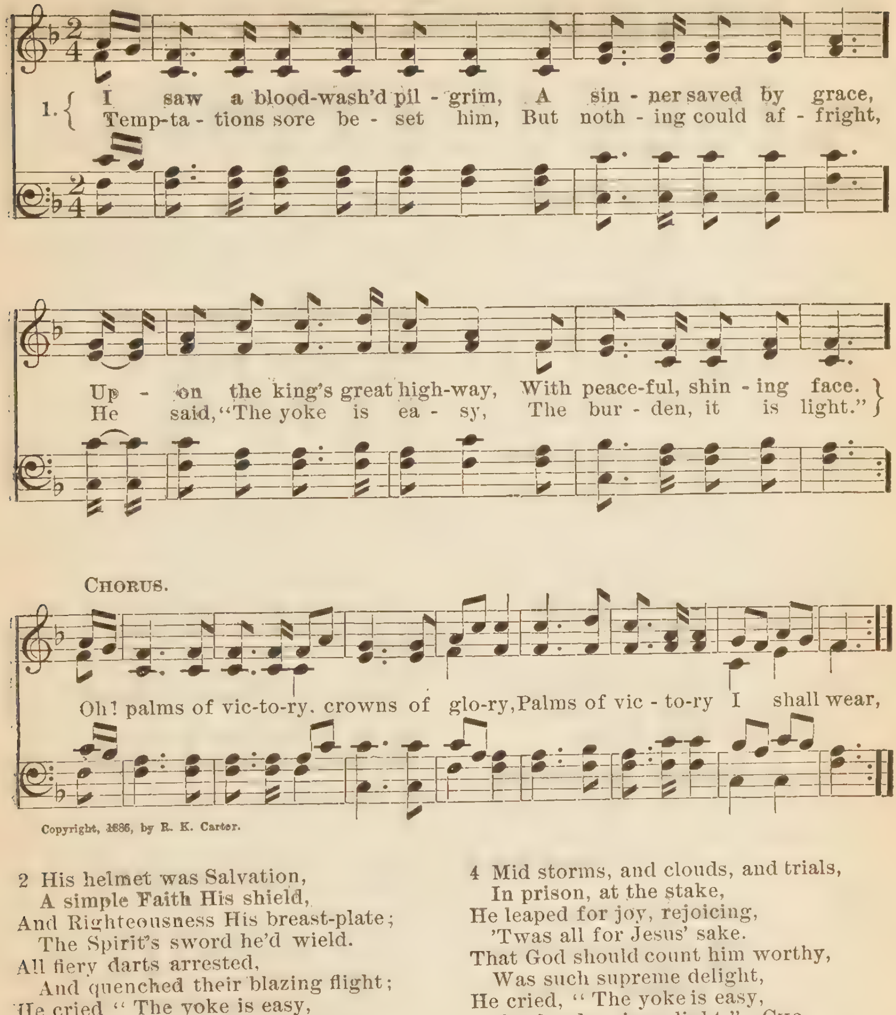
## 697 The Blood-Washed Pilgrim.

R. Kelso Carter. Rev. J. Matthias.


1. { I saw a blood-wash'd pil - grim, A sin - ner saved by grace,
Temp-ta - tions sore be - set him, But noth - ing could af - fright,
Up - on the king's great high-way, With peace-ful, shin - ing face. }
He said, "The yoke is ea - sy, The bur - den, it is light." }
Chorus.
Oh! palms of vic-to-ry, crowns of glo-ry, Palms of vic - to-ry I shall wear,

Copyright, 1886, by R. K. Carter.

2 His helmet was Salvation,
A simple Faith His shield,
And Righteousness His breast-plate;
The Spirit's sword he'd wield.
All fiery darts arrested,
And quenched their blazing flight;
He cried "The yoke is easy,
The burden, it is light."—Cho.

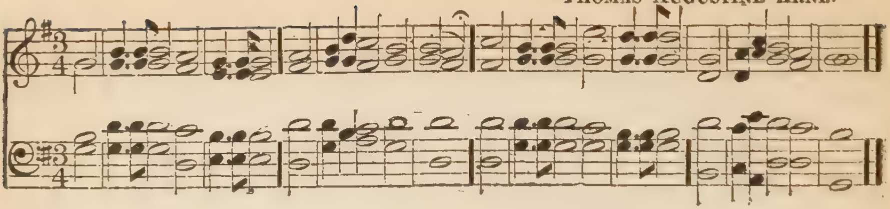
3 I saw Him in the furnace,
He doubted not, nor feared,
And in the flames beside him
The Son of God appeared,
Though seven times 'twas heated
With all the tempter's might,
He said, "The yoke is easy,
The burden, it is light."—Cho.

4 Mid storms, and clouds, and trials,
In prison, at the stake,
He leaped for joy, rejoicing,
'Twas all for Jesus' sake.
That God should count him worthy,
Was such supreme delight,
He cried, "The yoke is easy,
The burden, is so light."—Cho.

5 I saw him overcoming,
Through all the swelling strife,
Until he crossed the threshold
Of God's Eternal Life.
The Crown, the Throne, the Sceptre,
The Name, the Stone so White,
Were his, who found, in Jesus,
The yoke and burden light.—Cho.

# Arlington. C. M.

Thomas Augustine Arne.



## 698 Faith sees the Final Triumph.

Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die:
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

*Isaac Watts*

## 699 The Race for Glory.

Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands Thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye:—

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

*Philip Doddridge.*

## 700 Missionary Hymn.

*Tune, Contrast.*

Let us go to the dusky Hindoo,
Who is bowing to wood and to stone;
Let us tell him the news 'twas for you,
That Jesus abandoned His throne.
Let us go to the isles of the sea,
Where the Cannibal thirsteth for blood,
And the Savage shall hear such as he
May plunge in the soul-cleansing flood.

2 Let us go to the regions of ice,
Where the Esquimaux dwells in the cold,
Tell him Jesus has bought with a price,
The souls that for naught have been sold.
Let us go unto Africa's race,
Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands,
And Egypt shall hear of His grace,
Be loosed from her sin and her bands.

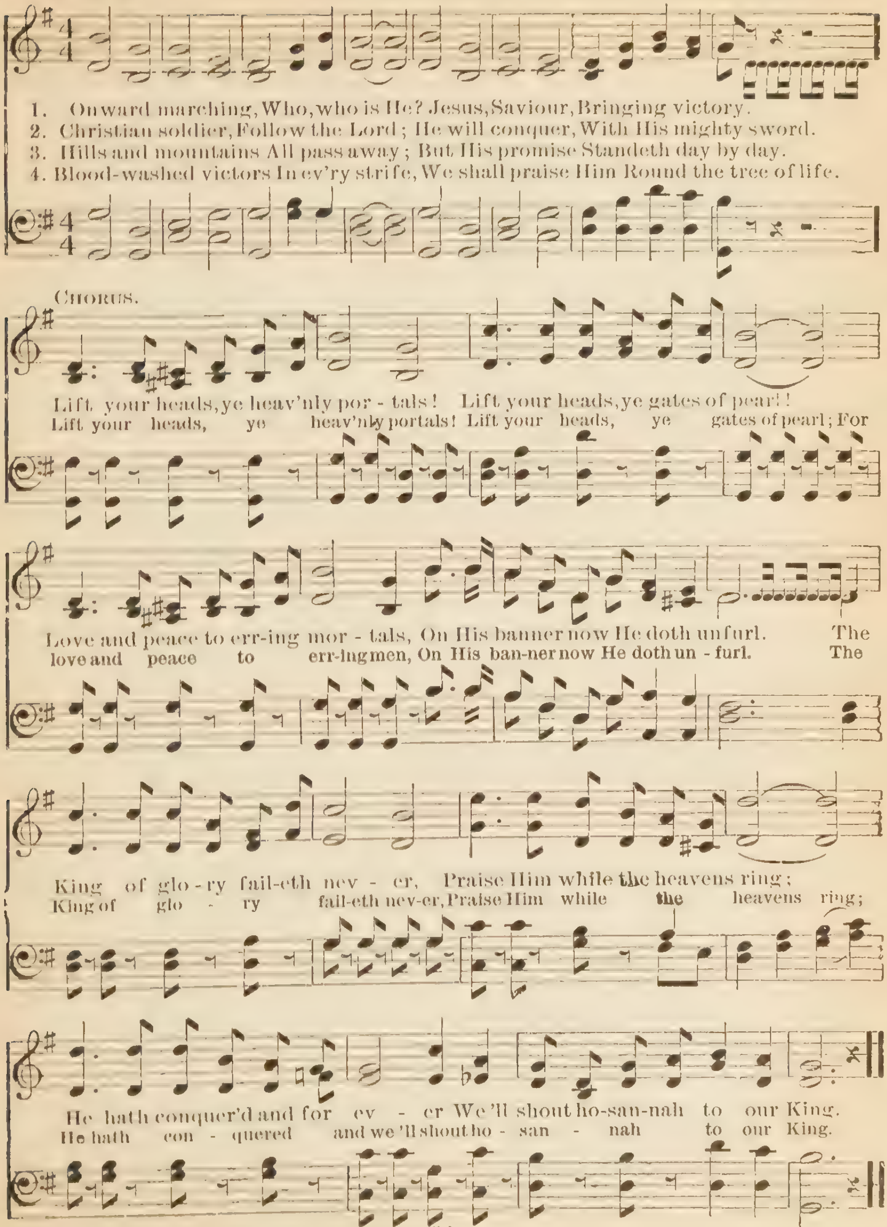
3 Let us go to the busy Chinese,
To the Empire of lovely Japan;
Let us go everywhere—o'er all seas,
Wherever there dwelleth a man.
Let us go through our own Christian lands,
Where churches and Bibles abound;
Let us stretch to the lost helping hands,
And tell what a Saviour we've found.

*Manie Payne Ferguson.*

701

# The King of Glory.

R. K. C. Ps. xxiv. R. Kelso Carter.


1. Onward marching, Who, who is He? Jesus, Saviour, Bringing victory.
2. Christian soldier, Follow the Lord; He will conquer, With His mighty sword.
3. Hills and mountains All pass away; But His promise Standeth day by day.
4. Blood-washed victors In ev'ry strife, We shall praise Him Round the tree of life.
Chorus.
Lift your heads, ye heav'nly por - tals! Lift your heads, ye gates of pearl!
Lift your heads, ye heav'nly portals! Lift your heads, ye gates of pearl; For
Love and peace to err-ing mor - tals, On His banner now He doth unfurl. The
love and peace to err-ing men, On His ban-ner now He doth un - furl. The
King of glo - ry fail-eth nev - er, Praise Him while the heavens ring;
King of glo - ry fail-eth nev-er, Praise Him while the heavens ring;
He hath conquer'd and for ev - er We'll shout ho-san-nah to our King.
He hath con - quered and we'll shout ho - san - nah to our King.

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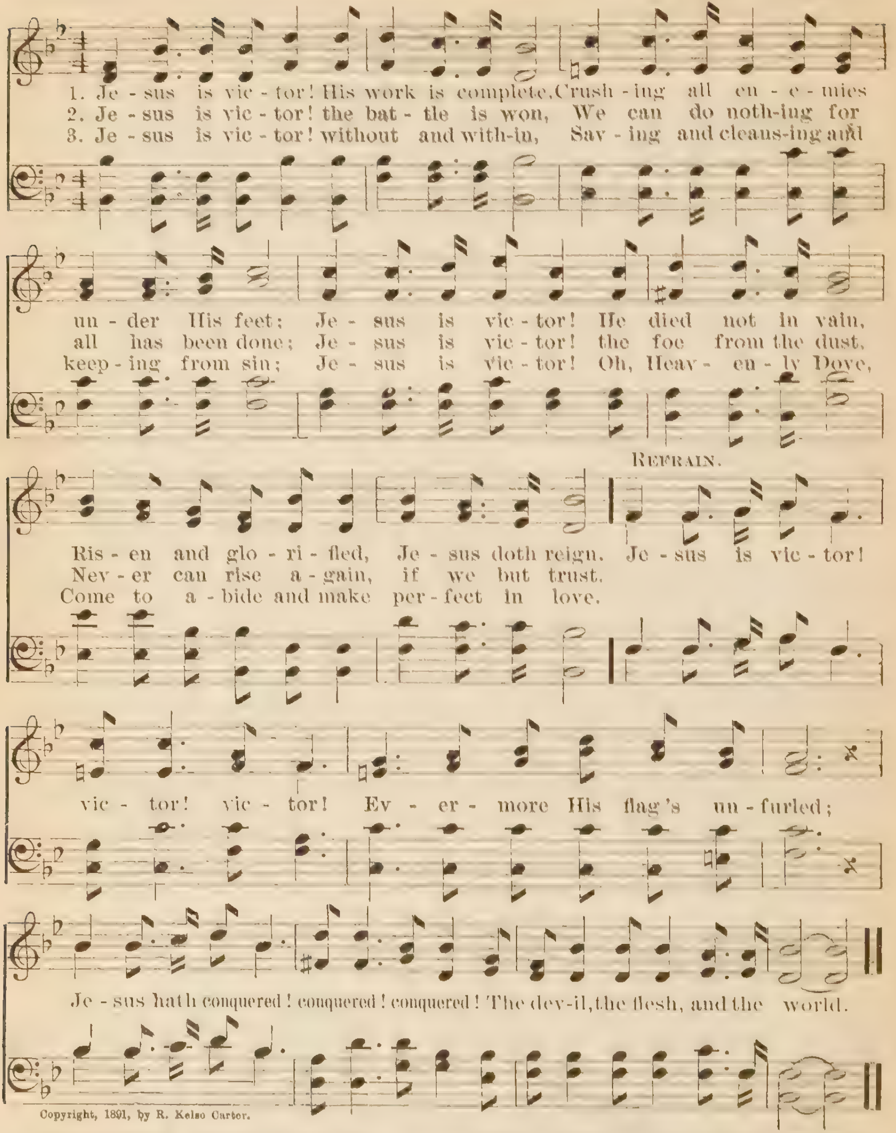
# Jesus is Victor.

*"For He hath put all things under His feet."* 1 Cor. xv: 27.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.


1. Je - sus is vic - tor! His work is complete, Crush - ing all en - e - mies under His feet; Je - sus is vic - tor! He died not in vain, Ris - en and glo - ri - fied, Je - sus doth reign.
2. Je - sus is vic - tor! the bat - tle is won, We can do noth-ing for all has been done; Je - sus is vic - tor! the foe from the dust, Nev - er can rise a - gain, if we but trust.
3. Je - sus is vic - tor! without and with-in, Sav - ing and cleans-ing and keep - ing from sin; Je - sus is vic - tor! Oh, Heav - en - ly Dove, Come to a - bide and make per - fect in love.
Refrain.
Je - sus is vic - tor! vic - tor! vic - tor! Ev - er - more His flag's un - furled;
Je - sus hath conquered! conquered! conquered! The dev-il, the flesh, and the world.

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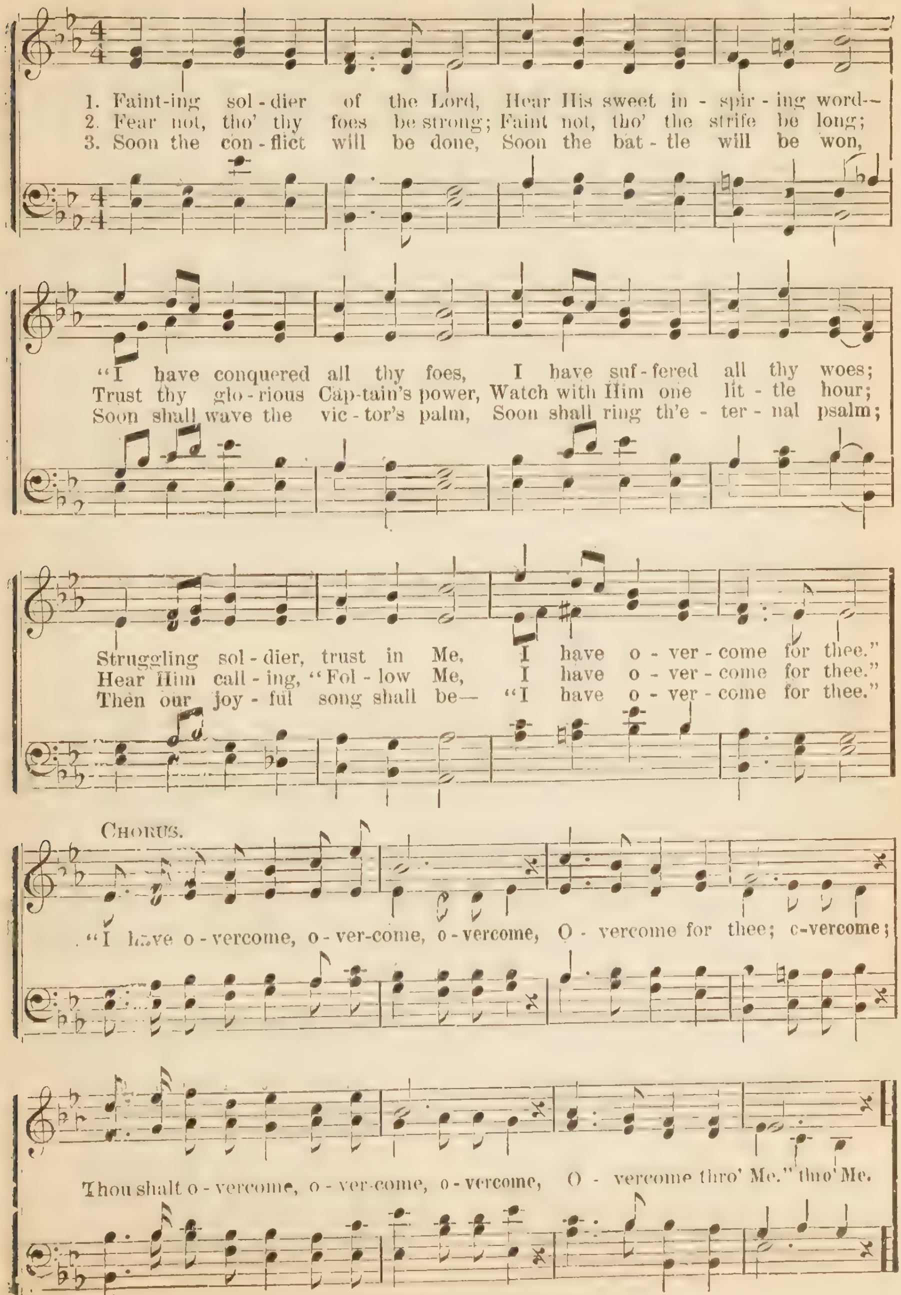
4 Jesus is victor! effects of the fall,
Trials and weakness, Himself bare them all;
Jesus is victor! though sickness assail,
He's the physician that never can fail.

5 Jesus is victor! the heavens shall ring,
Dread King of terrors, oh, where is thy sting?
Jesus is victor! we'll shout o'er the grave,
Glory to God! He is mighty to save.

## 703 I Have Overcome.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. Faint-ing sol-dier of the Lord, Hear His sweet in-spir-ing word--
2. Fear not, tho' thy foes be strong; Faint not, tho' the strife be long;
3. Soon the con-flict will be done, Soon the bat-tle will be won,
"I have conquered all thy foes, I have suf-fered all thy woes;
Trust thy glo-rious Cap-tain's power, Watch with Him one lit-tle hour;
Soon shall wave the vic-tor's palm, Soon shall ring th'e-ter-nal psalm;
Struggling sol-dier, trust in Me, I have o-ver-come for thee."
Hear Him call-ing, "Fol-low Me, I have o-ver-come for thee."
Then our joy-ful song shall be— "I have o-ver-come for thee."
Chorus.
"I have o-vercome, o-ver-come, o-vercome, O-vercome for thee; o-vercome;
Thou shalt o-vercome, o-ver-come, o-vercome, O-vercome thro' Me." thro' Me.

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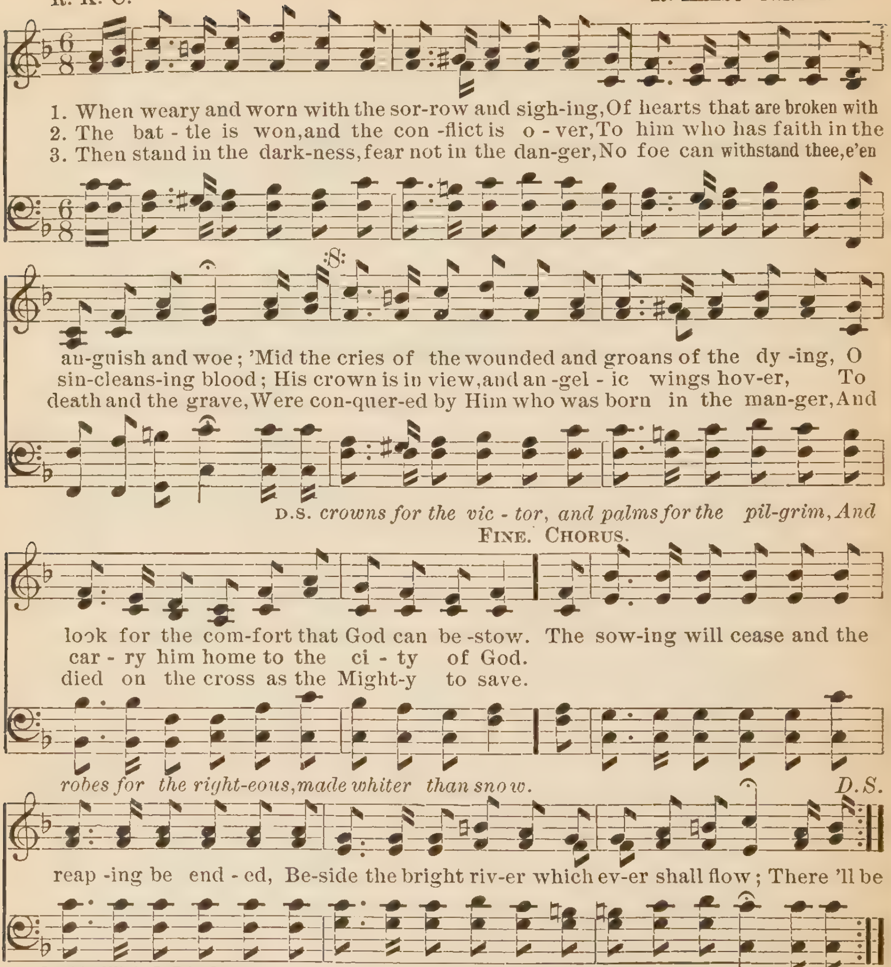
# 704 There'll Be Crowns.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.


6/8
1. When weary and worn with the sor-row and sigh-ing, Of hearts that are broken with
2. The bat - tle is won, and the con -flict is o - ver, To him who has faith in the
3. Then stand in the dark-ness, fear not in the dan-ger, No foe can withstand thee, e'en
an-guish and woe; 'Mid the cries of the wounded and groans of the dy -ing, O
sin-cleans-ing blood; His crown is in view, and an -gel - ic wings hov-er, To
death and the grave, Were con-quer-ed by Him who was born in the man-ger, And
D.S. crowns for the vic - tor, and palms for the pil-grim, And
Fine. Chorus.
look for the com-fort that God can be -stow. The sow-ing will cease and the
car - ry him home to the ci - ty of God.
died on the cross as the Might-y to save.
robes for the right-eous, made whiter than snow.
D.S.
reap -ing be end - ed, Be-side the bright riv-er which ev-er shall flow; There 'll be

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## 705 What a Friend.

*Key of F.*

1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer?
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

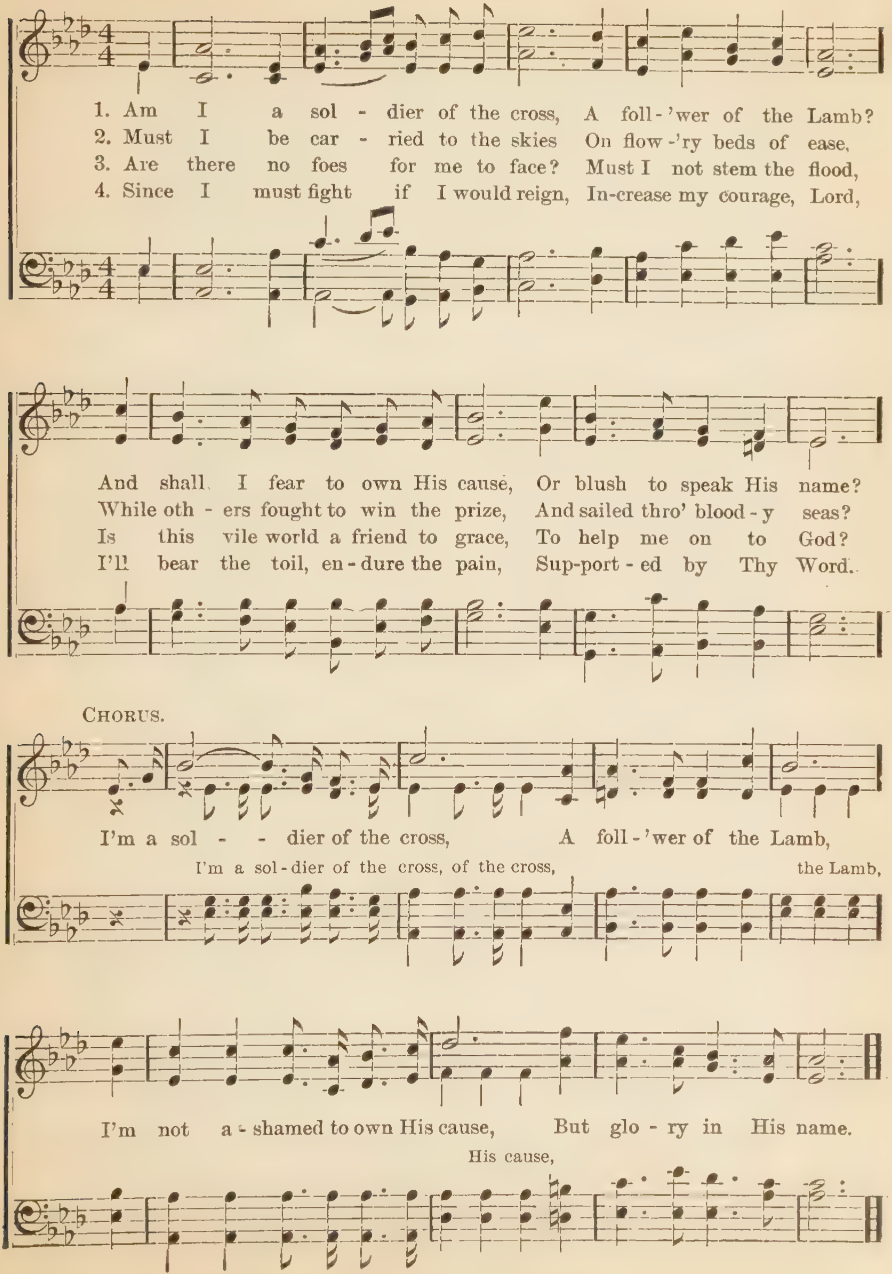
2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

H. Bonar.

# Am I a Soldier Of the Cross.

ISAAC WATTS. MARGARET M. SIMPSON.


1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A foll - 'wer of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood,
4. Since I must fight if I would reign, In-crease my courage, Lord,
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood - y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup-port - ed by Thy Word.
CHORUS.
I'm a sol - - dier of the cross, A foll - 'wer of the Lamb,
I'm a sol - dier of the cross, of the cross, the Lamb,
I'm not a - shamed to own His cause, But glo - ry in His name.
His cause,

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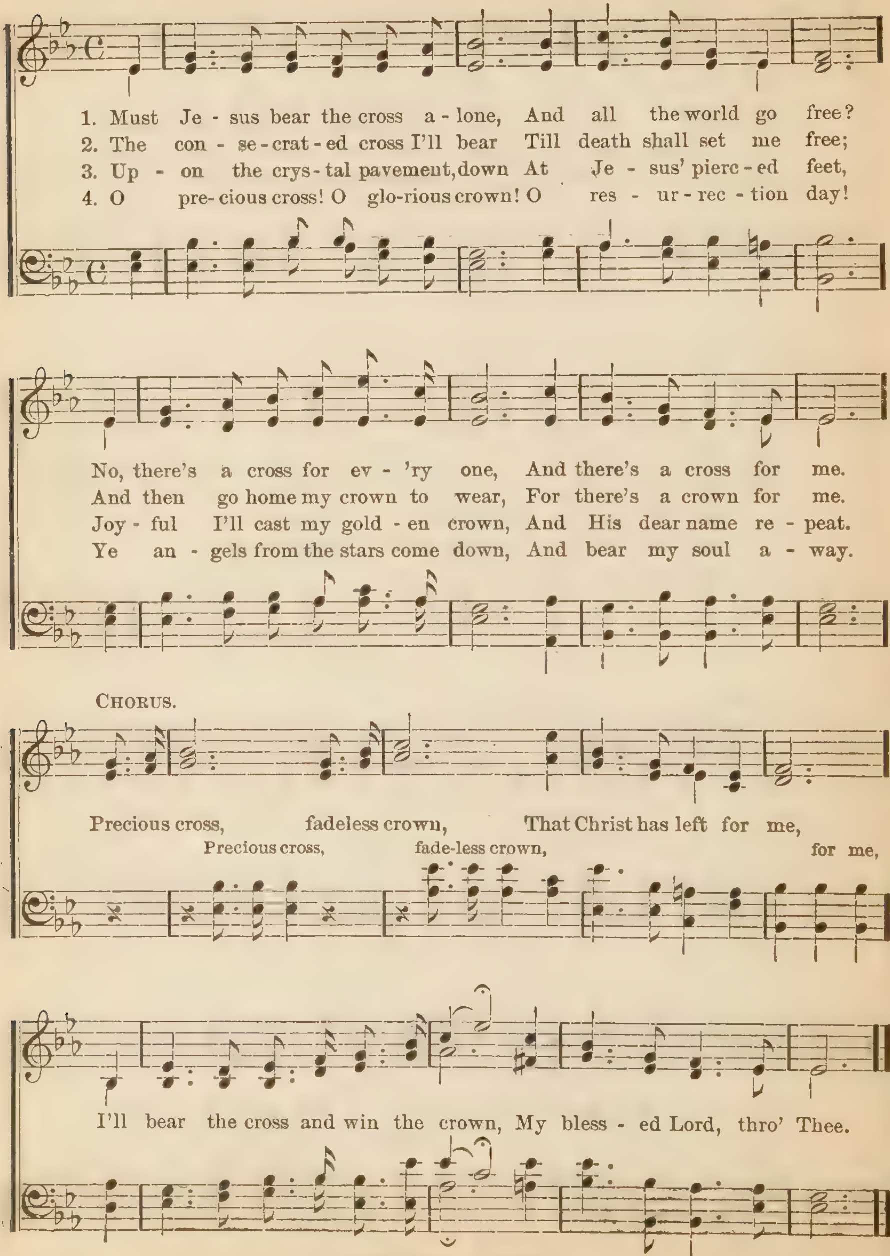
# 707 Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

T. SHEPHERD. Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.


1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free;
3. Up - on the crys - tal pavement, down At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,
4. O pre - cious cross! O glo - rious crown! O res - ur - rec - tion day!
No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
Joy - ful I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.
Ye an - gels from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.
CHORUS.
Precious cross, fadeless crown, That Christ has left for me,
Precious cross, fade-less crown, for me,
I'll bear the cross and win the crown, My bless - ed Lord, thro' Thee.

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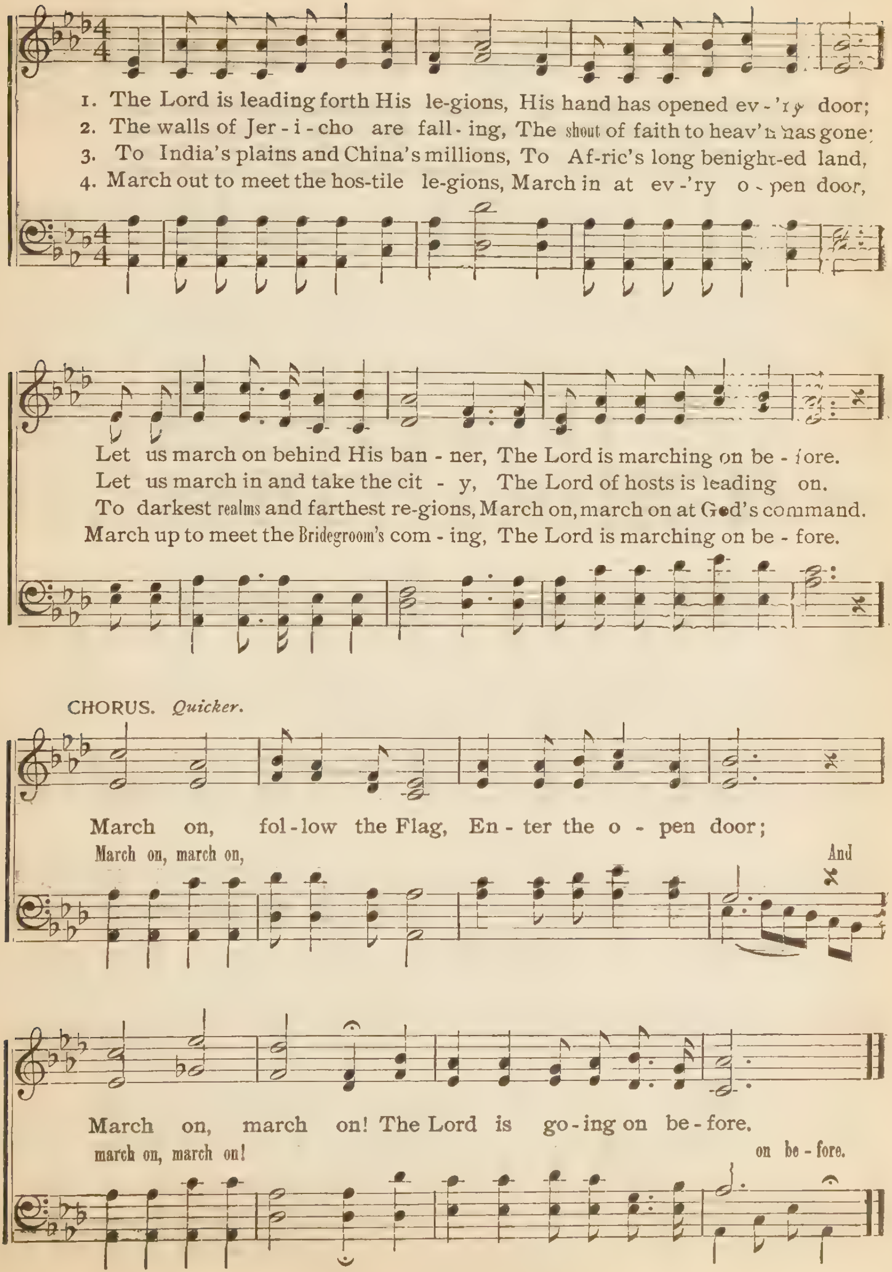
## 708

# March On.

A. B. Simpson. A. B. S.


1. The Lord is leading forth His le-gions, His hand has opened ev-'ry door;
2. The walls of Jer-i-cho are fall-ing, The shout of faith to heav'n has gone;
3. To India's plains and China's millions, To Af-ric's long benight-ed land,
4. March out to meet the hos-tile le-gions, March in at ev-'ry o-pen door,
Let us march on behind His ban-ner, The Lord is marching on be-fore.
Let us march in and take the cit-y, The Lord of hosts is leading on.
To darkest realms and farthest re-gions, March on, march on at God's command.
March up to meet the Bridegroom's com-ing, The Lord is marching on be-fore.
CHORUS. Quicker.
March on, fol-low the Flag, En-ter the o-pen door;
March on, march on,
And
March on, march on! The Lord is go-ing on be-fore.
march on, march on!
on be-fore.

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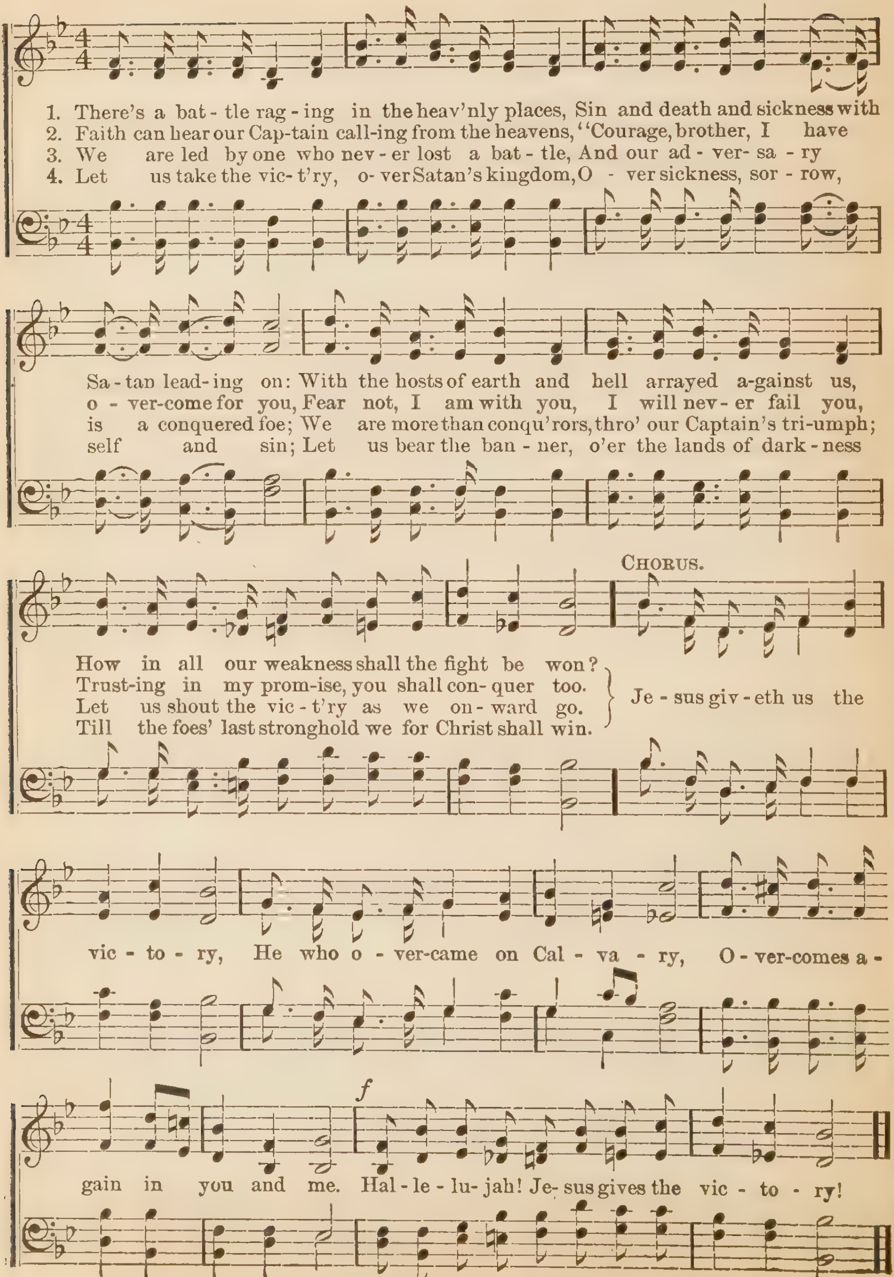
# 709 Jesus Giveth Us the Victory.

A. B. S. — Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. There's a bat-tle rag-ing in the heav'nly places, Sin and death and sickness with
2. Faith can hear our Cap-tain call-ing from the heavens, "Courage, brother, I have
3. We are led by one who nev-er lost a bat-tle, And our ad-ver-sa-ry
4. Let us take the vic-t'ry, o-ver Satan's kingdom, O-ver sickness, sor-row,
Sa-tan lead-ing on: With the hosts of earth and hell arrayed a-gainst us,
o-ver-come for you, Fear not, I am with you, I will nev-er fail you,
is a conquered foe; We are more than conqu'rors, thro' our Captain's tri-umph;
self and sin; Let us bear the ban-ner, o'er the lands of dark-ness
How in all our weakness shall the fight be won?
Trust-ing in my prom-ise, you shall con-quer too.
Let us shout the vic-t'ry as we on-ward go.
Till the foes' last stronghold we for Christ shall win.
CHORUS.
Je-sus giv-eth us the vic-to-ry, He who o-ver-came on Cal-va-ry, O-ver-comes a-gain in you and me.
f
Hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus gives the vic-to-ry!

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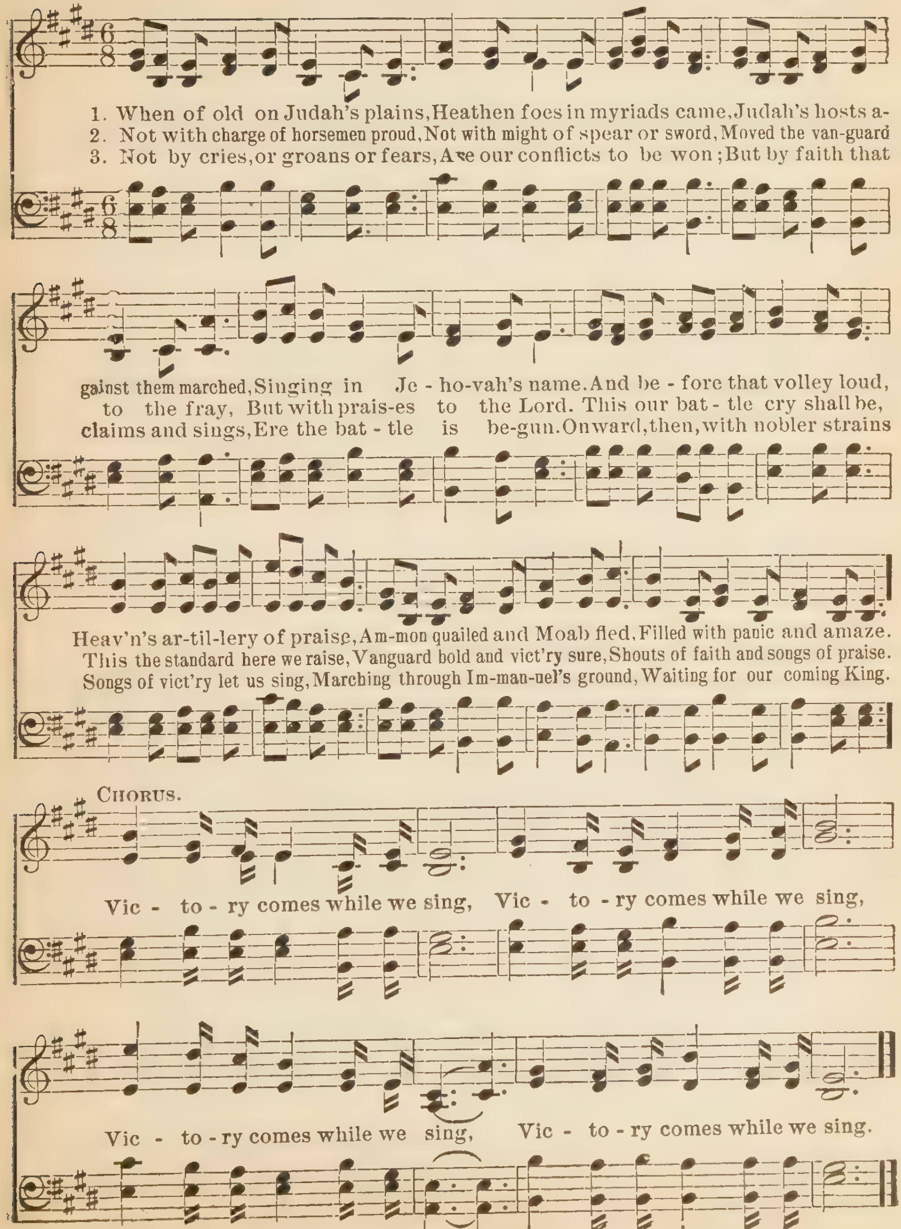
A. B. S. A. B. Simpson.


1. When of old on Judah's plains, Heathen foes in myriads came, Judah's hosts a-
2. Not with charge of horsemen proud, Not with might of spear or sword, Moved the van-guard
3. Not by cries, or groans or fears, Are our conflicts to be won; But by faith that
gainst them marched, Singing in Je - ho-vah's name. And be - fore that volley loud,
to the fray, But with prais-es to the Lord. This our bat - tle cry shall be,
claims and sings, Ere the bat - tle is be-gun. Onward, then, with nobler strains
Heav'n's ar-til-lery of praise, Am-mon quailed and Moab fled, Filled with panic and amaze.
This the standard here we raise, Vanguard bold and vict'ry sure, Shouts of faith and songs of praise.
Songs of vict'ry let us sing, Marching through Im-man-uel's ground, Waiting for our coming King.
CHORUS.
Vic - to - ry comes while we sing, Vic - to - ry comes while we sing,
Vic - to - ry comes while we sing, Vic - to - ry comes while we sing.

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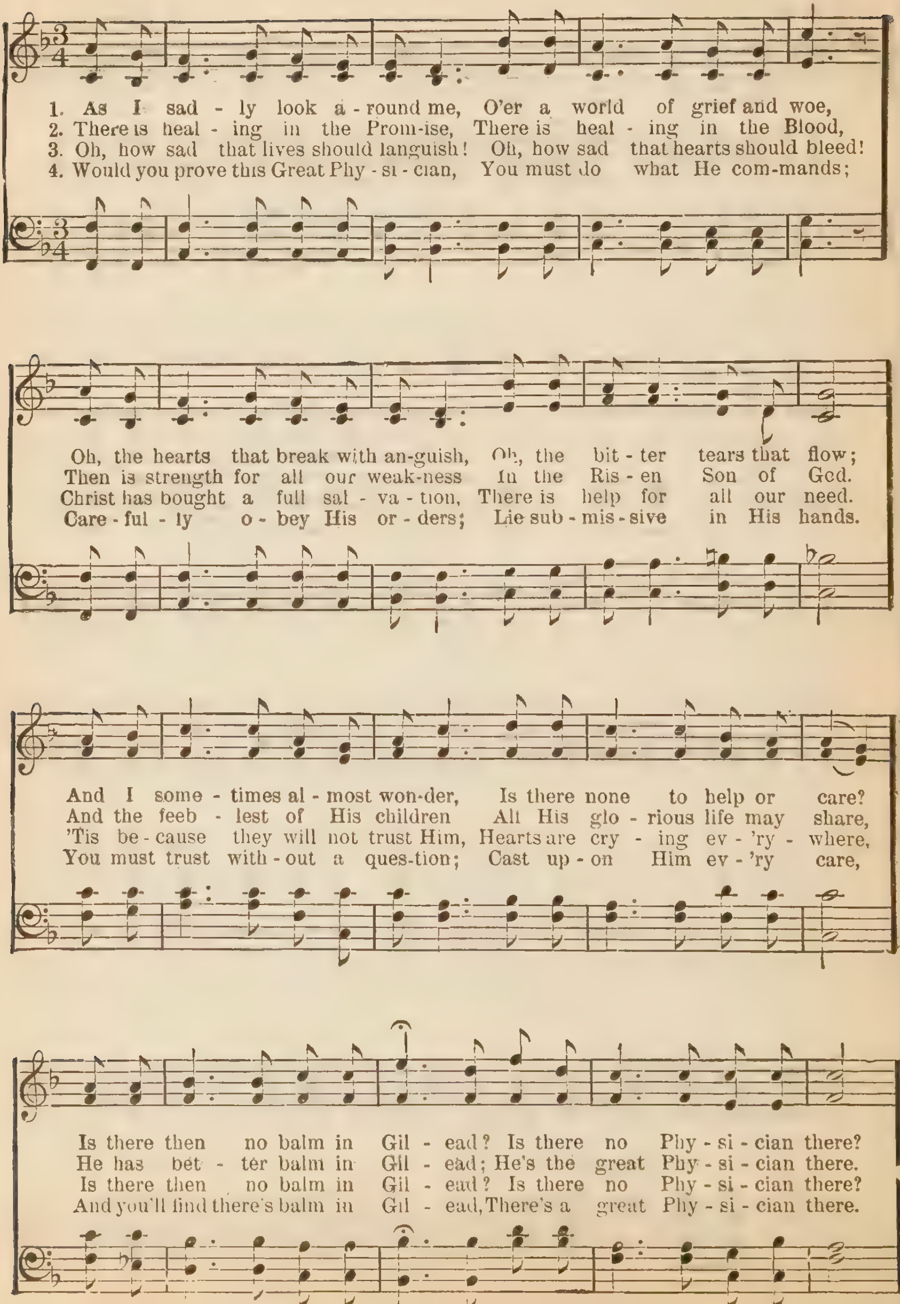
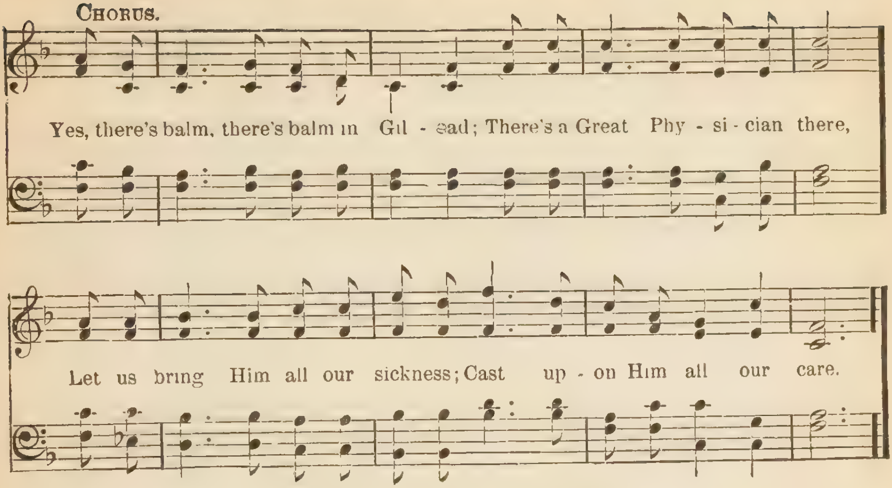
711

# Balm in Gilead.

Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. As I sad - ly look a - round me, O'er a world of grief and woe,
2. There is heal - ing in the Prom-ise, There is heal - ing in the Blood,
3. Oh, how sad that lives should languish! Oh, how sad that hearts should bleed!
4. Would you prove this Great Phy - si - cian, You must do what He com-mands;
Oh, the hearts that break with an-guish, Oh, the bit - ter tears that flow;
Then is strength for all our weak-ness In the Ris - en Son of God.
Christ has bought a full sal - va - tion, There is help for all our need.
Care - ful - ly o - bey His or - ders; Lie sub - mis - sive in His hands.
And I some - times al - most won-der, Is there none to help or care?
And the feeb - lest of His children All His glo - rious life may share,
'Tis be - cause they will not trust Him, Hearts are cry - ing ev - 'ry - where,
You must trust with - out a ques-tion; Cast up - on Him ev - 'ry care,
Is there then no balm in Gil - ead? Is there no Phy - si - cian there?
He has bet - ter balm in Gil - ead; He's the great Phy - si - cian there.
Is there then no balm in Gil - ead? Is there no Phy - si - cian there?
And you'll find there's balm in Gil - ead, There's a great Phy - si - cian there.

# Balm in Gilead. Concluded.


CHORUS.
Yes, there's balm, there's balm in Gil - ead; There's a Great Phy - si - cian there,
Let us bring Him all our sickness; Cast up - on Him all our care.

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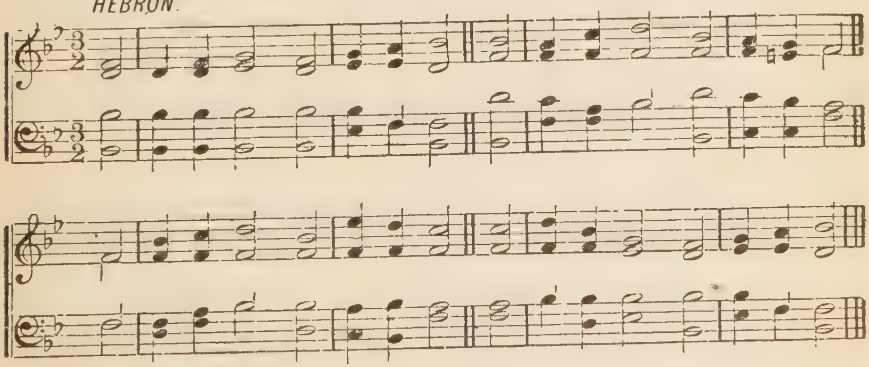
## 712

## At Even.

HEBRON. L. M



At evening when the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay,
Oh, with what various pains they meet!
Oh, with what joy they went away!

Once more 'tis evening, Lord, and we,
Oppressed with various ills draw near
What though Thy face we cannot see,
We feel and know that Thou art near,

O gracious Lord, our woes dispel!
For some are sick and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had,

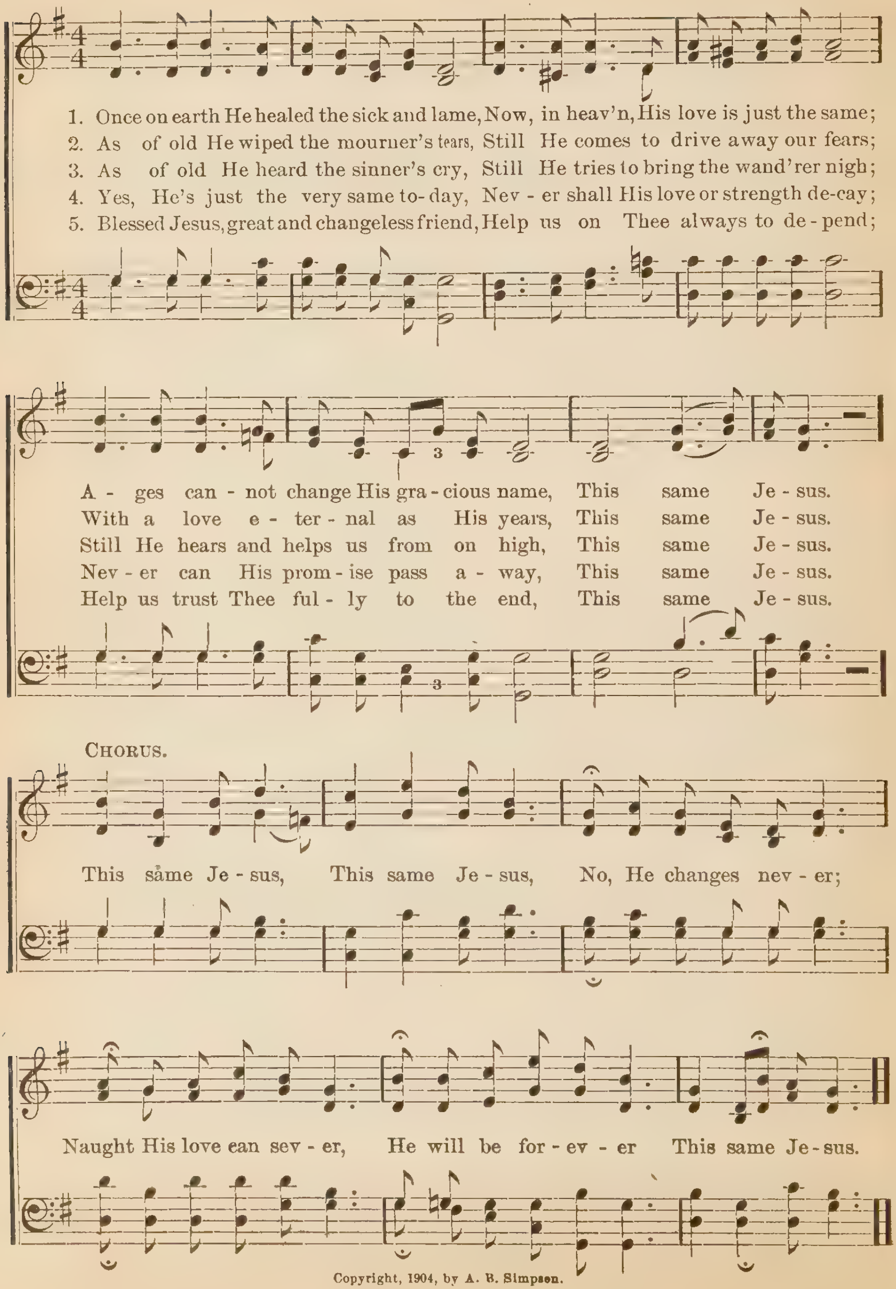
Thy touch has still its ancient power,
No word of Thine can fruitless fall.
Here, in this solemn evening hour,
And, in Thy mercy, heal us all.

REV. HENRY TIVELLS.

# 713 This Same Jesus.

A. B. SIMPSON.

MARGARET M. SIMPSON.


1. Once on earth He healed the sick and lame, Now, in heav'n, His love is just the same;
2. As of old He wiped the mourner's tears, Still He comes to drive away our fears;
3. As of old He heard the sinner's cry, Still He tries to bring the wand'rer nigh;
4. Yes, He's just the very same to-day, Nev - er shall His love or strength de-cay;
5. Blessed Jesus, great and changeless friend, Help us on Thee always to de - pend;
A - ges can - not change His gra - cious name, This same Je - sus.
With a love e - ter - nal as His years, This same Je - sus.
Still He hears and helps us from on high, This same Je - sus.
Nev - er can His prom - ise pass a - way, This same Je - sus.
Help us trust Thee ful - ly to the end, This same Je - sus.
CHORUS.
This same Je - sus, This same Je - sus, No, He changes nev - er;
Naught His love can sev - er, He will be for - ev - er This same Je - sus.
3
3

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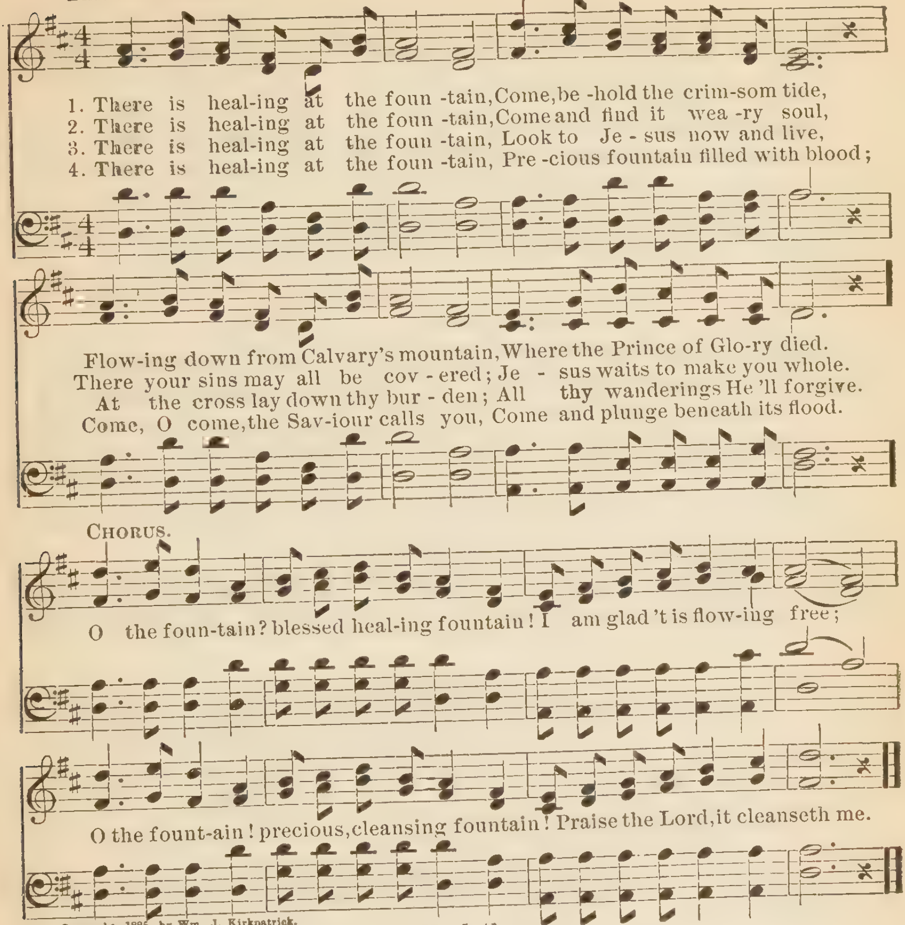
## 714 Healing at the Fountain.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.


1. There is heal-ing at the foun-tain, Come, be-hold the crim-som tide,
2. There is heal-ing at the foun-tain, Come and find it wea-ry soul,
3. There is heal-ing at the foun-tain, Look to Je-sus now and live,
4. There is heal-ing at the foun-tain, Pre-cious fountain filled with blood;
Flow-ing down from Calvary's mountain, Where the Prince of Glo-ry died.
There your sins may all be cov-ered; Je-sus waits to make you whole.
At the cross lay down thy bur-den; All thy wanderings He'll forgive.
Come, O come, the Sav-iour calls you, Come and plunge beneath its flood.
CHORUS.
O the foun-tain? blessed heal-ing fountain! I am glad 't is flow-ing free;
O the fount-ain! precious, cleansing fountain! Praise the Lord, it cleanseth me.

Copyright, 1885, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

## 715 He Healeth me.

*Key of D.*

1 He healeth me, O bless His name!
I want to spread abroad his fame;
From dread disease He sets me free,
The Lord my healer, strong is He.

CHORUS.

He healeth me, He healeth me,
By power divine He healeth me;
He healed the sick in Galilee,
And now by faith he healeth me.

2 He healeth me, my simple faith
Believes the word that Jesus saith.
And takes the place of ardent hope,
Believes the Lord will raise me up.

3 He healeth me, I touch for cure
The border of His garment pure,
And virtue through my being flows,
A healing balm for nature's woes.

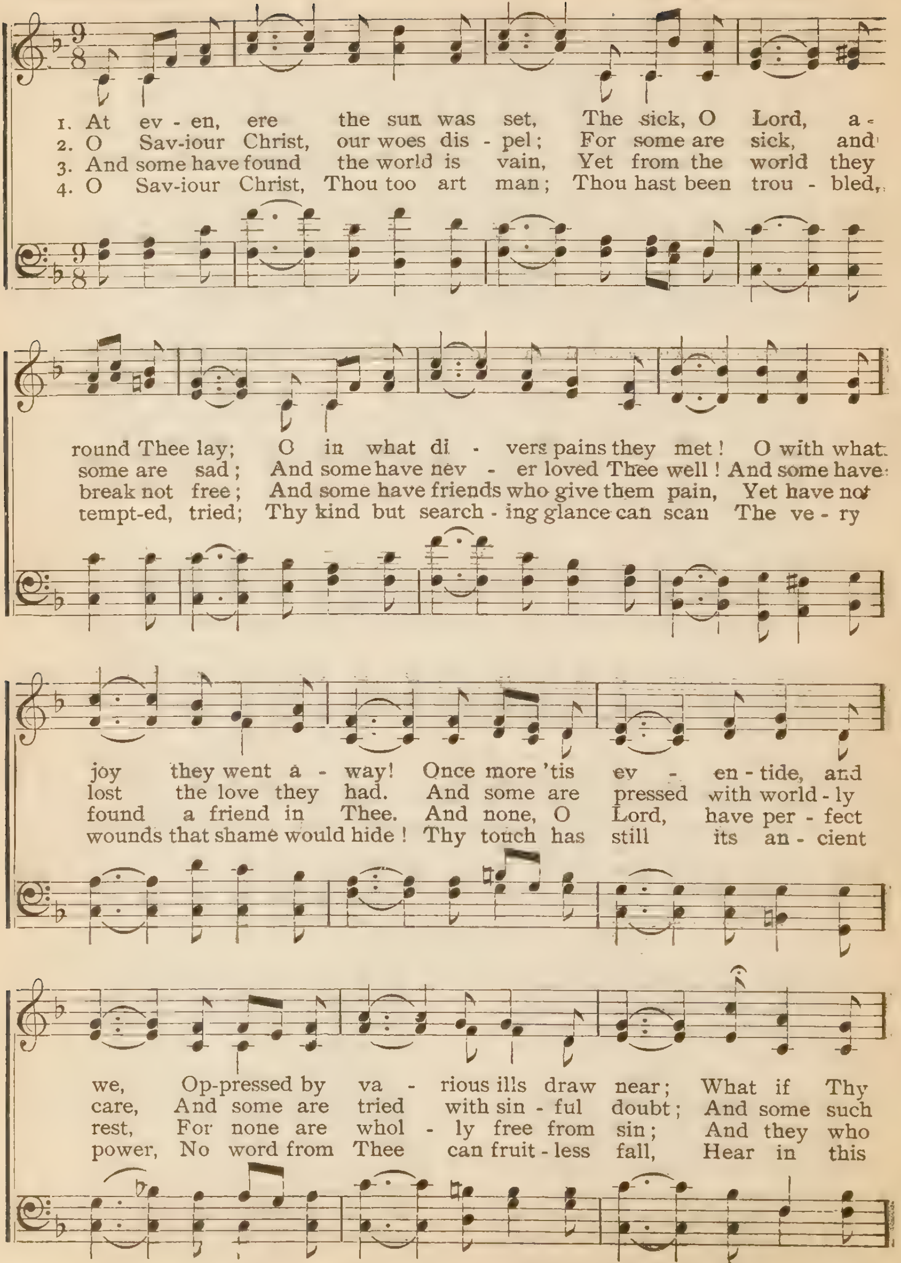
4 He healeth me, as when of yore,
Their sins and sicknesses He bore,
Nor has He lost His power and skill,
Our blessed Christ is living still.

5 He healeth me, O oft I sought
This healing power but found it not,
But now I trust with all my soul,
And now thro' faith He makes me whole.

MANIE PAYNE FERGUSON.

# 716 At Even.

HENRY TWELLS. MARGARET M. SIMPSON.


1. At ev - en, ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, a -
2. O Sav-iour Christ, our woes dis - pel; For some are sick, and
3. And some have found the world is vain, Yet from the world they
4. O Sav-iour Christ, Thou too art man; Thou hast been trou - bled,
round Thee lay; O in what di - vers pains they met! O with what
some are sad; And some have nev - er loved Thee well! And some have
break not free; And some have friends who give them pain, Yet have not
tempt-ed, tried; Thy kind but search - ing glance can scan The ve - ry
joy they went a - way! Once more 'tis ev - en - tide, and
lost the love they had. And some are pressed with world - ly
found a friend in Thee. And none, O Lord, have per - fect
wounds that shame would hide! Thy touch has still its an - cient
we, Op-pressed by va - rious ills draw near; What if Thy
care, And some are tried with sin - ful doubt; And some such
rest, For none are whol - ly free from sin; And they who
power, No word from Thee can fruit - less fall, Hear in this

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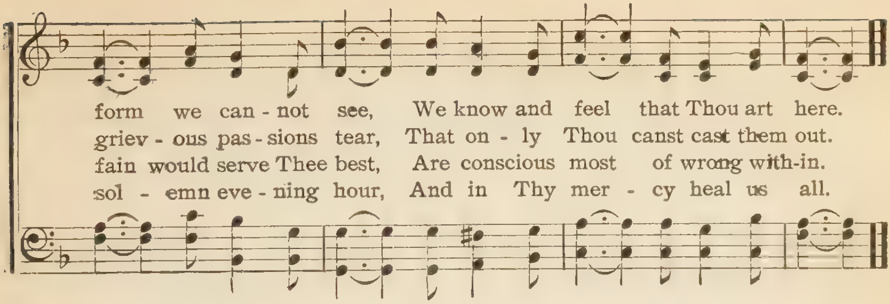
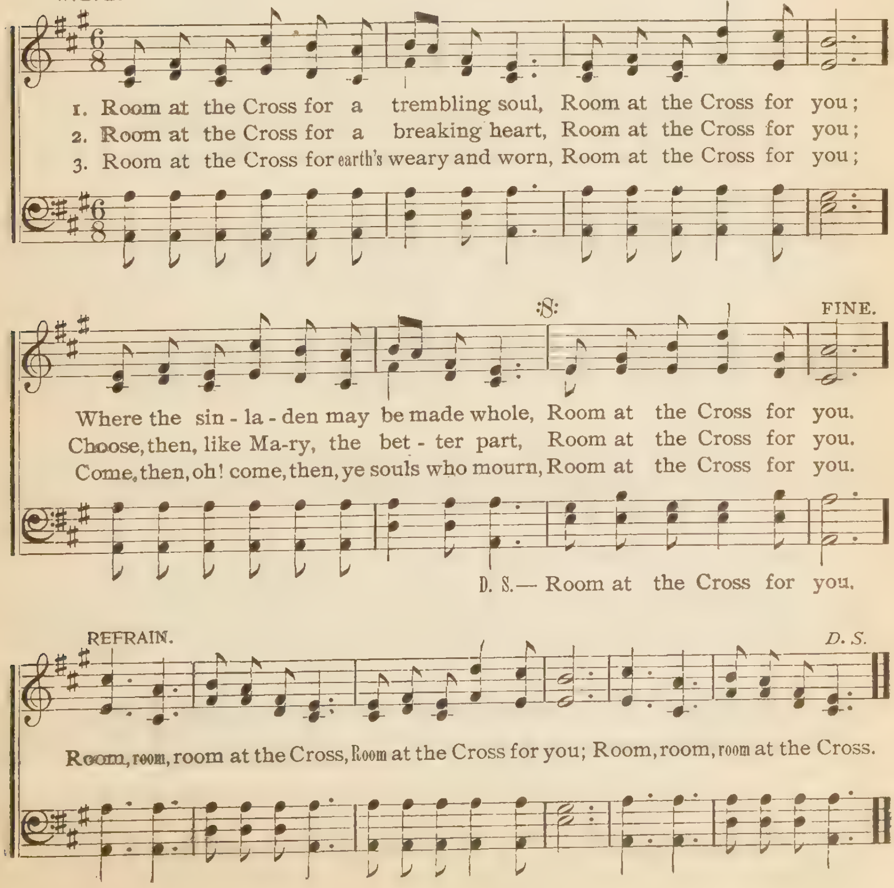
## At Even.—Concluded.


form we can - not see, We know and feel that Thou art here.
griev - ous pas - sions tear, That on - ly Thou canst cast them out.
fain would serve Thee best, Are conscious most of wrong with-in.
sol - emn eve - ning hour, And in Thy mer - cy heal us all.

## 717 Room at the Cross.

W. B. B.

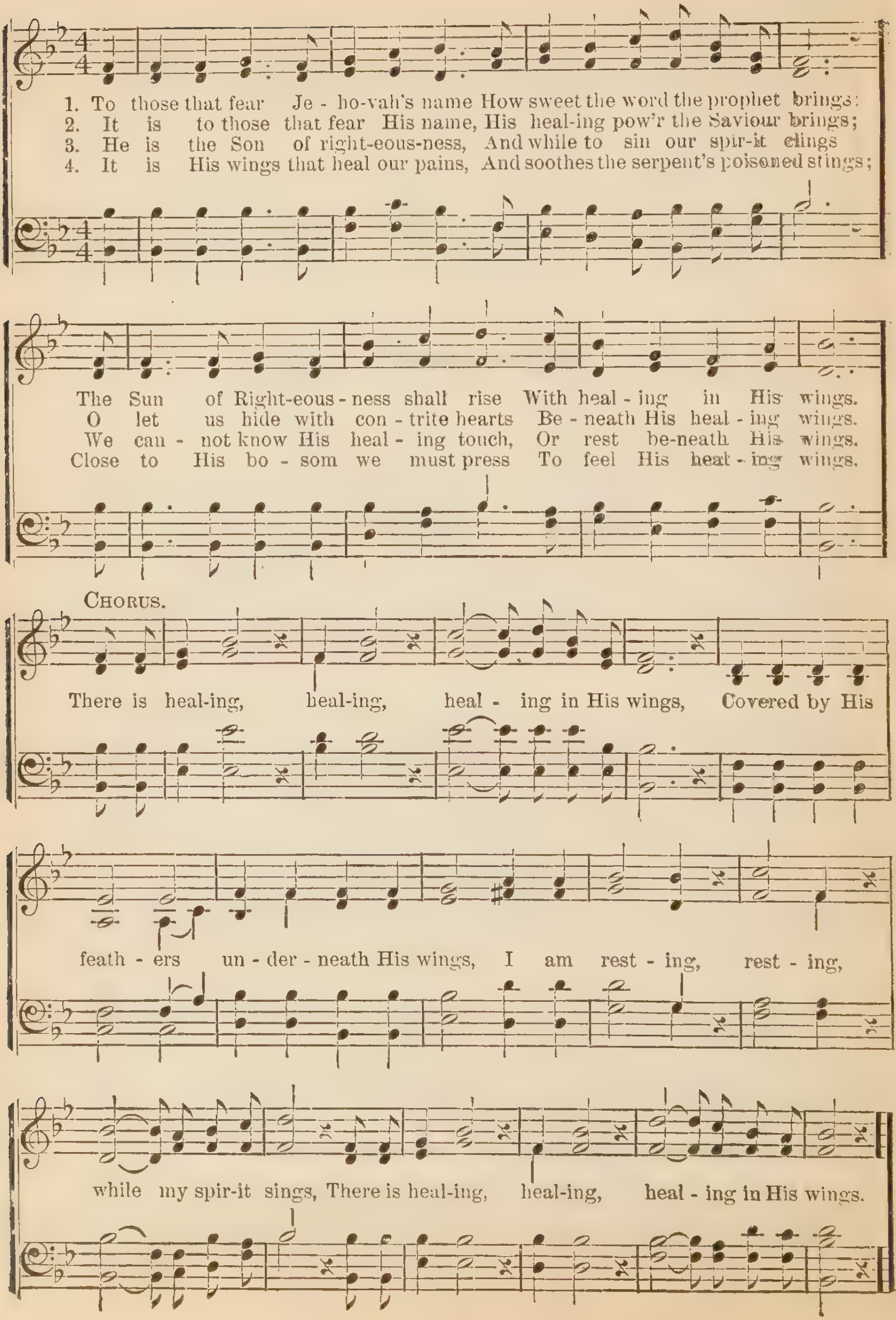
W. B. Blake.


1. Room at the Cross for a trembling soul, Room at the Cross for you;
2. Room at the Cross for a breaking heart, Room at the Cross for you;
3. Room at the Cross for earth's weary and worn, Room at the Cross for you;
Where the sin - la - den may be made whole, Room at the Cross for you.
Choose, then, like Ma-ry, the bet - ter part, Room at the Cross for you.
Come, then, oh! come, then, ye souls who mourn, Room at the Cross for you.
FINE.
D. S.— Room at the Cross for you.
REFRAIN.
D. S.
Room, room, room at the Cross, Room at the Cross for you; Room, room, room at the Cross.

# Healing in His Wings.

A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. To those that fear Je - ho-vah's name How sweet the word the prophet brings:
2. It is to those that fear His name, His heal-ing pow'r the Saviour brings;
3. He is the Son of right-eous-ness, And while to sin our spir-it clings
4. It is His wings that heal our pains, And soothes the serpent's poisoned stings;
The Sun of Right-eous - ness shall rise With heal - ing in His wings.
O let us hide with con - trite hearts Be - neath His heal - ing wings.
We can - not know His heal - ing touch, Or rest be-neath His wings.
Close to His bo - som we must press To feel His heal - ing wings.
Chorus.
There is heal-ing, heal-ing, heal - ing in His wings, Covered by His
feath - ers un - der - neath His wings, I am rest - ing, rest - ing,
while my spir-it sings, There is heal-ing, heal-ing, heal - ing in His wings.

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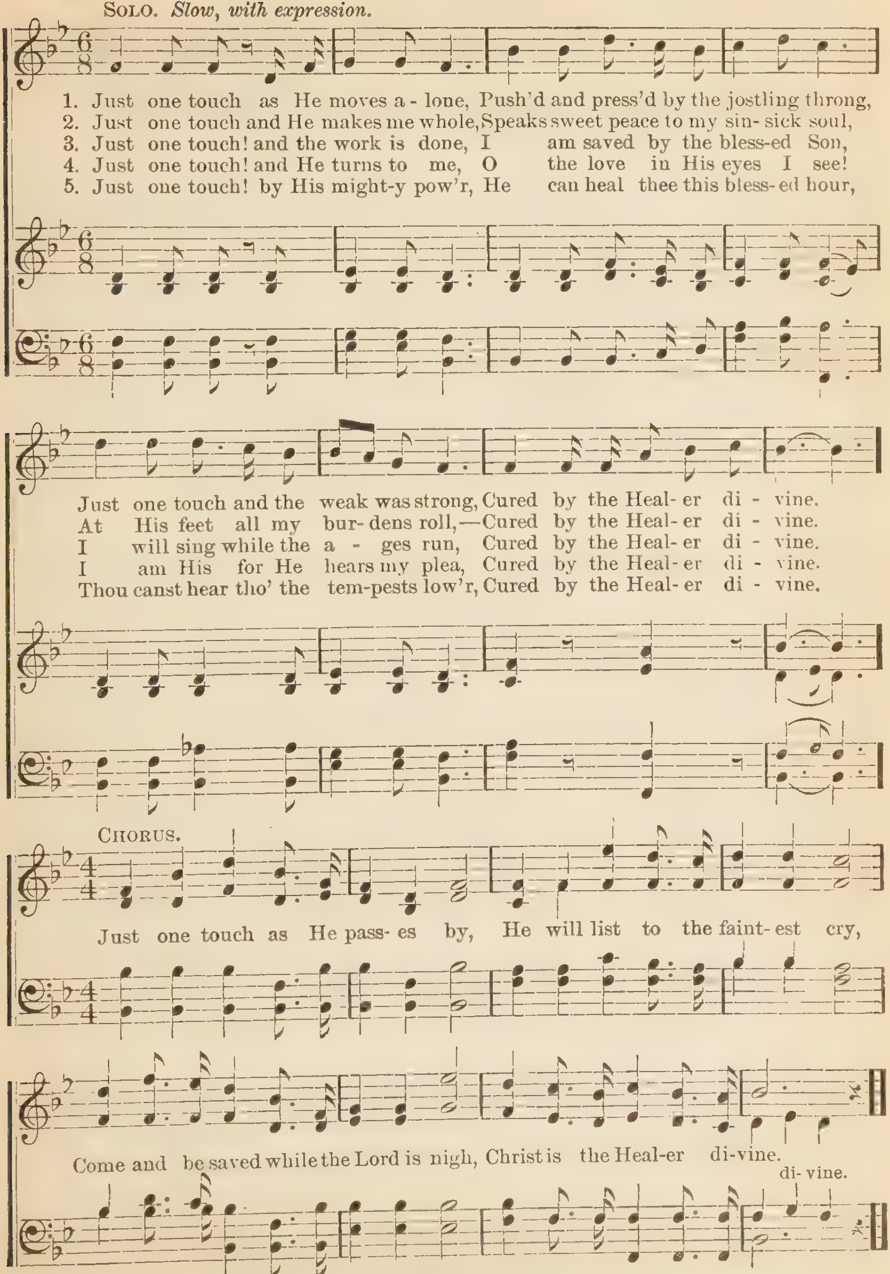
719

# Just One Touch.

Birdie Bell. J. Howard Entwistle.


Solo. Slow, with expression.
1. Just one touch as He moves a - lone, Push'd and press'd by the jostling throng,
2. Just one touch and He makes me whole, Speaks sweet peace to my sin- sick soul,
3. Just one touch! and the work is done, I am saved by the bless-ed Son,
4. Just one touch! and He turns to me, O the love in His eyes I see!
5. Just one touch! by His might-y pow'r, He can heal thee this bless- ed hour,
Just one touch and the weak was strong, Cured by the Heal- er di - vine.
At His feet all my bur- dens roll,—Cured by the Heal- er di - vine.
I will sing while the a - ges run, Cured by the Heal- er di - vine.
I am His for He hears my plea, Cured by the Heal- er di - vine.
Thou canst hear tho' the tem-pests low'r, Cured by the Heal- er di - vine.
Chorus.
Just one touch as He pass- es by, He will list to the faint- est cry,
Come and be saved while the Lord is nigh, Christ is the Heal-er di-vine.
di- vine.

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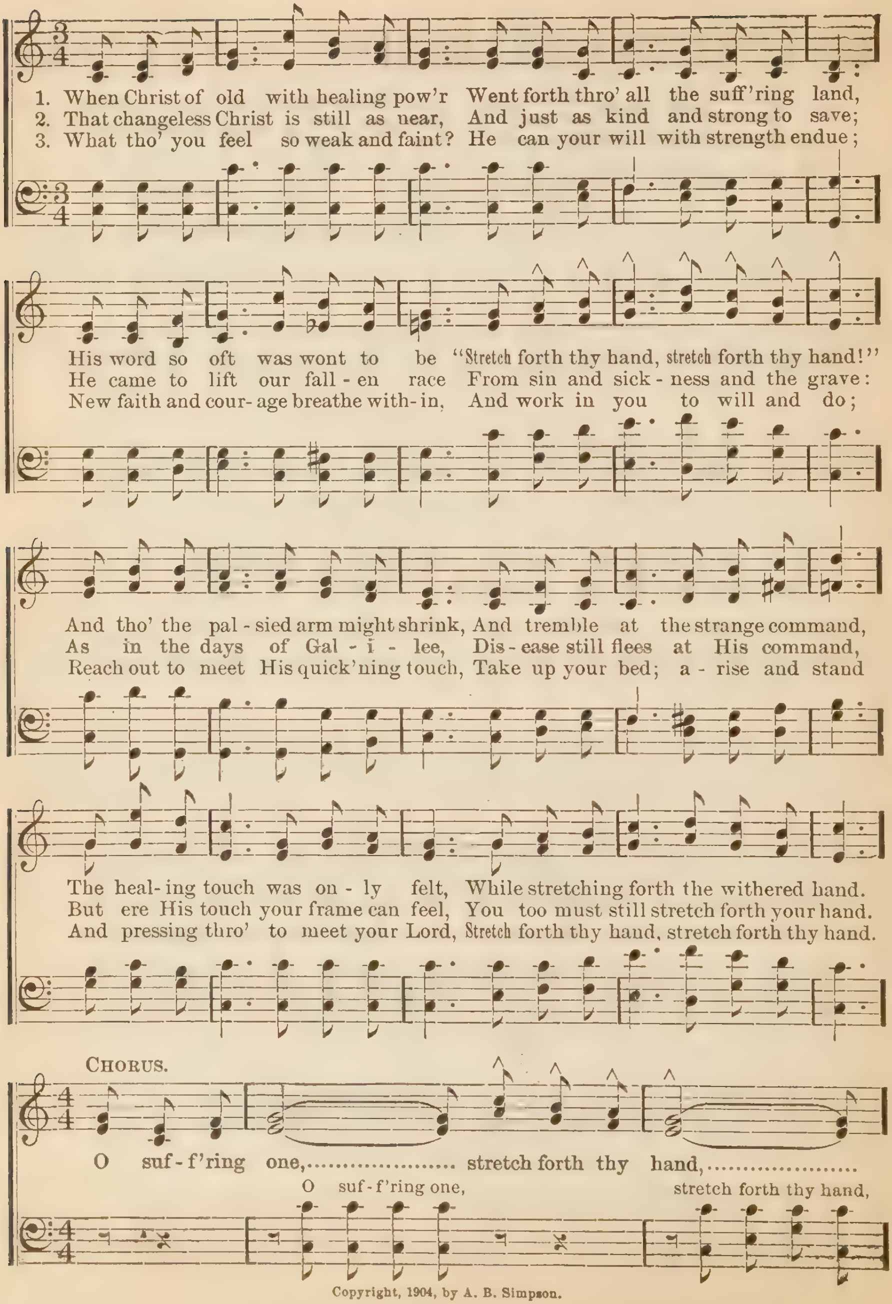
720

# Stretch Forth thy Hand.

A. B. S.

A. B. Simpson.


1. When Christ of old with healing pow'r Went forth thro' all the suff'ring land,
2. That changeless Christ is still as near, And just as kind and strong to save;
3. What tho' you feel so weak and faint? He can your will with strength endue;
His word so oft was wont to be "Stretch forth thy hand, stretch forth thy hand!"
He came to lift our fall-en race From sin and sick-ness and the grave:
New faith and cour-age breathe with-in, And work in you to will and do;
And tho' the pal-sied arm might shrink, And tremble at the strange command,
As in the days of Gal-i-lee, Dis-ease still flees at His command,
Reach out to meet His quick'ning touch, Take up your bed; a-rise and stand
The heal-ing touch was on-ly felt, While stretching forth the withered hand.
But ere His touch your frame can feel, You too must still stretch forth your hand.
And pressing thro' to meet your Lord, Stretch forth thy hand, stretch forth thy hand.
Chorus.
O suf-f'ring one,.................... stretch forth thy hand,....................
O suf-f'ring one, stretch forth thy hand,

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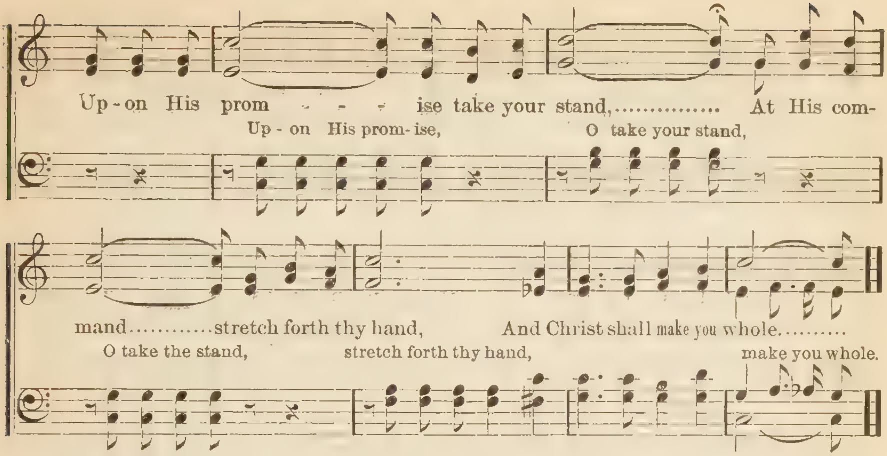
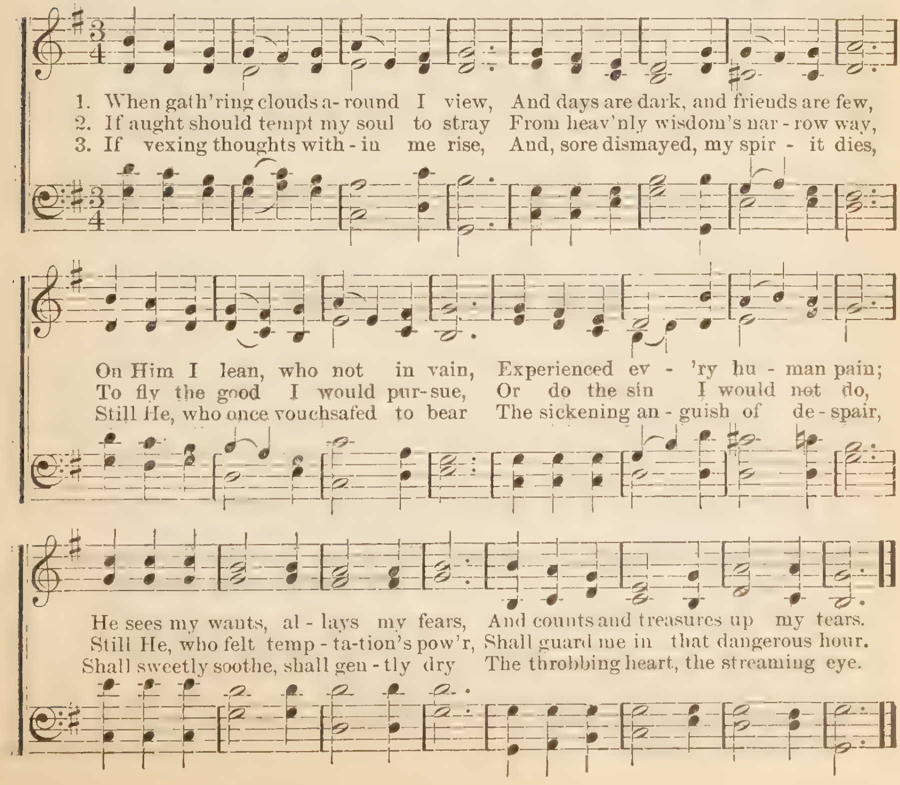
## Stretch Forth thy Hand.—Concluded.


Up-on His prom - - - ise take your stand,.............. At His com-
Up-on His prom-ise, O take your stand,
mand...........stretch forth thy hand, And Christ shall make you whole..........
O take the stand, stretch forth thy hand, make you whole.

## 721 When Gathering Clouds Around I View.

R. Grant. Arr. fr. F. Mendelssohn.

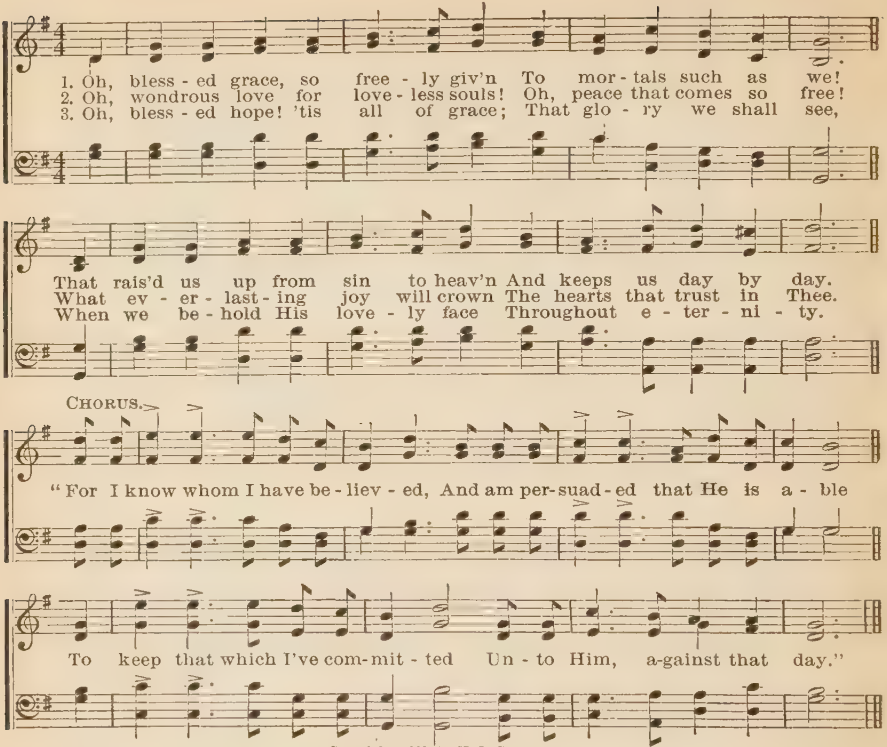

1. When gath'ring clouds a-round I view, And days are dark, and friends are few,
2. If aught should tempt my soul to stray From heav'nly wisdom's nar-row way,
3. If vexing thoughts with-in me rise, And, sore dismayed, my spir - it dies,
On Him I lean, who not in vain, Experienced ev - 'ry hu - man pain;
To fly the good I would pur-sue, Or do the sin I would not do,
Still He, who once vouchsafed to bear The sickening an-guish of de-spair,
He sees my wants, al - lays my fears, And counts and treasures up my tears.
Still He, who felt temp-ta-tion's pow'r, Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gen-tly dry The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

## 722

## Grace and Glory.

Harold L. Stephens.

May Agnew Stephens.


1. Oh, bless - ed grace, so free - ly giv'n To mor - tals such as we!
2. Oh, wondrous love for love - less souls! Oh, peace that comes so free!
3. Oh, bless - ed hope! 'tis all of grace; That glo - ry we shall see,
That rais'd us up from sin to heav'n And keeps us day by day.
What ev - er - last - ing joy will crown The hearts that trust in Thee.
When we be - hold His love - ly face Throughout e - ter - ni - ty.
Chorus.
" For I know whom I have be - liev - ed, And am per - suad - ed that He is a - ble
To keep that which I've com - mit - ted Un - to Him, a-gainst that day."

Copyright, 1903, by H. L. Stephens.

## 723

## How are thy Servants.

How are Thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know Thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to Thy will;
The sea, that roars at Thy command,
At Thy command is still.

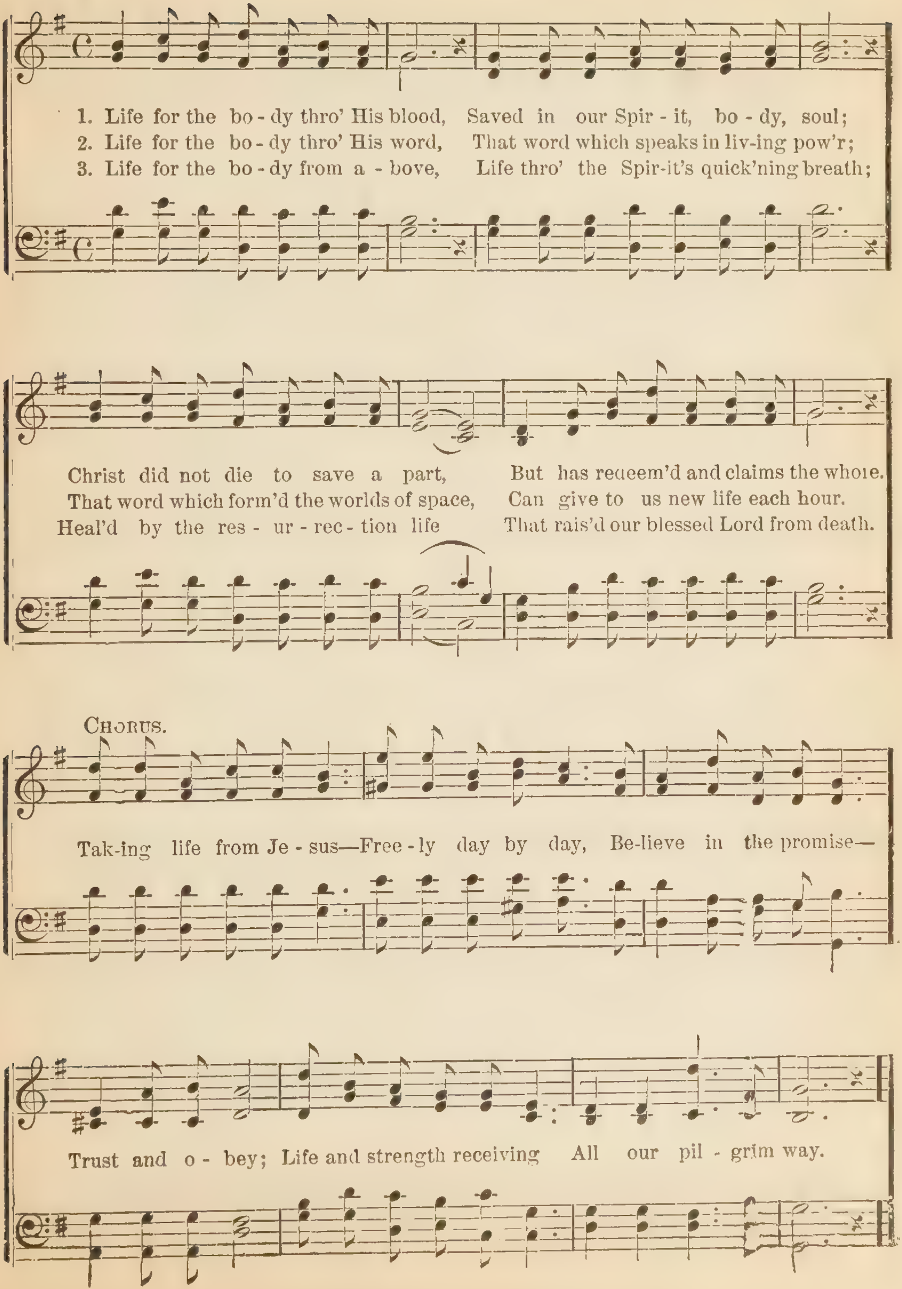
5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we adore;
We praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, whilst Thou preservest life,
A sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to Thee.

*Joseph Addison.*

# 724 Taking Life From Jesus.

L. S. LOUISE SHEPARD.


1. Life for the bo-dy thro' His blood, Saved in our Spir-it, bo-dy, soul;
2. Life for the bo-dy thro' His word, That word which speaks in liv-ing pow'r;
3. Life for the bo-dy from a-bove, Life thro' the Spir-it's quick'ning breath;
Christ did not die to save a part, But has redeem'd and claims the whole.
That word which form'd the worlds of space, Can give to us new life each hour.
Heal'd by the res-ur-rec-tion life That rais'd our blessed Lord from death.
CHORUS.
Tak-ing life from Je-sus—Free-ly day by day, Be-lieve in the promise—
Trust and o-bey; Life and strength receiving All our pil-grim way.

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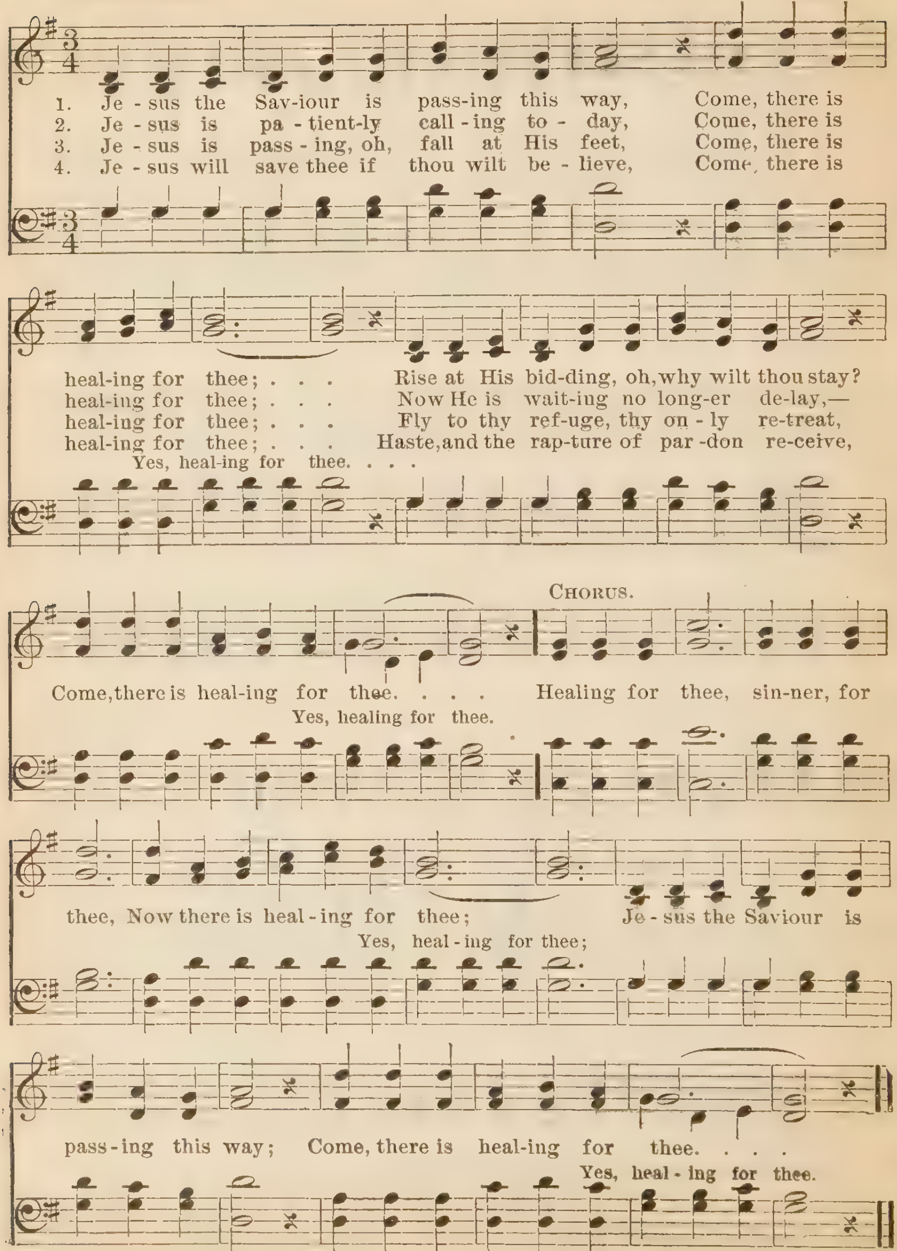
# Healing for Thee.

FRANK GOULD. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Je - sus the Sav-iour is pass-ing this way, Come, there is
2. Je - sus is pa - tient-ly call - ing to - day, Come, there is
3. Je - sus is pass - ing, oh, fall at His feet, Come, there is
4. Je - sus will save thee if thou wilt be - lieve, Come, there is
heal-ing for thee; . . . Rise at His bid-ding, oh, why wilt thou stay?
heal-ing for thee; . . . Now He is wait-ing no long-er de-lay,—
heal-ing for thee; . . . Fly to thy ref-uge, thy on - ly re-treat,
heal-ing for thee; . . . Haste, and the rap-ture of par - don re-ceive,
Yes, heal-ing for thee. . . .
Come, there is heal-ing for thee. . . .
Yes, healing for thee.
CHORUS.
Healing for thee, sin-ner, for thee, Now there is heal - ing for thee;
Yes, heal - ing for thee;
Je - sus the Saviour is pass-ing this way; Come, there is heal-ing for thee. . . .
Yes, heal - ing for thee.

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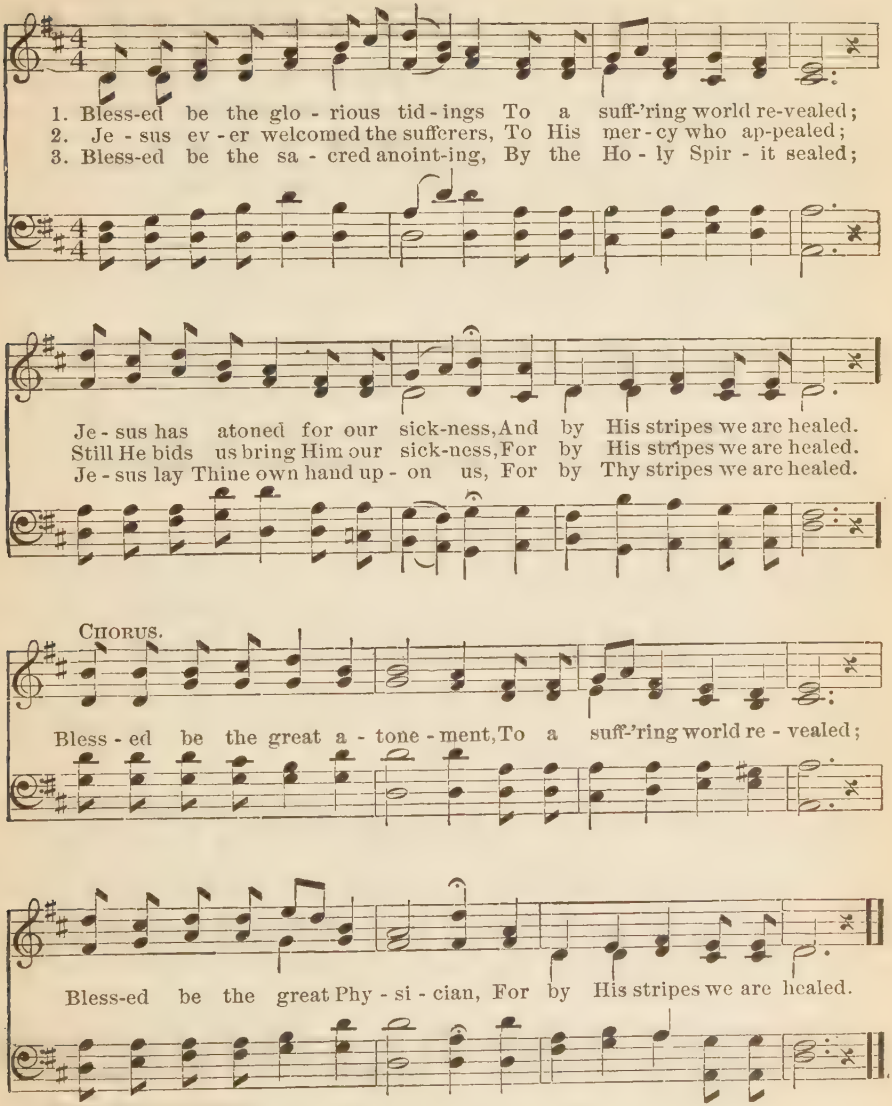
# Blessed Be the Great Atonement.

A. B. S. A. B. SIMPSON.


1. Bless-ed be the glo - rious tid - ings To a suff-'ring world re-vealed;
2. Je - sus ev - er welcomed the sufferers, To His mer - cy who ap-pealed;
3. Bless-ed be the sa - cred anoint-ing, By the Ho - ly Spir - it sealed;
Je - sus has atoned for our sick-ness, And by His stripes we are healed.
Still He bids us bring Him our sick-ness, For by His stripes we are healed.
Je - sus lay Thine own hand up - on us, For by Thy stripes we are healed.
CHORUS.
Bless - ed be the great a - tone - ment, To a suff-'ring world re - vealed;
Bless-ed be the great Phy - si - cian, For by His stripes we are healed.

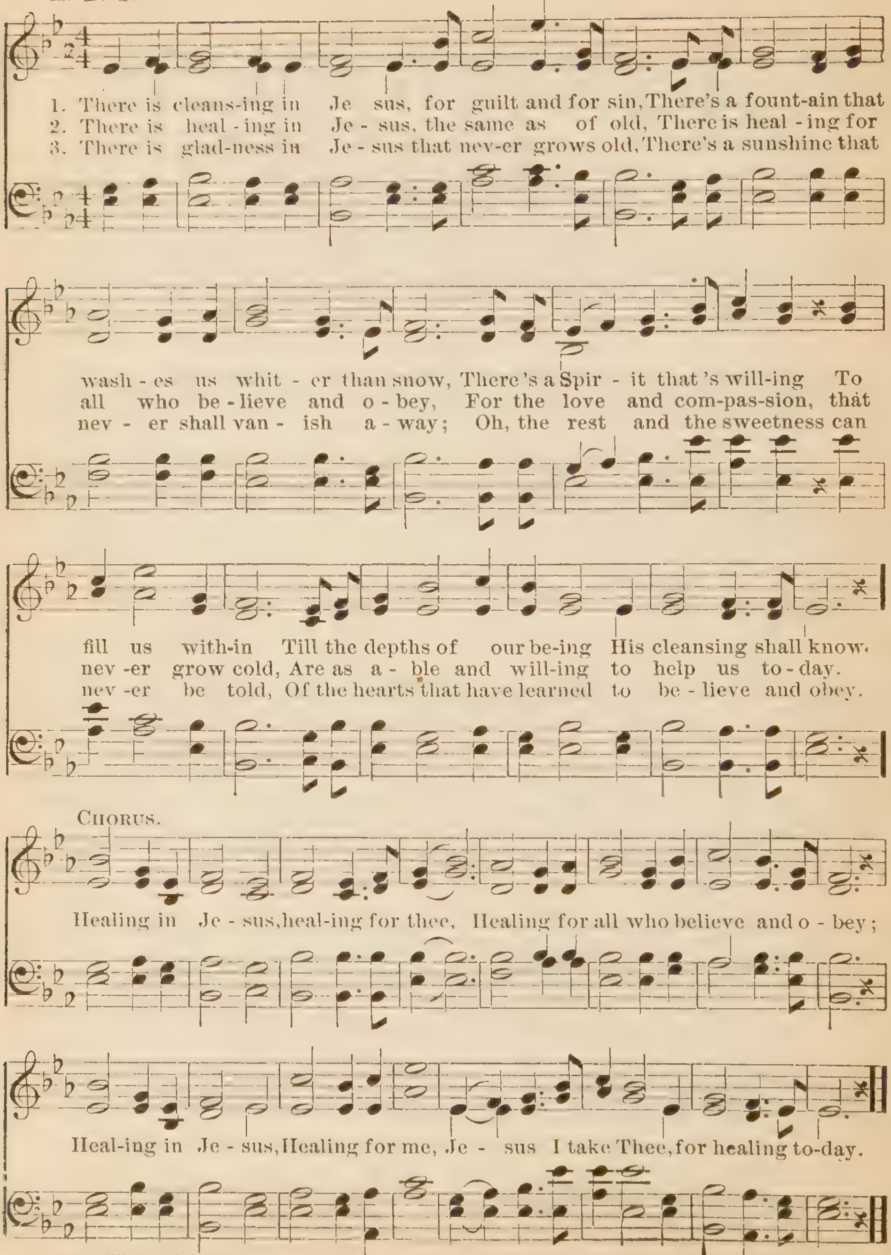
Copyright, 1891, by A. B. Simpson.

4 Saviour, mid the arrows of Satan,
Be our refuge and our shield;
Safely shall we walk through all danger,
For by Thy stripes we are healed.

5 Jesus to Thy glory forever,
All our members we would yield;
Never let us cease to remember,
That by Thy stripes we are healed.

# Healing in Jesus.

A. B. S. A. B. SIMPSON.


1. There is cleans-ing in Je sus, for guilt and for sin, There's a fount-ain that
2. There is heal - ing in Je - sus, the same as of old, There is heal - ing for
3. There is glad-ness in Je - sus that nev-er grows old, There's a sunshine that
wash - es us whit - er than snow, There's a Spir - it that's will-ing To
all who be - lieve and o - bey, For the love and com-pas-sion, that
nev - er shall van - ish a - way; Oh, the rest and the sweetness can
fill us with-in Till the depths of our be-ing His cleansing shall know.
nev - er grow cold, Are as a - ble and will-ing to help us to - day.
nev - er be told, Of the hearts that have learned to be - lieve and obey.
CHORUS.
Healing in Je - sus, heal-ing for thee, Healing for all who believe and o - bey;
Heal-ing in Je - sus, Healing for me, Je - sus I take Thee, for healing to-day.

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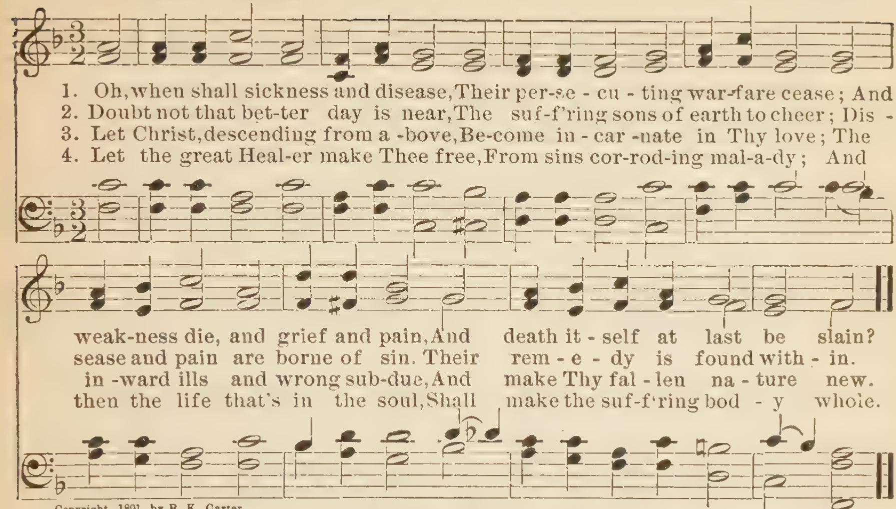
## 728 Healing. L. M.

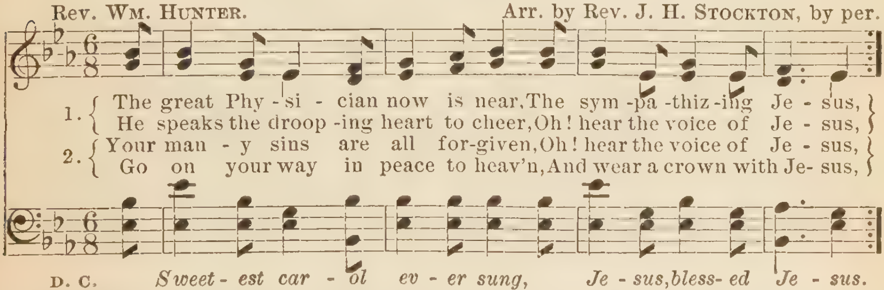
Prof. Thomas C. Upham. R. Kelso Carter.

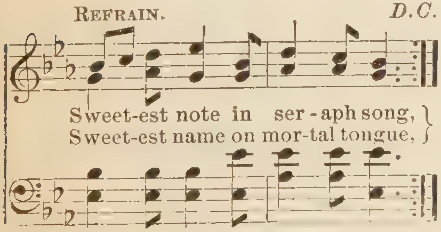

1. Oh, when shall sickness and disease, Their per-se - cu - ting war-fare cease; And weak-ness die, and grief and pain, And death it - self at last be slain?
2. Doubt not that bet-ter day is near, The suf-f'ring sons of earth to cheer; Dis - sease and pain are borne of sin. Their rem - e - dy is found with - in.
3. Let Christ, descending from a - bove, Be-come in - car - nate in Thy love; The in - ward ills and wrong sub-due, And make Thy fal - len na - ture new.
4. Let the great Heal-er make Thee free, From sins cor-rod-ing mal-a-dy; And then the life that's in the soul, Shall make the suf-f'ring bod - y whole.

Copyright, 1891, by R. K. Carter.

## 729 The Great Physician.

Rev. Wm. Hunter. Arr. by Rev. J. H. Stockton, by per.


1. { The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus, }
{ He speaks the droop - ing heart to cheer, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus, }
2. { Your man - y sins are all for-given, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus, }
{ Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus, }
D. C. Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.


Refrain.
D.C.
Sweet-est note in ser - aph song, }
Sweet-est name on mor-tal tongue, }

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus:
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

## 730 Faith.

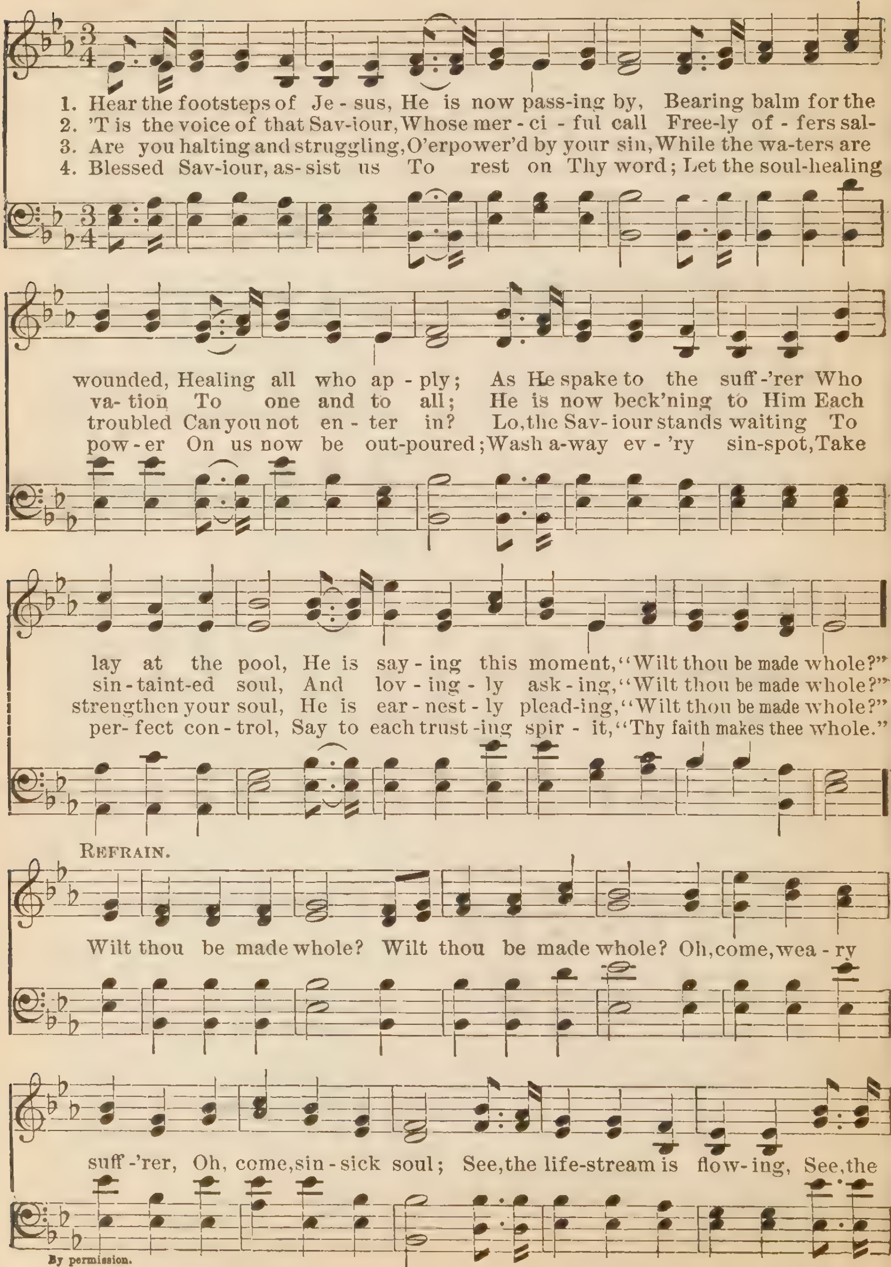
By faith in Christ I walk with God,
With heaven, my journey's end, in view;
Supported by His staff and rod,
My road is safe and pleasant too.

2 The wilderness affords no food,
But God for my support prepares,
Provides me every needful good,
And frees my soul from wants and cares.

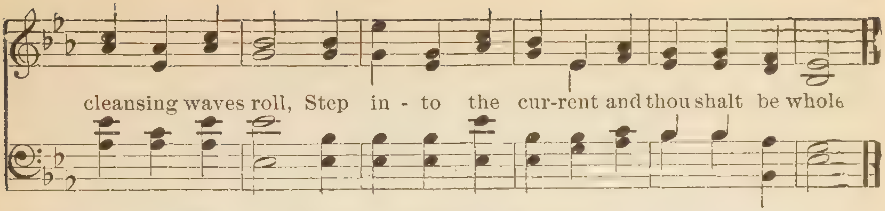
3 With Him sweet converse I maintain:
Great as He is, I dare be free;
I tell Him all my grief and pain,
And He reveals His love to me.

# Wilt Thou be Made Whole?

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Hear the footsteps of Je - sus, He is now pass-ing by, Bearing balm for the
2. 'T is the voice of that Sav-iour, Whose mer - ci - ful call Free-ly of - fers sal-
3. Are you halting and struggling, O'erpower'd by your sin, While the wa-ters are
4. Blessed Sav-iour, as- sist us To rest on Thy word; Let the soul-healing
wounded, Healing all who ap - ply; As He spake to the suff -'rer Who
va- tion To one and to all; He is now beck'ning to Him Each
troubled Can you not en - ter in? Lo, the Sav- iour stands waiting To
pow - er On us now be out-poured; Wash a-way ev - 'ry sin-spot, Take
lay at the pool, He is say - ing this moment, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
sin - taint-ed soul, And lov - ing - ly ask - ing, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
strengthen your soul, He is ear - nest - ly plead-ing, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
per- fect con - trol, Say to each trust -ing spir - it, "Thy faith makes thee whole."
Refrain.
Wilt thou be made whole? Wilt thou be made whole? Oh, come, wea - ry
suff -'rer, Oh, come, sin - sick soul; See, the life-stream is flow- ing, See, the

By permission.

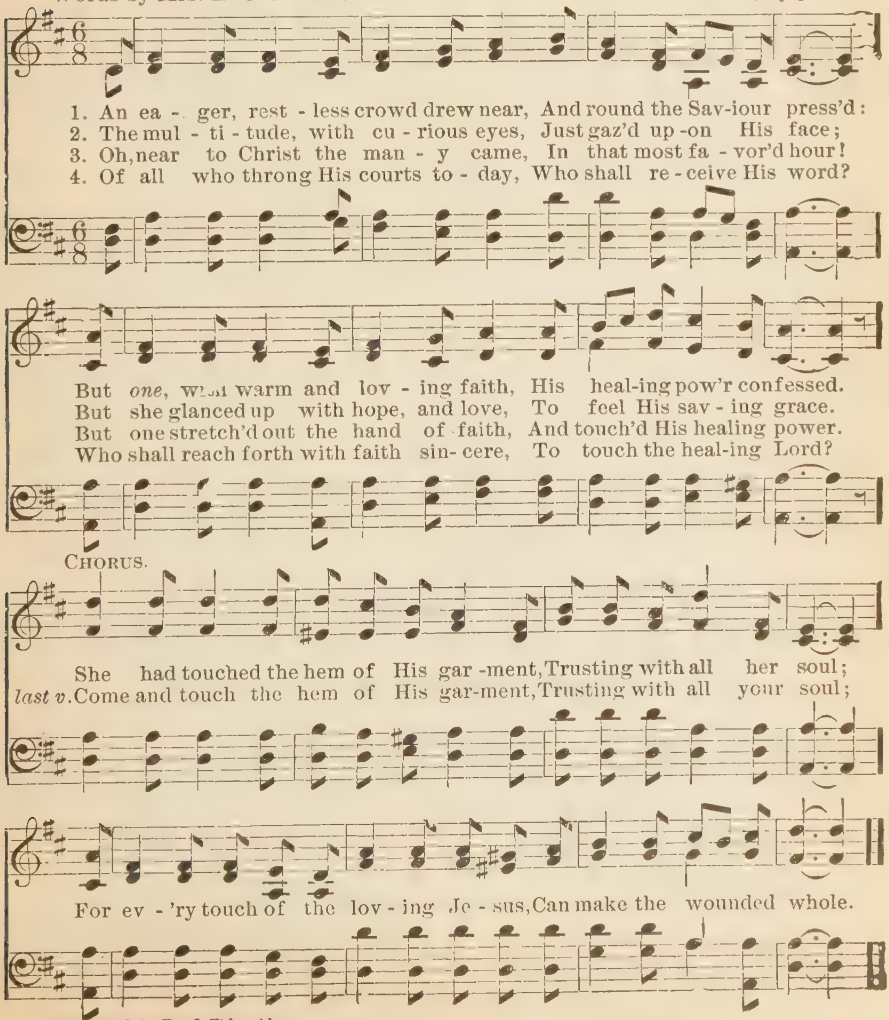

cleansing waves roll, Step in - to the cur-rent and thou shalt be whole

## 732

# The Healing Touch.

"*When she heard of Jesus, came in the press behind, and touched his garment.*" Mark v: 27.

Words by Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.


1. An ea - ger, rest - less crowd drew near, And round the Sav-iour press'd:
2. The mul - ti - tude, with cu - rious eyes, Just gaz'd up -on His face;
3. Oh, near to Christ the man - y came, In that most fa - vor'd hour!
4. Of all who throng His courts to - day, Who shall re - ceive His word?
But *one*, with warm and lov - ing faith, His heal-ing pow'r confessed.
But she glanced up with hope, and love, To feel His sav - ing grace.
But one stretch'd out the hand of faith, And touch'd His healing power.
Who shall reach forth with faith sin- cere, To touch the heal-ing Lord?
CHORUS.
She had touched the hem of His gar -ment, Trusting with all her soul;
*last v.* Come and touch the hem of His gar-ment, Trusting with all your soul;
For ev - 'ry touch of the lov - ing Je - sus, Can make the wounded whole.

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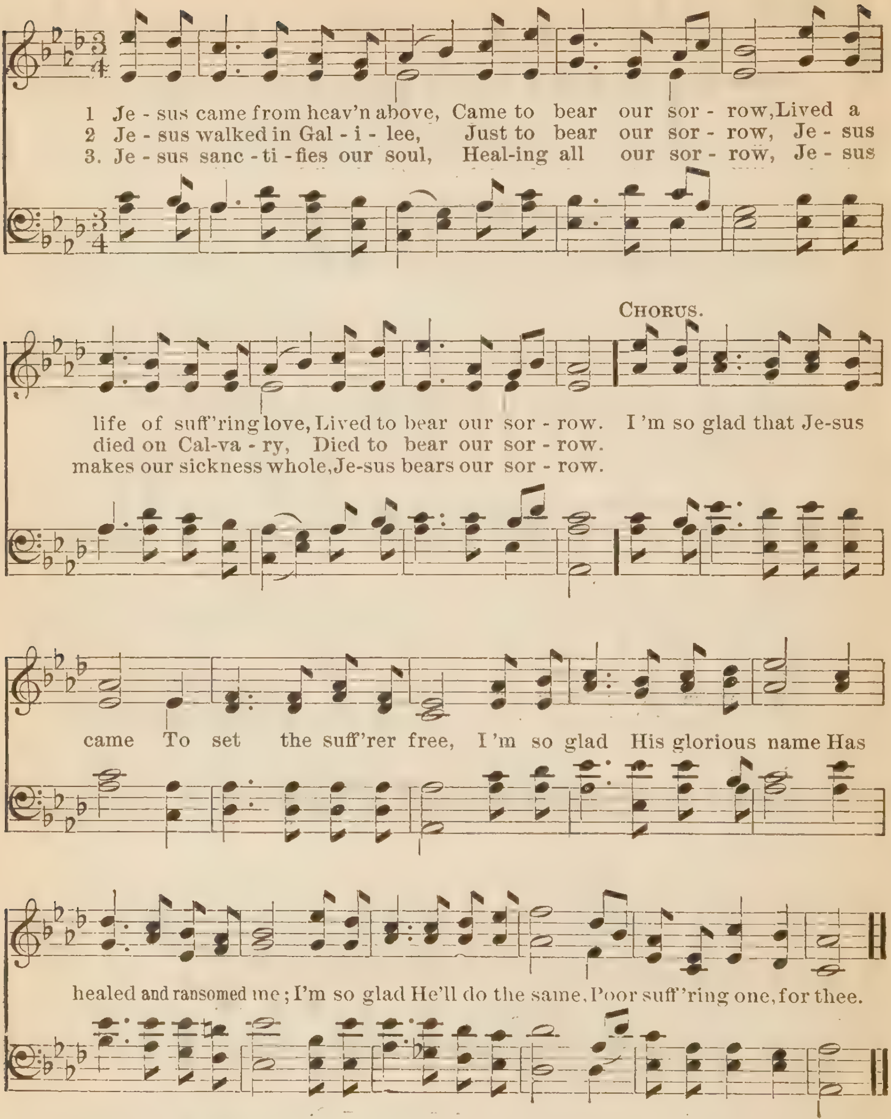
733

# He Bore Our Sorrows.

A. B S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1 Je - sus came from heav'n above, Came to bear our sor - row, Lived a
2 Je - sus walked in Gal - i - lee, Just to bear our sor - row, Je - sus
3. Je - sus sanc - ti - fies our soul, Heal-ing all our sor - row, Je - sus
Chorus.
life of suff'ring love, Lived to bear our sor - row. I 'm so glad that Je-sus
died on Cal-va - ry, Died to bear our sor - row.
makes our sickness whole, Je-sus bears our sor - row.
came To set the suff'rer free, I 'm so glad His glorious name Has
healed and ransomed me; I'm so glad He'll do the same, Poor suff'ring one, for thee.

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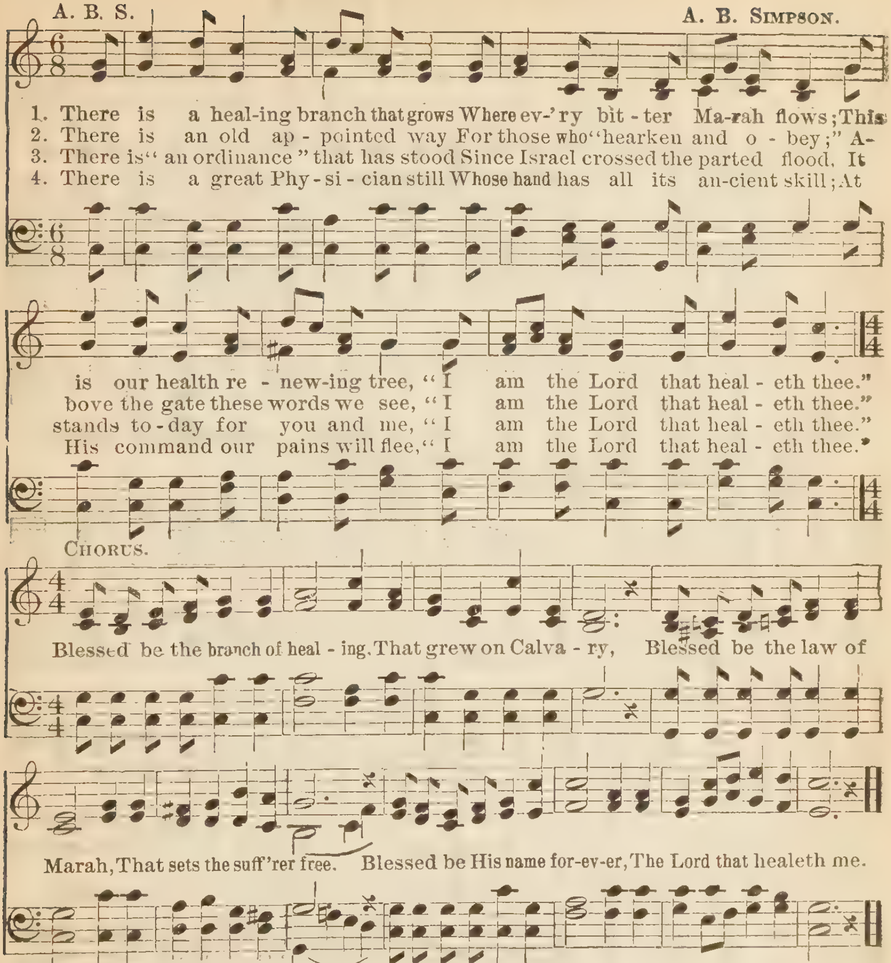
4 Jesus weeps with all our woes,
Jesus feels our sorrow,
Jesus meets for us our foes,
Jesus bears our sorrow.

5 Jesus soon will come again,
Come to end our sorrow;
Then we'll sing in louder strain,
Jesus bore our sorrow

# 734 The Branch of Healing.

A. B. S.

A. B. Simpson.


1. There is a heal-ing branch that grows Where ev-'ry bit - ter Ma-rah flows; This is our health re - new-ing tree, "I am the Lord that heal - eth thee."
2. There is an old ap - pointed way For those who "hearken and o - bey;" A-bove the gate these words we see, "I am the Lord that heal - eth thee."
3. There is "an ordinance" that has stood Since Israel crossed the parted flood. It stands to-day for you and me, "I am the Lord that heal - eth thee."
4. There is a great Phy - si - cian still Whose hand has all its an-cient skill; At His command our pains will flee, "I am the Lord that heal - eth thee."
Chorus.
Blessed be the branch of heal - ing, That grew on Calva - ry, Blessed be the law of Marah, That sets the suff'rer free. Blessed be His name for-ev-er, The Lord that healeth me.

Copyright, 1891, by A. B. Simpson.

# 735 God Moves in a Mysterious Way.

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform:
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take!
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

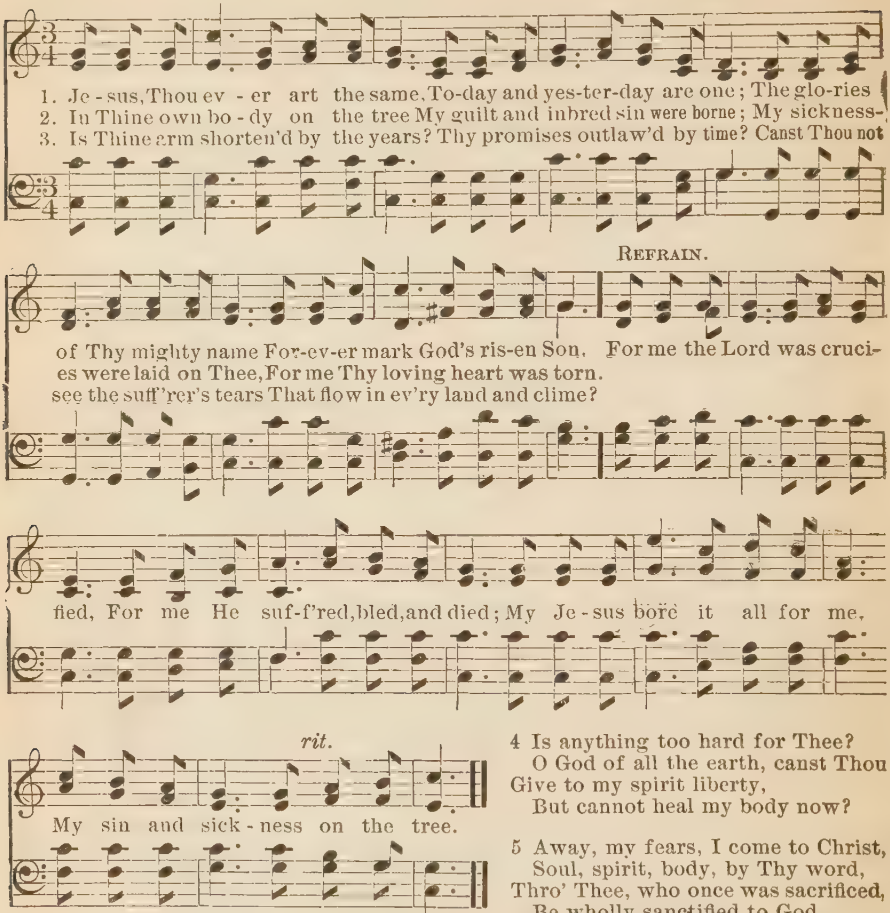
6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

*William Cowper.*

# The Unchanged Healer.

*"Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses."* Matt. viii: 17.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.


1. Je - sus, Thou ev - er art the same, To-day and yes-ter-day are one; The glo-ries of Thy mighty name For-ev-er mark God's ris-en Son.
2. In Thine own bo - dy on the tree My guilt and inbred sin were borne; My sickness-es were laid on Thee, For me Thy loving heart was torn.
3. Is Thine arm shorten'd by the years? Thy promises outlaw'd by time? Canst Thou not see the suff'rer's tears That flow in ev'ry land and clime?
Refrain.
For me the Lord was cruci-fied, For me He suf-f'red, bled, and died; My Je - sus bore it all for me, My sin and sick - ness on the tree.
rit.

4 Is anything too hard for Thee?
O God of all the earth, canst Thou
Give to my spirit liberty,
But cannot heal my body now?

5 Away, my fears, I come to Christ,
Soul, spirit, body, by Thy word,
Thro' Thee, who once was sacrificed,
Be wholly sanctified to God,

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## 737 Christ the Healer.

*Tune above.*

1 Tho' eighteen hundred years are past,
Since Thou didst in the flesh appear,
Thy tender mercies ever last,
And still Thy healing power is here.

2 O Christ, Thou art the Saviour still,
In every place and age the same,
Thou never hast forgot Thy skill,
Or lost the virtue of Thy name.

3 Faith in Thy changeless name I have,
My good and kind Physician Thou,
From all disease Thy hand can save,
To perfect health restore me now.

4 All my disease, my every sin,
To Thee, O Jesus, I confess;
Pardon my faults, my cure begin,
And perfect me in holiness.

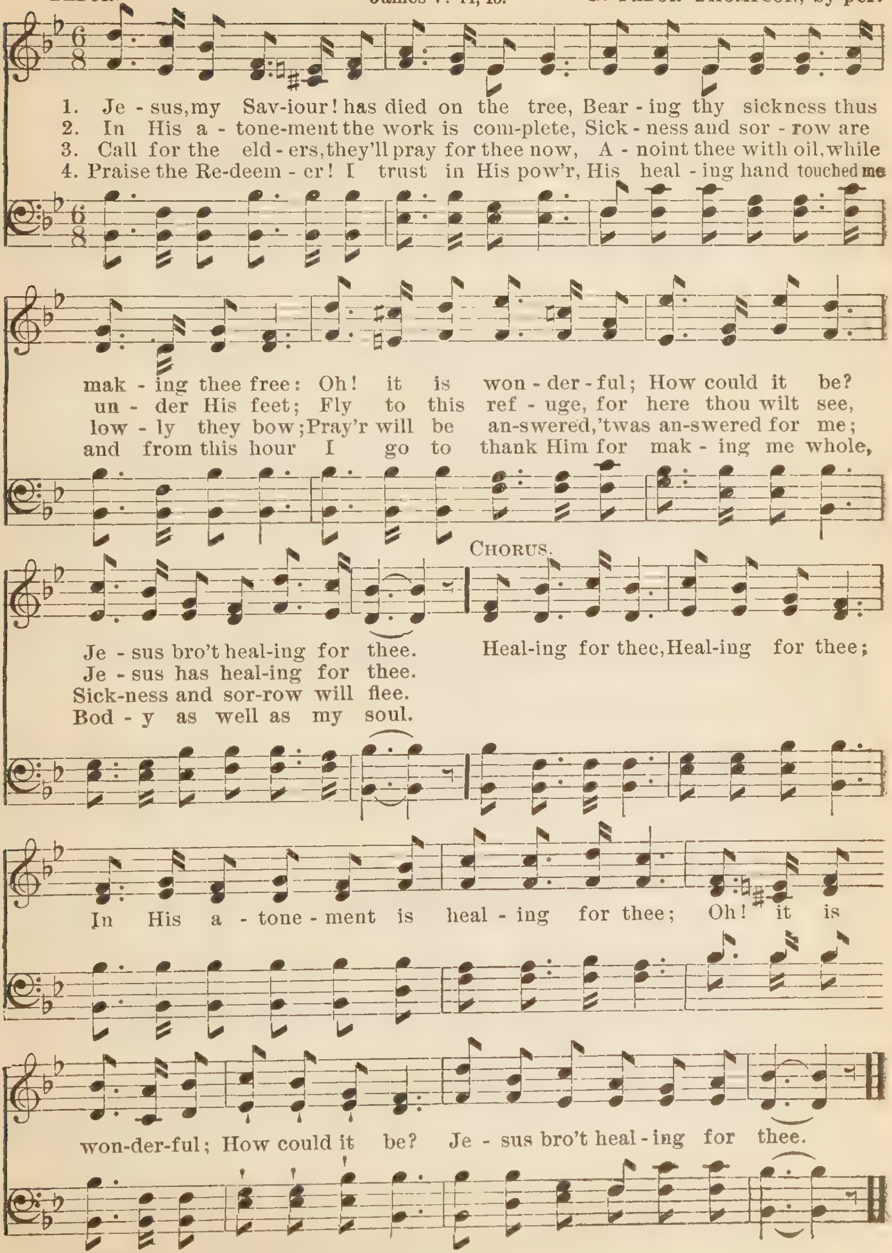
5 Be it according to Thy Word,
Accomplish now the work in me,
And so shall I, with health restored,
Devote my every power to Thee.

Manie Payne Ferguson.

From "Songs of Perfect Love," by per. John J. Hood.

# Jesus Thy Healer.

TABOR. James v: 14, 15. G. TABOR THOMPSON, by per.


1. Je - sus, my Sav-iour! has died on the tree, Bear - ing thy sickness thus
2. In His a - tone-ment the work is com-plete, Sick - ness and sor - row are
3. Call for the eld - ers, they'll pray for thee now, A - noint thee with oil, while
4. Praise the Re-deem - er! I trust in His pow'r, His heal - ing hand touched me
mak - ing thee free: Oh! it is won - der - ful; How could it be?
un - der His feet; Fly to this ref - uge, for here thou wilt see,
low - ly they bow; Pray'r will be an-swered, 'twas an-swered for me;
and from this hour I go to thank Him for mak - ing me whole,
Je - sus bro't heal-ing for thee.
Je - sus has heal-ing for thee.
Sick-ness and sor-row will flee.
Bod - y as well as my soul.
CHORUS.
Heal-ing for thee, Heal-ing for thee;
In His a - tone - ment is heal - ing for thee; Oh! it is
won-der-ful; How could it be? Je - sus bro't heal - ing for thee.

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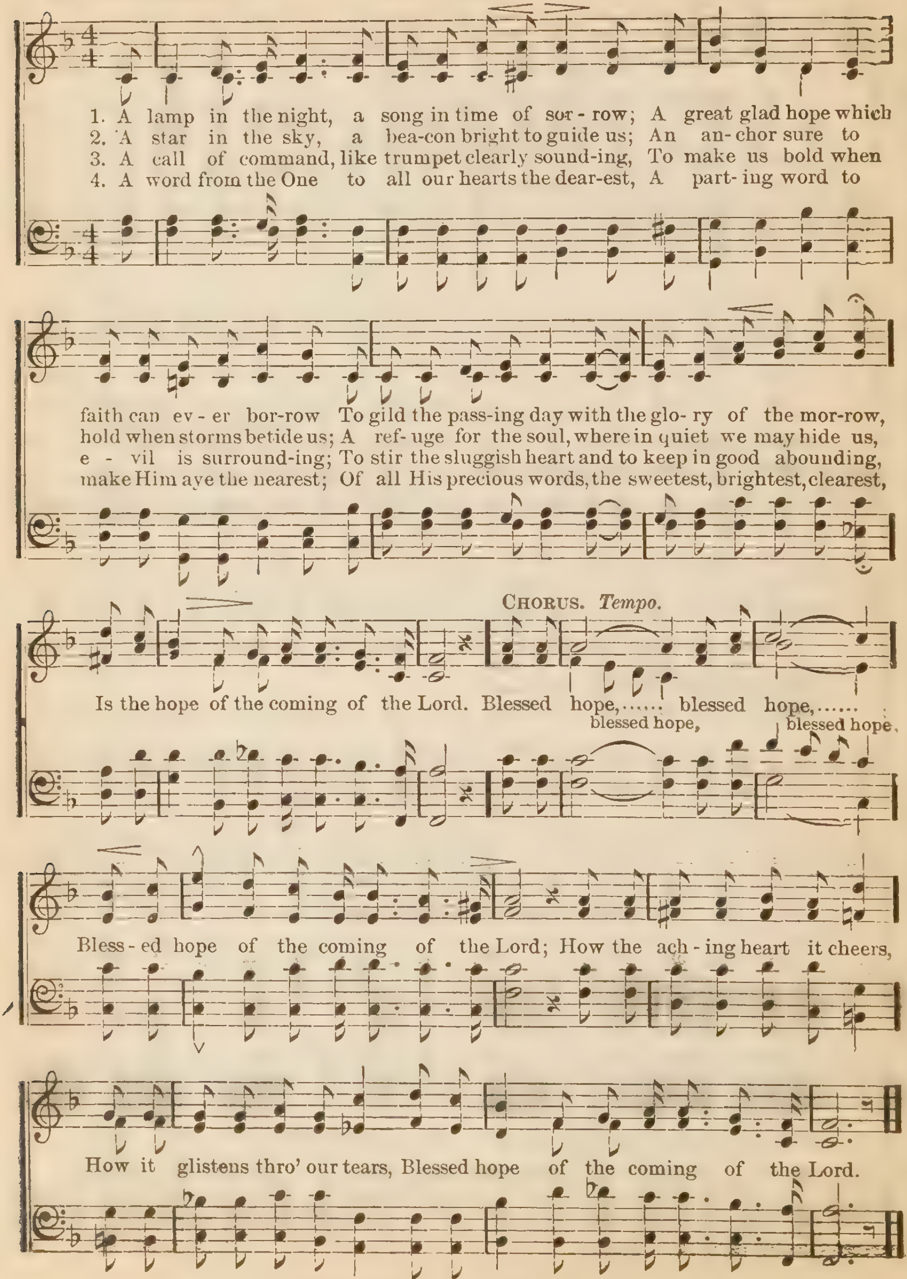
# 739 The Hope of the Coming of the Lord.

Maj. D. W. Whittle. | May Whittle Moody.


1. A lamp in the night, a song in time of sor-row; A great glad hope which
2. A star in the sky, a bea-con bright to guide us; An an-chor sure to
3. A call of command, like trumpet clearly sound-ing, To make us bold when
4. A word from the One to all our hearts the dear-est, A part-ing word to
faith can ev-er bor-row To gild the pass-ing day with the glo-ry of the mor-row,
hold when storms betide us; A ref-uge for the soul, where in quiet we may hide us,
e - vil is surround-ing; To stir the sluggish heart and to keep in good abounding,
make Him aye the nearest; Of all His precious words, the sweetest, brightest, clearest,
Is the hope of the coming of the Lord.
CHORUS. Tempo.
Blessed hope,...... blessed hope,......
blessed hope, blessed hope,
Bless-ed hope of the coming of the Lord; How the ach-ing heart it cheers,
How it glistens thro' our tears, Blessed hope of the coming of the Lord.

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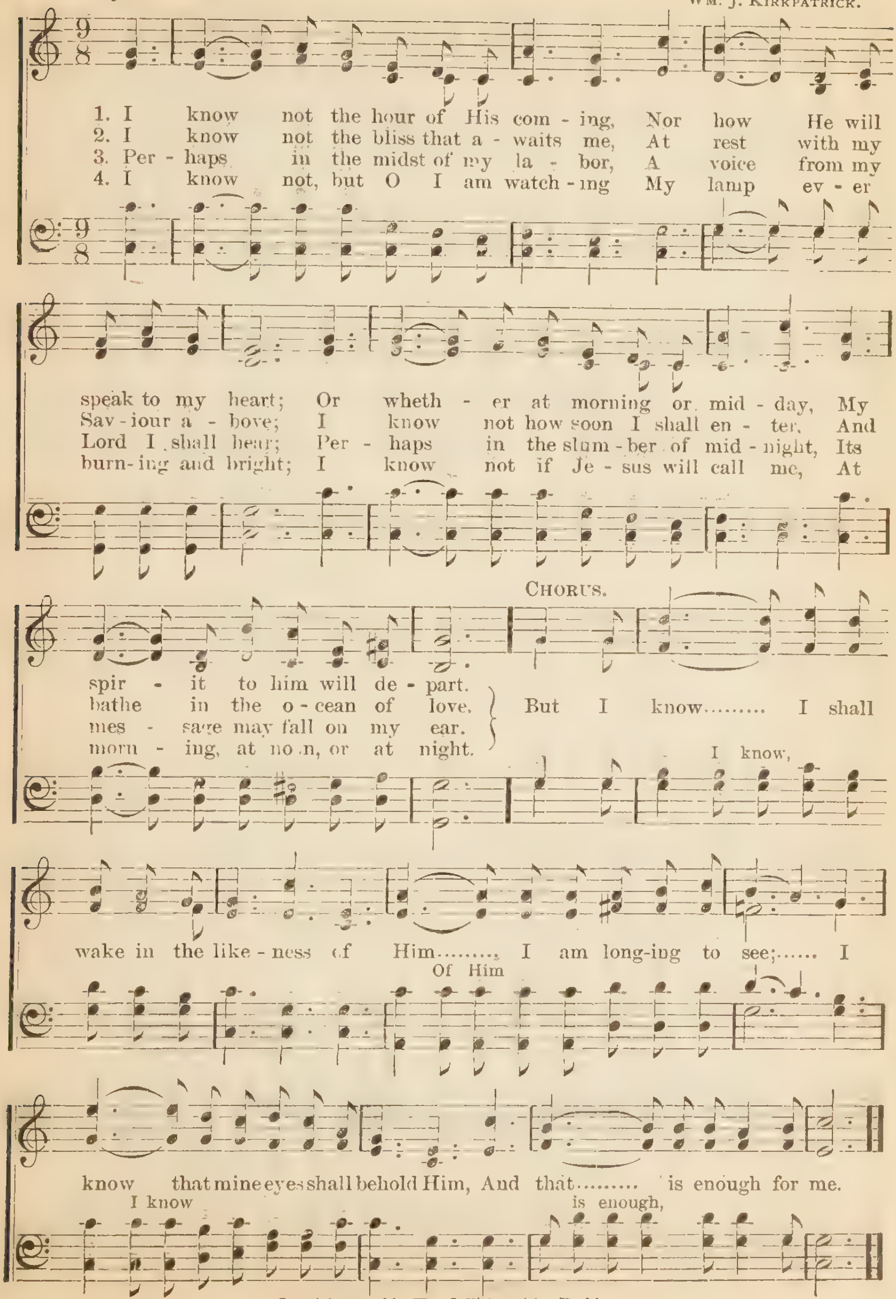
## 740 Mine Eyes Shall Behold Him.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. I know not the hour of His com - ing, Nor how He will
2. I know not the bliss that a - waits me, At rest with my
3. Per - haps in the midst of my la - bor, A voice from my
4. I know not, but O I am watch - ing My lamp ev - er
speak to my heart; Or wheth - er at morning or mid - day, My
Sav - iour a - bove; I know not how soon I shall en - ter, And
Lord I shall hear; Per - haps in the slum - ber of mid - night, Its
burn - ing and bright; I know not if Je - sus will call me, At
spir - it to him will de - part.
bathe in the o - cean of love.
mes - sage may fall on my ear.
morn - ing, at noon, or at night.
CHORUS.
But I know......... I shall
I know,
wake in the like - ness of Him........, I am long-ing to see;...... I
Of Him
know that mine eyes shall behold Him, And that......... is enough for me.
I know
is enough,

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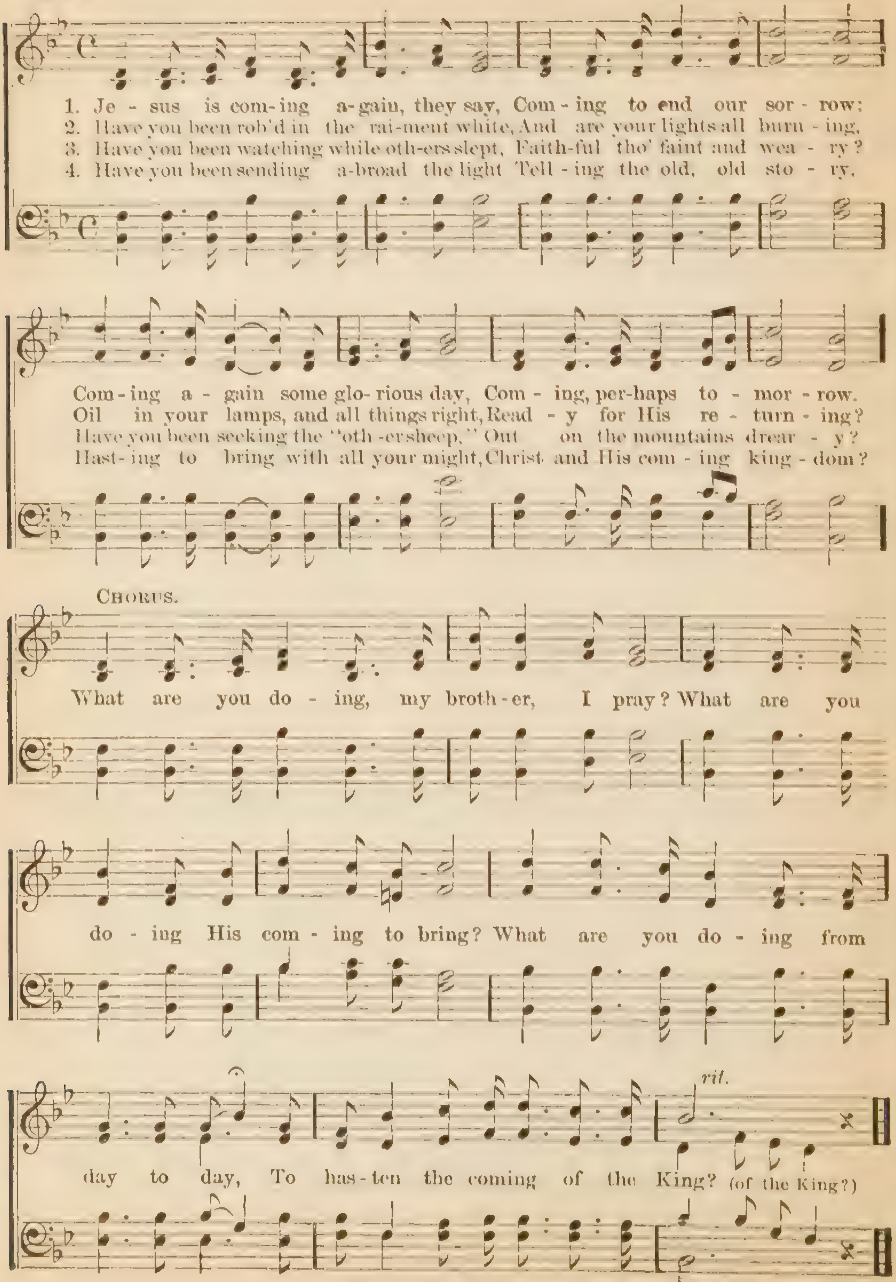
# Jesus is Coming Again.

A. B. S. MARGARET M. SIMPSON.


1. Je - sus is com-ing a-gain, they say, Com - ing to end our sor - row:
2. Have you been rob'd in the rai-ment white, And are your lights all burn - ing,
3. Have you been watching while oth-ers slept, Faith-ful tho' faint and wea - ry?
4. Have you been sending a-broad the light Tell - ing the old, old sto - ry,
Com-ing a - gain some glo-rious day, Com - ing, per-haps to - mor - row.
Oil in your lamps, and all things right, Read - y for His re - turn - ing?
Have you been seeking the "oth-er sheep," Out on the mountains drear - y?
Hast-ing to bring with all your might, Christ and His com - ing king - dom?
CHORUS.
What are you do - ing, my broth - er, I pray? What are you
do - ing His com - ing to bring? What are you do - ing from
day to day, To has-ten the coming of the King? (of the King?)
rit.

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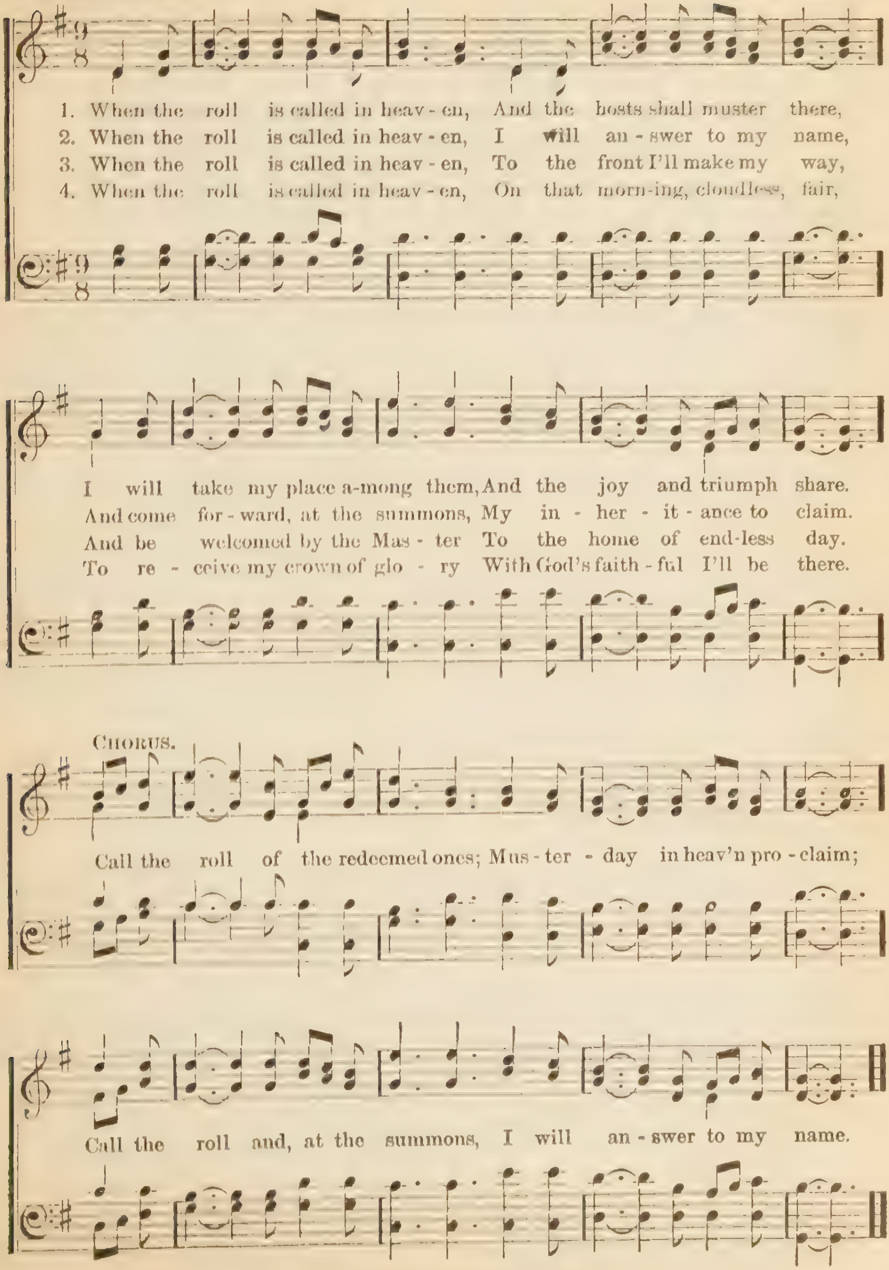
742

# The Roll Call in Heaven.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. J. H. Tenney.


1. When the roll is called in heav - en, And the hosts shall muster there,
2. When the roll is called in heav - en, I will an - swer to my name,
3. When the roll is called in heav - en, To the front I'll make my way,
4. When the roll is called in heav - en, On that morn-ing, cloudless, fair,
I will take my place a-mong them, And the joy and triumph share.
And come for - ward, at the summons, My in - her - it - ance to claim.
And be welcomed by the Mas - ter To the home of end-less day.
To re - ceive my crown of glo - ry With God's faith - ful I'll be there.
Chorus.
Call the roll of the redeemed ones; Mus - ter - day in heav'n pro - claim;
Call the roll and, at the summons, I will an - swer to my name.

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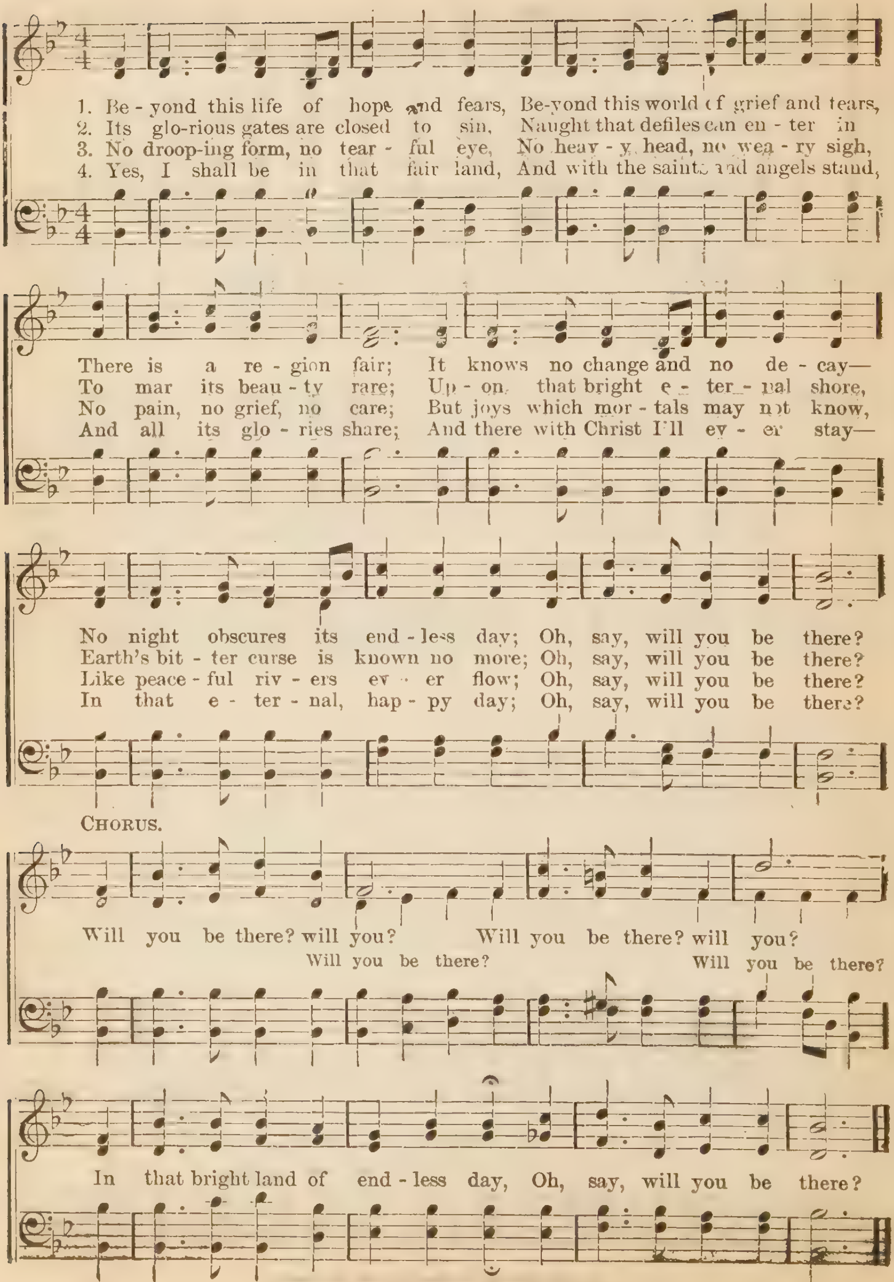
743

# Will You Be There?

Anon.

Ran. C. Storey.


1. Be - yond this life of hope and fears, Be-yond this world of grief and tears,
2. Its glo-rious gates are closed to sin, Naught that defiles can en - ter in
3. No droop-ing form, no tear - ful eye, No heav - y head, no wea - ry sigh,
4. Yes, I shall be in that fair land, And with the saints and angels stand,
There is a re - gion fair; It knows no change and no de - cay—
To mar its beau - ty rare; Up - on that bright e - ter - nal shore,
No pain, no grief, no care; But joys which mor - tals may not know,
And all its glo - ries share; And there with Christ I'll ev - er stay—
No night obscures its end - less day; Oh, say, will you be there?
Earth's bit - ter curse is known no more; Oh, say, will you be there?
Like peace - ful riv - ers ev - er flow; Oh, say, will you be there?
In that e - ter - nal, hap - py day; Oh, say, will you be there?
Chorus.
Will you be there? will you? Will you be there? will you?
Will you be there? Will you be there?
In that bright land of end - less day, Oh, say, will you be there?

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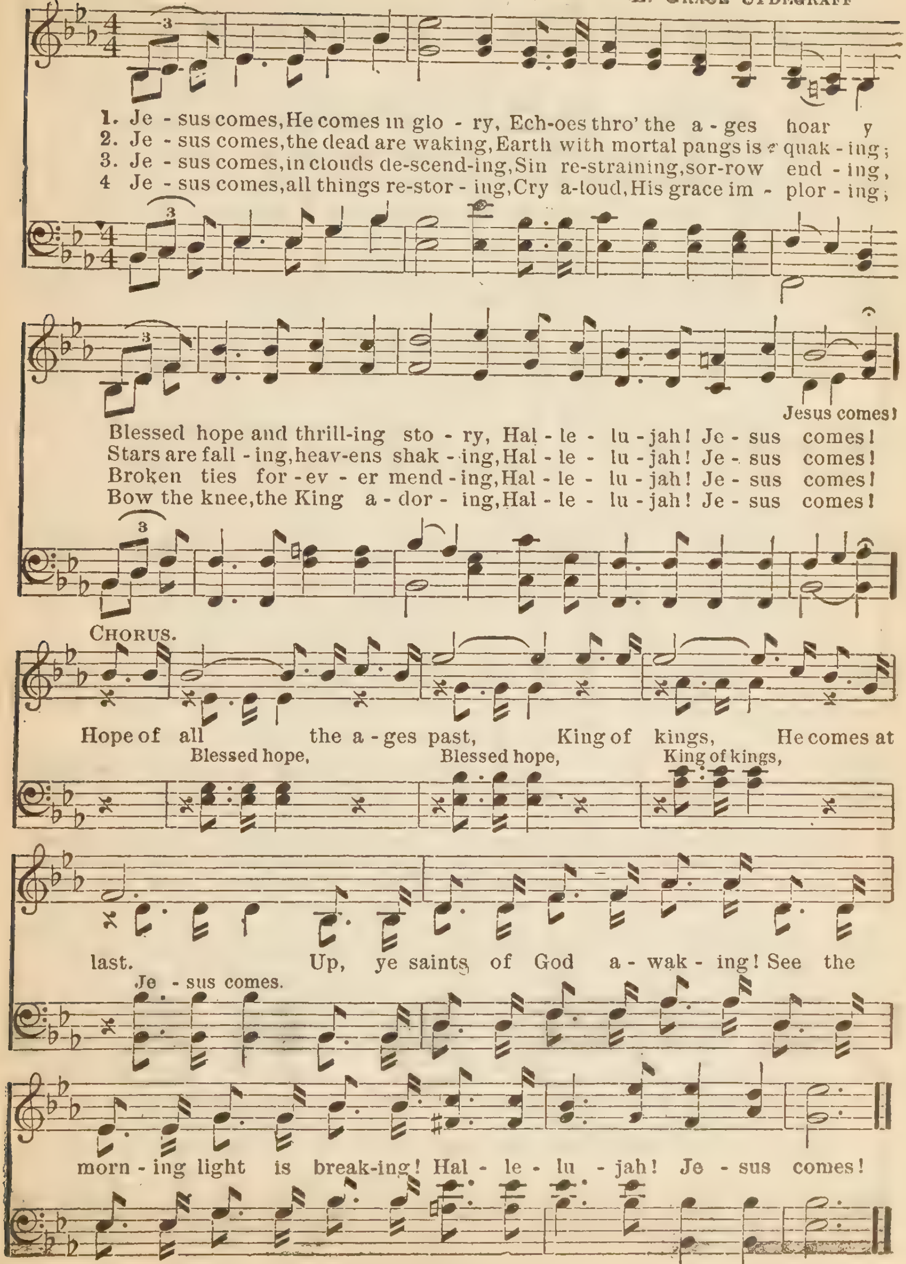
# The Hope of the Ages.

R. KELSO CARTER — E. GRACE UPDEGRAFF


1. Je - sus comes, He comes in glo - ry, Ech-oes thro' the a - ges hoar - y
2. Je - sus comes, the dead are waking, Earth with mortal pangs is quak - ing;
3. Je - sus comes, in clouds de-scend-ing, Sin re-straining, sor-row end - ing,
4 Je - sus comes, all things re-stor - ing, Cry a-loud, His grace im - plor - ing;
Blessed hope and thrill-ing sto - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus comes!
Stars are fall - ing, heav-ens shak - ing, Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus comes!
Broken ties for - ev - er mend - ing, Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus comes!
Bow the knee, the King a - dor - ing, Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus comes!
Jesus comes!
CHORUS.
Hope of all the a - ges past, King of kings, He comes at
Blessed hope, Blessed hope, King of kings,
last. Up, ye saints of God a - wak - ing! See the
Je - sus comes.
morn - ing light is break-ing! Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus comes!

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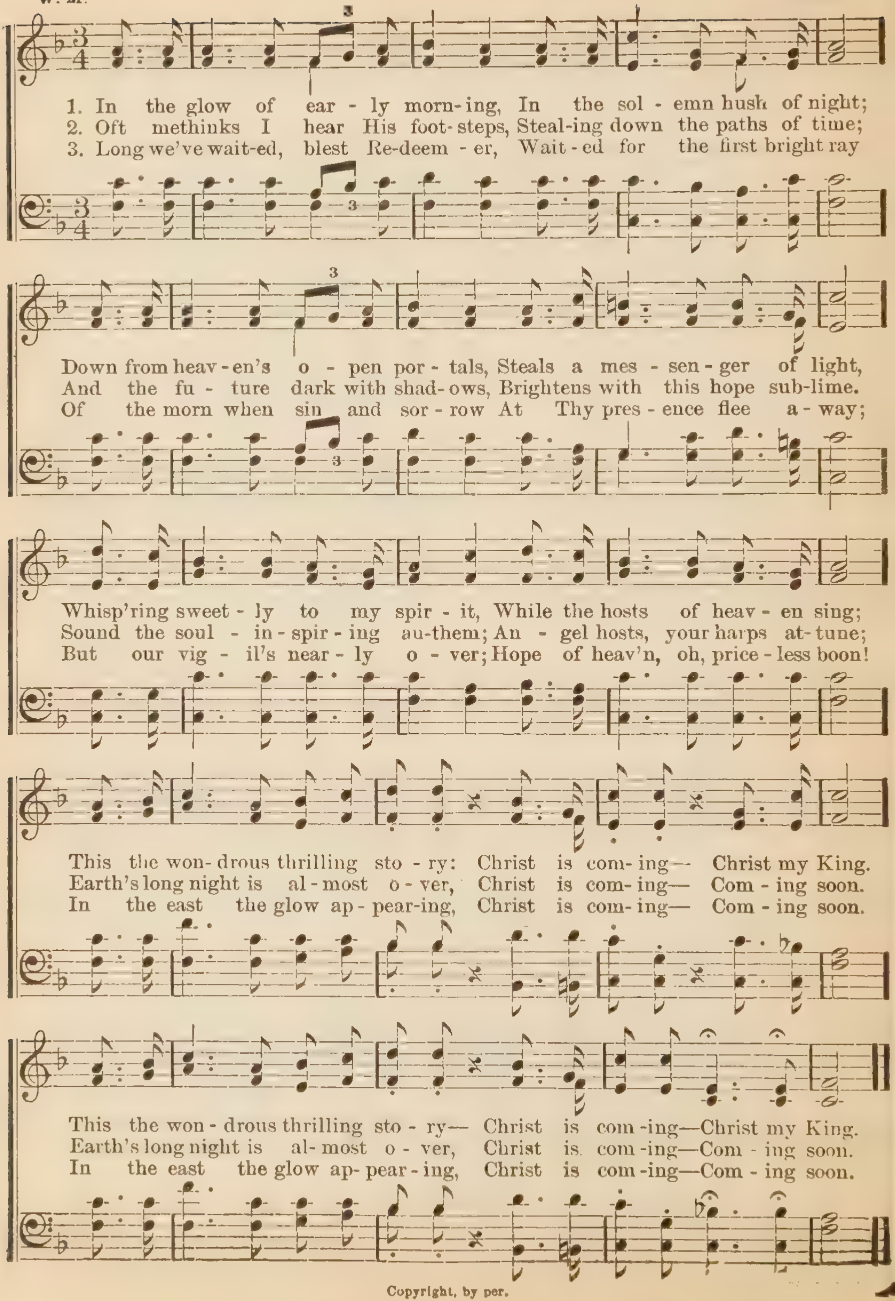
745

# Christ is Coming.

W. M.

W. MACOMBER.

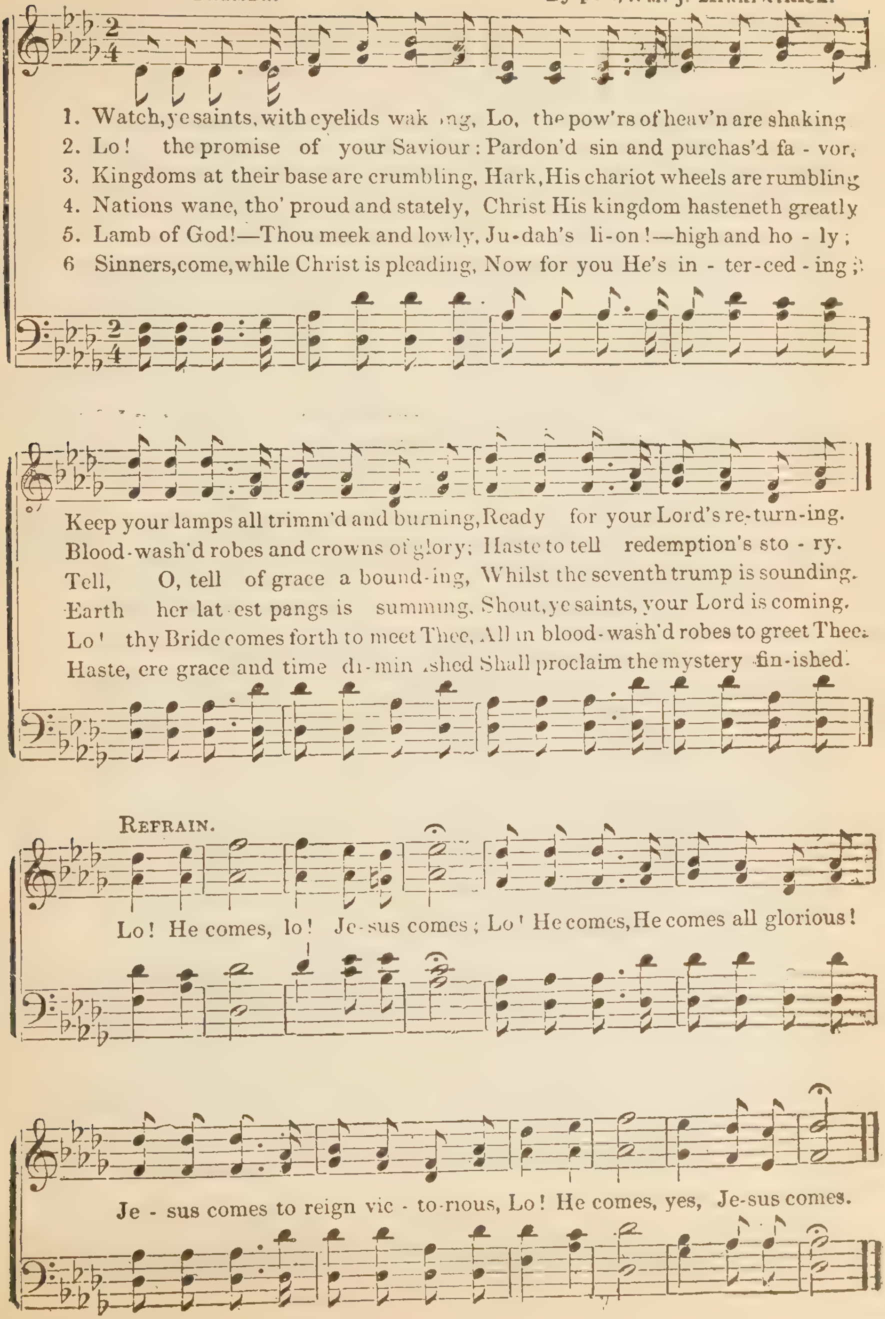

1. In the glow of ear - ly morn-ing, In the sol - emn hush of night;
2. Oft methinks I hear His foot-steps, Steal-ing down the paths of time;
3. Long we've wait-ed, blest Re-deem - er, Wait - ed for the first bright ray
Down from heav - en's o - pen por - tals, Steals a mes - sen - ger of light,
And the fu - ture dark with shad-ows, Brightens with this hope sub-lime.
Of the morn when sin and sor - row At Thy pres - ence flee a - way;
Whisp'ring sweet - ly to my spir - it, While the hosts of heav - en sing;
Sound the soul - in - spir - ing au-them; An - gel hosts, your harps at-tune;
But our vig - il's near - ly o - ver; Hope of heav'n, oh, price - less boon!
This the won-drous thrilling sto - ry: Christ is com-ing— Christ my King.
Earth's long night is al - most o - ver, Christ is com-ing— Com - ing soon.
In the east the glow ap - pear-ing, Christ is com-ing— Com - ing soon.
This the won - drous thrilling sto - ry— Christ is com -ing—Christ my King.
Earth's long night is al - most o - ver, Christ is com -ing—Com - ing soon.
In the east the glow ap - pear - ing, Christ is com -ing—Com - ing soon.
3
3

Copyright, by per.

746

# Lo, Jesus Comes!

MRS. PHOEBE PALMER. By per., WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Watch, ye saints, with eyelids waking, Lo, the pow'rs of heav'n are shaking
2. Lo! the promise of your Saviour: Pardon'd sin and purchas'd fa - vor,
3. Kingdoms at their base are crumbling, Hark, His chariot wheels are rumbling
4. Nations wane, tho' proud and stately, Christ His kingdom hasteneth greatly
5. Lamb of God!—Thou meek and lowly, Ju-dah's li-on!—high and ho - ly;
6 Sinners, come, while Christ is pleading, Now for you He's in - ter-ced - ing;
Keep your lamps all trimm'd and burning, Ready for your Lord's re-turn-ing.
Blood-wash'd robes and crowns of glory; Haste to tell redemption's sto - ry.
Tell, O, tell of grace a bound-ing, Whilst the seventh trump is sounding.
Earth her lat est pangs is summing, Shout, ye saints, your Lord is coming.
Lo! thy Bride comes forth to meet Thee, All in blood-wash'd robes to greet Thee.
Haste, ere grace and time di-min ished Shall proclaim the mystery fin-ished.
REFRAIN.
Lo! He comes, lo! Je-sus comes; Lo! He comes, He comes all glorious!
Je - sus comes to reign vic - to-rious, Lo! He comes, yes, Je-sus comes.

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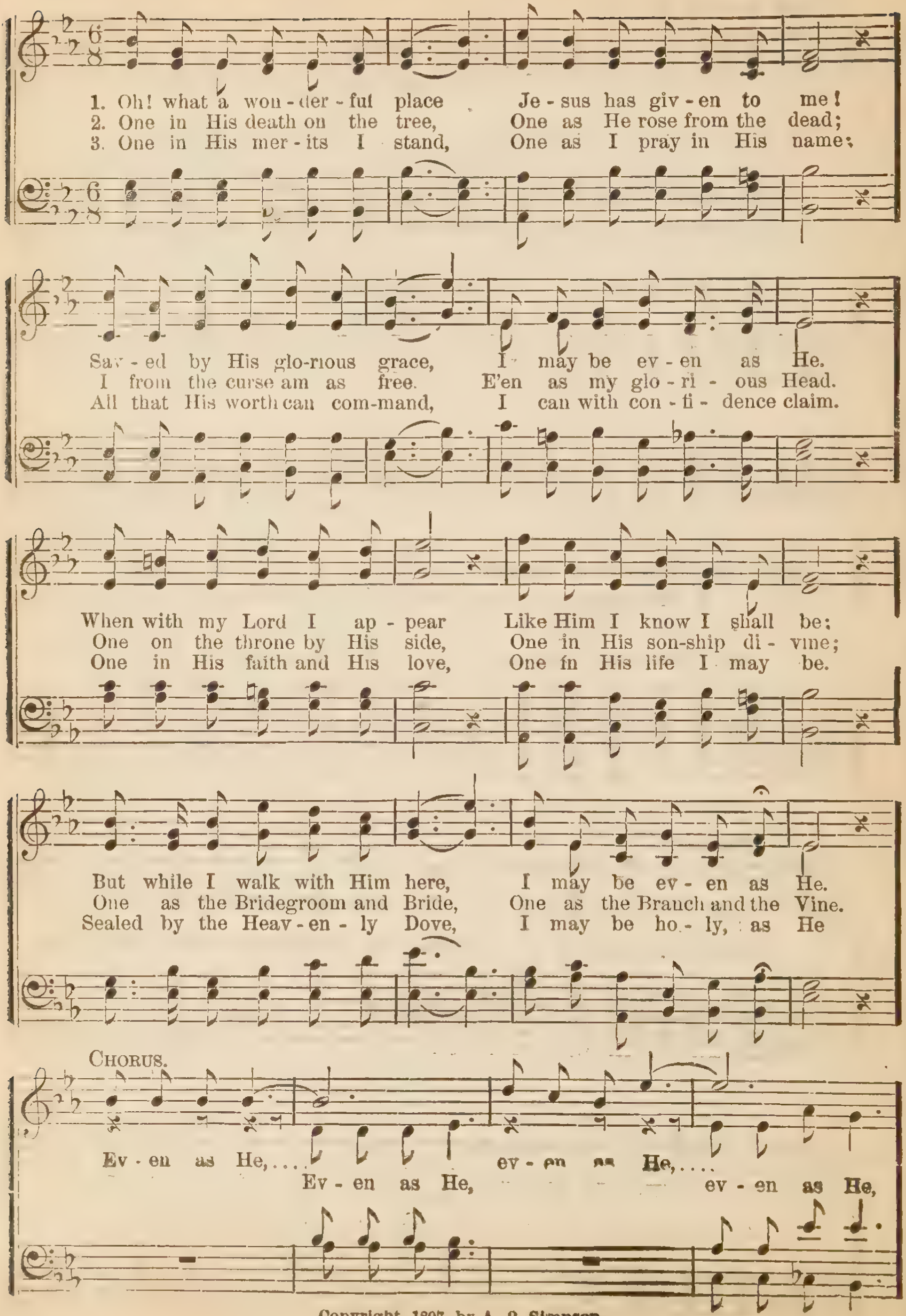
747

# Even as He.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. Oh! what a won-der-ful place Je-sus has giv-en to me!
2. One in His death on the tree, One as He rose from the dead;
3. One in His mer-its I stand, One as I pray in His name;
Sav-ed by His glo-rious grace, I may be ev-en as He.
I from the curse am as free. E'en as my glo-ri-ous Head.
All that His worth can com-mand, I can with con-fi-dence claim.
When with my Lord I ap-pear Like Him I know I shall be;
One on the throne by His side, One in His son-ship di-vine;
One in His faith and His love, One in His life I may be.
But while I walk with Him here, I may be ev-en as He.
One as the Bridegroom and Bride, One as the Branch and the Vine.
Sealed by the Heav-en-ly Dove, I may be ho-ly, as He
Chorus.
Ev-en as He,.... ev-en as He,....
Ev-en as He, ev-en as He,

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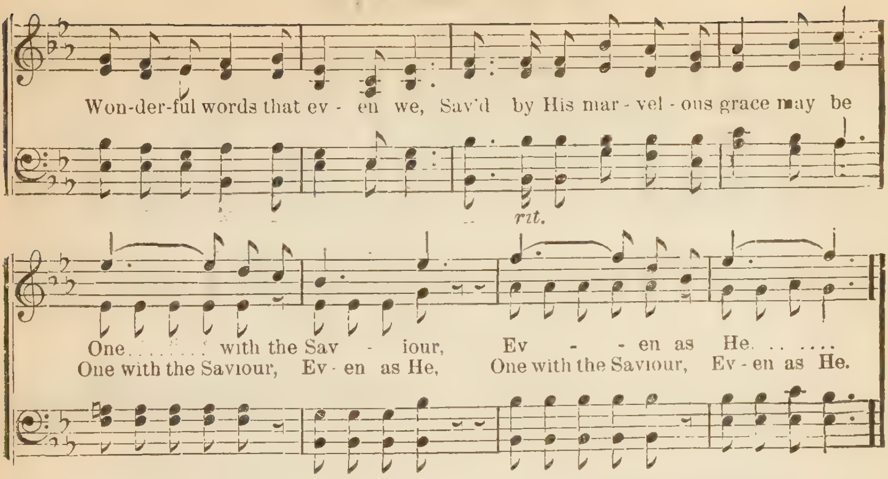
## Even as He Concluded.


Won-der-ful words that ev - en we, Sav'd by His mar - vel - ous grace may be
rit.
One . . . . . . with the Sav - iour, Ev - - en as He. . . . . .
One with the Saviour, Ev - en as He, One with the Saviour, Ev - en as He.

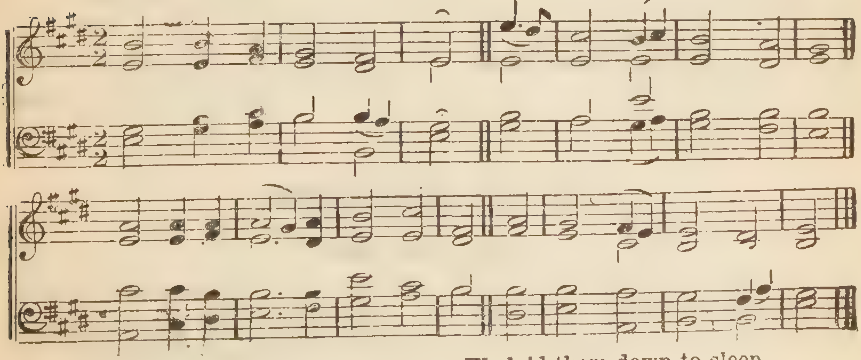
4 One in the sorrows He bore,
One in His service so true,
Even His tears I may share,
Even His works I may do.
Even His peace and His joy
Jesus hath given to me;
What can distress or annoy?
I am as happy as He.

5 One in the rapturous hour,
When He shall come for His own;
Raised by His glorious power,
I shall sit down on His throne.
All that He has shall be mine,
All that He is I shall be;
Robed in His glory divine,
I shall be even as He.

748

## The Church Has Waited.

MORNINGTON. S. M.



The church has waited long
Her absent Lord to see,
And still in lonliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.

Saint after saint on earth
Has lived and loved and died,
And as they left us one by one
We laid them side by side—

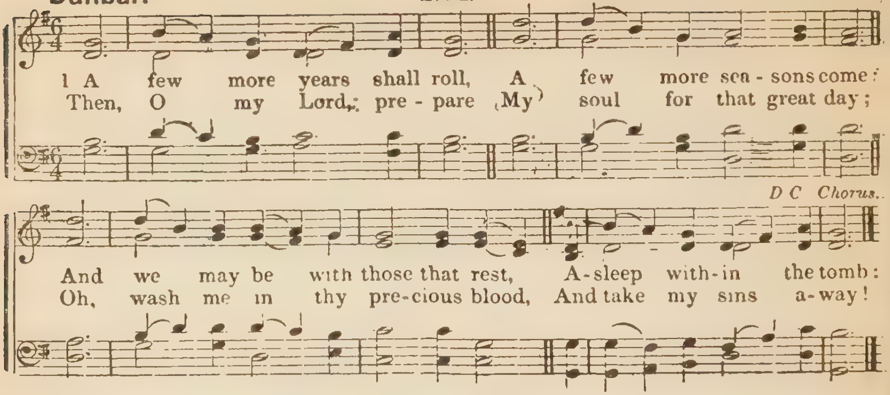
We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn;
We laid them but to ripen there
Till the last gloriou

Come Lord! and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.

## 749

# A Few More Years.

**Dunbar.** S. M. E. W. Dunbar, 1854.


1 A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come:
Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day;
D C Chorus.
And we may be with those that rest, A-sleep with-in the tomb:
Oh, wash me in thy pre-cious blood, And take my sins a-way!

A few more storms shall beat
  On this wild, rocky shore;
And we shall be where tempests cease,
  And surges swell no more.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
  My soul for that calm day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
  And take my sins away!

A few more struggles here,
  A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
  And we shall weep no more.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
  My soul for that blest day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
  And take my sins away.

A few more Sabbaths here
  Shall cheer us on our way;
And we shall reach the endless rest,
  Th' eternal Sabbath day.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
  My soul for that sweet day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
  And take my sins away!

'Tis but a little while
  And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
  That we may with Him reign.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
  My soul for that glad day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
  And take my sins away!

HORATIUS BONAR, B., 1808.

## 750

# Far From These Scenes.

Tune, "I'll be there."

Far from these narrow scenes of night
  Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight
  Unknown to mortal eyes.

Fair distant land! could mortal eyes
  But half its joys explore,
How would our spirits long to rise
  And dwell on earth no more.

There pain and sickness never come,
  And grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom
  And endless pleasure reigns.

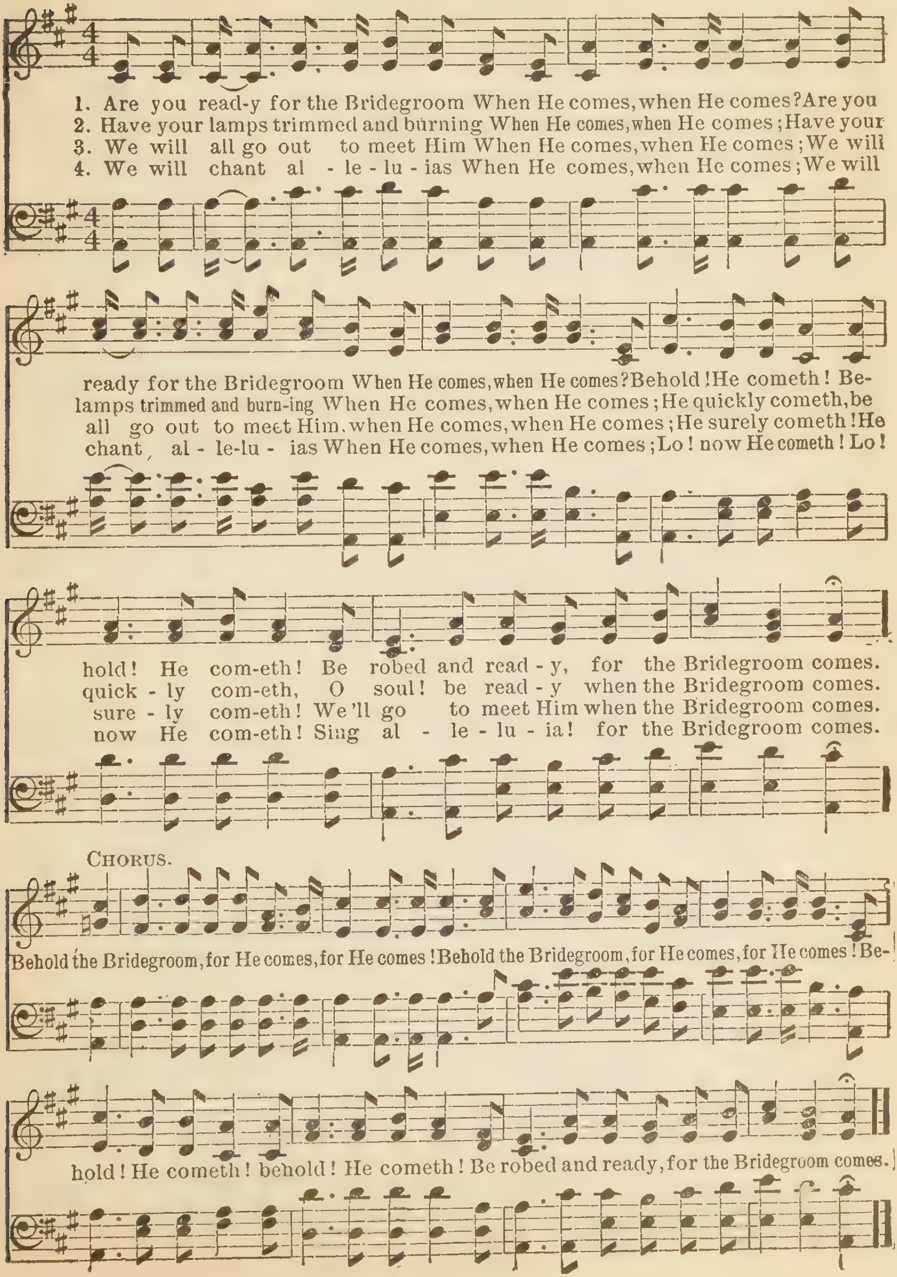
No cloud those blissful regions know,
  For ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
  Can never enter there.

There no alternate night is known,
  Nor sun's faint sickly ray;
But glory from the sacred throne
  Spreads everlasting day.

751

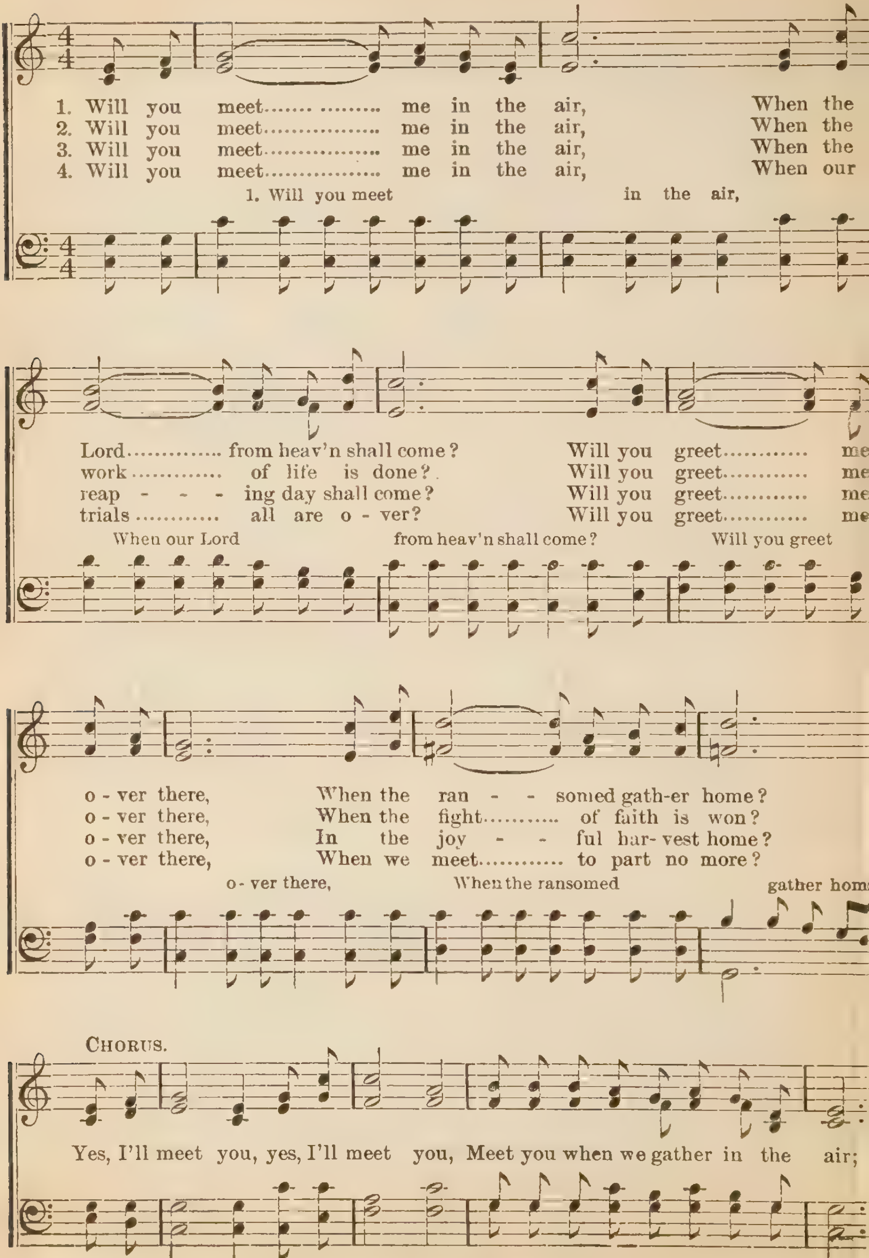
# Behold the Bridegroom.

Words and music by R. E. Hudson, by per.


1. Are you read-y for the Bridegroom When He comes, when He comes? Are you
2. Have your lamps trimmed and burning When He comes, when He comes; Have your
3. We will all go out to meet Him When He comes, when He comes; We will
4. We will chant al - le - lu - ias When He comes, when He comes; We will
ready for the Bridegroom When He comes, when He comes? Behold! He cometh! Be-
lamps trimmed and burn-ing When He comes, when He comes; He quickly cometh, be
all go out to meet Him, when He comes, when He comes; He surely cometh! He
chant al - le-lu - ias When He comes, when He comes; Lo! now He cometh! Lo!
hold! He com-eth! Be robed and read - y, for the Bridegroom comes.
quick - ly com-eth, O soul! be read - y when the Bridegroom comes.
sure - ly com-eth! We'll go to meet Him when the Bridegroom comes.
now He com-eth! Sing al - le - lu - ia! for the Bridegroom comes.
Chorus.
Behold the Bridegroom, for He comes, for He comes! Behold the Bridegroom, for He comes, for He comes! Be-
hold! He cometh! behold! He cometh! Be robed and ready, for the Bridegroom comes.

# Will You Meet Me in the Air?

A. B. S. | MARGARET M. SIMPSON.


1. Will you meet........ ........ me in the air, When the
2. Will you meet................ me in the air, When the
3. Will you meet................ me in the air, When the
4. Will you meet................ me in the air, When our
1. Will you meet in the air,
Lord............. from heav'n shall come? Will you greet........... me
work............. of life is done? Will you greet........... me
reap - - - ing day shall come? Will you greet........... me
trials ........... all are o - ver? Will you greet........... me
When our Lord from heav'n shall come? Will you greet
o - ver there, When the ran - - somed gath-er home?
o - ver there, When the fight.......... of faith is won?
o - ver there, In the joy - - ful har- vest home?
o - ver there, When we meet........... to part no more?
o- ver there, When the ransomed gather hom
CHORUS.
Yes, I'll meet you, yes, I'll meet you, Meet you when we gather in the air;

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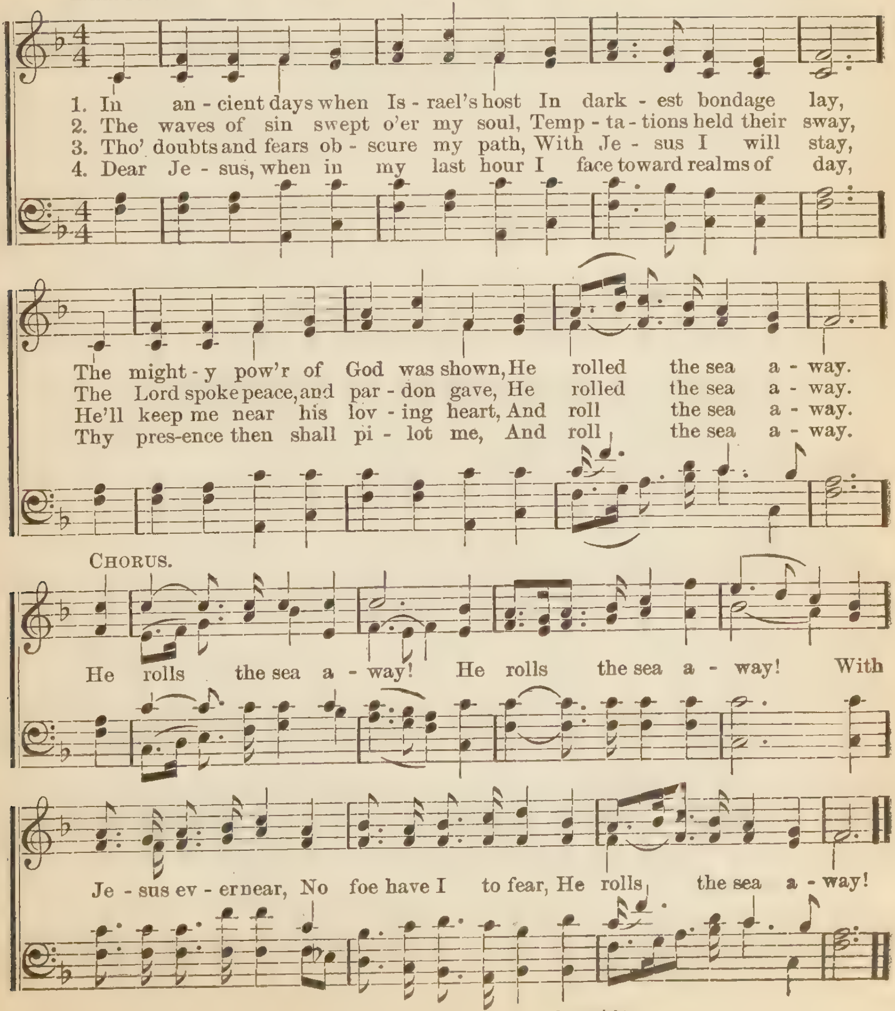
# He Rolls the Sea Away.

EMMA PITT. D. B. TOWNER.


1. In an - cient days when Is - rael's host In dark - est bondage lay,
2. The waves of sin swept o'er my soul, Temp - ta - tions held their sway,
3. Tho' doubts and fears ob - scure my path, With Je - sus I will stay,
4. Dear Je - sus, when in my last hour I face toward realms of day,
The might - y pow'r of God was shown, He rolled the sea a - way.
The Lord spoke peace, and par - don gave, He rolled the sea a - way.
He'll keep me near his lov - ing heart, And roll the sea a - way.
Thy pres-ence then shall pi - lot me, And roll the sea a - way.
CHORUS.
He rolls the sea a - way! He rolls the sea a - way! With
Je - sus ev - er near, No foe have I to fear, He rolls the sea a - way!

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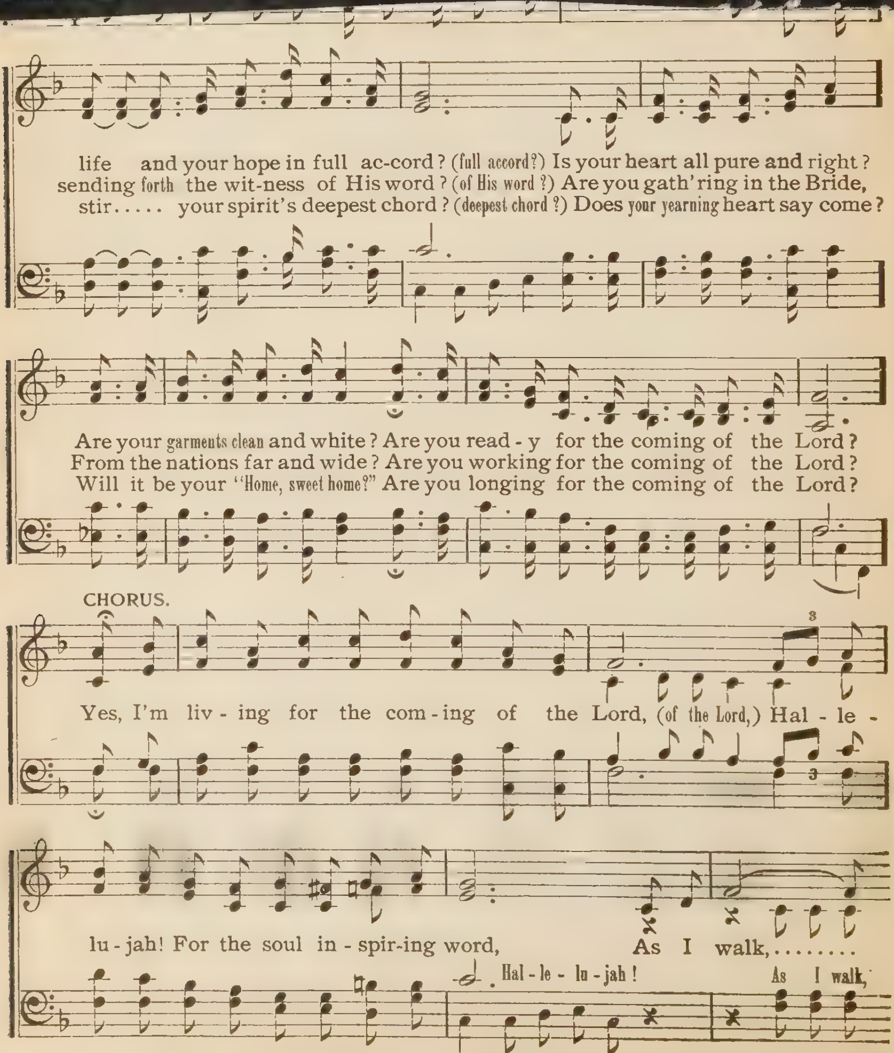
life and your hope in full ac-cord? (full accord?) Is your heart all pure and right?
sending forth the wit-ness of His word? (of His word?) Are you gath'ring in the Bride,
stir..... your spirit's deepest chord? (deepest chord?) Does your yearning heart say come?
Are your garments clean and white? Are you read-y for the coming of the Lord?
From the nations far and wide? Are you working for the coming of the Lord?
Will it be your "Home, sweet home?" Are you longing for the coming of the Lord?
CHORUS.
Yes, I'm liv-ing for the com-ing of the Lord, (of the Lord,) Hal-le-
3
3
lu-jah! For the soul in-spir-ing word, As I walk,........
Hal-le-lu-jah!
As I walk,

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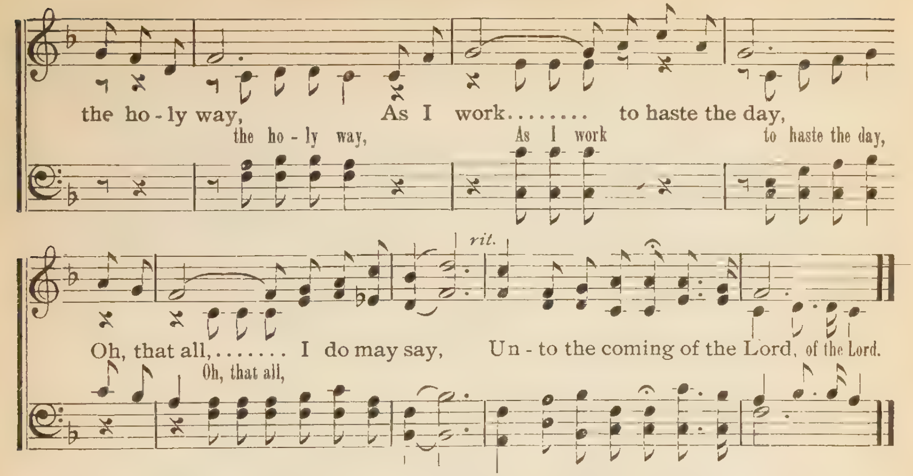
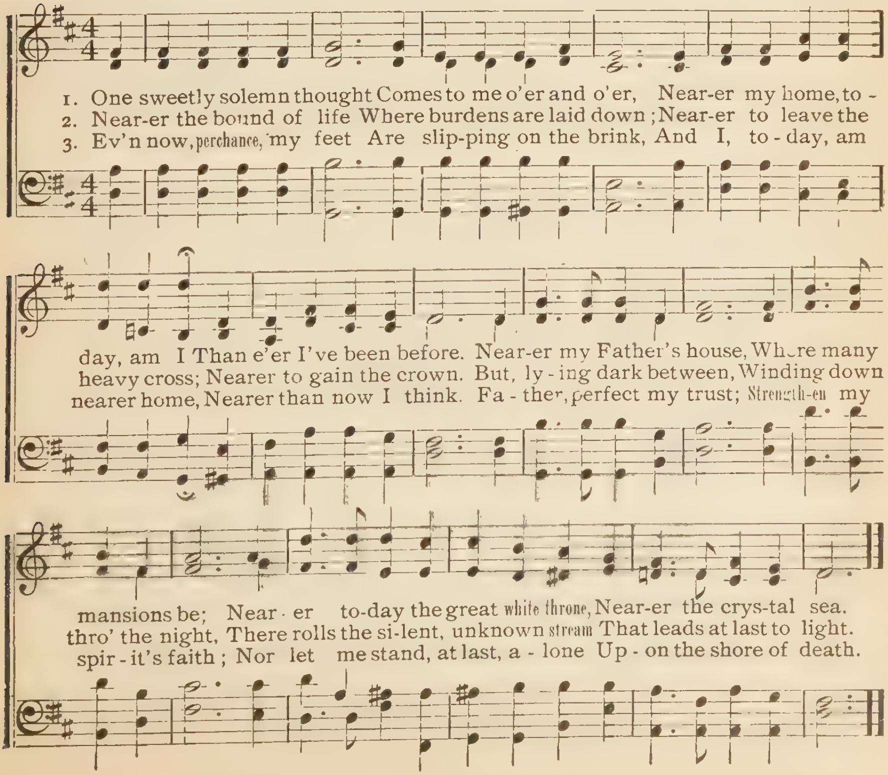
# Unto the Coming of the Lord.—Concluded.


the ho-ly way, As I work........ to haste the day,
the ho-ly way, As I work to haste the day,
rit.
Oh, that all,....... I do may say, Un-to the coming of the Lord, of the Lord.
Oh, that all,

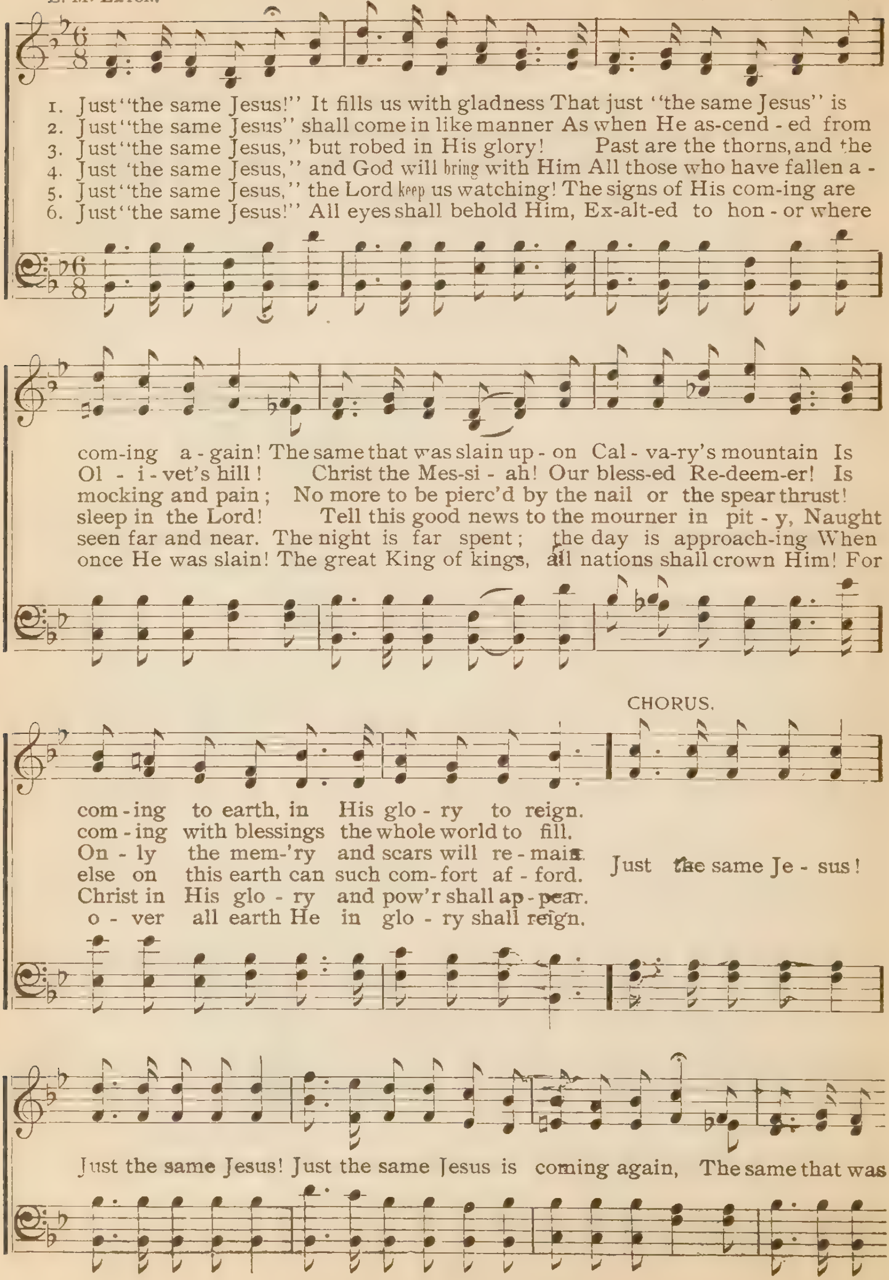
## 757 One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

P. Cary. Anon.


1. One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er, Near-er my home, to-
2. Near-er the bound of life Where burdens are laid down; Near-er to leave the
3. Ev'n now, perchance, my feet Are slip-ping on the brink, And I, to-day, am
day, am I Than e'er I've been before. Near-er my Father's house, Where many
heavy cross; Nearer to gain the crown. But, ly-ing dark between, Winding down
nearer home, Nearer than now I think. Fa-ther, perfect my trust; Strength-en my
mansions be; Near-er to-day the great white throne, Near-er the crys-tal sea.
thro' the night, There rolls the si-lent, unknown stream That leads at last to light.
spir-it's faith; Nor let me stand, at last, a-lone Up-on the shore of death.

# Just the Same Jesus.

E. M. Exton. May Agnew Stephens.


1. Just "the same Jesus!" It fills us with gladness That just "the same Jesus" is
2. Just "the same Jesus" shall come in like manner As when He as-cend - ed from
3. Just "the same Jesus," but robed in His glory! Past are the thorns, and the
4. Just 'the same Jesus," and God will bring with Him All those who have fallen a -
5. Just "the same Jesus," the Lord keep us watching! The signs of His com-ing are
6. Just "the same Jesus!" All eyes shall behold Him, Ex-alt-ed to hon - or where
com-ing a - gain! The same that was slain up - on Cal - va-ry's mountain Is
Ol - i - vet's hill! Christ the Mes-si - ah! Our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Is
mocking and pain; No more to be pierc'd by the nail or the spear thrust!
sleep in the Lord! Tell this good news to the mourner in pit - y, Naught
seen far and near. The night is far spent; the day is approach-ing When
once He was slain! The great King of kings, all nations shall crown Him! For
com - ing to earth, in His glo - ry to reign.
com - ing with blessings the whole world to fill.
On - ly the mem-'ry and scars will re - main.
else on this earth can such com - fort af - ford.
Christ in His glo - ry and pow'r shall ap - pear.
o - ver all earth He in glo - ry shall reign.
CHORUS.
Just the same Je - sus!
Just the same Jesus! Just the same Jesus is coming again, The same that was

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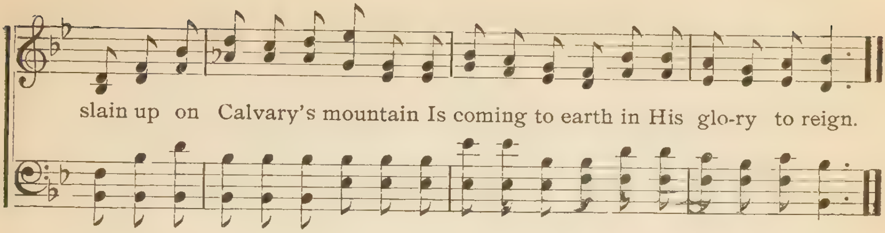
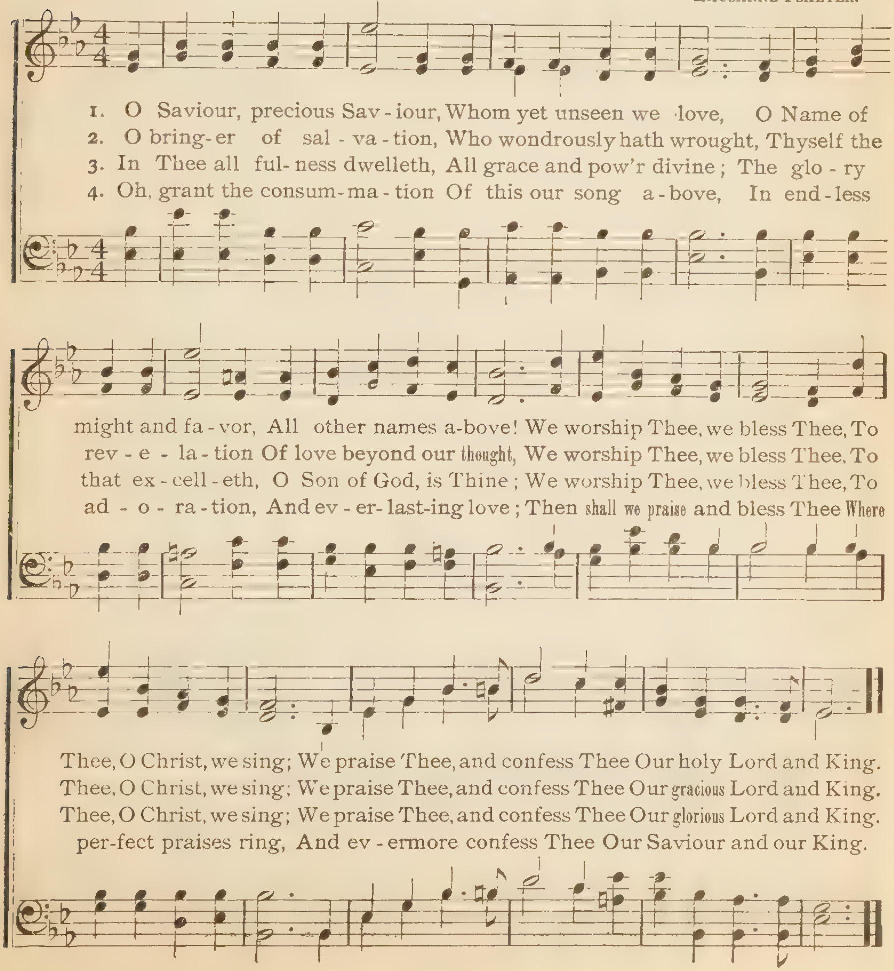
# Just the Same Jesus.—Concluded.


slain up on Calvary's mountain Is coming to earth in His glo-ry to reign.

## 759 O Saviour, Precious Saviour.

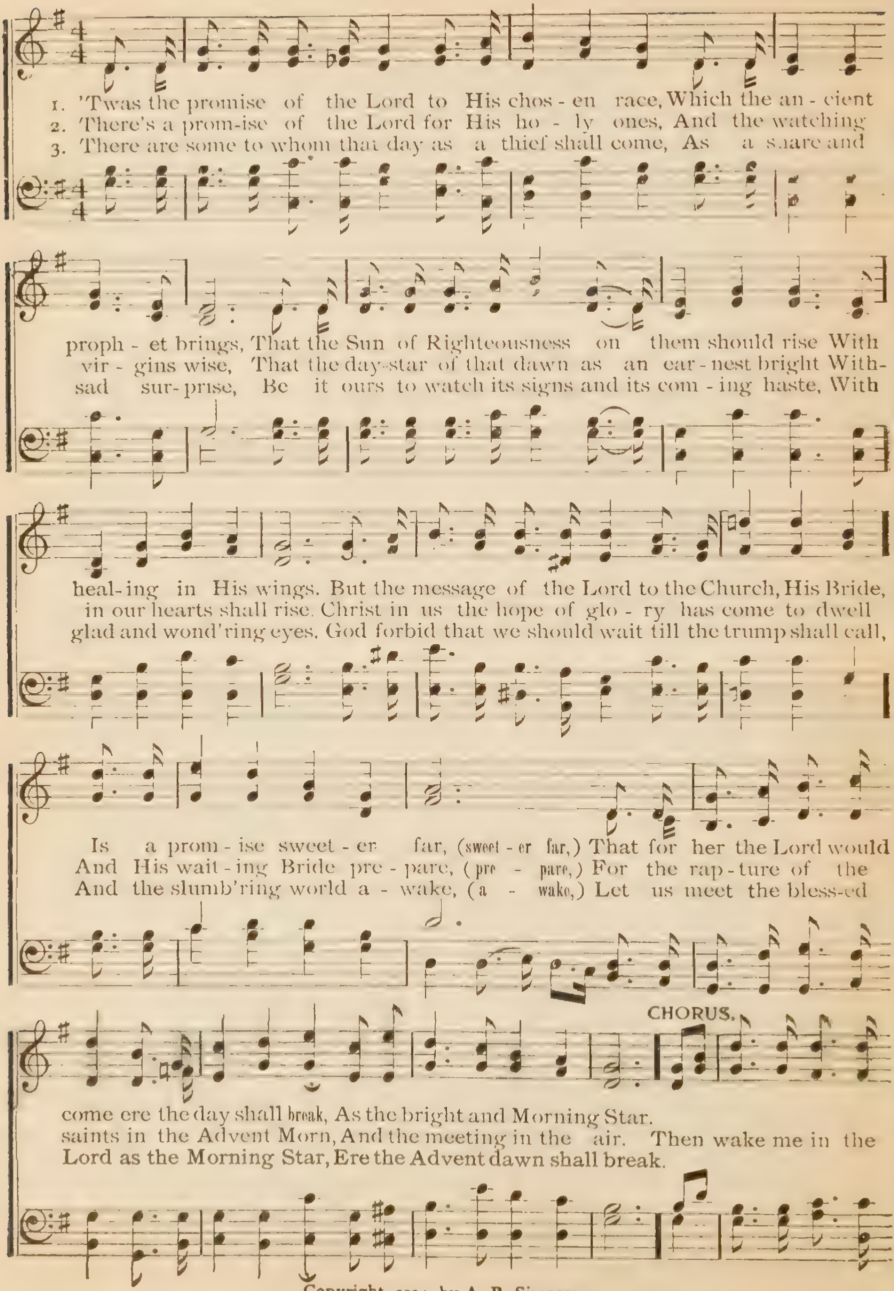
F. R. HAVERGAL. LAUSANNE PSALTER.


1. O Saviour, precious Sav-iour, Whom yet unseen we love, O Name of
2. O bring-er of sal-va-tion, Who wondrously hath wrought, Thyself the
3. In Thee all ful-ness dwelleth, All grace and pow'r divine; The glo-ry
4. Oh, grant the consum-ma-tion Of this our song a-bove, In end-less
might and fa-vor, All other names a-bove! We worship Thee, we bless Thee, To
rev-e-la-tion Of love beyond our thought, We worship Thee, we bless Thee, To
that ex-cell-eth, O Son of God, is Thine; We worship Thee, we bless Thee, To
ad-o-ra-tion, And ev-er-last-ing love; Then shall we praise and bless Thee Where
Thee, O Christ, we sing; We praise Thee, and confess Thee Our holy Lord and King.
Thee, O Christ, we sing; We praise Thee, and confess Thee Our gracious Lord and King.
Thee, O Christ, we sing; We praise Thee, and confess Thee Our glorious Lord and King.
per-fect praises ring, And ev-ermore confess Thee Our Saviour and our King.

760

# The Morning Star.

A. B. S. A. B. Simpson.


1. 'Twas the promise of the Lord to His chos - en race, Which the an - cient
2. There's a prom-ise of the Lord for His ho - ly ones, And the watching
3. There are some to whom that day as a thief shall come, As a snare and
proph - et brings, That the Sun of Righteousness on them should rise With
vir - gins wise, That the day-star of that dawn as an ear - nest bright With-
sad sur-prise, Be it ours to watch its signs and its com - ing haste, With
heal-ing in His wings. But the message of the Lord to the Church, His Bride,
in our hearts shall rise. Christ in us the hope of glo - ry has come to dwell
glad and wond'ring eyes. God forbid that we should wait till the trump shall call,
Is a prom - ise sweet - er far, (sweet - er far,) That for her the Lord would
And His wait - ing Bride pre - pare, (pre - pare,) For the rap - ture of the
And the slumb'ring world a - wake, (a - wake,) Let us meet the bless-ed
come ere the day shall break, As the bright and Morning Star.
saints in the Advent Morn, And the meeting in the air.
Lord as the Morning Star, Ere the Advent dawn shall break.
CHORUS.
Then wake me in the

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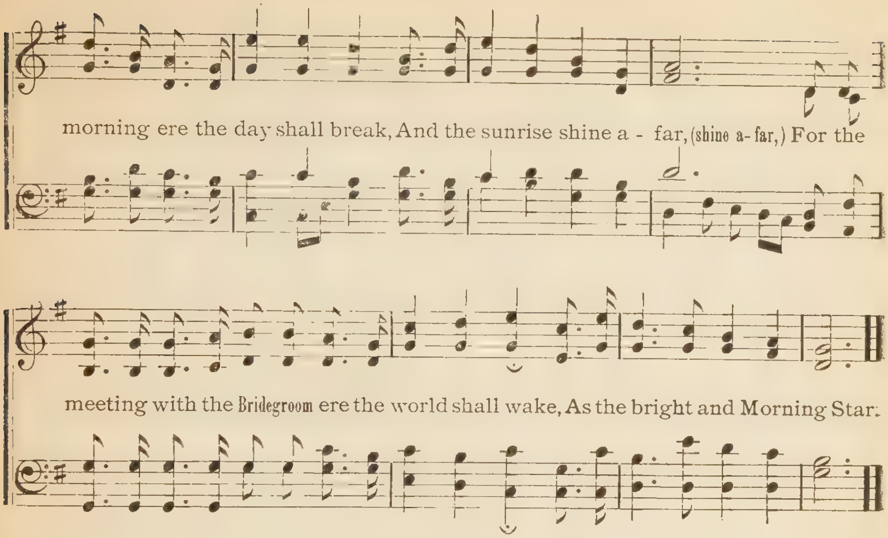
## The Morning Star.—Concluded.

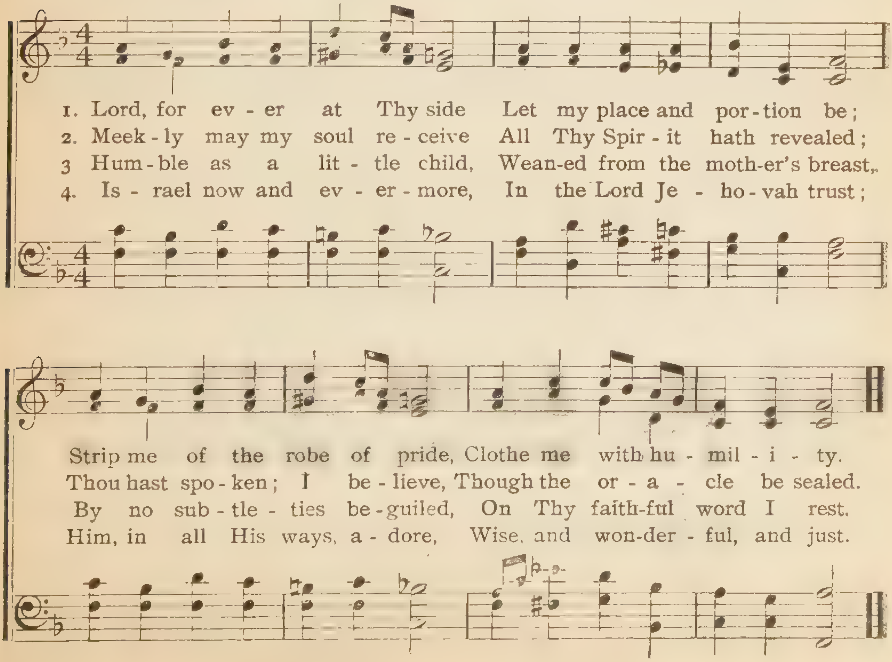

morning ere the day shall break, And the sunrise shine a - far, (shine a-far,) For the
meeting with the Bridegroom ere the world shall wake, As the bright and Morning Star.

761

## Lord, for Ever at Thy Side.

J. MONTGOMERY.

Arr. fr. C. M. VON WEBER.

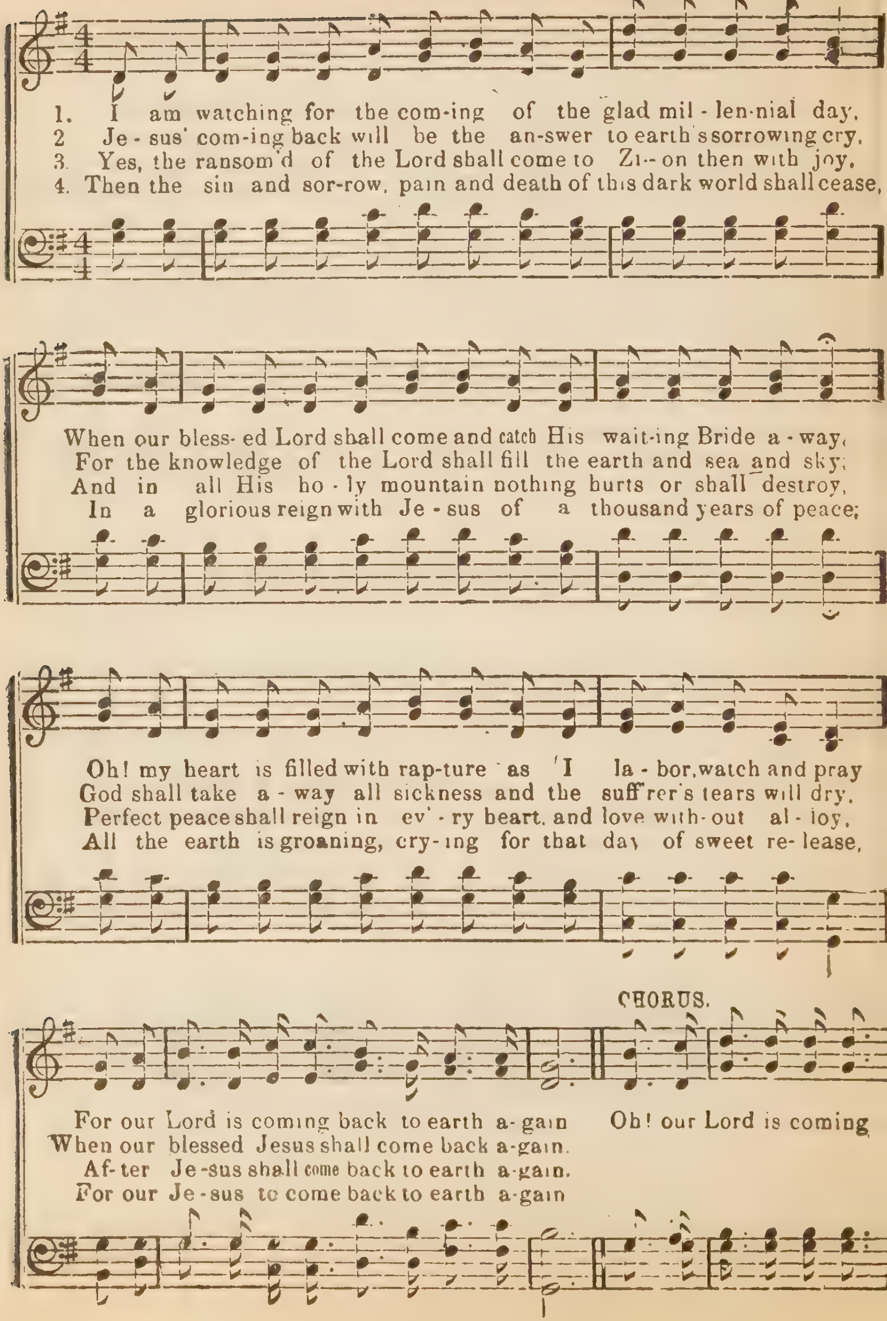

1. Lord, for ever at Thy side Let my place and portion be;
2. Meekly may my soul receive All Thy Spirit hath revealed;
3 Humble as a little child, Weaned from the mother's breast,
4. Israel now and evermore, In the Lord Jehovah trust;
Strip me of the robe of pride, Clothe me with humility.
Thou hast spoken; I believe, Though the oracle be sealed.
By no subtleties beguiled, On Thy faithful word I rest.
Him, in all His ways, adore, Wise, and wonderful, and just.

762

# Our Lord's Return.

J. M. K.

By per., Jas. M. Kirk.


1. I am watching for the com-ing of the glad mil-len-nial day,
2 Je-sus' com-ing back will be the an-swer to earth's sorrowing cry,
3. Yes, the ransom'd of the Lord shall come to Zi-on then with joy,
4. Then the sin and sor-row, pain and death of this dark world shall cease,
When our bless-ed Lord shall come and catch His wait-ing Bride a-way,
For the knowledge of the Lord shall fill the earth and sea and sky;
And in all His ho-ly mountain nothing hurts or shall destroy,
In a glorious reign with Je-sus of a thousand years of peace;
Oh! my heart is filled with rap-ture as I la-bor, watch and pray
God shall take a-way all sickness and the suff'rer's tears will dry,
Perfect peace shall reign in ev'-ry heart, and love with-out al-loy,
All the earth is groaning, cry-ing for that day of sweet re-lease,
For our Lord is coming back to earth a-gain
When our blessed Jesus shall come back a-gain.
Af-ter Je-sus shall come back to earth a-gain.
For our Je-sus to come back to earth a-gain
CHORUS.
Oh! our Lord is coming

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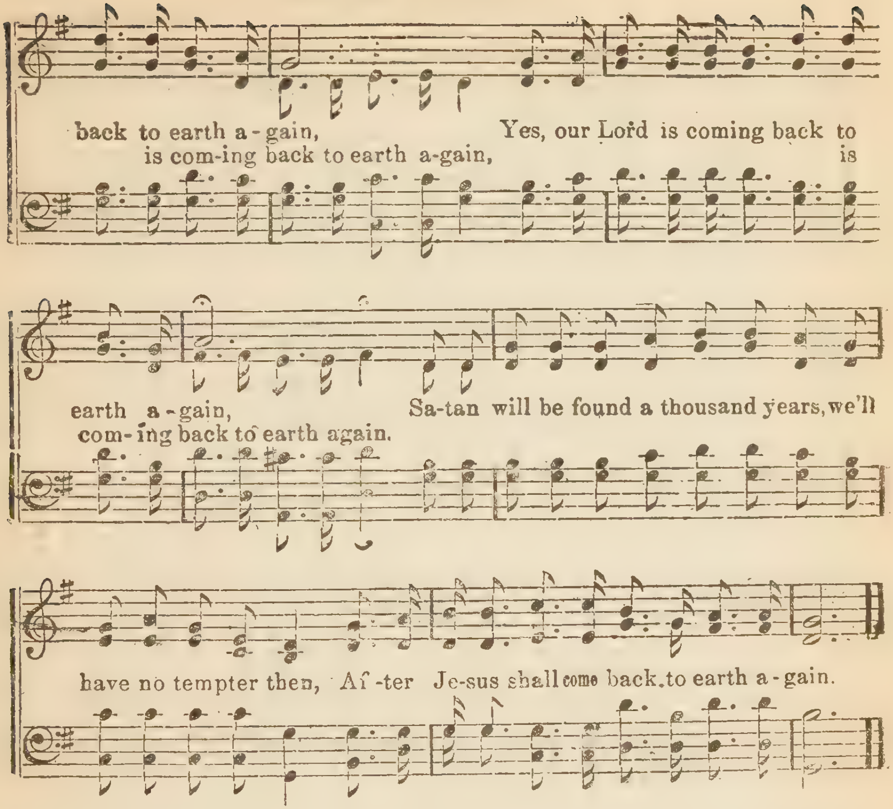

back to earth a-gain,
is com-ing back to earth a-gain,
Yes, our Lord is coming back to
is
earth a-gain,
com-ing back to earth again.
Sa-tan will be found a thousand years, we'll
have no tempter then, Af-ter Je-sus shall come back to earth a-gain.

## 763 Look, Ye Saints.

*Tune Zion*

Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See the Man of Sorrows now:
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow:
Crown Him, crown Him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him,
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him;
While the vault of heaven rings:
Crown Him, crown Him;
Crown the Saviour "King of kings."

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him;
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim:
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name;
Crown Him, crown Him;
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

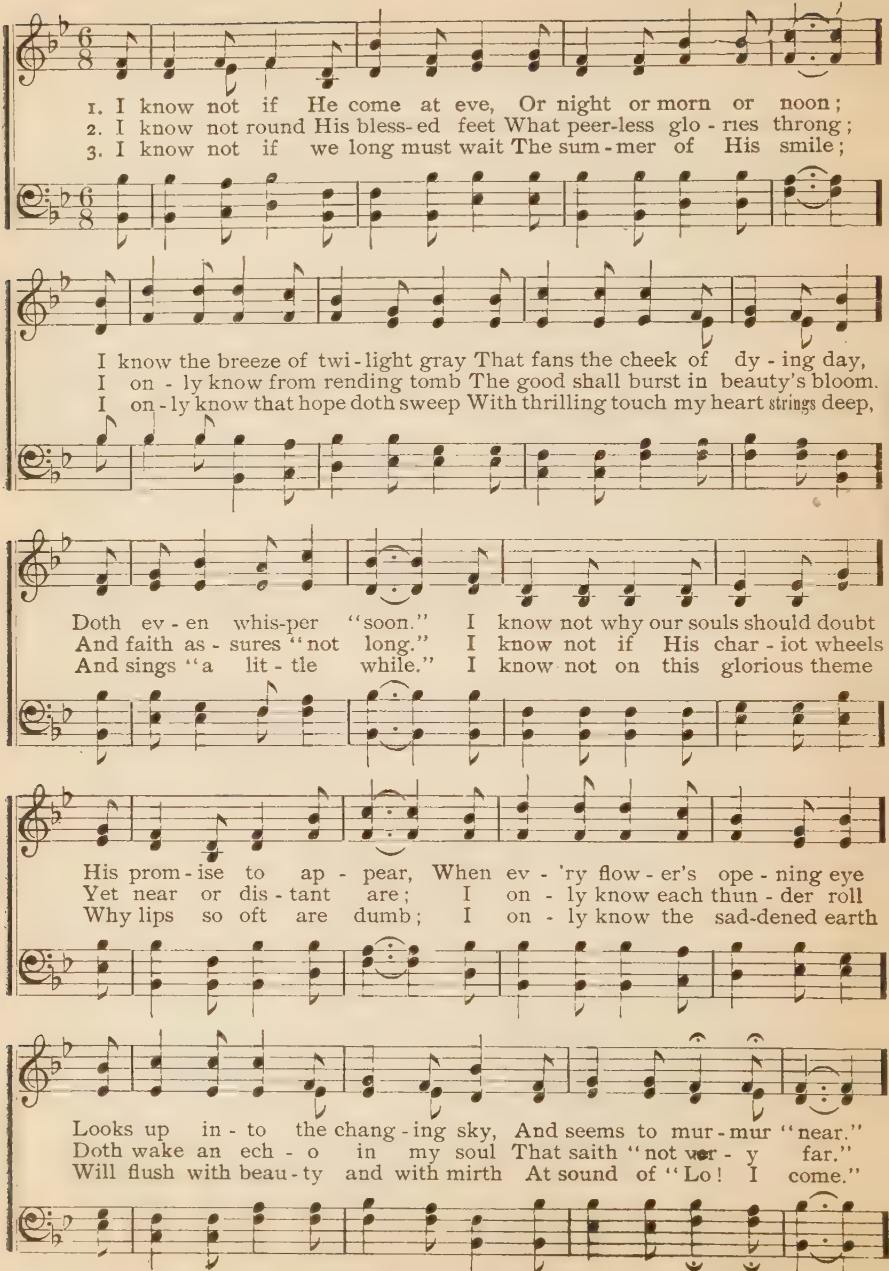
4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
Oh, what joy the sight affords:
Crown Him, crown Him;
"King of kings and Lord of lords."

*Thomas Kelly*

# 764 A Little While.

Anon.

Margaret M. Simpson.


1. I know not if He come at eve, Or night or morn or noon;
2. I know not round His bless-ed feet What peer-less glo-ries throng;
3. I know not if we long must wait The sum-mer of His smile;
I know the breeze of twi-light gray That fans the cheek of dy-ing day,
I on-ly know from rending tomb The good shall burst in beauty's bloom.
I on-ly know that hope doth sweep With thrilling touch my heart strings deep,
Doth ev-en whis-per "soon." I know not why our souls should doubt
And faith as-sures "not long." I know not if His char-iot wheels
And sings "a lit-tle while." I know not on this glorious theme
His prom-ise to ap-pear, When ev-'ry flow-er's ope-ning eye
Yet near or dis-tant are; I on-ly know each thun-der roll
Why lips so oft are dumb; I on-ly know the sad-dened earth
Looks up in-to the chang-ing sky, And seems to mur-mur "near."
Doth wake an ech-o in my soul That saith "not ver-y far."
Will flush with beau-ty and with mirth At sound of "Lo! I come."

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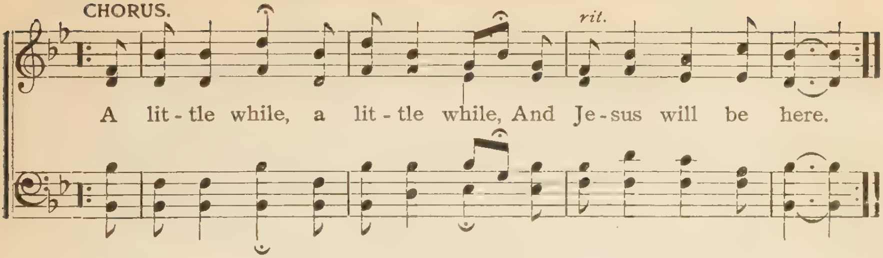
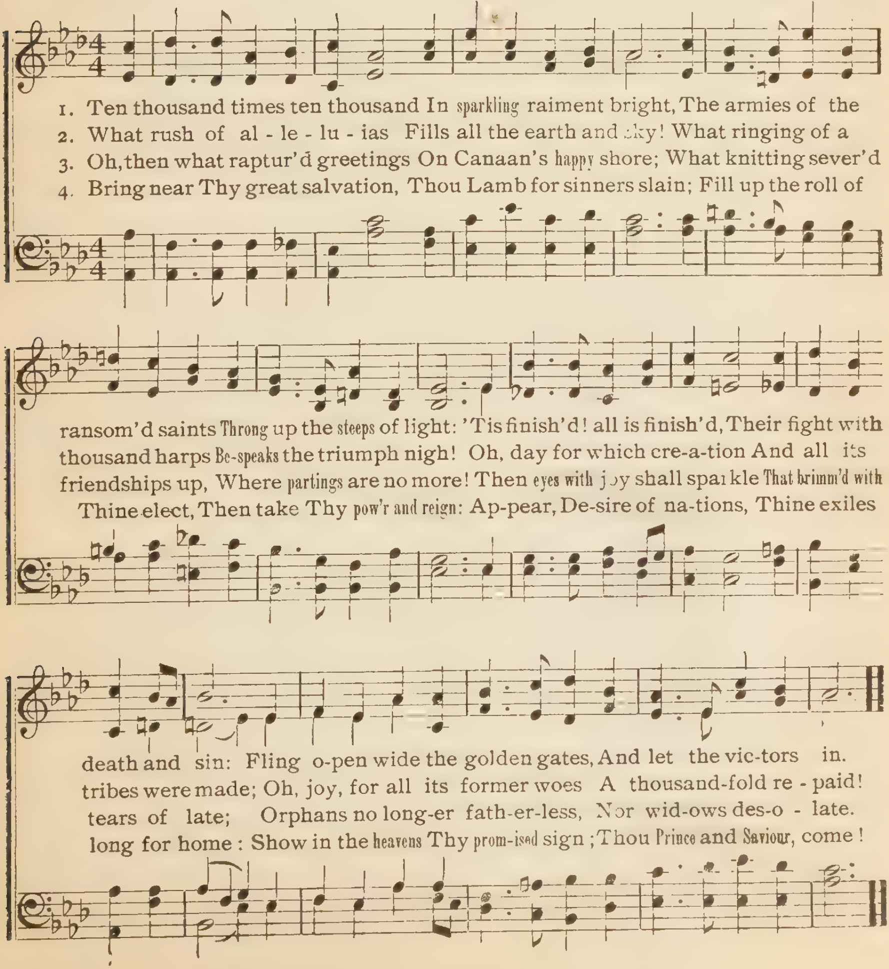
## A Little While.—Concluded.


CHORUS.
rit.
A lit - tle while, a lit - tle while, And Je - sus will be here.

## 765 Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand.

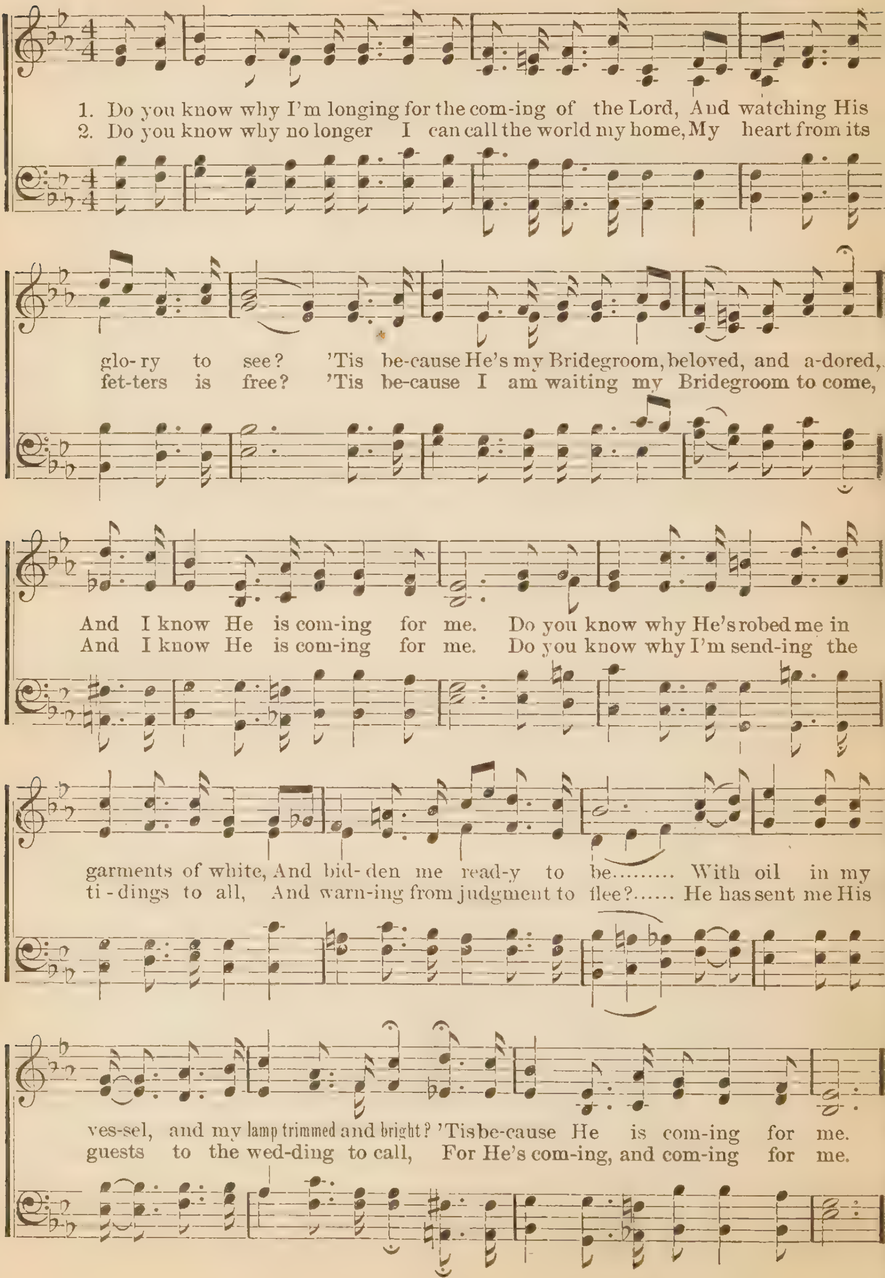
H. ALFORD. J. B. DYKES.


1. Ten thousand times ten thousand In sparkling raiment bright, The armies of the
2. What rush of al - le - lu - ias Fills all the earth and sky! What ringing of a
3. Oh, then what raptur'd greetings On Canaan's happy shore; What knitting sever'd
4. Bring near Thy great salvation, Thou Lamb for sinners slain; Fill up the roll of
ransom'd saints Throng up the steeps of light: 'Tis finish'd! all is finish'd, Their fight with
thousand harps Be-speaks the triumph nigh! Oh, day for which cre-a-tion And all its
friendships up, Where partings are no more! Then eyes with joy shall sparkle That brimm'd with
Thine elect, Then take Thy pow'r and reign: Ap-pear, De-sire of na-tions, Thine exiles
death and sin: Fling o-pen wide the golden gates, And let the vic-tors in.
tribes were made; Oh, joy, for all its former woes A thousand-fold re - paid!
tears of late; Orphans no long-er fath-er-less, Nor wid-ows des-o - late.
long for home: Show in the heavens Thy prom-ised sign; Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

766

# He is Coming Back Again.

Rev. A. B. Simpson. JOHN T. BENSON.


1. Do you know why I'm longing for the com-ing of the Lord, And watching His
2. Do you know why no longer I can call the world my home, My heart from its
glo-ry to see? 'Tis be-cause He's my Bridegroom, beloved, and a-dored,
fet-ters is free? 'Tis be-cause I am waiting my Bridegroom to come,
And I know He is com-ing for me. Do you know why He's robed me in
And I know He is com-ing for me. Do you know why I'm send-ing the
garments of white, And bid-den me read-y to be......... With oil in my
ti-dings to all, And warn-ing from judgment to flee?...... He has sent me His
ves-sel, and my lamp trimmed and bright? 'Tis be-cause He is com-ing for me.
guests to the wed-ding to call, For He's com-ing, and com-ing for me.

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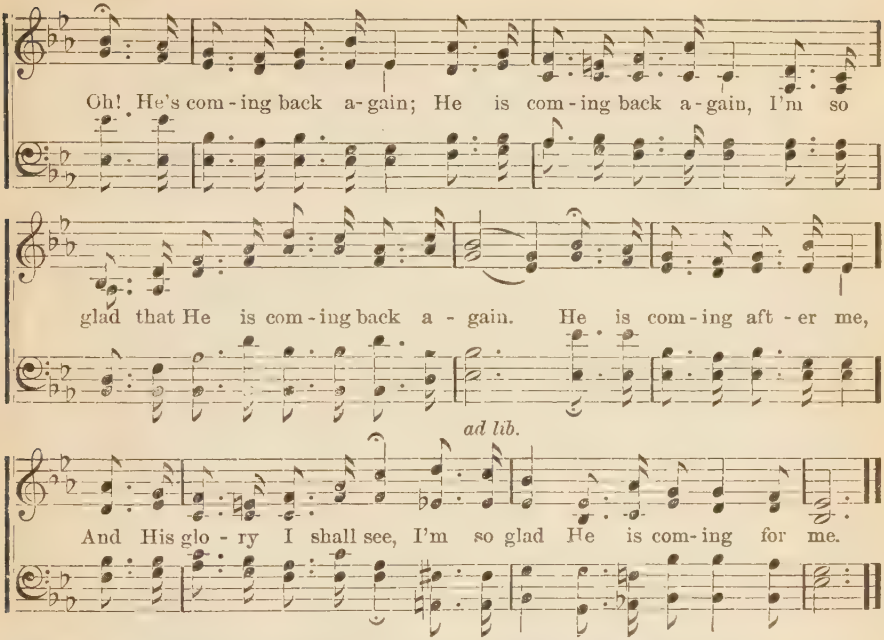
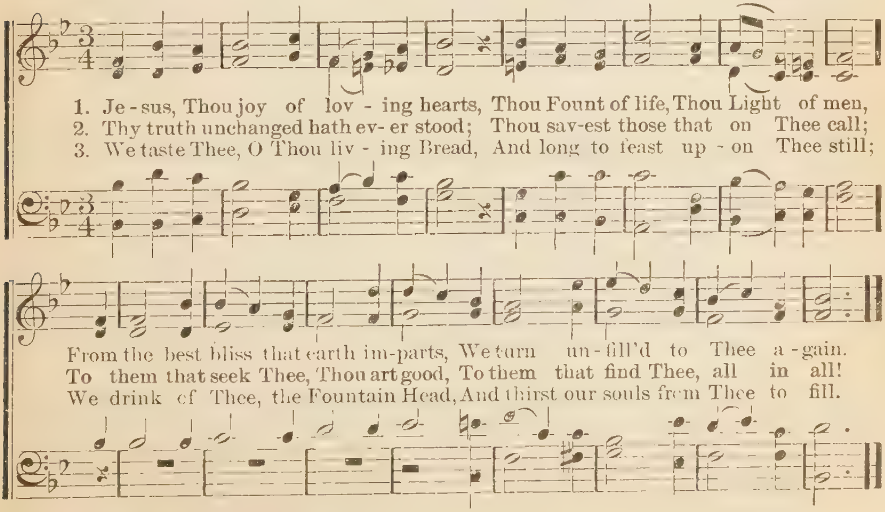
# He is Coming Back Again.—Concluded.

CHORUS.


Oh! He's com-ing back a-gain; He is com-ing back a-gain, I'm so
glad that He is com-ing back a-gain. He is com-ing aft-er me,
ad lib.
And His glo-ry I shall see, I'm so glad He is com-ing for me.

## 767 Jesus, Thou Joy of Loving Hearts.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX. Arr. fr. BEETHOVEN.

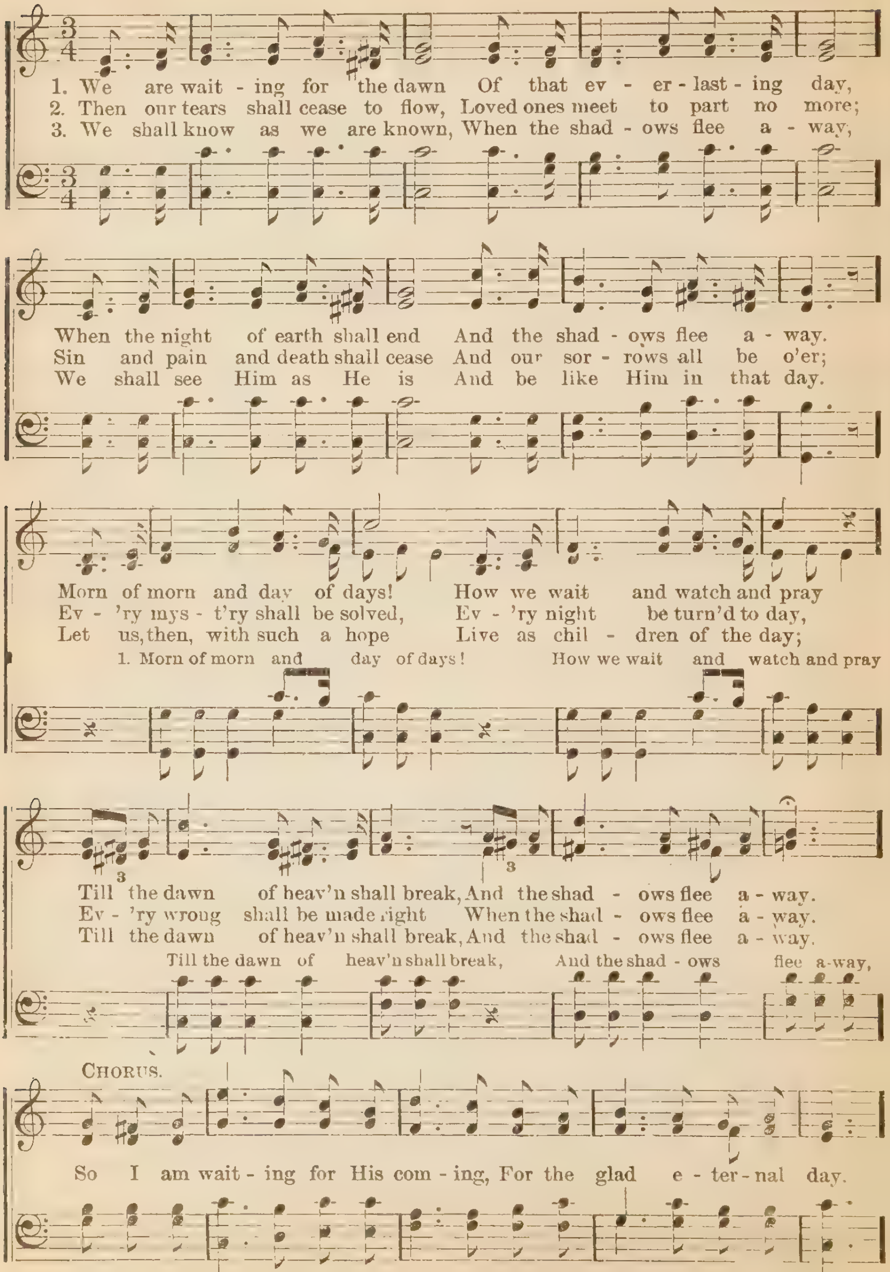

1. Je-sus, Thou joy of lov-ing hearts, Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men,
2. Thy truth unchanged hath ev-er stood; Thou sav-est those that on Thee call;
3. We taste Thee, O Thou liv-ing Bread, And long to feast up-on Thee still;
From the best bliss that earth im-parts, We turn un-fill'd to Thee a-gain.
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good, To them that find Thee, all in all!
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head, And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

# When the Shadows Flee Away.

A. B. Simpson. W. Macomber.


3/4
1. We are wait - ing for the dawn Of that ev - er - last - ing day,
2. Then our tears shall cease to flow, Loved ones meet to part no more;
3. We shall know as we are known, When the shad - ows flee a - way,
When the night of earth shall end And the shad - ows flee a - way.
Sin and pain and death shall cease And our sor - rows all be o'er;
We shall see Him as He is And be like Him in that day.
Morn of morn and day of days! How we wait and watch and pray
Ev - 'ry mys - t'ry shall be solved, Ev - 'ry night be turn'd to day,
Let us, then, with such a hope Live as chil - dren of the day;
1. Morn of morn and day of days! How we wait and watch and pray
Till the dawn of heav'n shall break, And the shad - ows flee a - way.
Ev - 'ry wrong shall be made right When the shad - ows flee a - way.
Till the dawn of heav'n shall break, And the shad - ows flee a - way.
Till the dawn of heav'n shall break, And the shad - ows flee a-way,
3
3
Chorus.
So I am wait - ing for His com - ing, For the glad e - ter - nal day.

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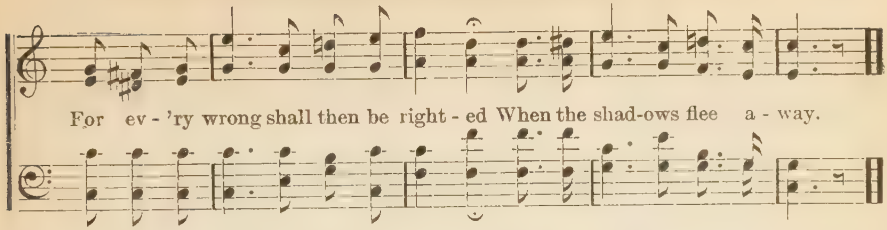
## When the Shadows Flee Away.—Concluded.

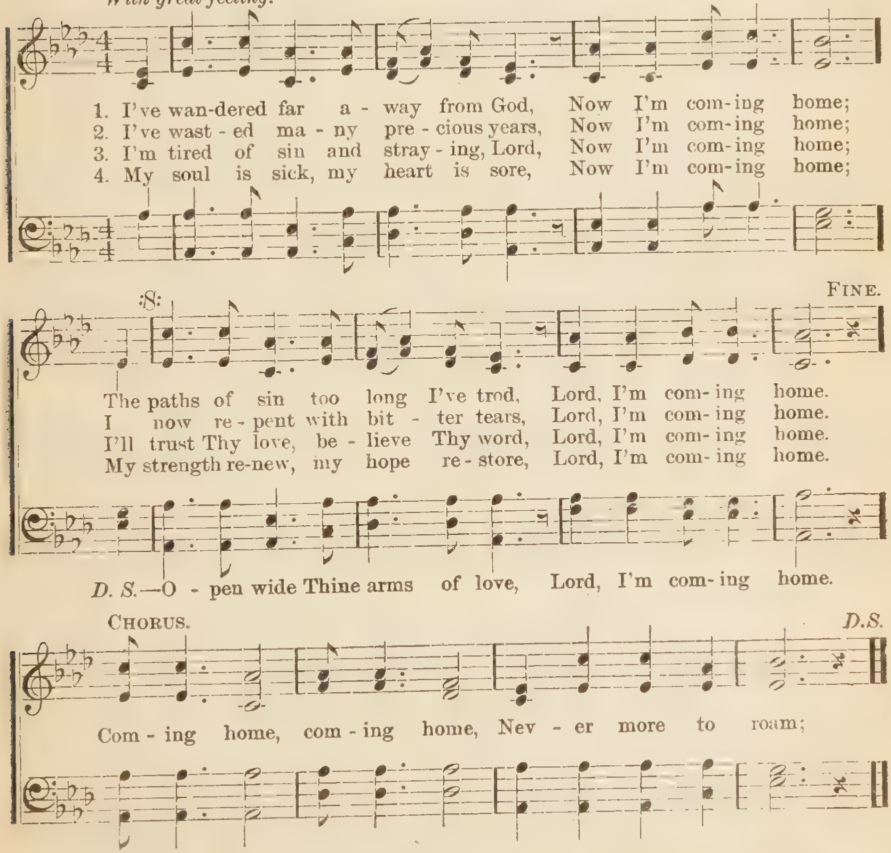

For ev - 'ry wrong shall then be right - ed When the shad-ows flee a - way.

## 769 Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

*With great feeling.*


1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;
Fine.
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
My strength re-new, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
D. S.—O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
Chorus.
Com - ing home, com - ing home, Nev - er more to roam;
D.S.

5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home,
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need His cleansing blood I know,
Now I'm coming home;
O wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

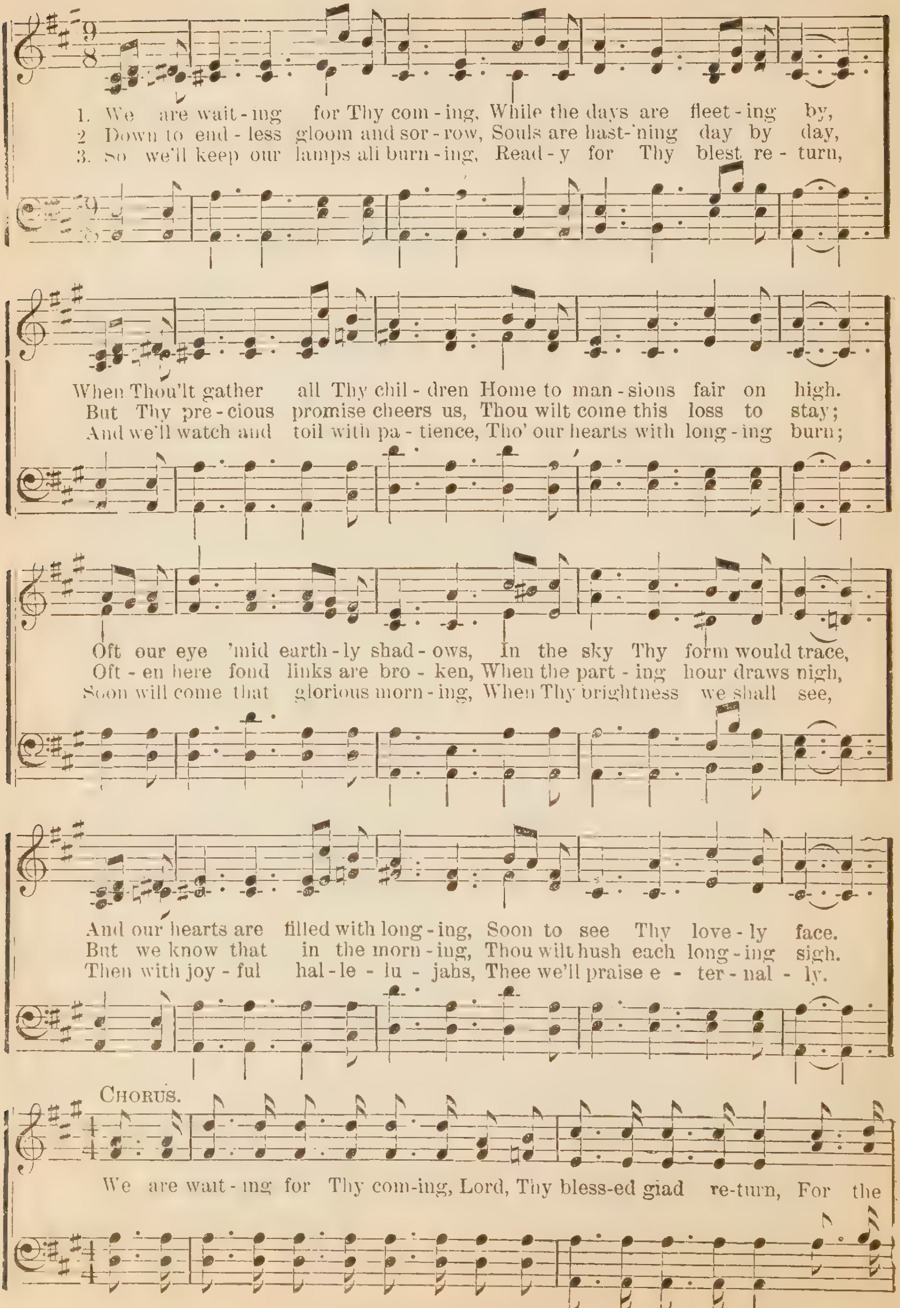
Copyright, 1892, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

770.

# We are Waiting for Thy Coming.

W. M.

W. MACOMBER.


1. We are wait-ing for Thy com-ing, While the days are fleet-ing by,
2. Down to end-less gloom and sor-row, Souls are hast-'ning day by day,
3. So we'll keep our lamps all burn-ing, Read-y for Thy blest re-turn,
When Thou'lt gather all Thy chil-dren Home to man-sions fair on high.
But Thy pre-cious promise cheers us, Thou wilt come this loss to stay;
And we'll watch and toil with pa-tience, Tho' our hearts with long-ing burn;
Oft our eye 'mid earth-ly shad-ows, In the sky Thy form would trace,
Oft-en here fond links are bro-ken, When the part-ing hour draws nigh,
Soon will come that glorious morn-ing, When Thy brightness we shall see,
And our hearts are filled with long-ing, Soon to see Thy love-ly face.
But we know that in the morn-ing, Thou wilt hush each long-ing sigh.
Then with joy-ful hal-le-lu-jahs, Thee we'll praise e-ter-nal-ly.
CHORUS.
We are wait-ing for Thy com-ing, Lord, Thy bless-ed glad re-turn, For the

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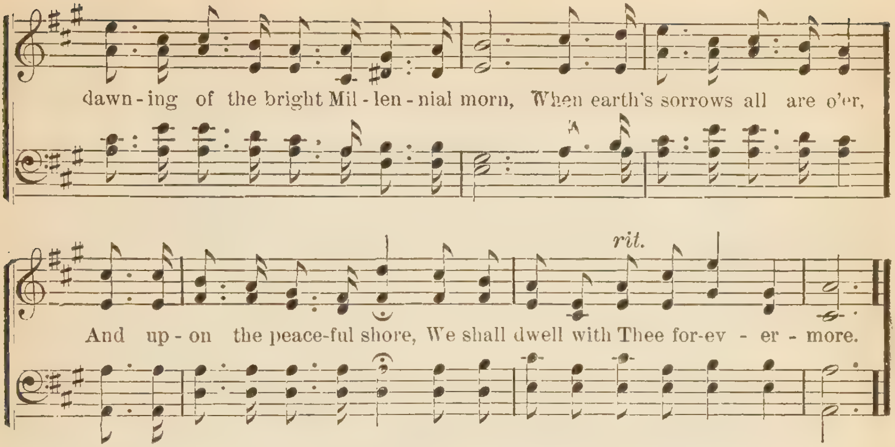
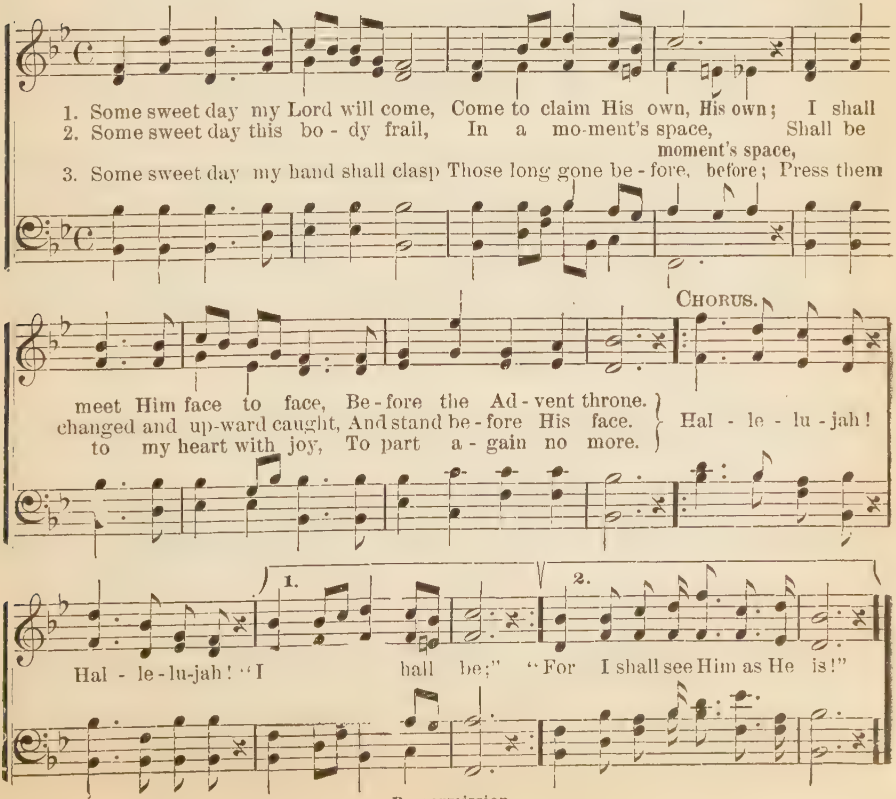
## We are Waiting for Thy Coming. Concluded.


dawn-ing of the bright Mil-len-nial morn, When earth's sorrows all are o'er,
And up-on the peace-ful shore, We shall dwell with Thee for-ev-er-more.
rit.

## 771

## Some Sweet Day My Lord Will Come.

J. O. H. J. O. Hillyer.

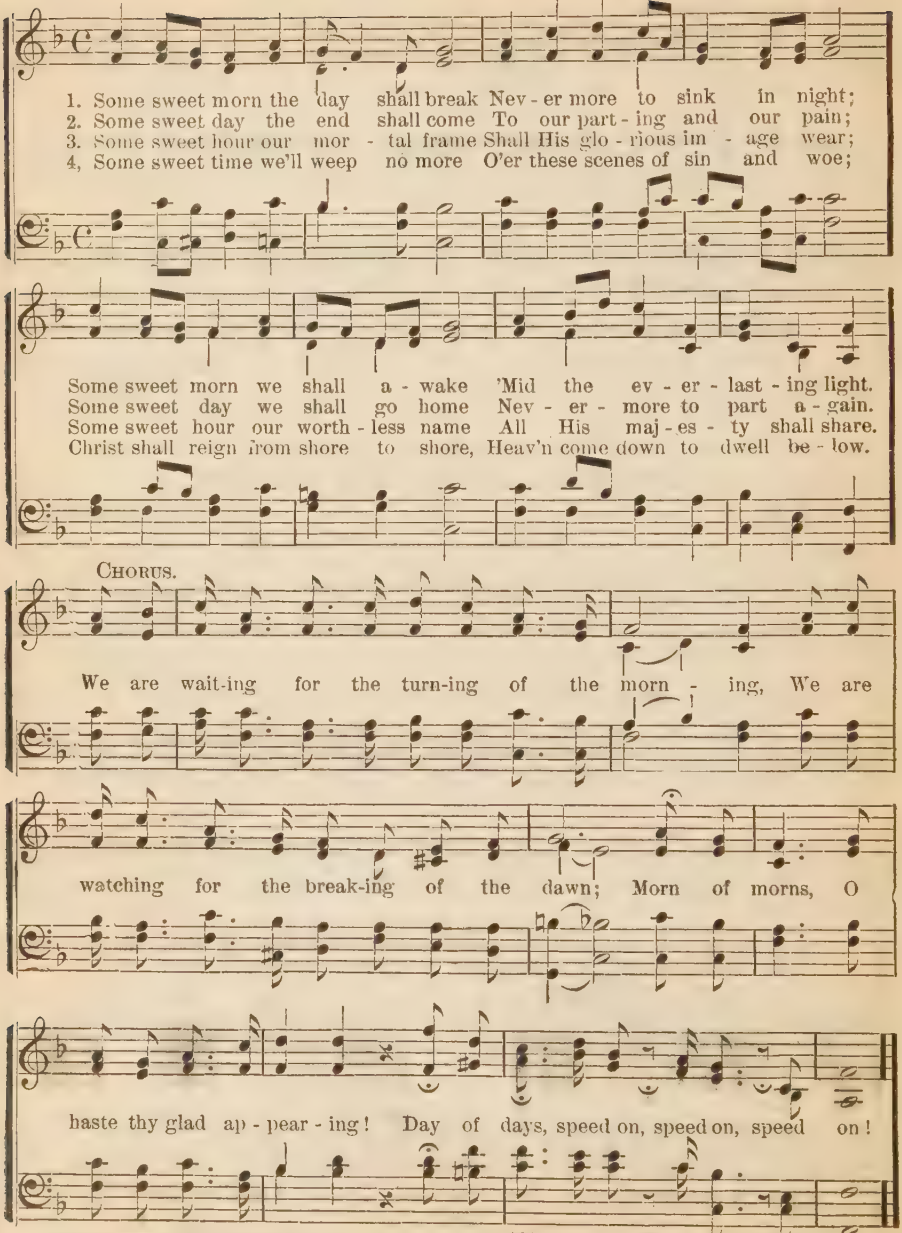

1. Some sweet day my Lord will come, Come to claim His own, His own; I shall meet Him face to face, Be-fore the Ad-vent throne.
2. Some sweet day this bo-dy frail, In a mo-ment's space, moment's space, Shall be changed and up-ward caught, And stand be-fore His face.
3. Some sweet day my hand shall clasp Those long gone be-fore, before; Press them to my heart with joy, To part a-gain no more.
Chorus.
Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! "I shall be;" "For I shall see Him as He is!"
1. 2.

By permission.

772

# Some Sweet Morn.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. Some sweet morn the day shall break Never more to sink in night;
2. Some sweet day the end shall come To our parting and our pain;
3. Some sweet hour our mortal frame Shall His glorious image wear;
4, Some sweet time we'll weep no more O'er these scenes of sin and woe;
Some sweet morn we shall awake 'Mid the everlasting light.
Some sweet day we shall go home Nevermore to part again.
Some sweet hour our worthless name All His majesty shall share.
Christ shall reign from shore to shore, Heav'n come down to dwell below.
Chorus.
We are waiting for the turning of the morning, We are
watching for the breaking of the dawn; Morn of morns, O
haste thy glad appearing! Day of days, speed on, speed on, speed on!

5 Some sweet day our tongue shall tell
All the story of His love;
Some sweet day our song shall swell
Loud and sweet as songs above.

6 Some sweet morn we'll see His face,
And we shall be satisfied;
Some sweet day in His embrace,
We shall evermore abide.

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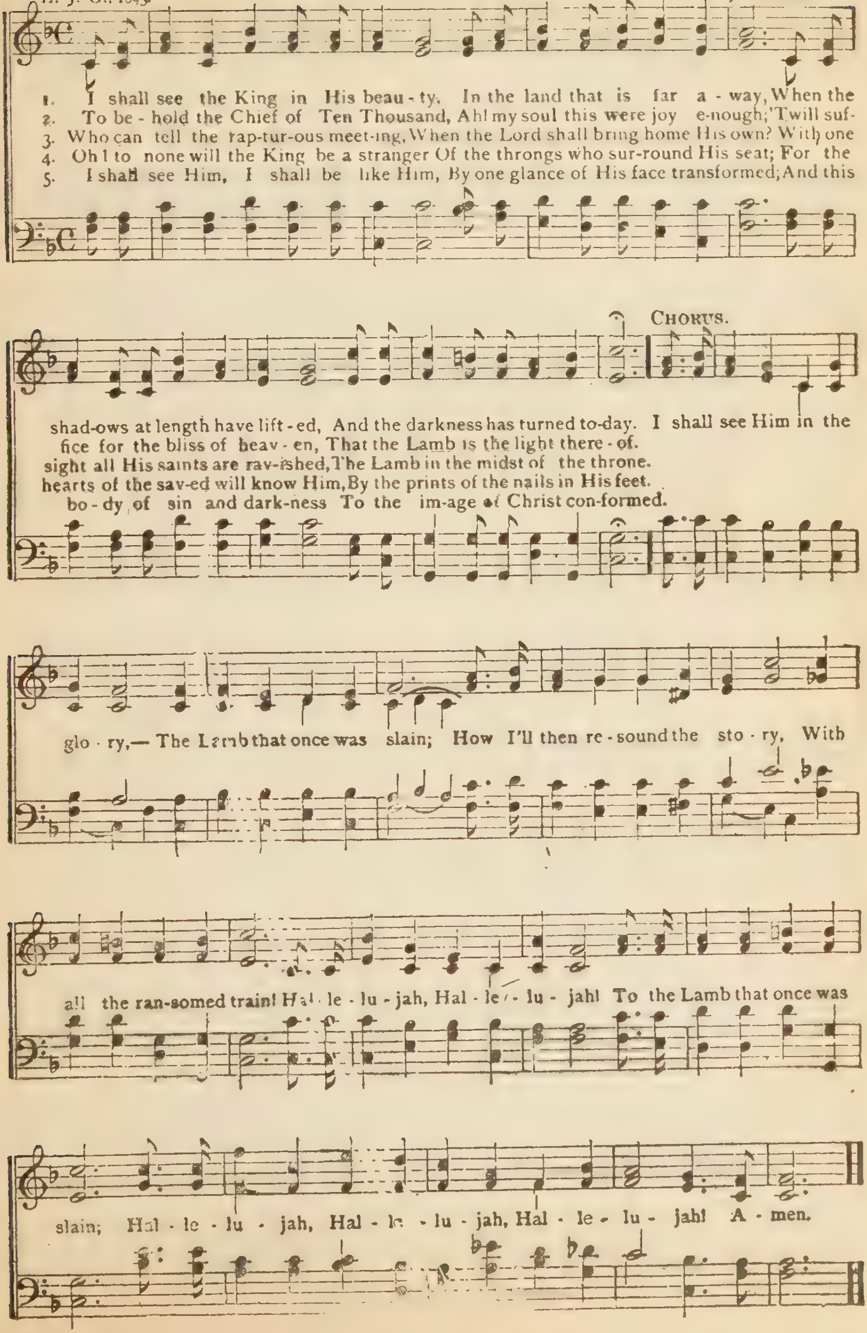
# The King in His Beauty.

By per.,

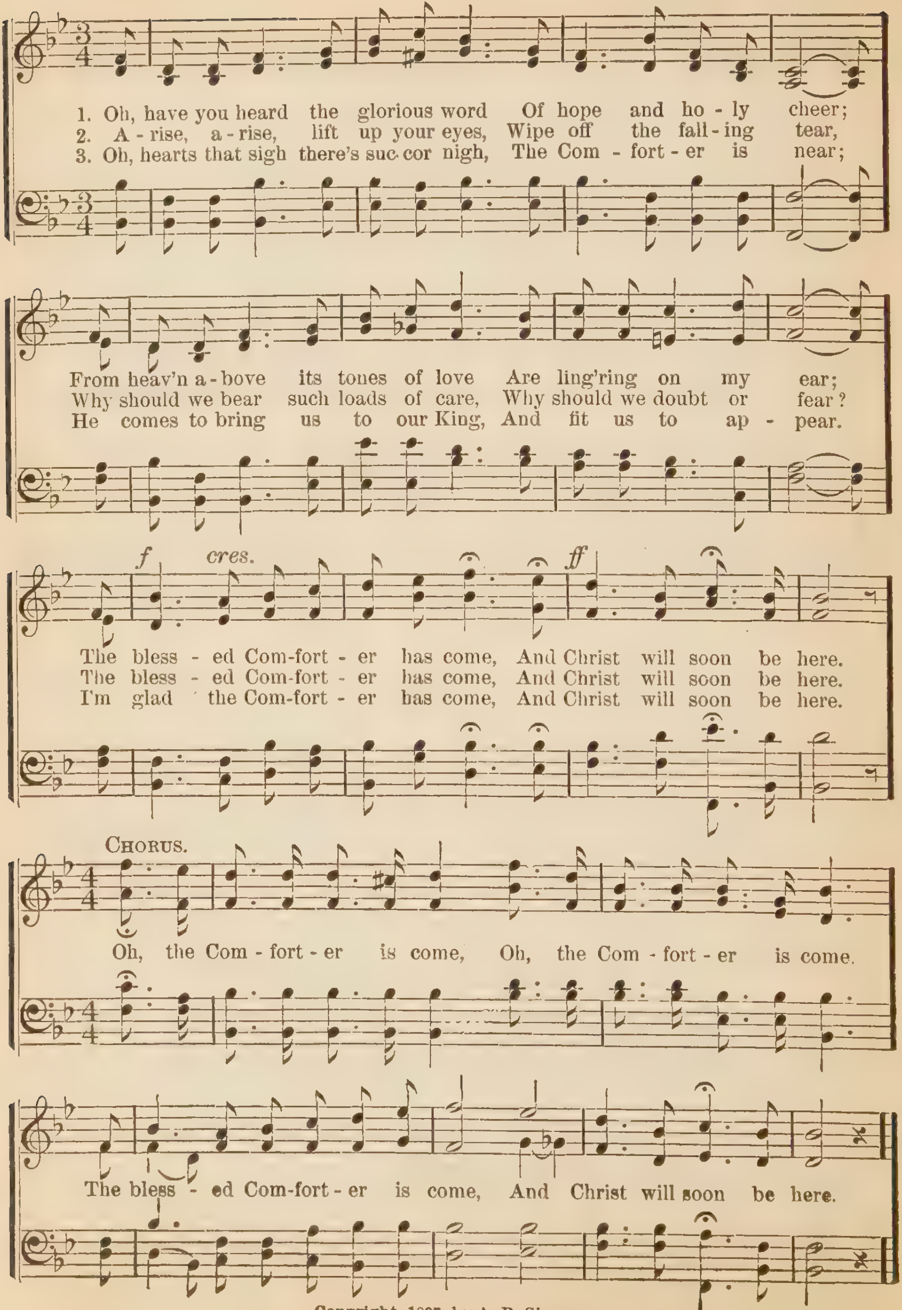
A. J. G., 1893. A. J. GORDON.


1. I shall see the King in His beau - ty, In the land that is far a - way, When the
2. To be - hold the Chief of Ten Thousand, Ah! my soul this were joy e-nough; 'Twill suf-
3. Who can tell the rap-tur-ous meet-ing, When the Lord shall bring home His own? With one
4. Oh! to none will the King be a stranger Of the throngs who sur-round His seat; For the
5. I shall see Him, I shall be like Him, By one glance of His face transformed; And this
shad-ows at length have lift - ed, And the darkness has turned to-day. I shall see Him in the
fice for the bliss of heav - en, That the Lamb is the light there - of.
sight all His saints are rav-ished, The Lamb in the midst of the throne.
hearts of the sav-ed will know Him, By the prints of the nails in His feet.
bo - dy of sin and dark-ness To the im-age of Christ con-formed.
CHORUS.
glo - ry,— The Lamb that once was slain; How I'll then re - sound the sto - ry, With
all the ran-somed train! Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! To the Lamb that once was
slain; Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

# The Comforter Has Come.

A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. Oh, have you heard the glorious word Of hope and ho - ly cheer;
2. A - rise, a - rise, lift up your eyes, Wipe off the fall - ing tear,
3. Oh, hearts that sigh there's suc-cor nigh, The Com - fort - er is near;
From heav'n a - bove its tones of love Are ling'ring on my ear;
Why should we bear such loads of care, Why should we doubt or fear?
He comes to bring us to our King, And fit us to ap - pear.
f
cres.
ff
The bless - ed Com-fort - er has come, And Christ will soon be here.
The bless - ed Com-fort - er has come, And Christ will soon be here.
I'm glad the Com-fort - er has come, And Christ will soon be here.
Chorus.
Oh, the Com - fort - er is come, Oh, the Com - fort - er is come.
The bless - ed Com-fort - er is come, And Christ will soon be here.

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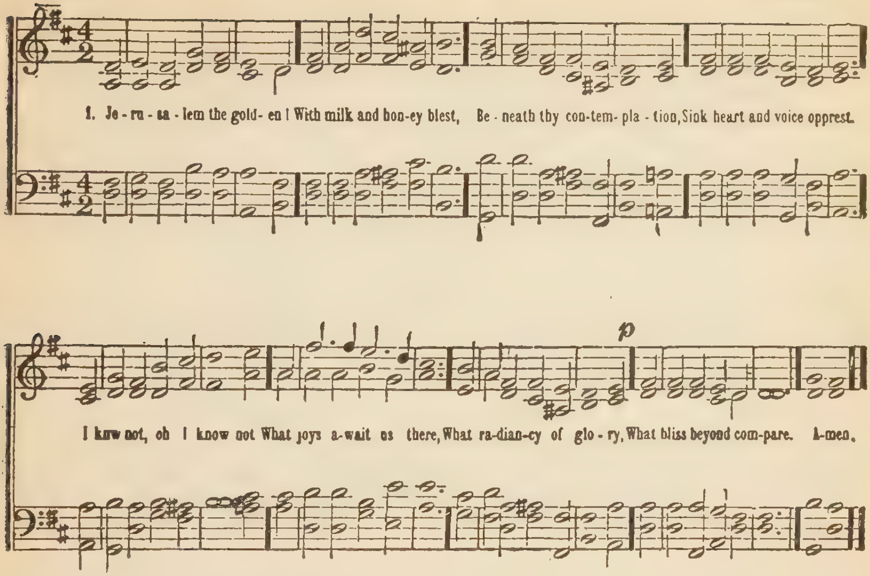
775

## Jerusalem the Golden.

EWING.


1. Je-ru-sa-lem the gold-en! With milk and hon-ey blest, Be-neath thy con-tem-pla-tion, Sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, oh I know not What joys a-wait us there, What ra-dian-cy of glo-ry, What bliss beyond com-pare. A-men.
p

They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pasture of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

Thou hast no shore fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!

Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise Thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And shine the golden dower.

O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest:
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

## The Comforter Has Come. Concluded.

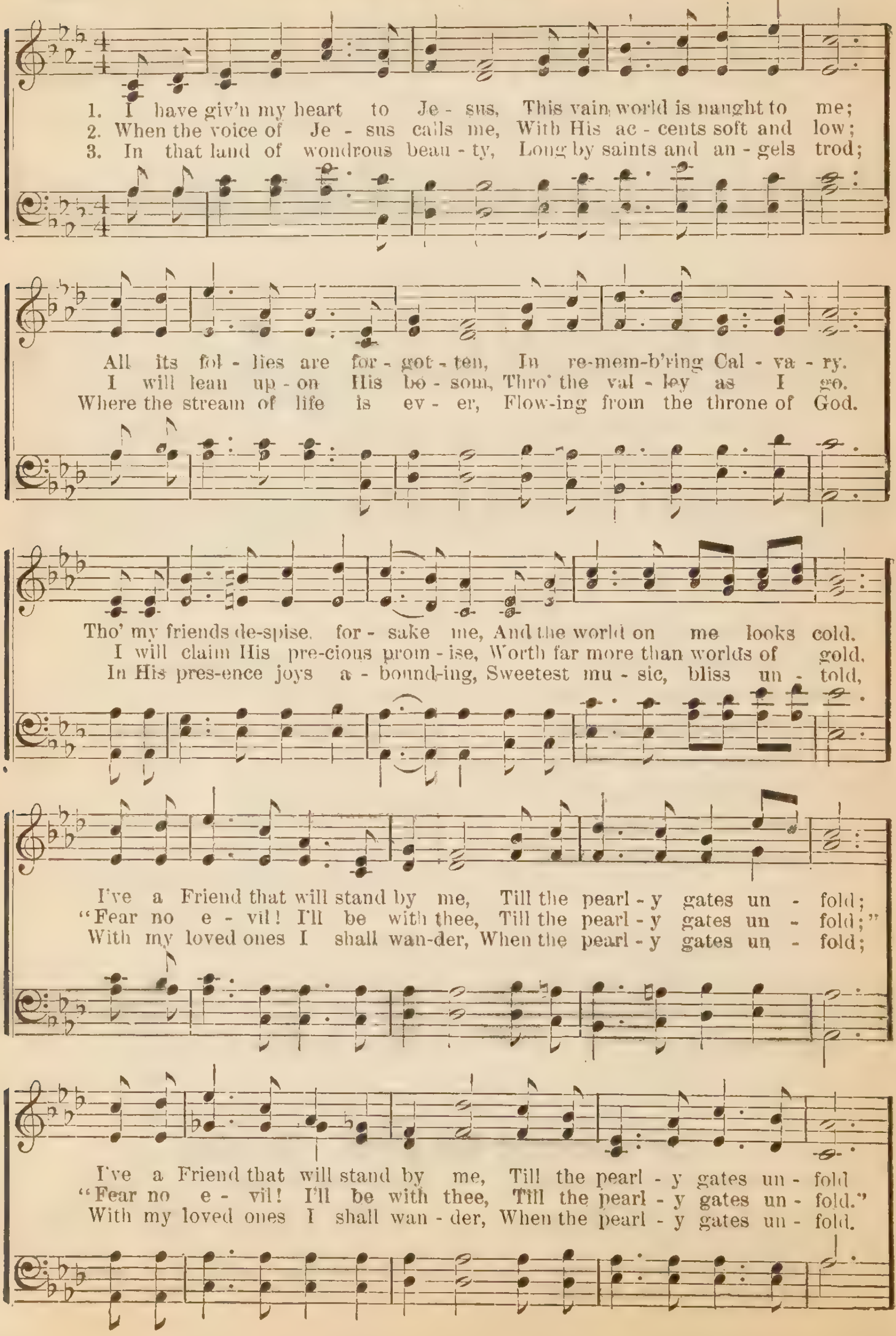
4 Oh, sweetest word heart ever heard,
Proclaim it far and near;
Oh, let it roll from pole to pole,
'Till all the nations hear:
The blessed Comforter is come,
And Christ will soon be here.

5 Oh, sleeper, wake; thy sin forsake,
The Lord will soon appear;
What wilt thou say, in that great day,
If thou this word should'st hear:
The Comforter has come and gone,
And Christ Himself is here.

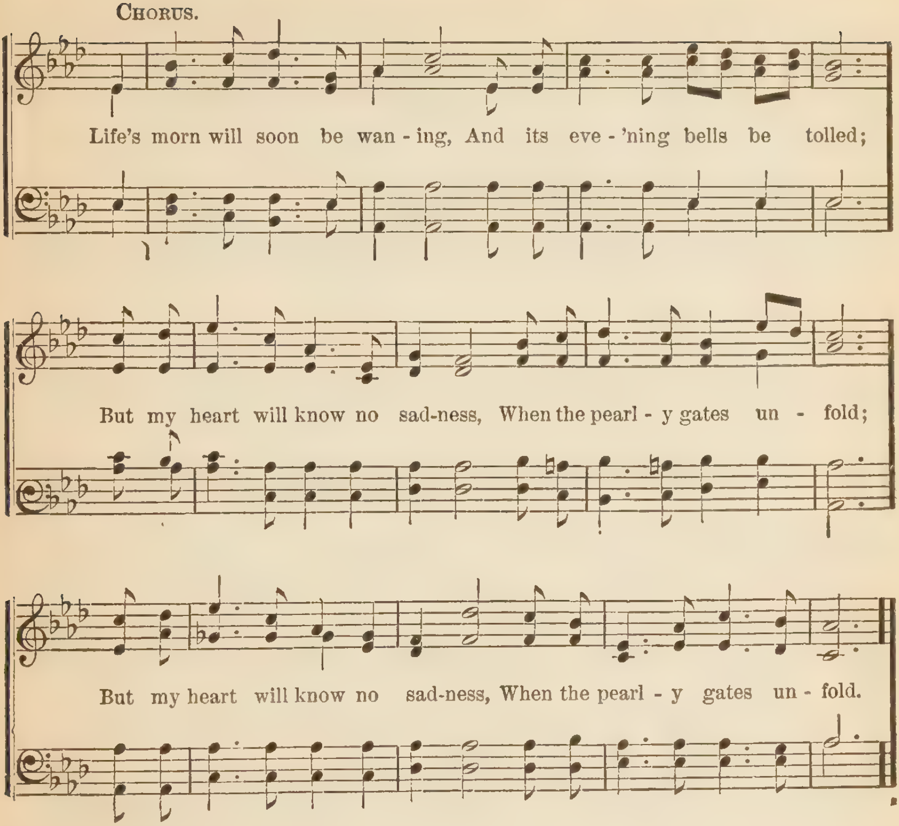
# When the Pearly Gates Unfold.

Miss J. Graham, changed.

Arranged.


1. I have giv'n my heart to Je - sus, This vain world is naught to me;
2. When the voice of Je - sus calls me, With His ac - cents soft and low;
3. In that land of wondrous beau - ty, Long by saints and an - gels trod;
All its fol - lies are for - got - ten, In re-mem-b'ring Cal - va - ry.
I will lean up - on His bo - som, Thro' the val - ley as I go.
Where the stream of life is ev - er, Flow-ing from the throne of God.
Tho' my friends de-spise, for - sake me, And the world on me looks cold.
I will claim His pre-cious prom - ise, Worth far more than worlds of gold.
In His pres-ence joys a - bound-ing, Sweetest mu - sic, bliss un - told,
I've a Friend that will stand by me, Till the pearl - y gates un - fold;
"Fear no e - vil! I'll be with thee, Till the pearl - y gates un - fold;"
With my loved ones I shall wan-der, When the pearl - y gates un - fold;
I've a Friend that will stand by me, Till the pearl - y gates un - fold
"Fear no e - vil! I'll be with thee, Till the pearl - y gates un - fold."
With my loved ones I shall wan - der, When the pearl - y gates un - fold.

# When the Pearly Gates Unfold. Concluded.


CHORUS.
Life's morn will soon be wan-ing, And its eve-'ning bells be tolled;
But my heart will know no sad-ness, When the pearl-y gates un-fold;
But my heart will know no sad-ness, When the pearl-y gates un-fold.

## 777

## 'Tis Come.

C. M.

'Tis come—the glad millenial morn—
The Son of David reigns,
Sing, sing, O earth! for thou art free,
And Satan is in chains.

Rejoice, for thou shalt fear no more
The ruthless tyrant's rod;
Nor lose again the gracious smile
Of thine incarnate God.

But chiefly thou, O Solyma!
Thou queen of cities, sing!
With shouts of triumph welcome now
Thy Morning Star, thy King.

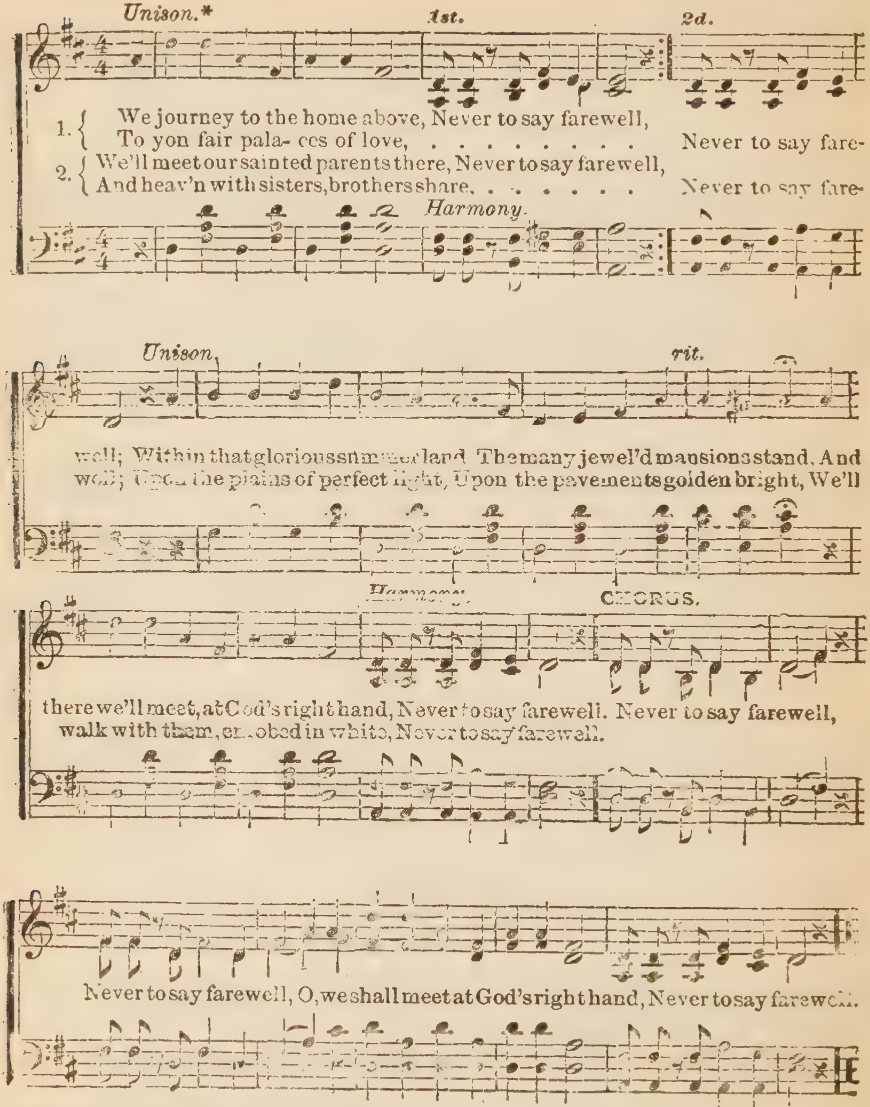
O blessed Lord we little dreamed
Of such a morn as this:
Such rivers of unmingled joy—
Such full unbounded bliss.

And O how sweet the happy thought
That all we taste and see
We owe it to the dying Lamb
We owe it, Lord, to Thee.

SIR EDWARD DENNY, 1870.

# Never to Say Farewell.

Rev. Elisha. A. Hoffman. Ira Orwig Hoffman. By per.


Unison.*
1st.
2d.
1. We journey to the home above, Never to say farewell,
To yon fair pala- ces of love, . . . . . . . . . Never to say fare-
2. We'll meet our sainted parents there, Never to say farewell,
And heav'n with sisters, brothers share, . . . . . . . Never to say fare-
Harmony.
Unison.
rit.
well; Within that glorious summer land The many jewel'd mansions stand, And
well; Upon the plains of perfect light, Upon the pavements golden bright, We'll
Harmony.
CHORUS.
there we'll meet, at God's right hand, Never to say farewell. Never to say farewell,
walk with them, enrobed in white, Never to say farewell.
Never to say farewell, O, we shall meet at God's right hand, Never to say farewell.

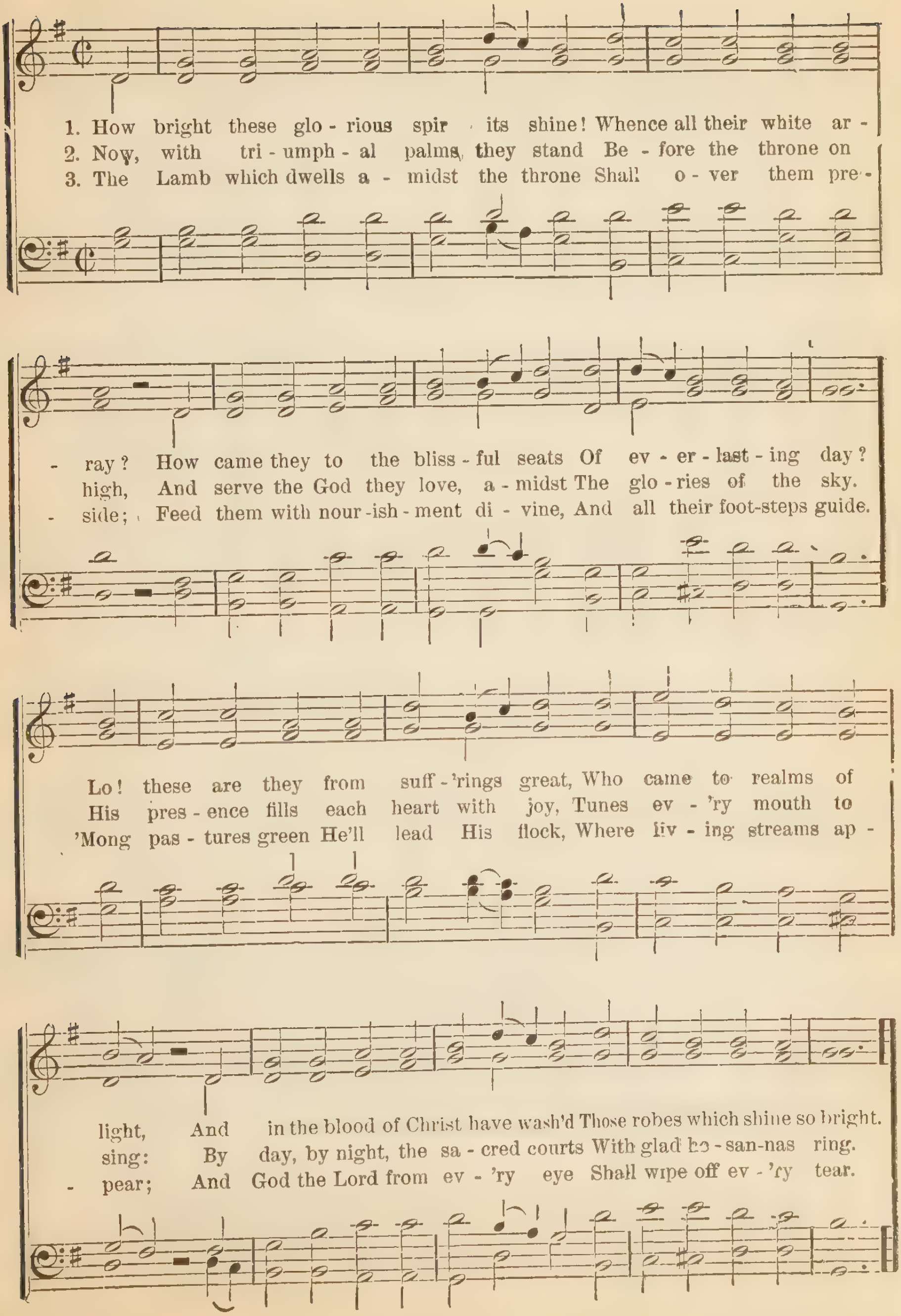
3 We'll meet beyond life's swelling flood,
Never to say farewell,
Redeemed and washed in Jesus' blood,
Never to say farewell;
Earth's long, long night will pass away,
Dissolving into heavenly day,
And we shall with our loved ones stay,
Never to say farewell.

4 Oh, what a blessed hope is this,
Never to say farewell!
What pure and perfect happiness,
Never to say farewell!
Delivered from all sin and pain,
To reach yon fair, celestial plain,
And meet the loved and lost again,
Never to say farewell.

* Very effective if unison parts are sung as a solo.

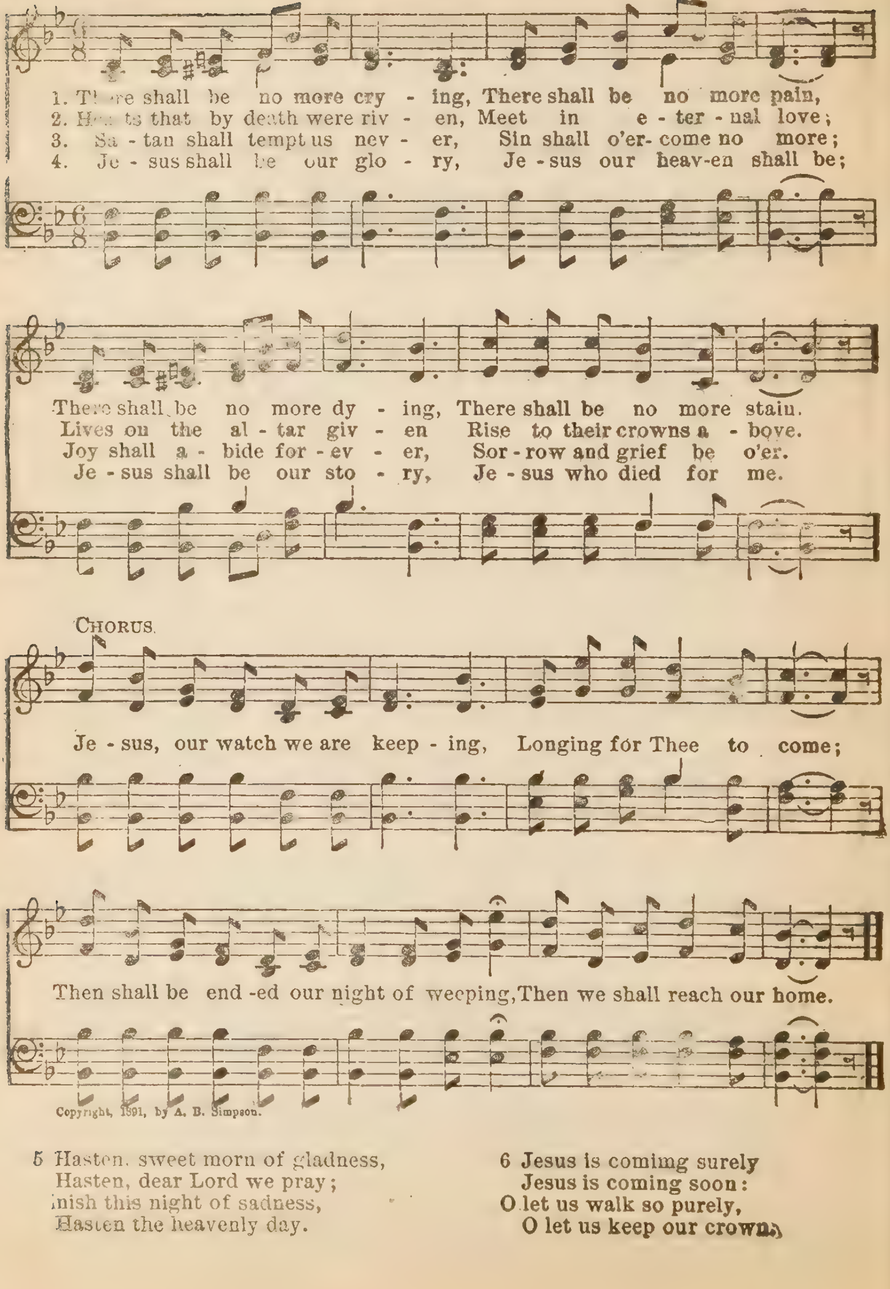
779

# How Bright.


1. How bright these glo - rious spir - its shine! Whence all their white ar -
2. Now, with tri - umph - al palms, they stand Be - fore the throne on
3. The Lamb which dwells a - midst the throne Shall o - ver them pre -
- ray? How came they to the bliss - ful seats Of ev - er - last - ing day?
high, And serve the God they love, a - midst The glo - ries of the sky.
- side; Feed them with nour - ish - ment di - vine, And all their foot-steps guide.
Lo! these are they from suff - 'rings great, Who came to realms of
His pres - ence fills each heart with joy, Tunes ev - 'ry mouth to
'Mong pas - tures green He'll lead His flock, Where liv - ing streams ap -
light, And in the blood of Christ have wash'd Those robes which shine so bright.
sing: By day, by night, the sa - cred courts With glad ho - san-nas ring.
- pear; And God the Lord from ev - 'ry eye Shall wipe off ev - 'ry tear.

# No More Sorrow.

A. B. S. A. B. Simpson.


1. There shall be no more cry - ing, There shall be no more pain,
2. Hearts that by death were riv - en, Meet in e - ter - nal love;
3. Sa - tan shall tempt us nev - er, Sin shall o'er- come no more;
4. Je - sus shall be our glo - ry, Je - sus our heav-en shall be;
There shall be no more dy - ing, There shall be no more stain.
Lives on the al - tar giv - en Rise to their crowns a - bove.
Joy shall a - bide for - ev - er, Sor - row and grief be o'er.
Je - sus shall be our sto - ry, Je - sus who died for me.
CHORUS.
Je - sus, our watch we are keep - ing, Longing for Thee to come;
Then shall be end -ed our night of weeping, Then we shall reach our home.

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5 Hasten, sweet morn of gladness,
Hasten, dear Lord we pray;
inish this night of sadness,
Hasten the heavenly day.

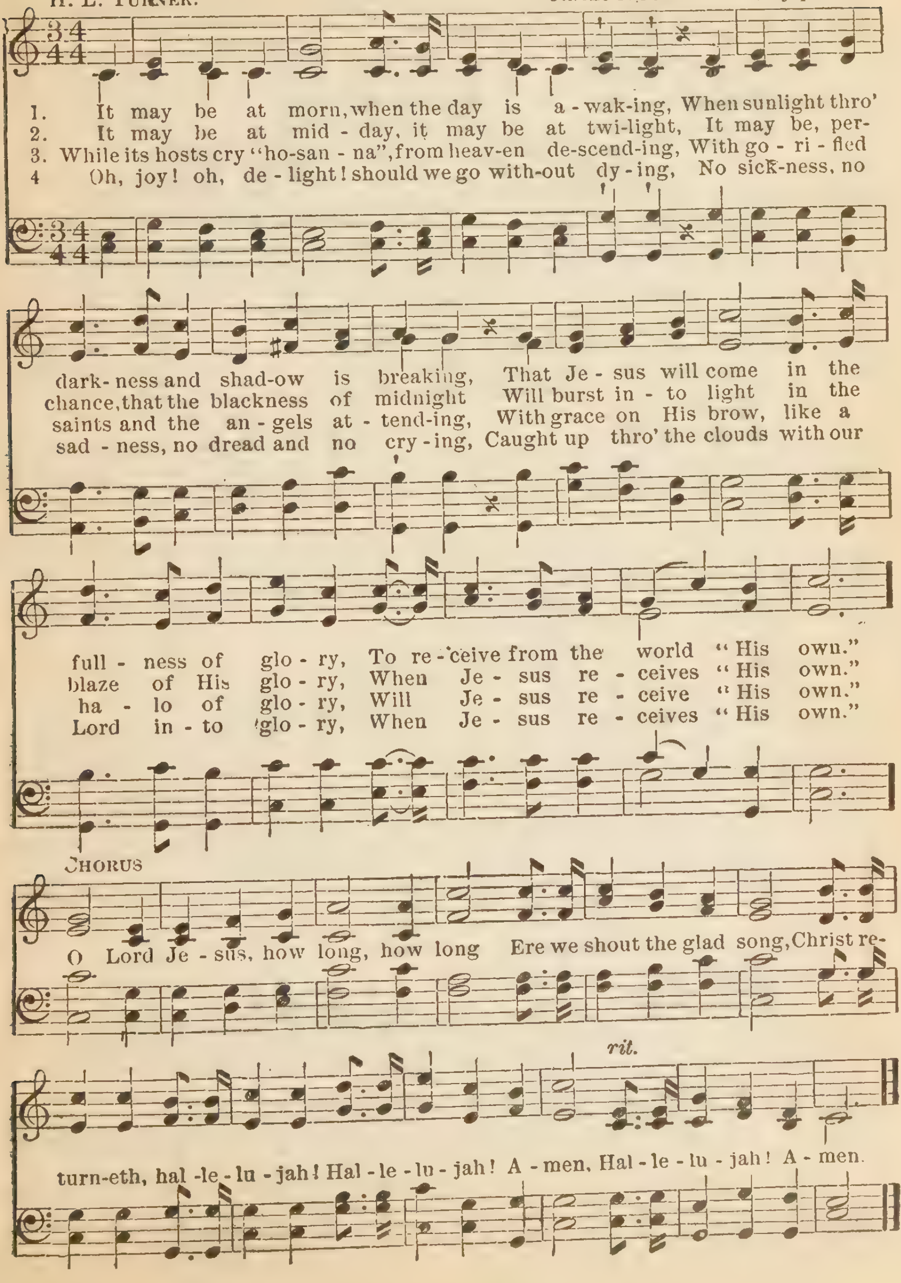
6 Jesus is comimg surely
Jesus is coming soon:
O let us walk so purely,
O let us keep our crown.

# 781

# Christ Returneth.

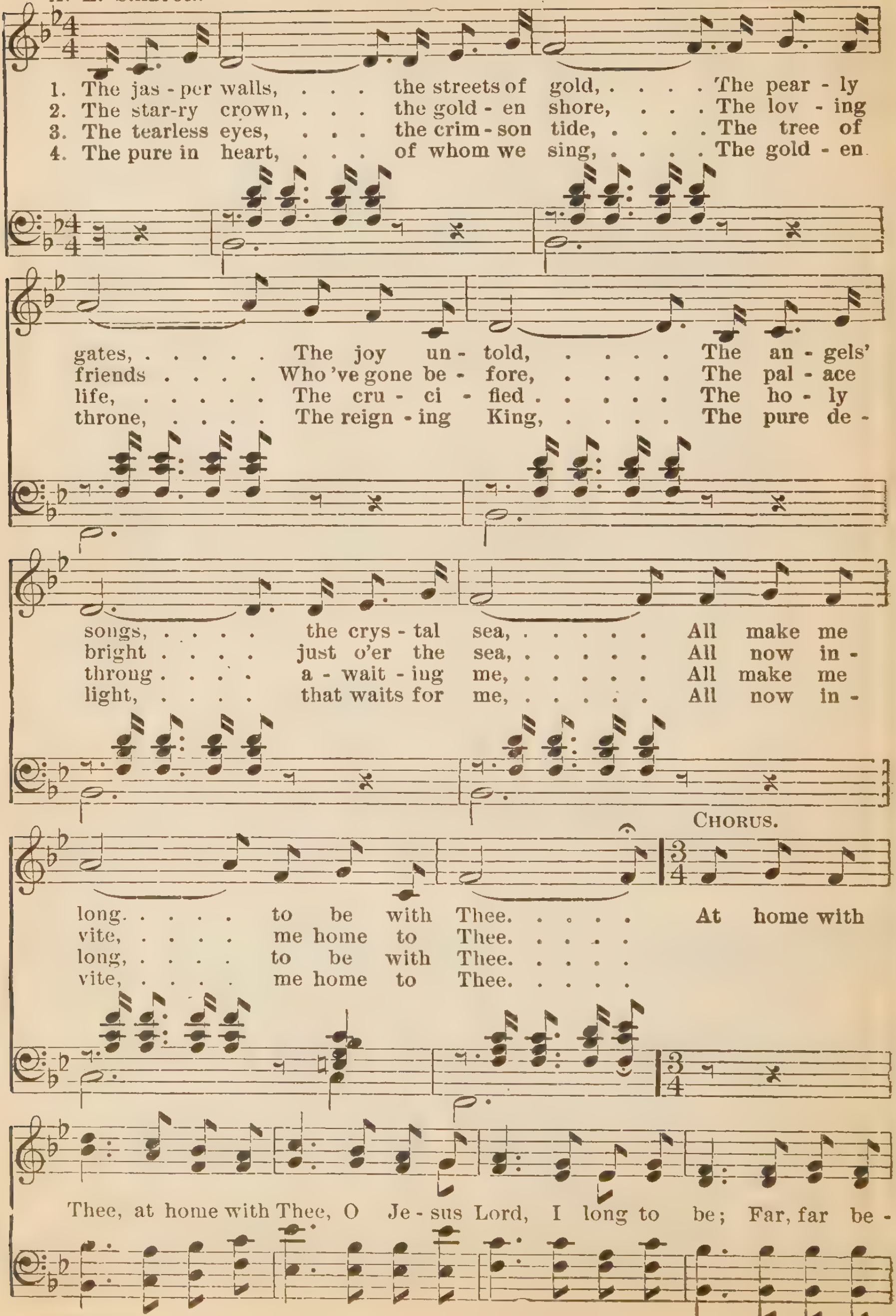
"*I will come again, and receive you unto Myself.*"—John xv: 3.

H. L. TURNER. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per


1. It may be at morn, when the day is a-wak-ing, When sunlight thro' dark-ness and shad-ow is breaking, That Je-sus will come in the full-ness of glo-ry, To re-ceive from the world "His own."
2. It may be at mid-day, it may be at twi-light, It may be, per-chance, that the blackness of midnight Will burst in-to light in the blaze of His glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceives "His own."
3. While its hosts cry "ho-san-na", from heav-en de-scend-ing, With go-ri-fied saints and the an-gels at-tend-ing, With grace on His brow, like a ha-lo of glo-ry, Will Je-sus re-ceive "His own."
4 Oh, joy! oh, de-light! should we go with-out dy-ing, No sick-ness, no sad-ness, no dread and no cry-ing, Caught up thro' the clouds with our Lord in-to glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceives "His own."
CHORUS
O Lord Je-sus, how long, how long Ere we shout the glad song, Christ re-turn-eth, hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men, Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.
rit.

# At Home with Thee.

A. L. Skilton. *Phil. i:* 23. Isabel Kennedy.


1. The jas - per walls, . . . the streets of gold, . . . . The pear - ly gates, . . . . . The joy un - told, . . . . The an - gels' songs, . . . . the crys - tal sea, . . . . . . All make me long. . . . . to be with Thee. . . . .
2. The star-ry crown, . . . the gold - en shore, . . . . The lov - ing friends . . . . Who 've gone be - fore, . . . . The pal - ace bright . . . . just o'er the sea, . . . . . . All now in - vite, . . . . me home to Thee. . . . .
3. The tearless eyes, . . . the crim - son tide, . . . . The tree of life, . . . . . The cru - ci - fied . . . . . The ho - ly throng . . . . a - wait - ing me, . . . . . . All make me long, . . . . to be with Thee. . . . .
4. The pure in heart, . . . of whom we sing, . . . . The gold - en throne, . . . . The reign - ing King, . . . . The pure de - light, . . . . that waits for me, . . . . . . All now in - vite, . . . . me home to Thee. . . . .
CHORUS.
At home with Thee, at home with Thee, O Je - sus Lord, I long to be; Far, far be -

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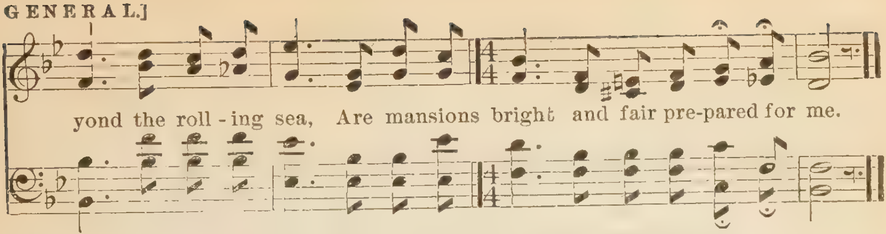
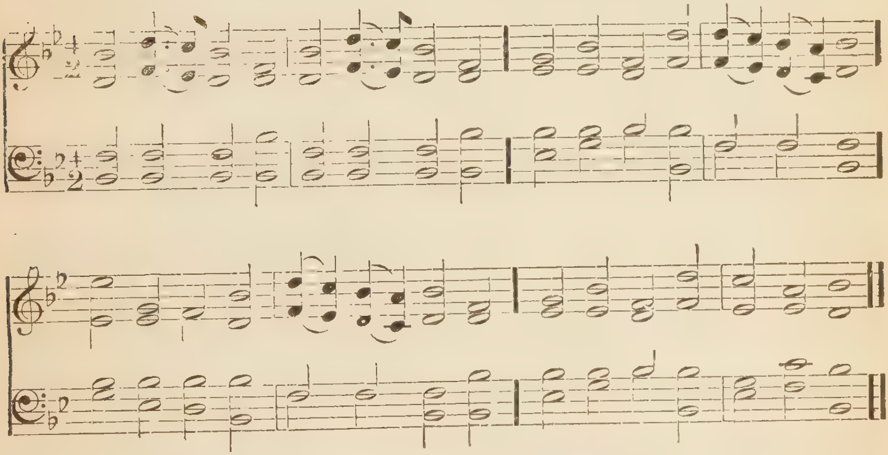

yond the roll-ing sea, Are mansions bright and fair pre-pared for me.

## 783 Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER, 1786–1826



1 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Thinking not 't is thrown away;
God Himself saith, thou shalt gather
It again some future day.

2 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Wildly though the billows roll;
They but aid thee as thou toilest,
Truth to spread from pole to pole.

3 As the seed, by billows floated
To some distant island lone,
So to human souls benighted,
That thou flingest may be borne.

4 Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Why wilt thou still doubting stand?
Bounteous shall God send the harvest,
If thou sow'st with liberal hand.

Mrs. J. H. HANAFORD, ab. 1852.

## 784 Saviour, Visit Thy Plantation.

SAVIOUR, visit Thy plantation!
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain:
All will come to desolation,
Unless Thou return again.

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of Thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

3 Once, O Lord, Thy garden flourished;
Every part looked gay and green;
Then Thy word our spirits nourished:
Happy seasons we have seen.

4 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see:
Lord, Thy help is greatly needed:
Help can only come from Thee.

5 Let our mutual love be fervent:
Make us prevalent in prayer;
Let each one esteemed Thy servant
Shun the world's bewitching snare.

6 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh,
And begin from this good hour
To revive Thy work afresh.

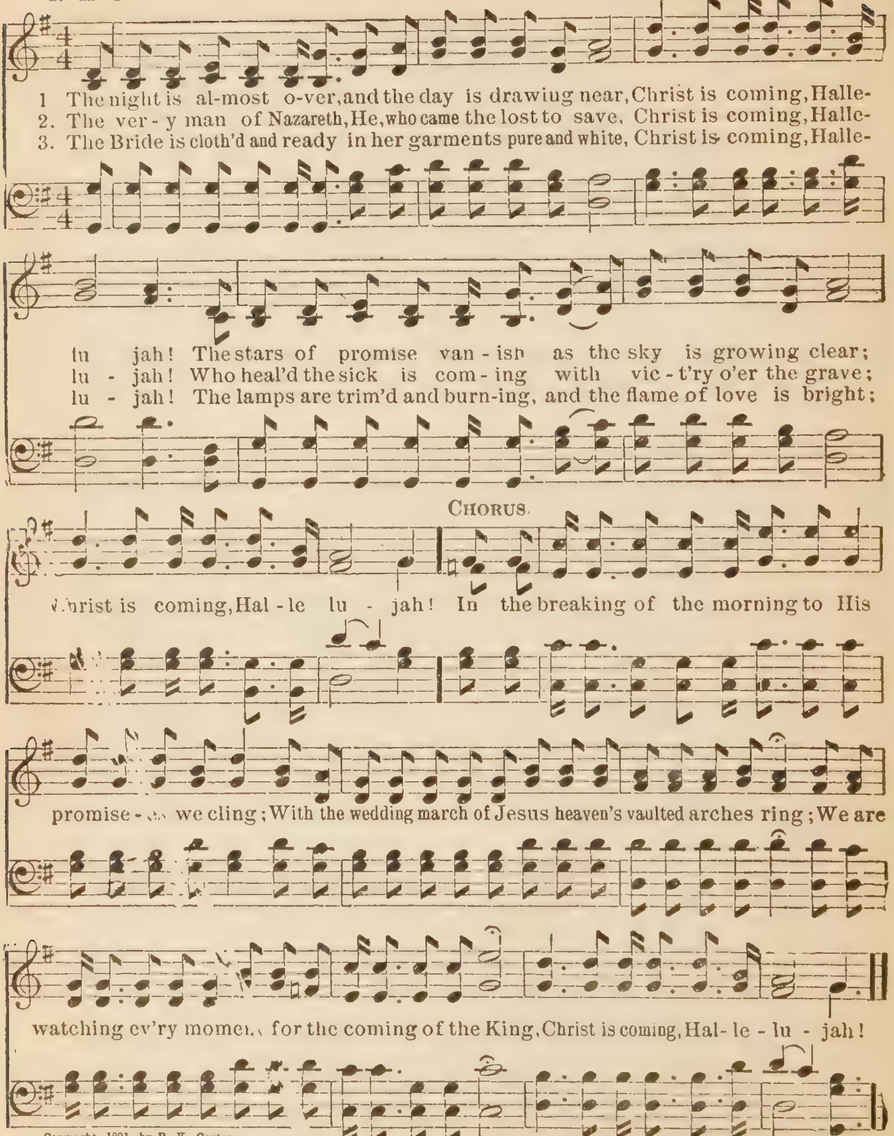
John Newton.

785

# The Night is Almost Over.

R. K. C.

R. Kelso Carter.


1 The night is al-most o-ver, and the day is drawing near, Christ is coming, Halle-
2. The ver-y man of Nazareth, He, who came the lost to save, Christ is coming, Halle-
3. The Bride is cloth'd and ready in her garments pure and white, Christ is coming, Halle-
lu - jah! The stars of promise van-ish as the sky is growing clear;
lu - jah! Who heal'd the sick is com-ing with vic-t'ry o'er the grave;
lu - jah! The lamps are trim'd and burn-ing, and the flame of love is bright;
Chorus.
Christ is coming, Hal-le lu - jah! In the breaking of the morning to His
promise we cling; With the wedding march of Jesus heaven's vaulted arches ring; We are
watching ev'ry moment for the coming of the King, Christ is coming, Hal-le - lu - jah!

Copyright, 1891, by R. K. Carter

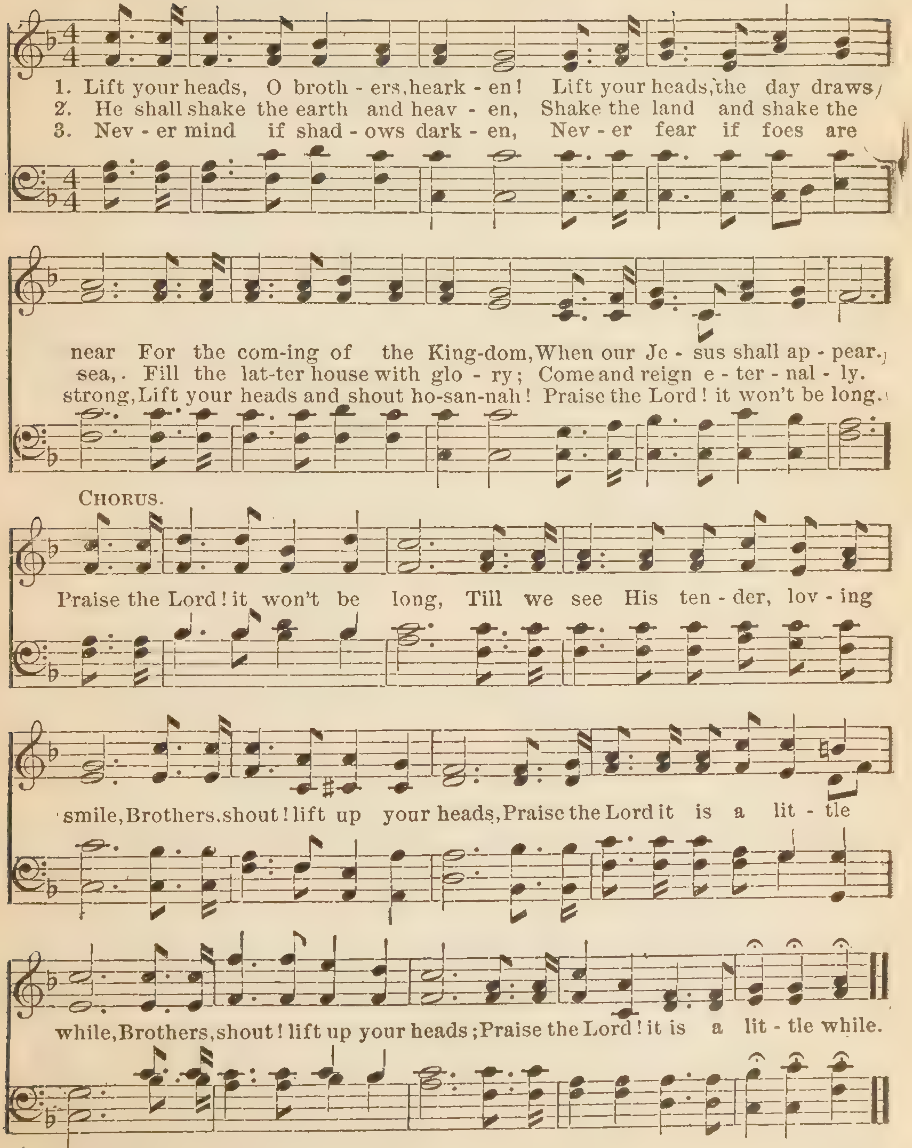
4 The rocks and hills are trembling, and the heavens flee away
Christ is coming, Hallelujah!
The elements dissolving in the resurrection day,
Christ is coming, Hallelujah!

5 We'll rise from earth to meet Him for we know it by His word;
Christ is coming, Hallelujah!
And then we'll be forever, yes forever with the Lord;
Christ is coming, Hallelujah!

786

# A Little While.

R. K. C. *Haggai* ii: 6–9. R. Kelso. Carter.


1. Lift your heads, O broth-ers, heark-en! Lift your heads, the day draws near For the com-ing of the King-dom, When our Je-sus shall ap-pear.
2. He shall shake the earth and heav-en, Shake the land and shake the sea, Fill the lat-ter house with glo-ry; Come and reign e-ter-nal-ly.
3. Nev-er mind if shad-ows dark-en, Nev-er fear if foes are strong, Lift your heads and shout ho-san-nah! Praise the Lord! it won't be long.
Chorus.
Praise the Lord! it won't be long, Till we see His ten-der, lov-ing smile, Brothers, shout! lift up your heads, Praise the Lord it is a lit-tle while, Brothers, shout! lift up your heads; Praise the Lord! it is a lit-tle while.

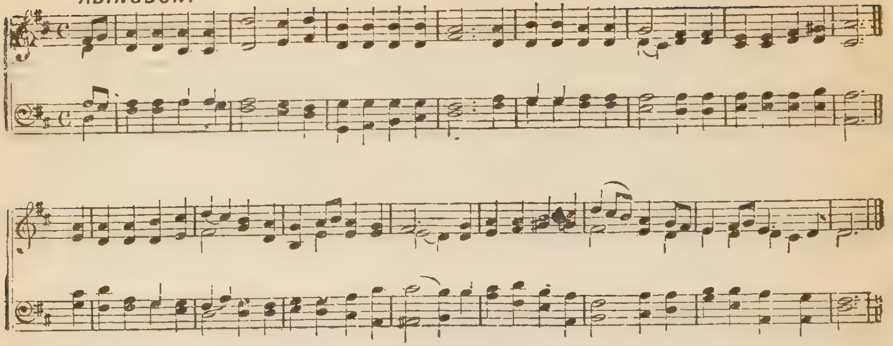
Copyright, 1886, by R. K. Carter.

4 Sound an anthem in your sorrows,
Build a fortress of your fears;
Throw a halo round your trials,
Weave a rainbow of your tears.

5 Lift your heads, the morning breaketh;
Praise the Lord! from all that's vile;
Jesus comes to give deliverance,
It is but a little while.

## 787 Rejoice, Rejoice.

ABINGDON. 7s & 6s.



Rejoice, rejoice, believers,
And let your lights appear;
The evening is advancing,
And darker night is near;
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon he will draw nigh;
Up! pray and watch and wrestle;
At midnight comes the cry.

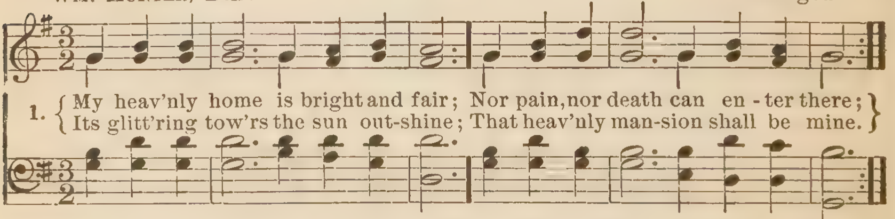
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
Go meet Him as He cometh
With hallelujahs clear;
The marriage feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand;
Up, up! ye heirs of glory,
The Bridegroom is at hand.

Ye saints, who here in patience
Your cross and sufferings bore,
Shall live and reign for ever,
When sorrow's no more;
Around the throne of glory.
The Lamb ye shall behold,
In triumph cast before him
Your diadems of gold.

Our Hope and Expectation,
O Jesus! now appear;
Arise, thou Sun so longed for!
O'er this benighted sphere;
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord !to see
The day of earth's redemption,
That brings us unto thee.

## 788 I'm Going Home to Die No More.

WM. HUNTER, D.D. Arranged.


1. { My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can en - ter there; }
{ Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun out-shine; That heav'nly man-sion shall be mine. }

CHO. { *I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home to die no more!*
{ *To die no more; I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home to die no more!*

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

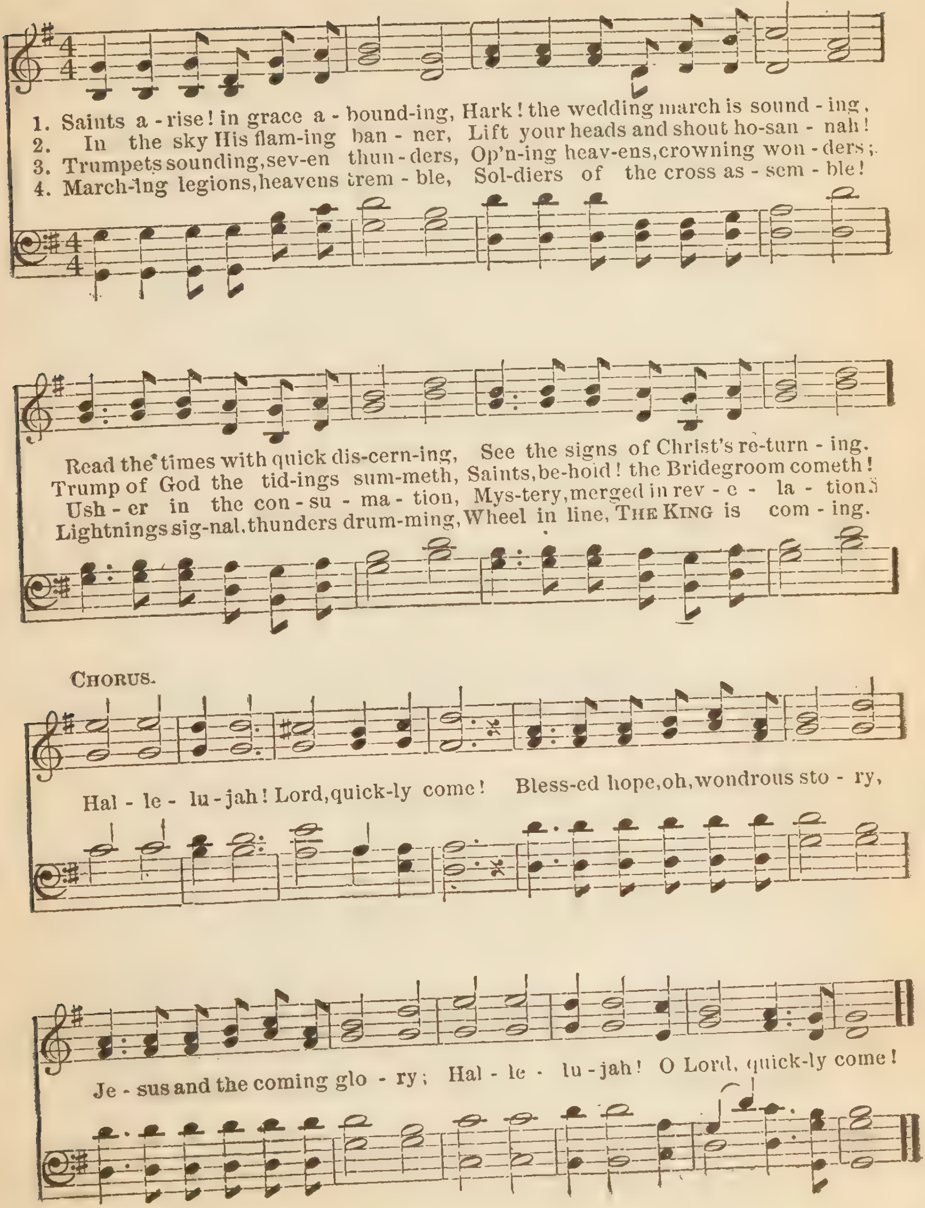
3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
Although like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

4 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

5 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me

# The King's Wedding March.

R. K. C.　　　　R. Kelso Carter.


1. Saints a - rise! in grace a - bound-ing, Hark! the wedding march is sound - ing,
2. In the sky His flam-ing ban - ner, Lift your heads and shout ho-san - nah!
3. Trumpets sounding, sev-en thun - ders, Op'n-ing heav-ens, crowning won - ders;
4. March-ing legions, heavens trem - ble, Sol-diers of the cross as - sem - ble!
Read the times with quick dis-cern-ing, See the signs of Christ's re-turn - ing.
Trump of God the tid-ings sum-meth, Saints, be-hold! the Bridegroom cometh!
Ush - er in the con - su - ma - tion, Mys-tery, merged in rev - e - la - tion.
Lightnings sig-nal, thunders drum-ming, Wheel in line, The King is com - ing.
Chorus.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Lord, quick-ly come! Bless-ed hope, oh, wondrous sto - ry,
Je - sus and the coming glo - ry; Hal - le - lu - jah! O Lord, quick-ly come!

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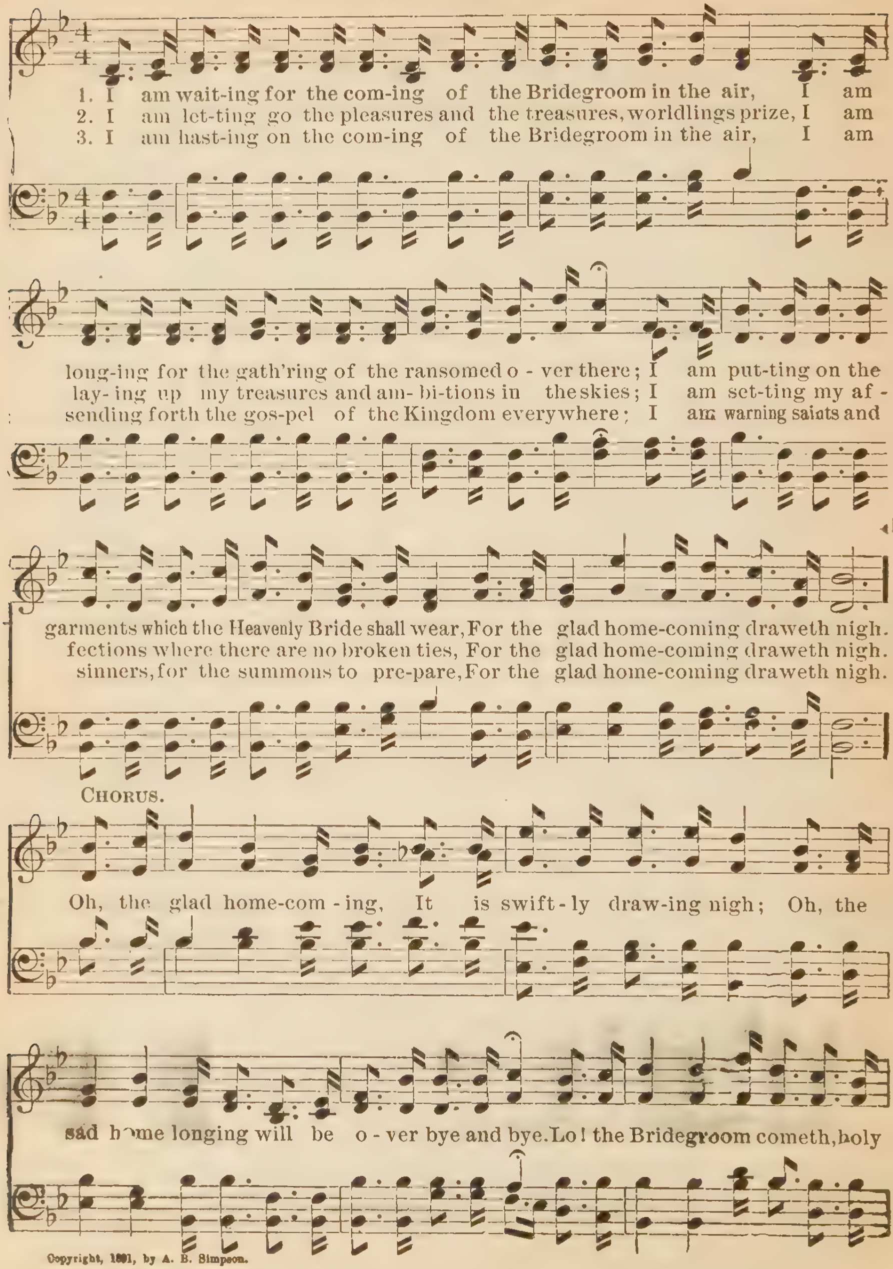
# Oh, the Glad Home-Coming.

A. B. S. HOME LONGING AND HOME COMING. A. B. SIMPSON.


1. I am wait-ing for the com-ing of the Bridegroom in the air, I am
2. I am let-ting go the pleasures and the treasures, worldlings prize, I am
3. I am hast-ing on the com-ing of the Bridegroom in the air, I am
long-ing for the gath'ring of the ransomed o - ver there; I am put-ting on the
lay-ing up my treasures and am-bi-tions in the skies; I am set-ting my af -
sending forth the gos-pel of the Kingdom everywhere; I am warning saints and
garments which the Heavenly Bride shall wear, For the glad home-coming draweth nigh.
fections where there are no broken ties, For the glad home-coming draweth nigh.
sinners, for the summons to pre-pare, For the glad home-coming draweth nigh.
CHORUS.
Oh, the glad home-com - ing, It is swift-ly draw-ing nigh; Oh, the
sad home longing will be o - ver bye and bye. Lo! the Bridegroom cometh, holy

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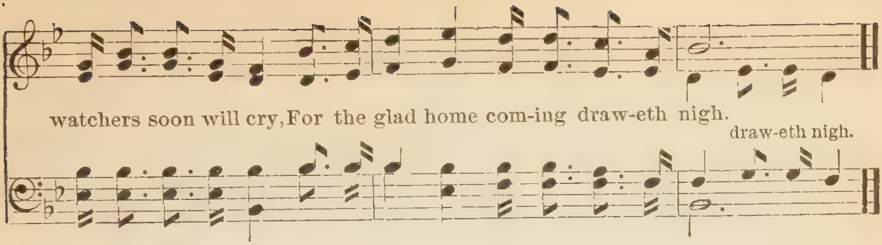

watchers soon will cry, For the glad home com-ing draw-eth nigh.
draw-eth nigh.

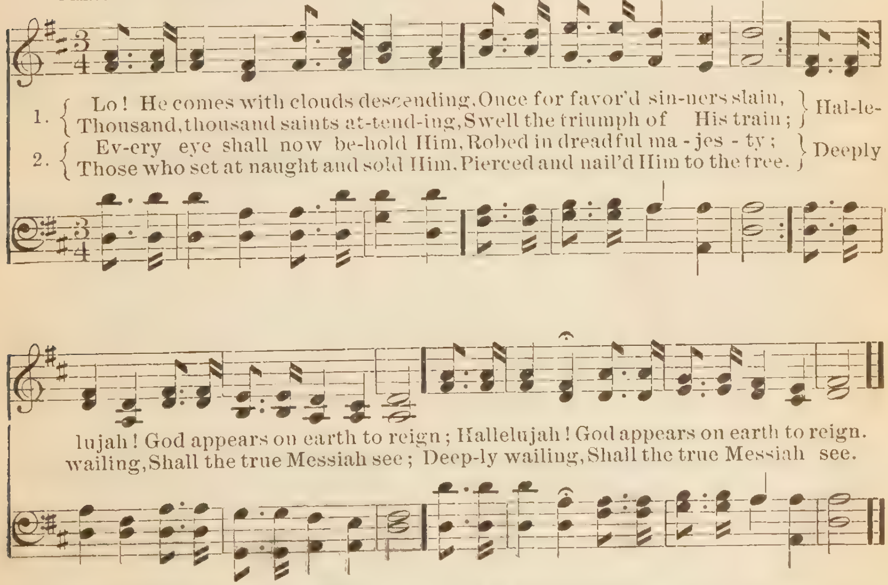
4 I am watching for the rising of the morning star's first ray,
In my heart its beams have risen as the harbinger of day;
Christ in me the hope of glory, every moment seems to say,
"Lo! the glad home-coming draweth nigh."

5 Oh, the joy of meeting Jesus and the loved ones gone before!
Oh, to be where sin and sorrow, pain and sickness come no more;
All my heart is turning ever to that everlasting shore,
Where the glad home-coming draweth nigh.

## 791

## Lo! He Comes.

CHARLES WESLEY. Tune, ZION. 8s, 7s & 4.


1. { Lo! He comes with clouds descending, Once for favor'd sin-ners slain, } Hal-le-
Thousand, thousand saints at-tend-ing, Swell the triumph of His train; }
2. { Ev-ery eye shall now be-hold Him, Robed in dreadful ma - jes - ty; } Deeply
Those who set at naught and sold Him, Pierced and nail'd Him to the tree. }
lujah! God appears on earth to reign; Hallelujah! God appears on earth to reign.
wailing, Shall the true Messiah see; Deep-ly wailing, Shall the true Messiah see.

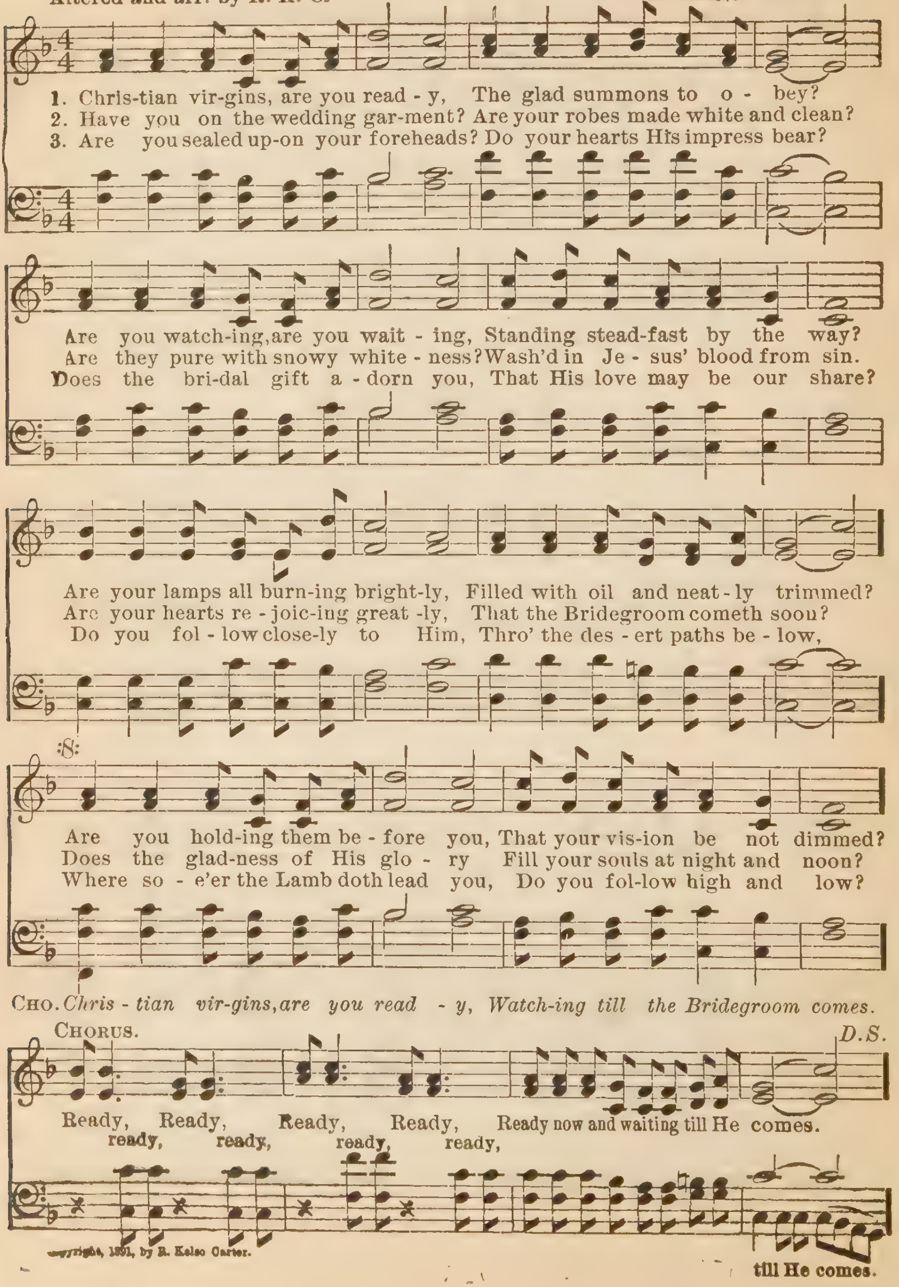
3 All the tokens of His passion
Still His dazzling body bears;
Cause of endless exultation
To His ransom'd worshippers;
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars.

4 Yea, amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Make Thy righteous sentence known:
Jah! Jehovah!
Claim the kingdom for Thine own.

# Ready and Waiting.

Altered and arr. by R. K. C.

R. Kelso Carter.


1. Chris-tian vir-gins, are you read - y, The glad summons to o - bey?
2. Have you on the wedding gar-ment? Are your robes made white and clean?
3. Are you sealed up-on your foreheads? Do your hearts His impress bear?
Are you watch-ing, are you wait - ing, Standing stead-fast by the way?
Are they pure with snowy white - ness? Wash'd in Je - sus' blood from sin.
Does the bri-dal gift a - dorn you, That His love may be our share?
Are your lamps all burn-ing bright-ly, Filled with oil and neat - ly trimmed?
Are your hearts re - joic-ing great -ly, That the Bridegroom cometh soon?
Do you fol - low close-ly to Him, Thro' the des - ert paths be - low,
Are you hold-ing them be - fore you, That your vis-ion be not dimmed?
Does the glad-ness of His glo - ry Fill your souls at night and noon?
Where so - e'er the Lamb doth lead you, Do you fol-low high and low?
Cho. Chris - tian vir-gins, are you read - y, Watch-ing till the Bridegroom comes.
Chorus.
D.S.
Ready, Ready, Ready, Ready, Ready now and waiting till He comes.
ready, ready, ready, ready,
till He comes.

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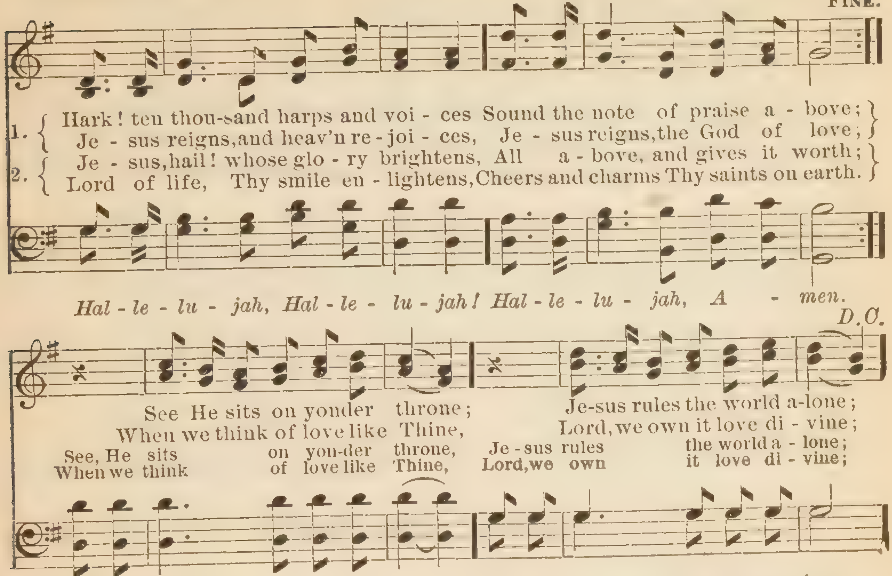
# 793 Hark! Ten Thousand.

**Harwell.** 8s & 7s. **Lowell Mason, 1840.**


Fine.
1. Hark! ten thou-sand harps and voi - ces Sound the note of praise a - bove;
Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re - joi - ces, Je - sus reigns, the God of love;
2. Je - sus, hail! whose glo - ry brightens, All a - bove, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, Thy smile en - lightens, Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth.
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.
D.C.
See He sits on yonder throne; Je-sus rules the world a-lone;
When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine;
See, He sits on yon-der throne, Je - sus rules the world a - lone;
When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine;

3 King of glory, reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

4 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing;
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then with golden harps we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King."

**Thomas Kelly, ab. 1804.**

## 794 In a Little While.

*Tune Hendon,*

1 "Little while" what doth that mean,?
Age on ages roll between;
Lord! Thy going and return,
What hast Thou for me to learn?

2 "Little while," how long it seems
From earth's partings, fading dreams—
To the time when Thou wilt come
Bringing all Thy ransomed home.

3 "Little while," how short the time
From the cross to life sublime;
Scarcely had they dried their tears,
When, behold! their Lord appears.

4 "Little while," oh, yes, I know
Heaven and earth and all below,
Soon will join in gladsome song
Praise to God — The Lord has come.

**C. L. Hamlen.**

---

*Music on opposite page.*

4 Ye who have the oil of wisdom,
Are you ready now to-day?
Are you watching for the Bridegroom?
Waiting to be called away?
If not ready, hasten quickly,
To prepare, make no delay;
Hear the cry, "Behold, He cometh!"
Sounding in your ears to-day.

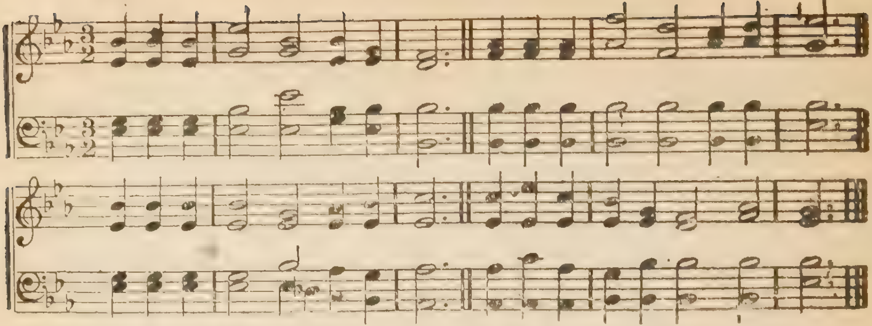
5 With what joy shall we behold Him,
When He comes to take His Bride,
To the mansions of His glory,
Pardoned, cleansed and sanctified;
Oh, the happy, joyful meeting!
Come, come quickly, dearest Lord!
For Thy coming, I am waiting,
Living on Thy precious word.

795

## Asleep in Jesus.

REST.

L. M.



Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus! oh how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his venom'd sting!

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

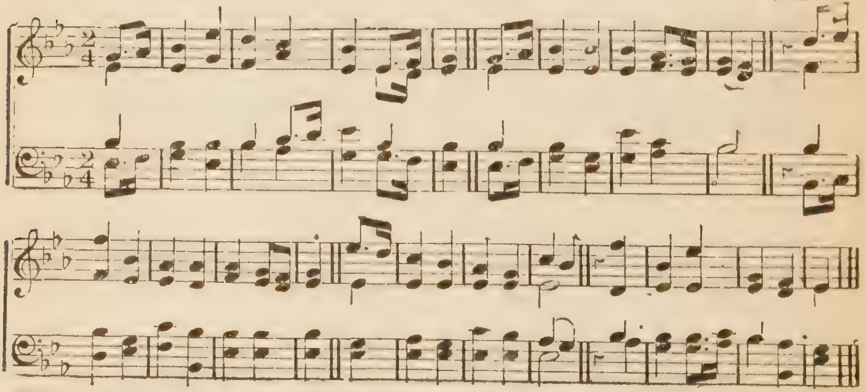
Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

796

## Why Do We Mourn?

CHRISTMAS.

C. M.



Why do we mourn departing friends
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to His arms.

Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our love.

Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

The graves of all the saints He blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest
But with their dying Head?

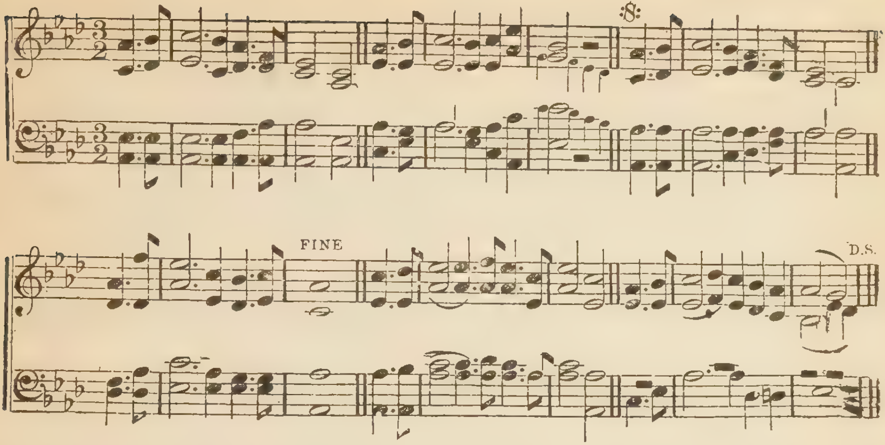
Thence He arose, ascended high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising day.

Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

## Cease ye Mourners.

AUTUMN.

8s & 7s. D.



Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love;
Pain and death and night and anguish
Enter not the world above.

While our silent steps are straying,
Lonely, through night's deepening shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the happy Christian's head.

Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In His glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.

Endless pleasure pain excluding,
Sickness there no more can come;
There no fear of woe, intruding,
Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom.

Now, ye mourners, cease to languish,
O'er the grave of those you love;
Far removed from pain and anguish,
They are chanting hymns above.

798

## Hear what God Hath Spoken.

Hear what God the Lord hath spoken:
O, My people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you.
Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls "Salvation,"
And your gates shall all be "Praise."

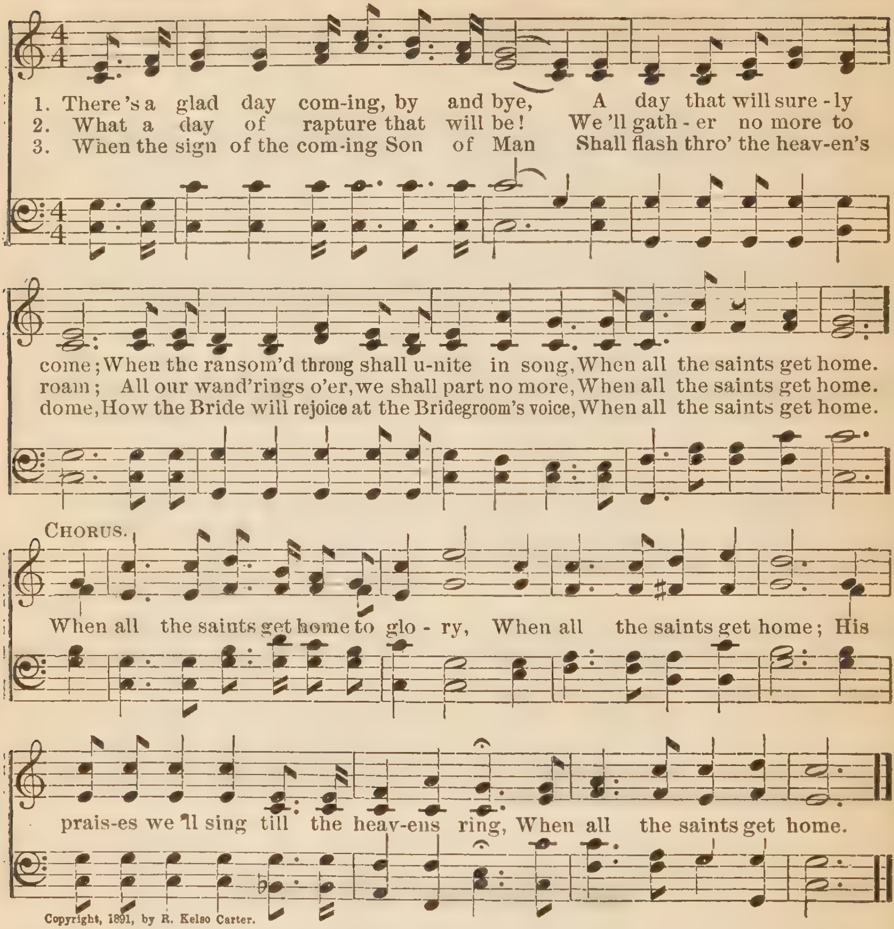
There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow,
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All His bounty shall bestow.
Still in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign,
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again

Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moons, no more shall see;
But, your griefs forever ending,
Find eternal noon in me:
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God, your everlasting light.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779.

# 799 When All the Saints get Home.

R. Kelso Carter. E. Grace Updegraff.


1. There's a glad day com-ing, by and bye, A day that will sure-ly
2. What a day of rapture that will be! We'll gath-er no more to
3. When the sign of the com-ing Son of Man Shall flash thro' the heav-en's
come; When the ransom'd throng shall u-nite in song, When all the saints get home.
roam; All our wand'rings o'er, we shall part no more, When all the saints get home.
dome, How the Bride will rejoice at the Bridegroom's voice, When all the saints get home.
Chorus.
When all the saints get home to glo - ry, When all the saints get home; His
prais-es we'll sing till the heav-ens ring, When all the saints get home.

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## 800 Millenial Hymn.

*Tune, Harwell.*

1 Hark, the joyful anthem sounding
From the ransomed far and wide!
Faithful hearts with bliss are bounding,
Praising Him, the Crucified!
Banish now all tones of sadness,
Bring fresh flowers to strew His way;
Let your mourning turn to gladness,
*Jesus* reigns through endless day!

2 Hail, the grand prophetic warning!
*Christ* returns to bless His own!
Hail, the great Millenial morning!
*Jesus* claims His earthly throne!
Angels bright are earthward winging,
While glad hosts in bright array,
Heaven's triumphant song are singing,
"*Jesus* reigns through endless day."

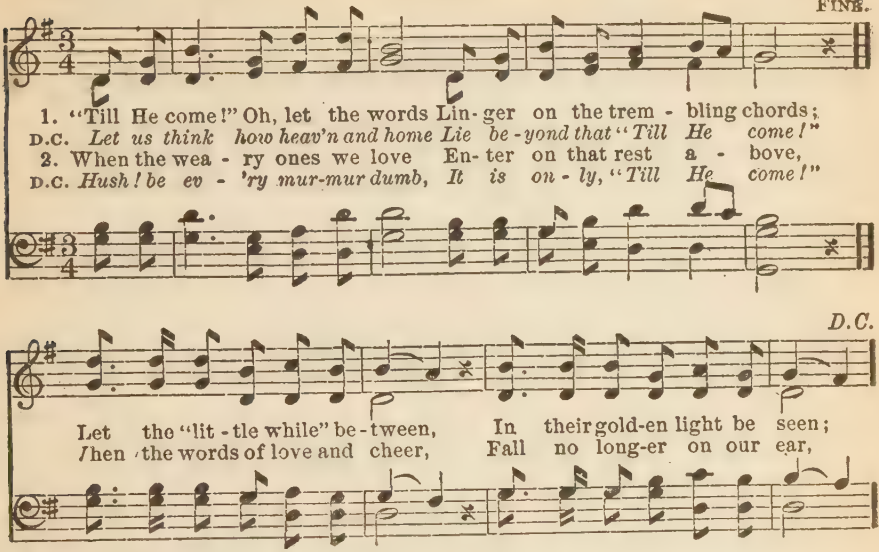
3 Sound the glorious anthem higher,
Precious offerings hither bring;
Hail! our Saviour! Sanctifier!
Hail! Blest Healer! Coming King!
No more sorrow, no more sighing,
*God* will wipe all tears away!
No more pain, and no more dying!
*Jesus* reigns through endless day!

Maj. Theodore J. Eckerson, U. S. A.

## 801 Till He Come.

*"For yet a little while and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry."*—Heb. x: 37.

Rev. Ed H. Bickersteth. Dr. Lowell Mason.

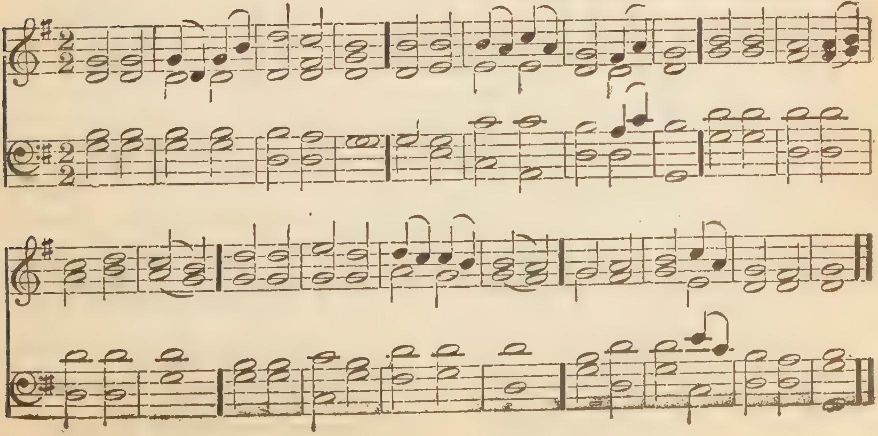

Fine.
1. "Till He come!" Oh, let the words Lin-ger on the trem - bling chords;
D.C. Let us think how heav'n and home Lie be-yond that "Till He come!"
2. When the wea - ry ones we love En-ter on that rest a - bove,
D.C. Hush! be ev - 'ry mur-mur dumb, It is on - ly, "Till He come!"
D.C.
Let the "lit-tle while" be-tween, In their gold-en light be seen;
Then the words of love and cheer, Fall no long-er on our ear,

3 Clouds and darkness round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Pain us only "Till He come!"

4 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and eat the bread;
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board,
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only "Till He come!"

## 802 Hendon. 7.

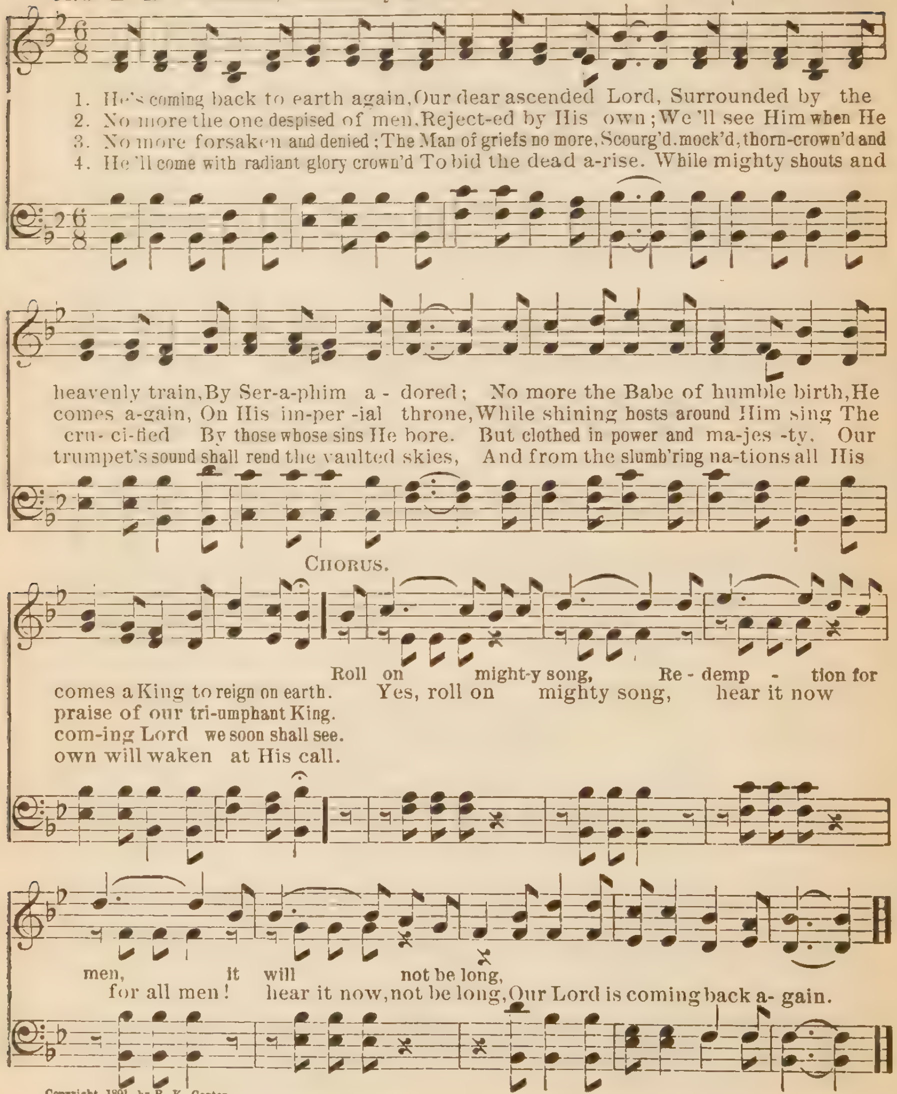
Rev. Henri Abraham Cæsar Malan.



# Our Coming Lord.

Acts 1: 2.

Mrs. E. E. Williams, Chorus by R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.


1. He's coming back to earth again, Our dear ascended Lord, Surrounded by the heavenly train, By Ser-a-phim a-dored; No more the Babe of humble birth, He comes a King to reign on earth.
2. No more the one despised of men, Reject-ed by His own; We'll see Him when He comes a-gain, On His im-per-ial throne, While shining hosts around Him sing The praise of our tri-umphant King.
3. No more forsaken and denied; The Man of griefs no more, Scourg'd, mock'd, thorn-crown'd and cru-ci-fied By those whose sins He bore. But clothed in power and ma-jes-ty, Our com-ing Lord we soon shall see.
4. He'll come with radiant glory crown'd To bid the dead a-rise. While mighty shouts and trumpet's sound shall rend the vaulted skies, And from the slumb'ring na-tions all His own will waken at His call.
Chorus.
Roll on might-y song, Re-demp-tion for men, it will not be long,
Yes, roll on mighty song, hear it now for all men! hear it now, not be long, Our Lord is coming back a-gain.

Copyright, 1891, by R. K. Carter.

5 He's coming back His Bride to claim,
And lo, the day draws near;
O ye, who love the Saviour's name
Look up, He'll soon be near.
Your hopes will reach fruition when
The Lord returns to earth again.

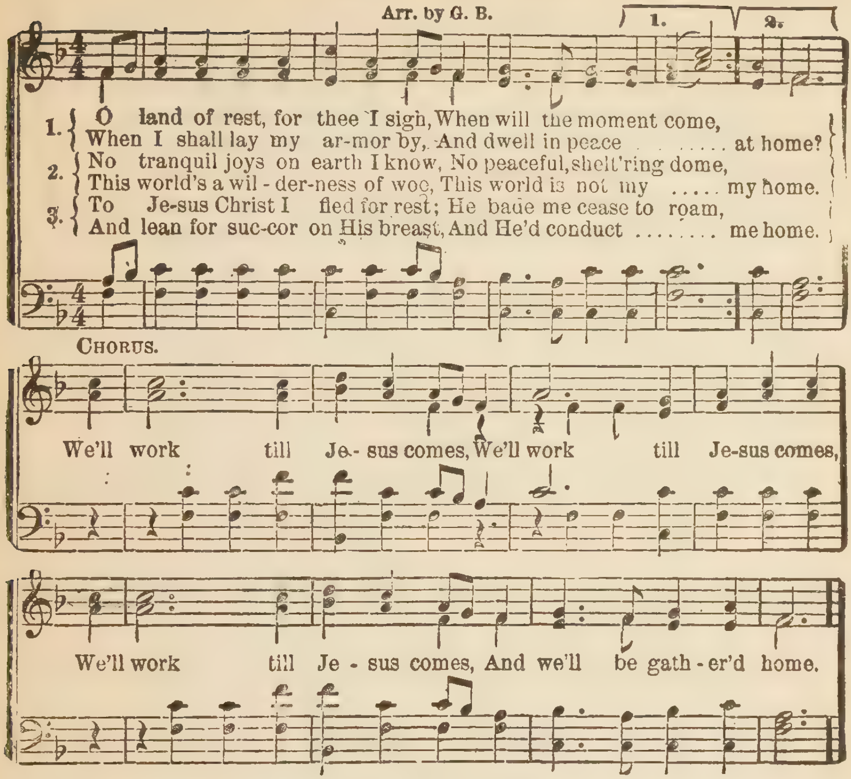
6 Roll on, roll on, thou mighty song;
All ye His saints rejoice,
And swell the echoes loud and long
With one tremendous voice.
Angels and men take up the strain,
The Lord returns to earth again.

## 804

# We'll Work 'Till Jesus Comes.

Dr. Miller.

Arr. by G. B.


1.
2.
1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell in peace ....... at home?
2. No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful, shelt'ring dome,
This world's a wil-der-ness of woe, This world is not my ..... my home.
3. To Je-sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for suc-cor on His breast, And He'd conduct ........ me home.
Chorus.
We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes,
We'll work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath-er'd home.

## 805

# Hark the Song.

7s. D.

Hark! the song of jubilee!
Loud as mighty thunders' roar,
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore;
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God Omnipotent shall reign.
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away;
Then the end,—beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ is God,
God in Christ is all in all!

James Montgomery, 1819.

## 806

# To Be There.

8s.

We speak of realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed;
But what must it be to be there!

We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within;
But what must it be to be there!

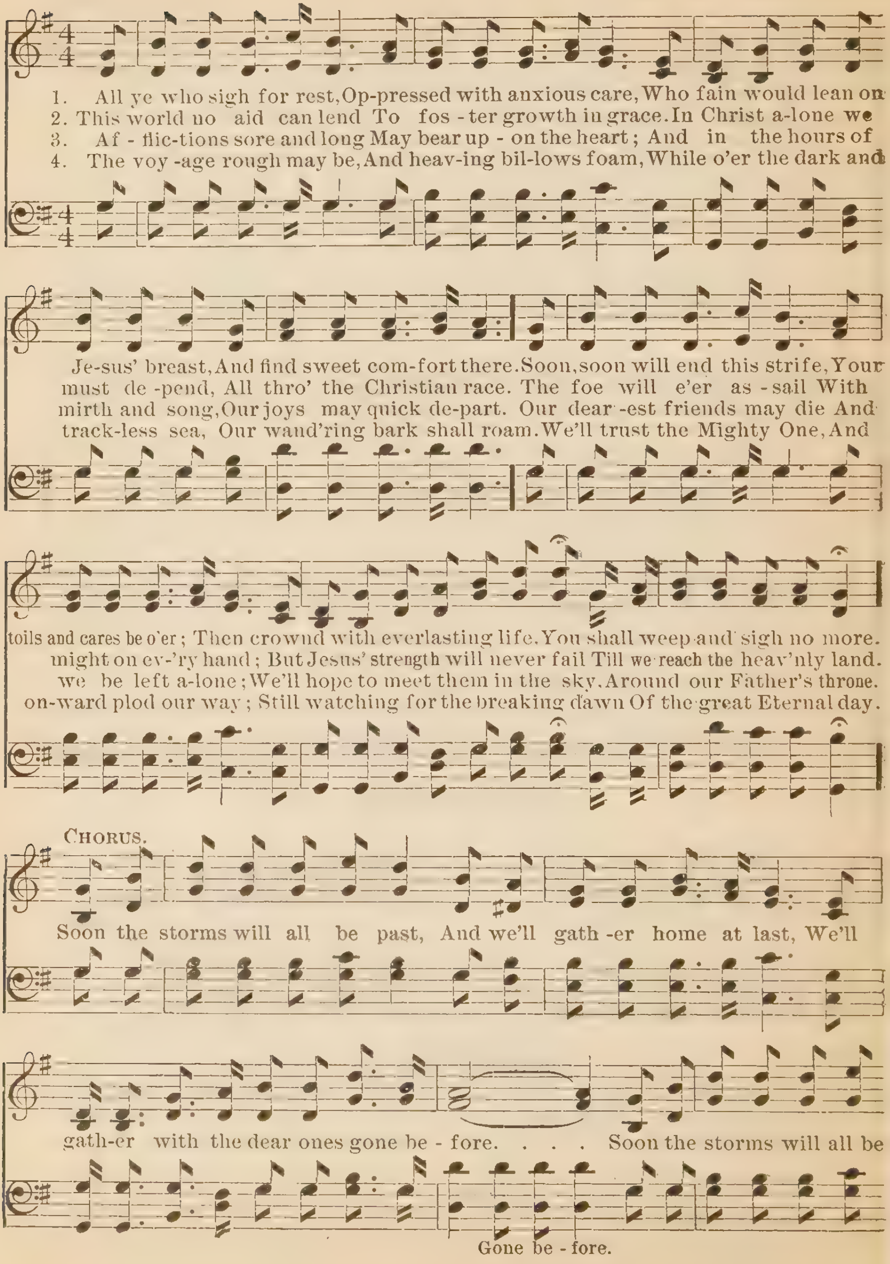
We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The Church of the firstborn above;
But what must it be to be there!

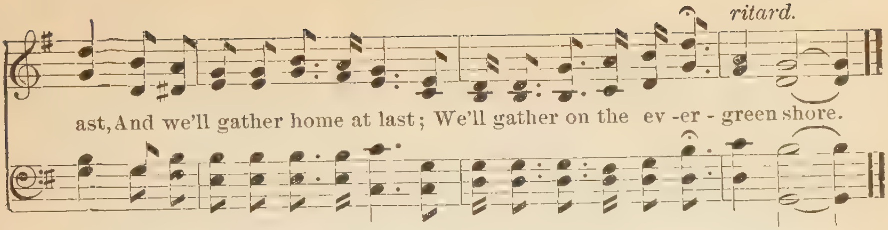
Do thou, Lord, 'mid sorrow and woe,
For glory our spirits prepare,
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there.

Elizabeth Mills, 1805-182

# 807 The Evergreen Shore.

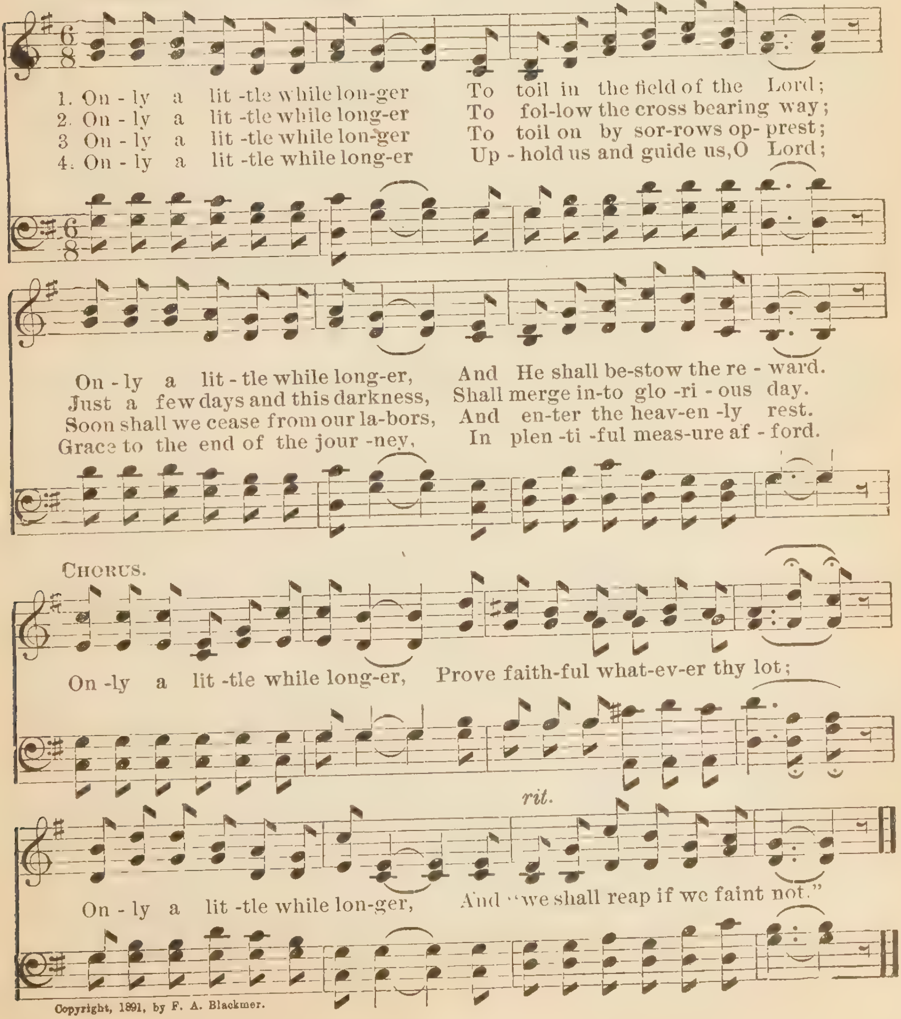
G. O. Rev. Geo. Orbin, by per.


1. All ye who sigh for rest, Op-pressed with anxious care, Who fain would lean on
2. This world no aid can lend To fos - ter growth in grace. In Christ a-lone we
3. Af - flic-tions sore and long May bear up - on the heart; And in the hours of
4. The voy -age rough may be, And heav-ing bil-lows foam, While o'er the dark and
Je-sus' breast, And find sweet com-fort there. Soon, soon will end this strife, Your
must de -pend, All thro' the Christian race. The foe will e'er as - sail With
mirth and song, Our joys may quick de-part. Our dear -est friends may die And
track-less sea, Our wand'ring bark shall roam. We'll trust the Mighty One, And
toils and cares be o'er; Then crownd with everlasting life. You shall weep and sigh no more.
might on ev-'ry hand; But Jesus' strength will never fail Till we reach the heav'nly land.
we be left a-lone; We'll hope to meet them in the sky, Around our Father's throne.
on-ward plod our way; Still watching for the breaking dawn Of the great Eternal day.
CHORUS.
Soon the storms will all be past, And we'll gath -er home at last, We'll
gath-er with the dear ones gone be - fore. . . . Soon the storms will all be
Gone be - fore.


ritard.
ast, And we'll gather home at last; We'll gather on the ev -er - green shore.

## 808 A Little While Longer.

A. Francis.
F. A. Blackmer, by per.


1. On - ly a lit -tle while lon-ger To toil in the field of the Lord;
2. On - ly a lit -tle while long-er To fol-low the cross bearing way;
3 On - ly a lit -tle while lon-ger To toil on by sor-rows op- prest;
4. On - ly a lit -tle while long-er Up - hold us and guide us, O Lord;
On - ly a lit - tle while long-er, And He shall be-stow the re - ward.
Just a few days and this darkness, Shall merge in-to glo -ri - ous day.
Soon shall we cease from our la-bors, And en-ter the heav-en -ly rest.
Grace to the end of the jour -ney, In plen -ti -ful meas-ure af - ford.
Chorus.
On -ly a lit -tle while long-er, Prove faith-ful what-ev-er thy lot;
rit.
On - ly a lit -tle while lon-ger, And "we shall reap if we faint not."

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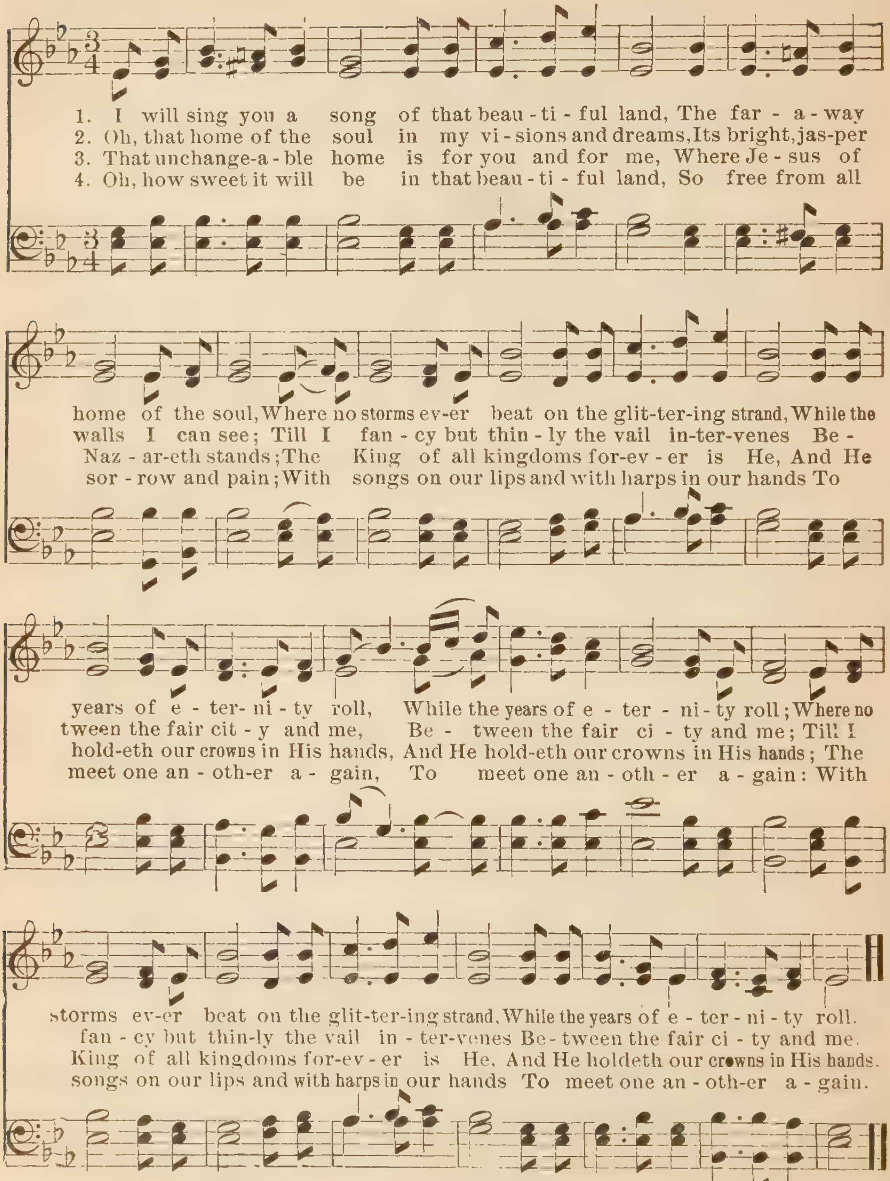
809

# Home of the Soul.

JOHN 14:2.

MRS. ELLEN H. GATES. PHILLIP PHILLIPS.


1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far-a-way
2. Oh, that home of the soul in my vi-sions and dreams, Its bright, jas-per
3. That unchange-a-ble home is for you and for me, Where Je-sus of
4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau-ti-ful land, So free from all
home of the soul, Where no storms ev-er beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the
walls I can see; Till I fan-cy but thin-ly the vail in-ter-venes Be-
Naz-ar-eth stands; The King of all kingdoms for-ev-er is He, And He
sor-row and pain; With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands To
years of e-ter-ni-ty roll, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll; Where no
tween the fair cit-y and me, Be-tween the fair ci-ty and me; Till I
hold-eth our crowns in His hands, And He hold-eth our crowns in His hands; The
meet one an-oth-er a-gain, To meet one an-oth-er a-gain: With
storms ev-er beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll.
fan-cy but thin-ly the vail in-ter-venes Be-tween the fair ci-ty and me.
King of all kingdoms for-ev-er is He, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.
songs on our lips and with harps in our hands To meet one an-oth-er a-gain.

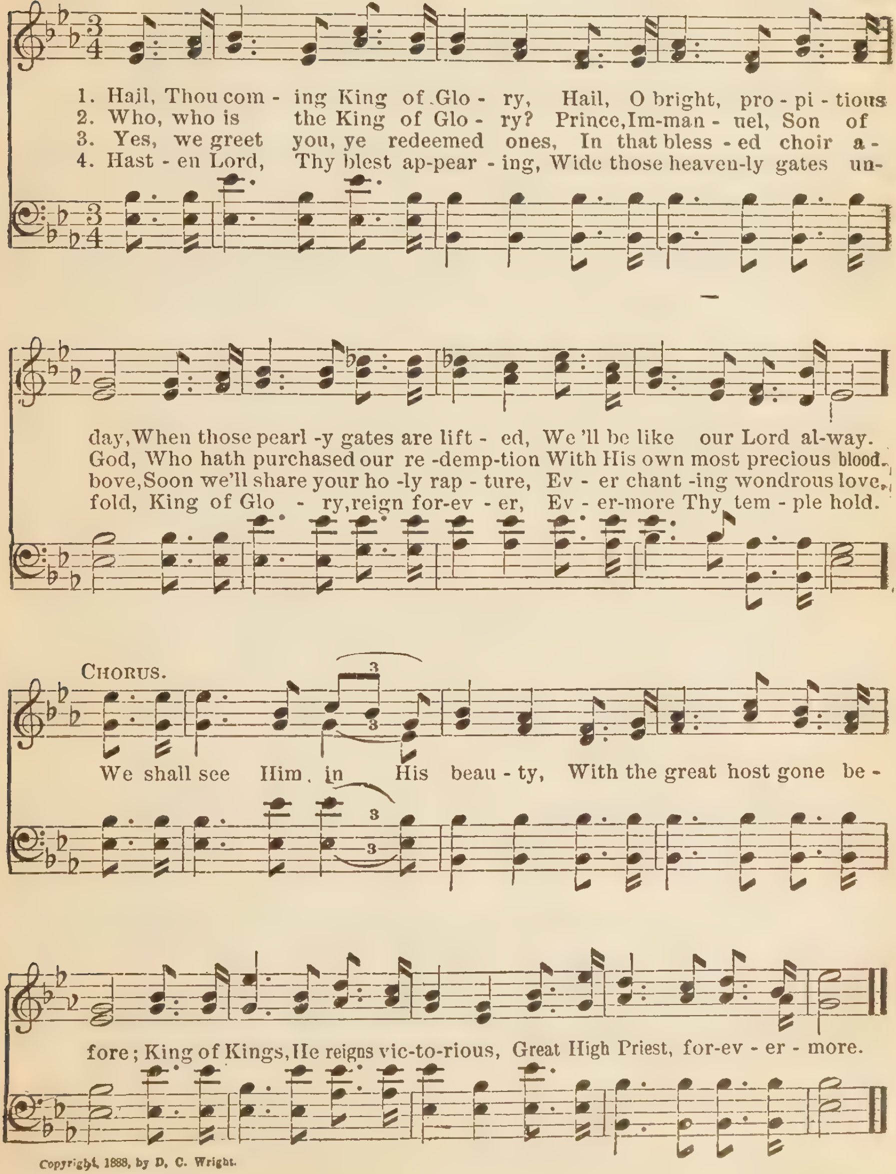
From "Hallowed Songs," by per.

810

# Hail, Thou Coming King.

*"Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in."*—Ps. xxiv: 7.

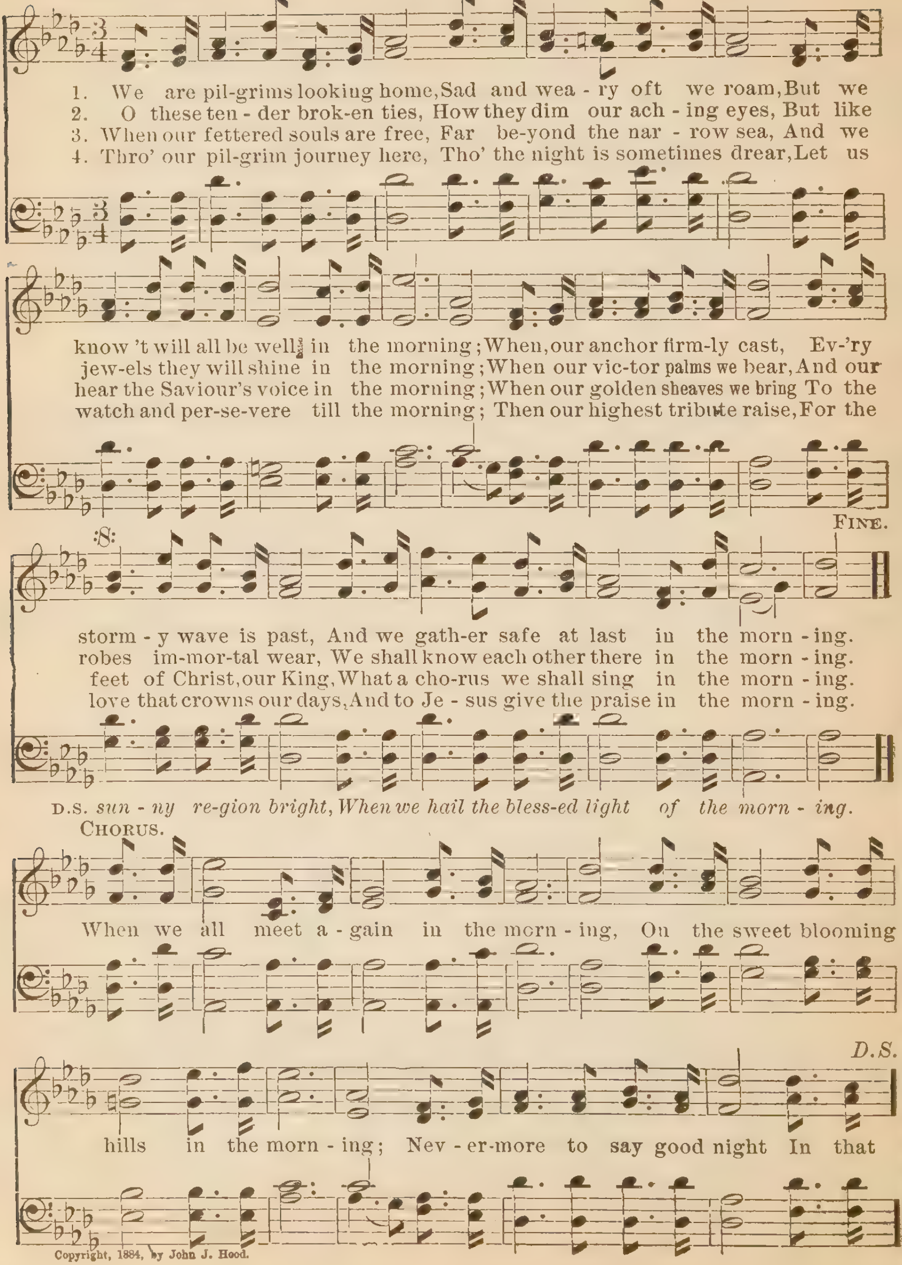
By M. W. Batchelder. D. C. Wright, by per.


1. Hail, Thou com - ing King of Glo - ry, Hail, O bright, pro - pi - tious
2. Who, who is the King of Glo - ry? Prince, Im-man - uel, Son of
3. Yes, we greet you, ye redeemed ones, In that bless - ed choir a -
4. Hast - en Lord, Thy blest ap-pear - ing, Wide those heaven-ly gates un-
day, When those pearl -y gates are lift - ed, We'll be like our Lord al-way.
God, Who hath purchased our re -demp-tion With His own most precious blood.
bove, Soon we'll share your ho -ly rap - ture, Ev - er chant -ing wondrous love.
fold, King of Glo - ry, reign for-ev - er, Ev - er-more Thy tem - ple hold.
Chorus.
3
3
We shall see Him in His beau - ty, With the great host gone be -
fore; King of Kings, He reigns vic-to-rious, Great High Priest, for-ev - er - more.

Copyright, 1888, by D. C. Wright.

# 811 In the Morning.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.


1. We are pil-grims looking home, Sad and wea - ry oft we roam, But we
2. O these ten - der brok-en ties, How they dim our ach - ing eyes, But like
3. When our fettered souls are free, Far be-yond the nar - row sea, And we
4. Thro' our pil-grim journey here, Tho' the night is sometimes drear, Let us
know 't will all be well in the morning; When, our anchor firm-ly cast, Ev-'ry
jew-els they will shine in the morning; When our vic-tor palms we bear, And our
hear the Saviour's voice in the morning; When our golden sheaves we bring To the
watch and per-se-vere till the morning; Then our highest tribute raise, For the
storm - y wave is past, And we gath-er safe at last in the morn - ing.
robes im-mor-tal wear, We shall know each other there in the morn - ing.
feet of Christ, our King, What a cho-rus we shall sing in the morn - ing.
love that crowns our days, And to Je - sus give the praise in the morn - ing.
FINE.
D.S. sun - ny re-gion bright, When we hail the bless-ed light of the morn - ing.
CHORUS.
When we all meet a - gain in the morn - ing, On the sweet blooming
hills in the morn - ing; Nev - er-more to say good night In that
D.S.

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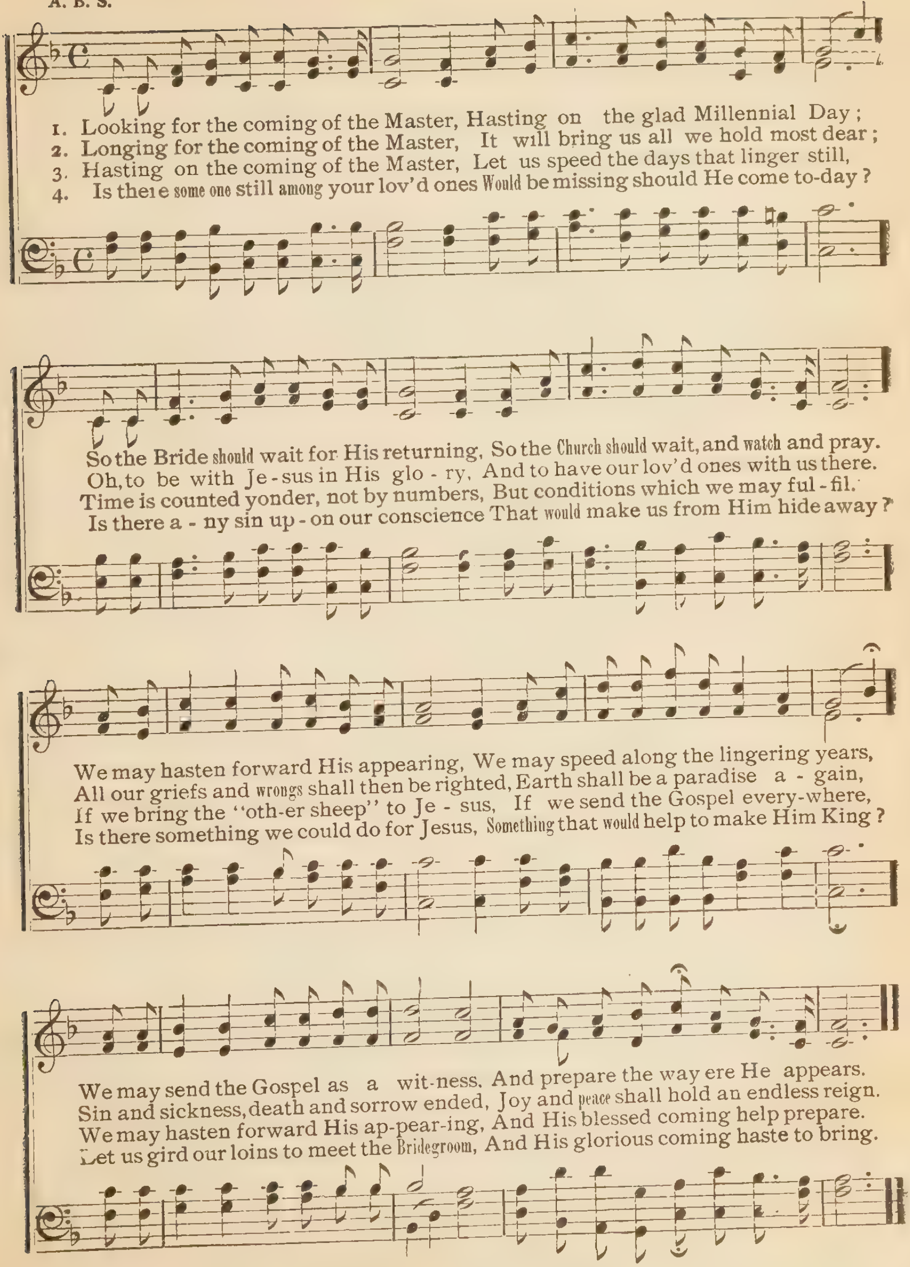
## 812 Hasting on His Coming.

A. B. S.

A. B. Simpson.


1. Looking for the coming of the Master, Hasting on the glad Millennial Day;
2. Longing for the coming of the Master, It will bring us all we hold most dear;
3. Hasting on the coming of the Master, Let us speed the days that linger still,
4. Is there some one still among your lov'd ones Would be missing should He come to-day?
So the Bride should wait for His returning, So the Church should wait, and watch and pray.
Oh, to be with Je-sus in His glo-ry, And to have our lov'd ones with us there.
Time is counted yonder, not by numbers, But conditions which we may ful-fil.
Is there a-ny sin up-on our conscience That would make us from Him hide away?
We may hasten forward His appearing, We may speed along the lingering years,
All our griefs and wrongs shall then be righted, Earth shall be a paradise a-gain,
If we bring the "oth-er sheep" to Je-sus, If we send the Gospel every-where,
Is there something we could do for Jesus, Something that would help to make Him King?
We may send the Gospel as a wit-ness, And prepare the way ere He appears.
Sin and sickness, death and sorrow ended, Joy and peace shall hold an endless reign.
We may hasten forward His ap-pear-ing, And His blessed coming help prepare.
Let us gird our loins to meet the Bridegroom, And His glorious coming haste to bring.

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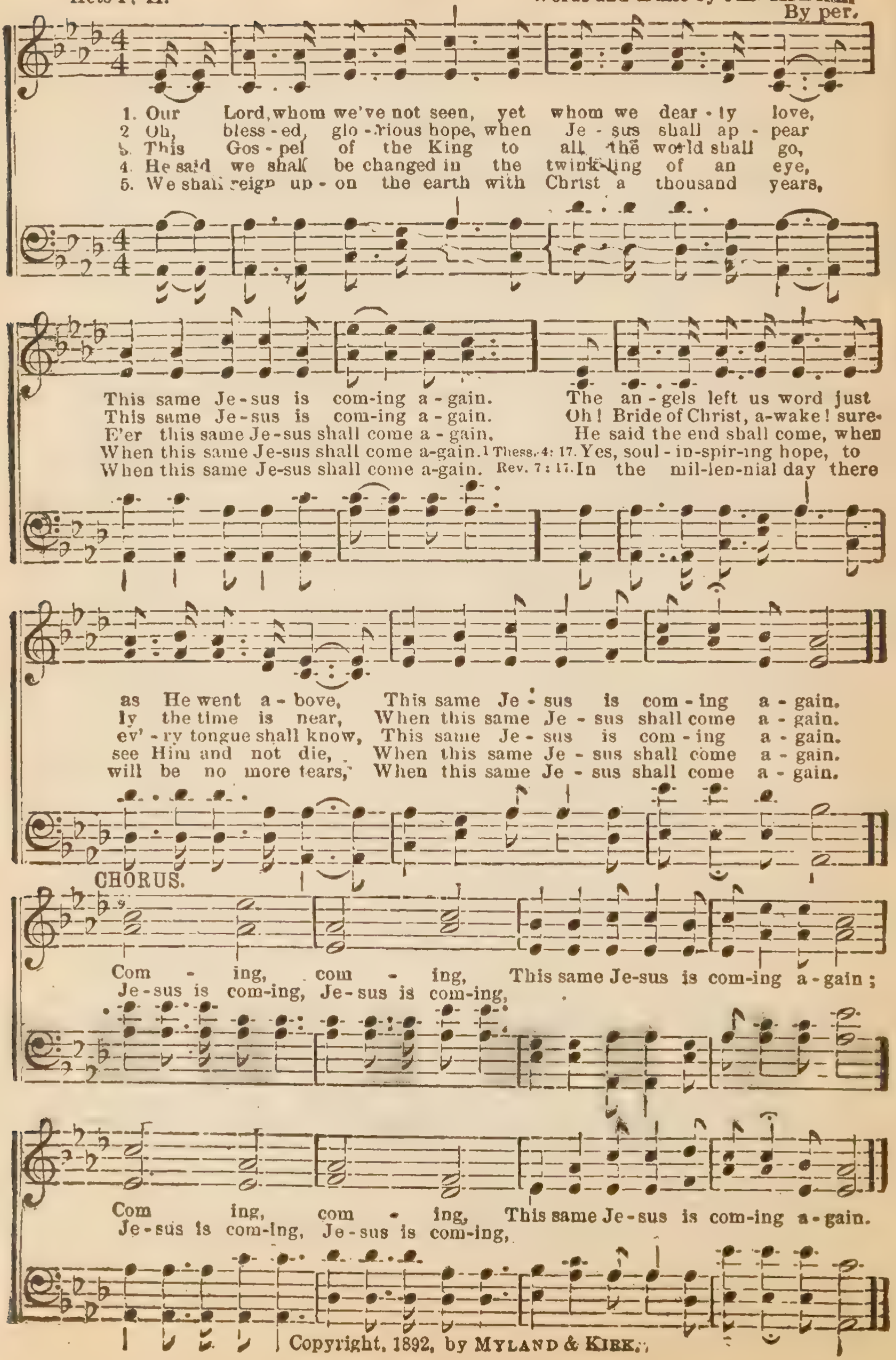
813

# Jesus is Coming Again.

Acts I: 11.

Words and Music by **Jas. M. Kirk.**
By per.


1. Our Lord, whom we've not seen, yet whom we dear - ly love,
2 Oh, bless - ed, glo - rious hope, when Je - sus shall ap - pear
3. This Gos - pel of the King to all the world shall go,
4. He said we shall be changed in the twink-ling of an eye,
5. We shall reign up - on the earth with Christ a thousand years,
This same Je - sus is com-ing a - gain. The an - gels left us word just
This same Je - sus is com-ing a - gain. Oh! Bride of Christ, a-wake! sure-
E'er this same Je - sus shall come a - gain. He said the end shall come, when
When this same Je-sus shall come a-gain. 1 Thess. 4: 17. Yes, soul - in-spir-ing hope, to
When this same Je-sus shall come a-gain. Rev. 7: 17. In the mil-len-nial day there
as He went a - bove, This same Je - sus is com - ing a - gain.
ly the time is near, When this same Je - sus shall come a - gain.
ev' - ry tongue shall know, This same Je - sus is com - ing a - gain.
see Him and not die, When this same Je - sus shall come a - gain.
will be no more tears, When this same Je - sus shall come a - gain.
CHORUS.
Com - ing, com - ing, This same Je-sus is com-ing a - gain;
Je - sus is com-ing, Je - sus is com-ing,
Com - ing, com - ing, This same Je - sus is com-ing a - gain.
Je - sus is com-ing, Je - sus is com-ing,

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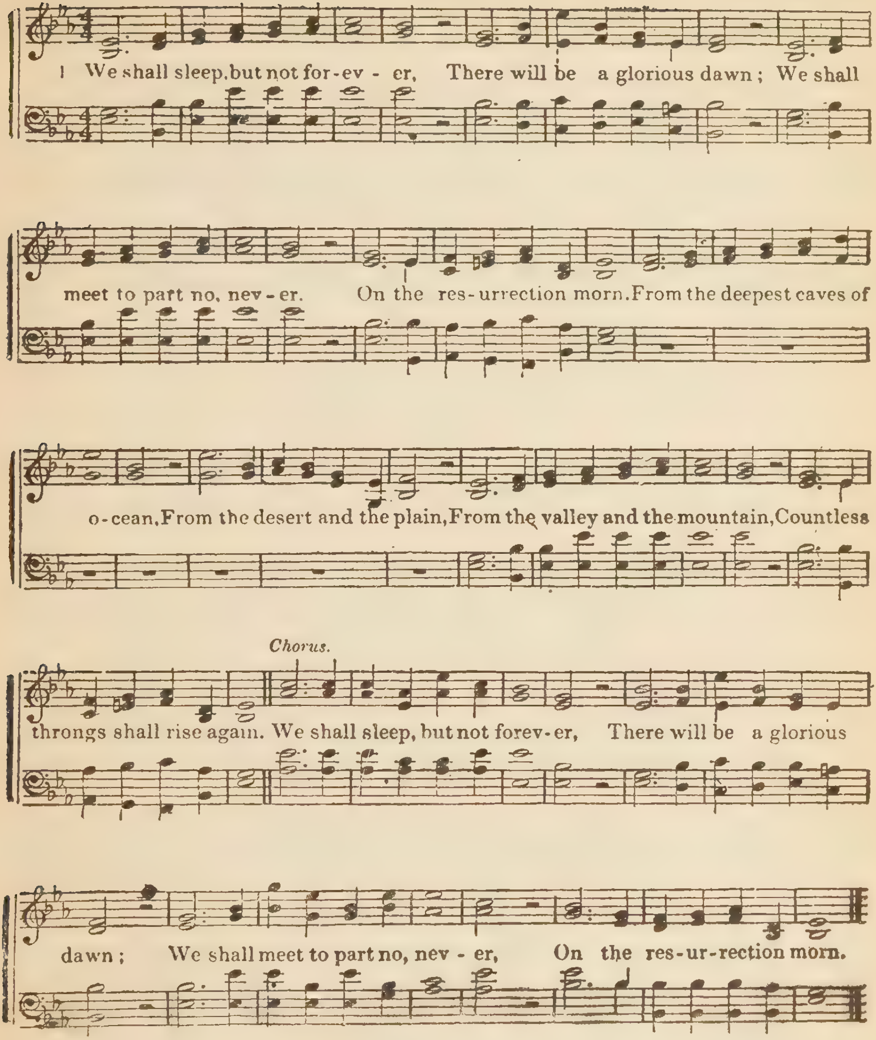
814

# We Shall Sleep.

8s & 7s.

S. C. Hancock, 1828-1874.

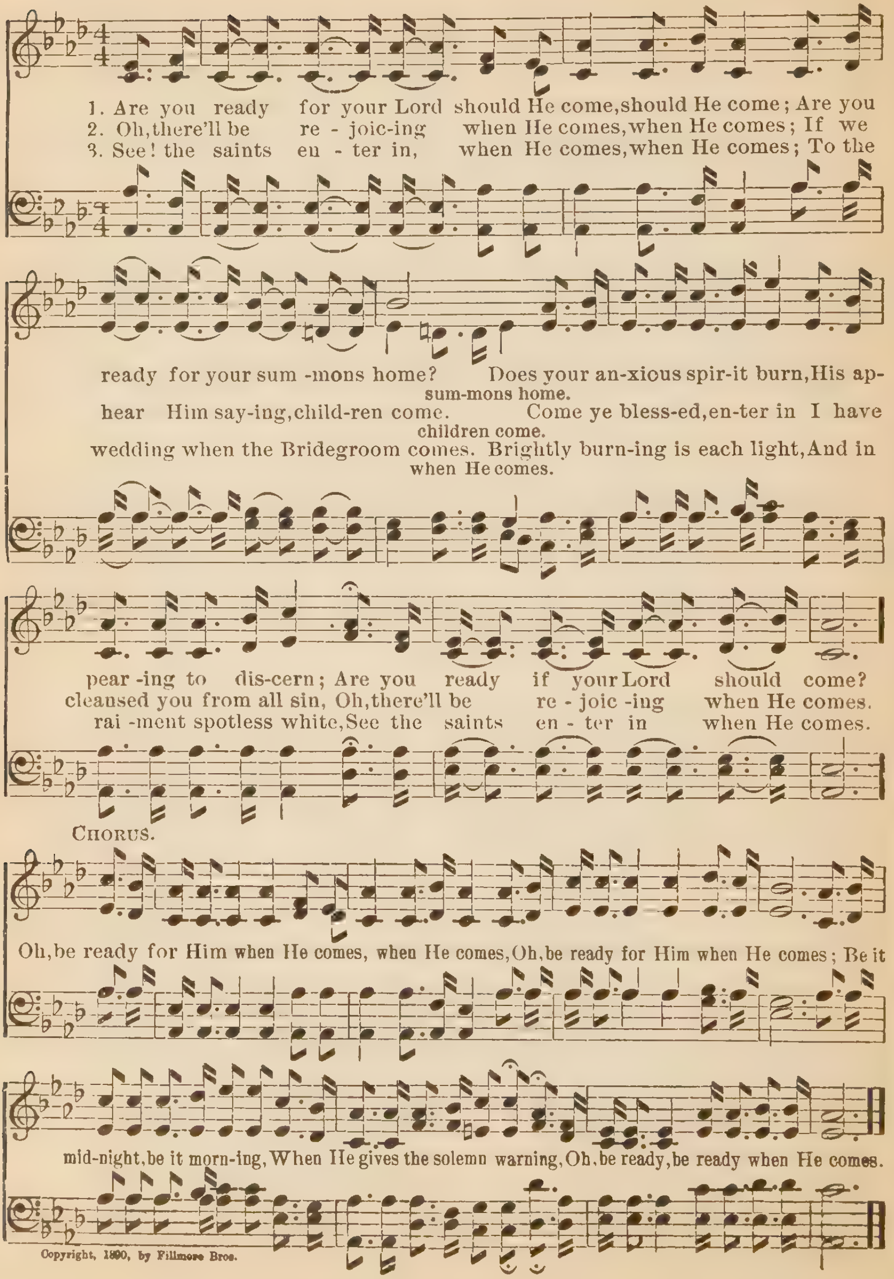

1 We shall sleep, but not for-ev - er, There will be a glorious dawn; We shall
meet to part no, nev - er. On the res-urrection morn. From the deepest caves of
o-cean, From the desert and the plain, From the valley and the mountain, Countless
throngs shall rise again.
Chorus.
We shall sleep, but not forev-er, There will be a glorious
dawn; We shall meet to part no, nev - er, On the res-ur-rection morn.

When we see a precious blossom,
That we tended with such care,
Rudely taken from our bosom,
How our aching hearts despair.
Round its little grave we linger
Till the setting sun is low.
Feeling all our hopes have perished
With the flower we cherished so.

We shall sleep, but not forever,
In the lone and silent grave;
Blessed be the Lord that taketh,
Blessed be the Lord that gave.
In that bright, eternal city,
Death can never, never come;
In His own good time He'll call us
From our rest to home sweet home.

# 815 When He Comes.

**A. P. Cobb.** **J. H. Fillmore, by per.**


1. Are you ready for your Lord should He come, should He come; Are you
2. Oh, there'll be re - joic-ing when He comes, when He comes; If we
3. See! the saints en - ter in, when He comes, when He comes; To the
ready for your sum -mons home? Does your an-xious spir-it burn, His ap-
sum-mons home.
hear Him say-ing, child-ren come. Come ye bless-ed, en-ter in I have
children come.
wedding when the Bridegroom comes. Brightly burn-ing is each light, And in
when He comes.
pear -ing to dis-cern; Are you ready if your Lord should come?
cleansed you from all sin, Oh, there'll be re - joic -ing when He comes.
rai -ment spotless white, See the saints en - ter in when He comes.
CHORUS.
Oh, be ready for Him when He comes, when He comes, Oh, be ready for Him when He comes; Be it
mid-night, be it morn-ing, When He gives the solemn warning, Oh, be ready, be ready when He comes.

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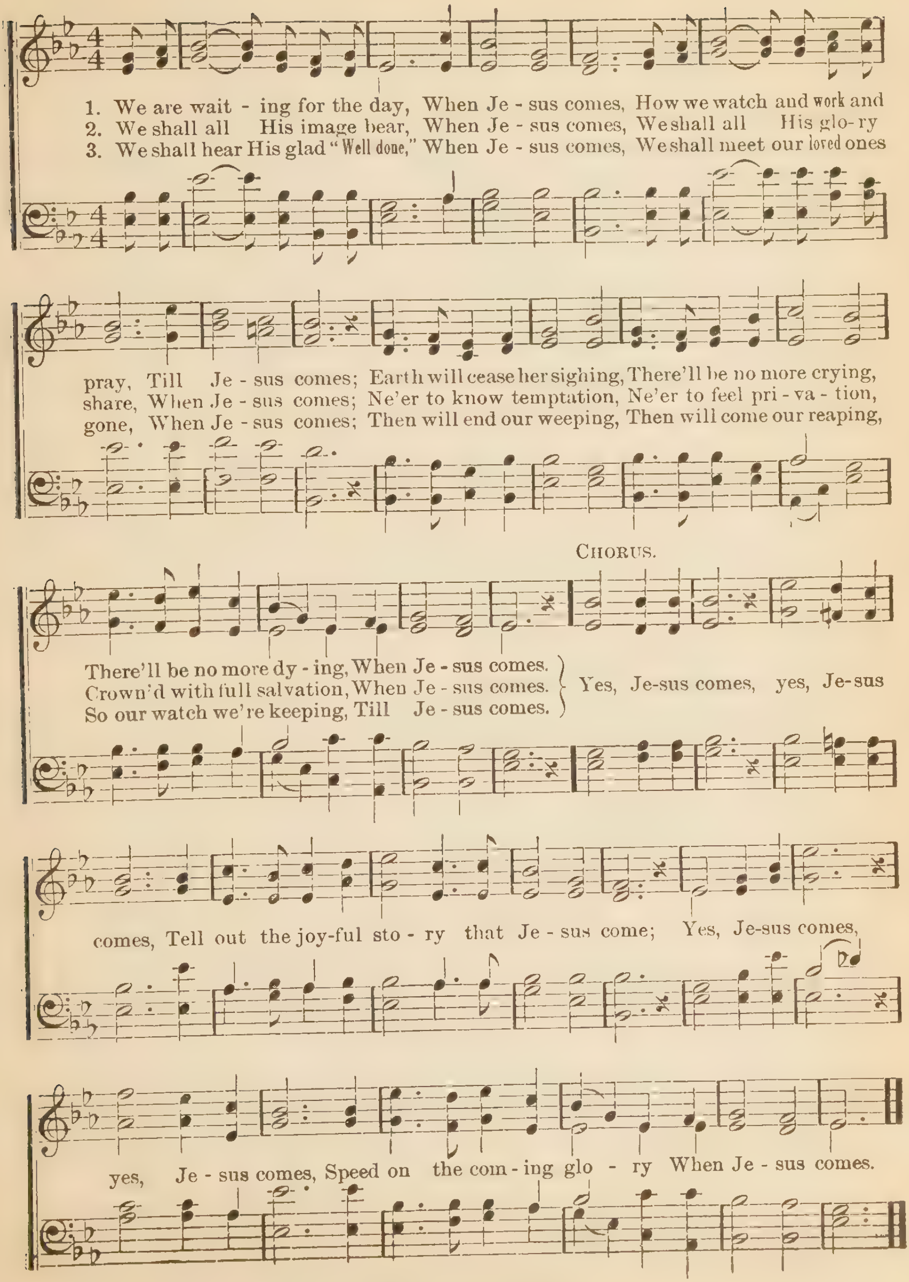
816

# When Jesus Comes.

A. B. S. A. B. Simpson.


1. We are wait - ing for the day, When Je - sus comes, How we watch and work and
2. We shall all His image bear, When Je - sus comes, We shall all His glo-ry
3. We shall hear His glad "Well done," When Je - sus comes, We shall meet our loved ones
pray, Till Je - sus comes; Earth will cease her sighing, There'll be no more crying,
share, When Je - sus comes; Ne'er to know temptation, Ne'er to feel pri - va - tion,
gone, When Je - sus comes; Then will end our weeping, Then will come our reaping,
CHORUS.
There'll be no more dy - ing, When Je - sus comes.
Crown'd with full salvation, When Je - sus comes.
So our watch we're keeping, Till Je - sus comes.
Yes, Je-sus comes, yes, Je-sus
comes, Tell out the joy-ful sto - ry that Je - sus come; Yes, Je-sus comes,
yes, Je - sus comes, Speed on the com - ing glo - ry When Je - sus comes.

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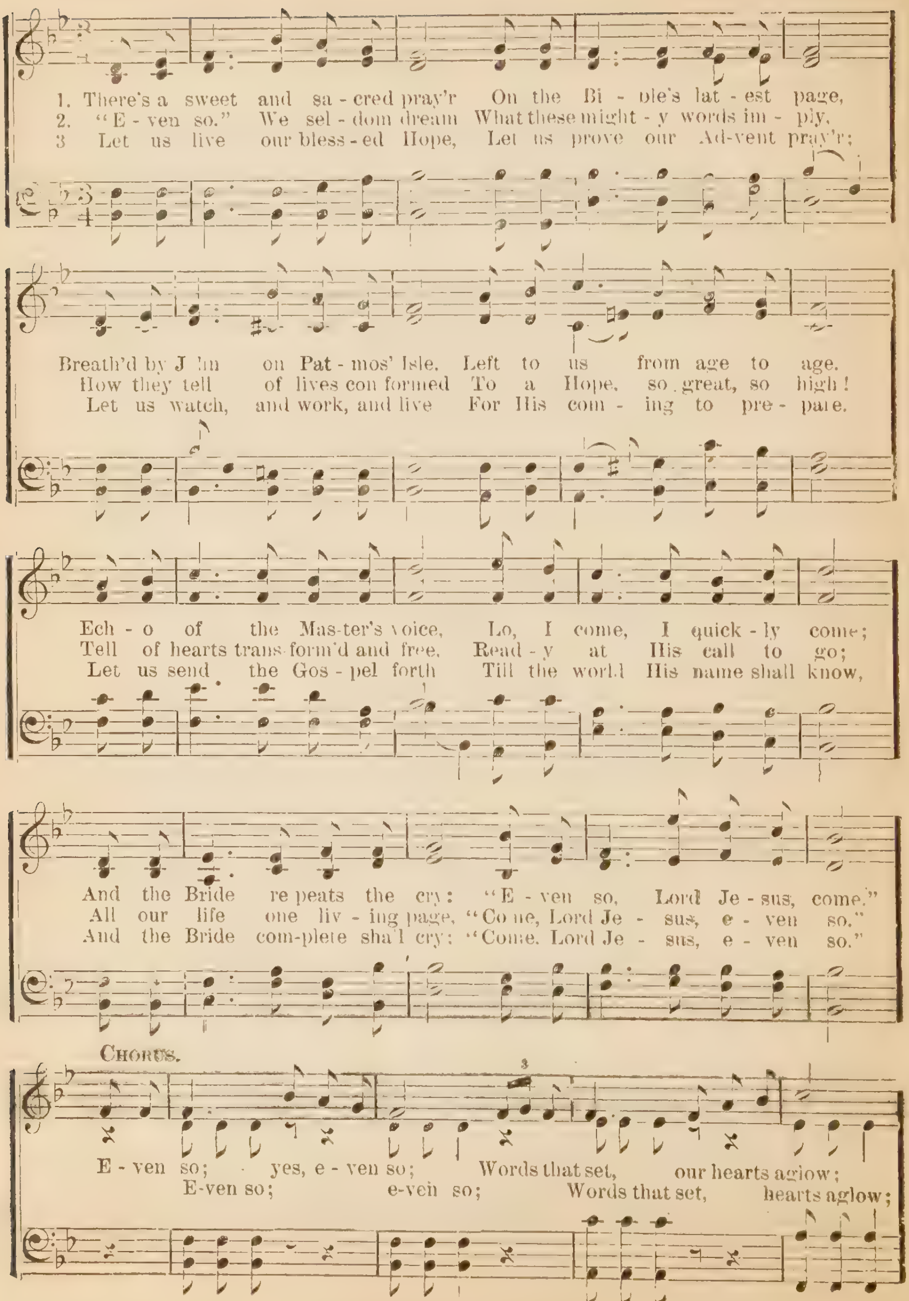
## 817

# Even So.

A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. There's a sweet and sa-cred pray'r On the Bi-ble's lat-est page,
2. "E-ven so." We sel-dom dream What these might-y words im-ply,
3 Let us live our bless-ed Hope, Let us prove our Ad-vent pray'r;
Breath'd by John on Pat-mos' Isle. Left to us from age to age.
How they tell of lives con-formed To a Hope, so great, so high!
Let us watch, and work, and live For His com-ing to pre-pare.
Ech-o of the Mas-ter's voice, Lo, I come, I quick-ly come;
Tell of hearts trans-form'd and free, Read-y at His call to go;
Let us send the Gos-pel forth Till the world His name shall know,
And the Bride re-peats the cry: "E-ven so, Lord Je-sus, come."
All our life one liv-ing page, "Come, Lord Je-sus, e-ven so."
And the Bride com-plete shall cry: "Come, Lord Je-sus, e-ven so."
Chorus.
E-ven so; yes, e-ven so; Words that set, our hearts aglow;
E-ven so; e-ven so; Words that set, hearts aglow;

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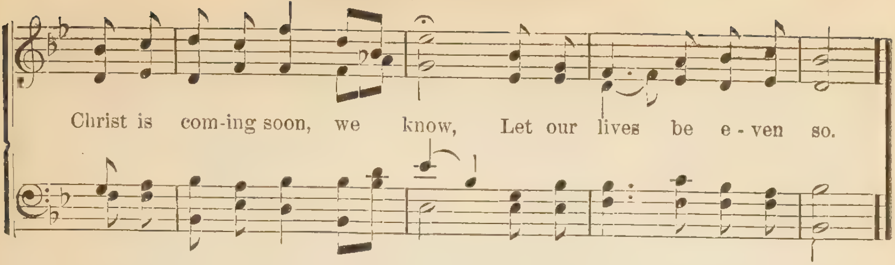
# Even So. Concluded.


Christ is com-ing soon, we know, Let our lives be e - ven so.

4 "Even so," O, blessed Hope!
Lift our souls to things on high,
Let our hearts be centered there,
Hold our treasures in the sky;
Let us walk as strangers here,
And inscribe on all below,
"Naught of earth we call our own,
Christ is coming, even so."

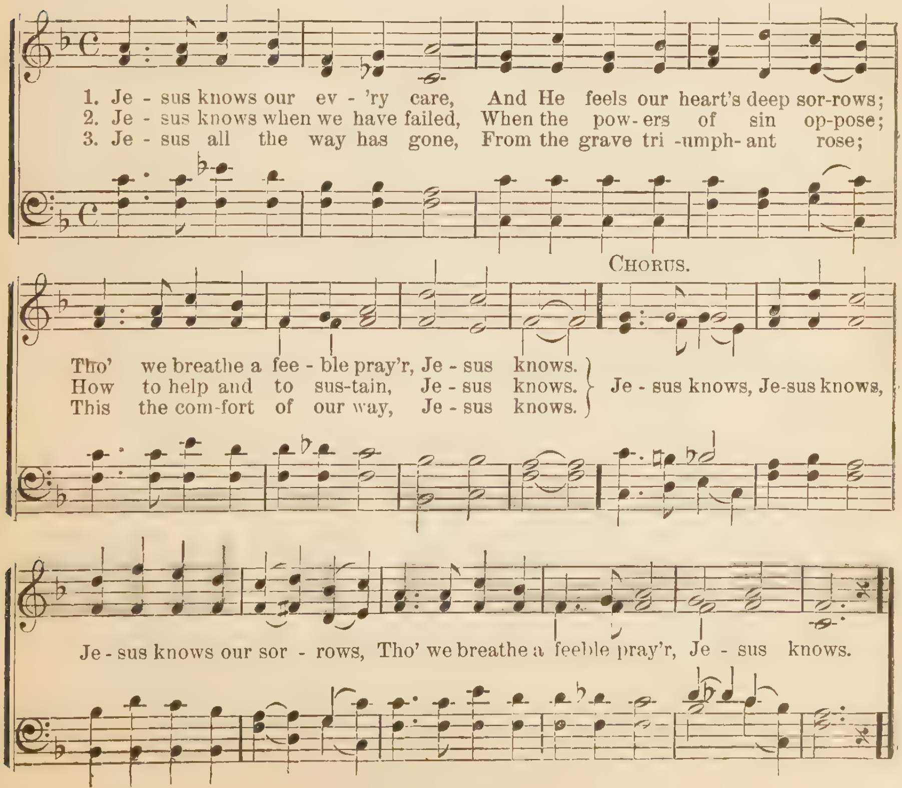
5 "Even so." O, let us all
Haste to help that day to bring!
Let us work, and watch, and pray
For the coming of the King.
"Even so," the Spirit cries,
And the whole creation dumb;
"Even so," the Church replies.
"Even so, Lord Jesus, come."

## 818

# Jesus Knows Our Every Care.

A. S.

ANNA SIMPSON.


1. Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry care, And He feels our heart's deep sor-rows;
2. Je - sus knows when we have failed, When the pow-ers of sin op-pose;
3. Je - sus all the way has gone, From the grave tri -umph- ant rose;
Tho' we breathe a fee - ble pray'r, Je - sus knows.
How to help and to sus-tain, Je - sus knows.
This the com-fort of our way, Je - sus knows.
CHORUS.
Je - sus knows, Je-sus knows,
Je - sus knows our sor - rows, Tho' we breathe a feeble pray'r, Je - sus knows.

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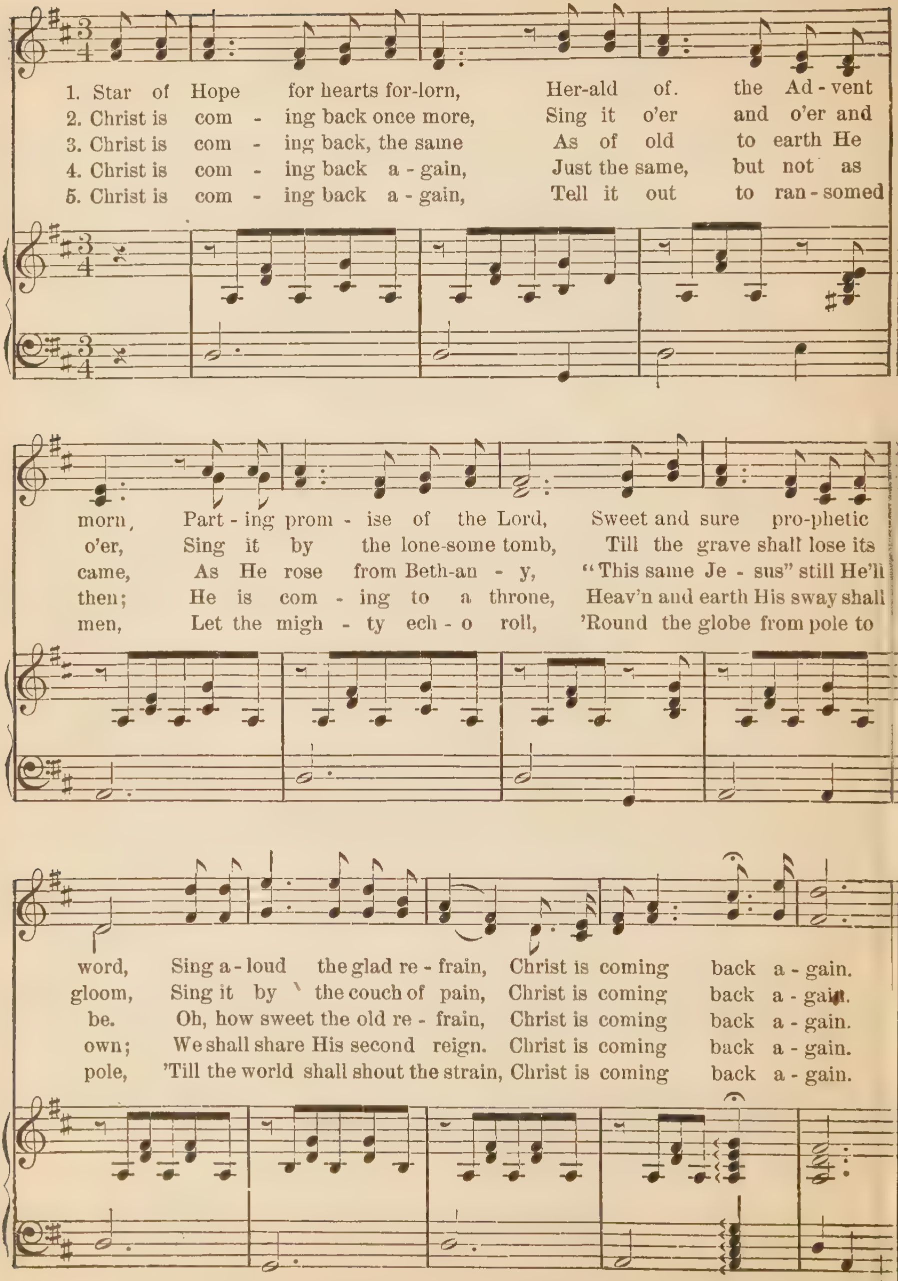
# 319 Yes. He'll Come Again.

A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. Star of Hope for hearts for-lorn, Her-ald of. the Ad-vent
2. Christ is com - ing back once more, Sing it o'er and o'er and
3. Christ is com - ing back, the same As of old to earth He
4. Christ is com - ing back a - gain, Just the same, but not as
5. Christ is com - ing back a - gain, Tell it out to ran-somed
morn, Part-ing prom - ise of the Lord, Sweet and sure pro-phetic
o'er, Sing it by the lone-some tomb, Till the grave shall lose its
came, As He rose from Beth-an - y, "This same Je - sus" still He'll
then; He is com - ing to a throne, Heav'n and earth His sway shall
men, Let the migh - ty ech - o roll, 'Round the globe from pole to
word, Sing a-loud the glad re - frain, Christ is coming back a - gain.
gloom, Sing it by the couch of pain, Christ is coming back a - gain.
be. Oh, how sweet the old re - frain, Christ is coming back a - gain.
own; We shall share His second reign. Christ is coming back a - gain.
pole, 'Till the world shall shout the strain, Christ is coming back a - gain.

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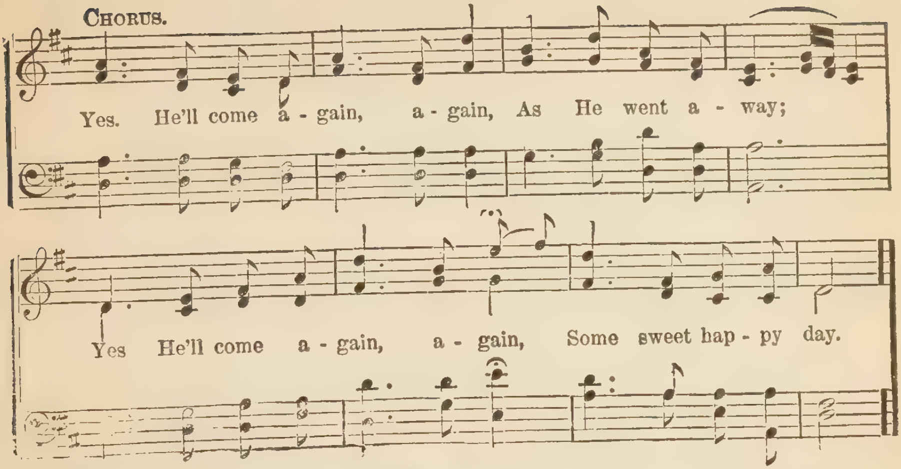
## Yes, He'll Come Again. Concluded.

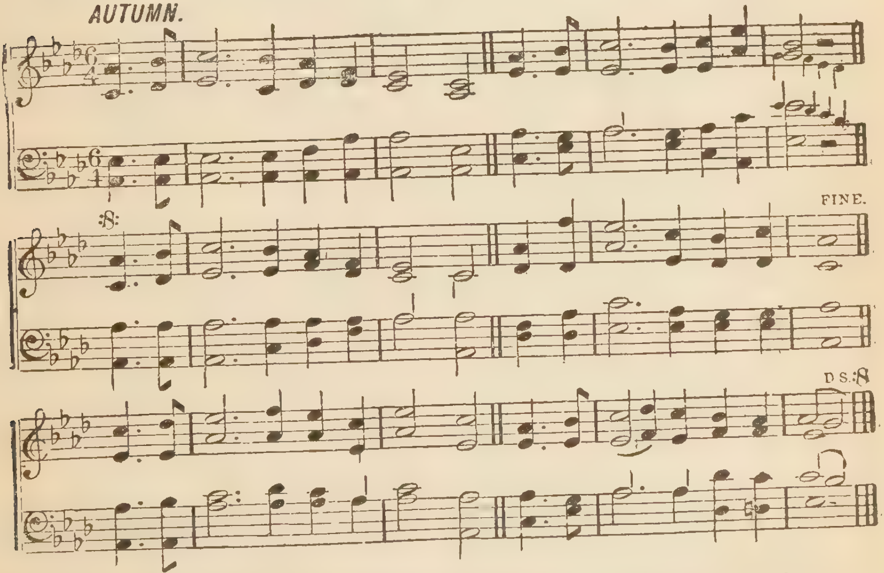

Chorus.
Yes. He'll come a - gain, a - gain, As He went a - way;
Yes He'll come a - gain, a - gain, Some sweet hap - py day.

320

## Home at Last.

8s & 7s. D.

AUTUMN.



"Home at last" on heavenly mountains,
Heard the "Come and enter in;"
Saved by life's fair flowing fountains,
Saved from earthly taint and sin.
Free at last from all temptation,
No more need of watchful care;
Joyful in complete salvation,
Given the victor's crown to wear.

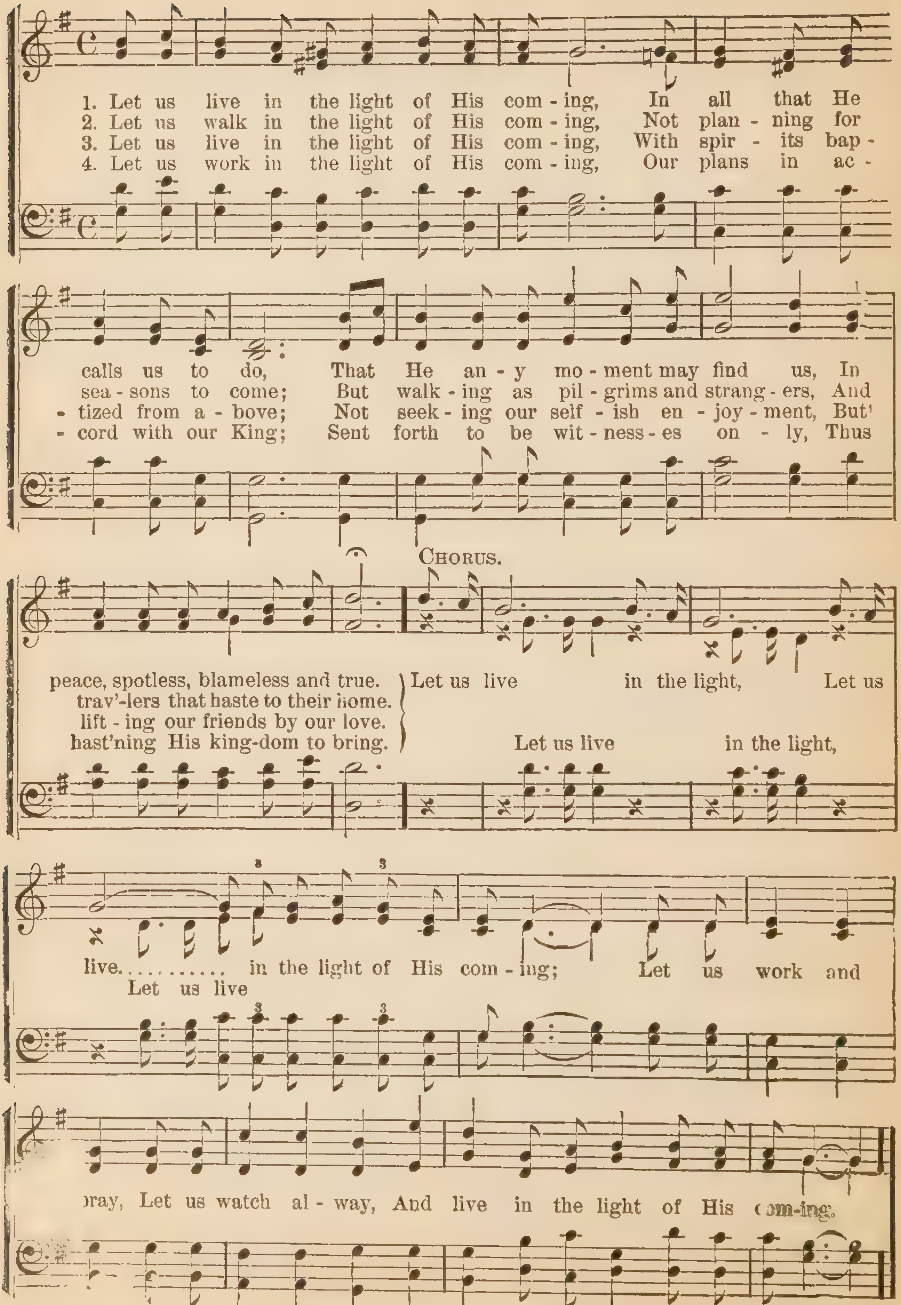
Welcomed at the pearly portal,
Welcomed by the angel band;
Welcomed to the life immortal,
In the blessed kingdom-land.
"Home, sweet home," our home forever,
Weary pilgrimages past;
Welcomed home to wander never,
Saved thro' Jesus—"Home at last."

Maria Alger Crozier, cir., 1870.

821

# Let Us Live in the Light.

L. S. LOUISE SHEPARD.


1. Let us live in the light of His com - ing, In all that He calls us to do,
2. Let us walk in the light of His com - ing, Not plan - ning for sea - sons to come;
3. Let us live in the light of His com - ing, With spir - its bap - tized from a - bove;
4. Let us work in the light of His com - ing, Our plans in ac - cord with our King;
That He an - y mo - ment may find us, In peace, spotless, blameless and true.
But walk - ing as pil - grims and strang - ers, And trav'-lers that haste to their home.
Not seek - ing our self - ish en - joy - ment, But lift - ing our friends by our love.
Sent forth to be wit - ness - es on - ly, Thus hast'ning His king-dom to bring.
CHORUS.
Let us live in the light, Let us live.......... in the light of His com - ing;
Let us live in the light, Let us live
Let us work and pray, Let us watch al - way, And live in the light of His com-ing.

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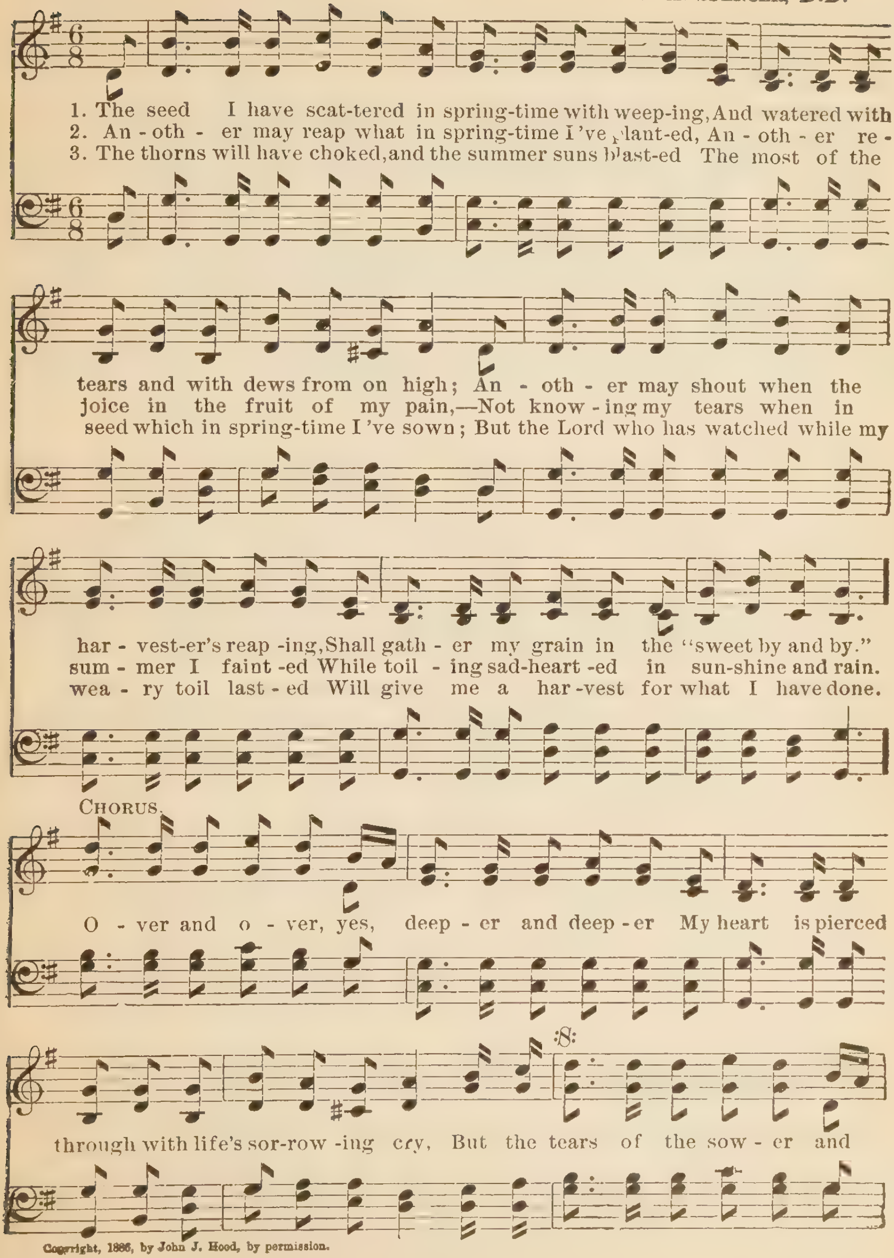
# Harvest Time.

W. A. S. Rev. W. A. Spencer, D.D.


1. The seed I have scat-tered in spring-time with weep-ing, And watered with
2. An - oth - er may reap what in spring-time I've planted, An - oth - er re -
3. The thorns will have choked, and the summer suns blasted The most of the
tears and with dews from on high; An - oth - er may shout when the
joice in the fruit of my pain,—Not know - ing my tears when in
seed which in spring-time I've sown; But the Lord who has watched while my
har - vest-er's reap - ing, Shall gath - er my grain in the "sweet by and by."
sum - mer I faint - ed While toil - ing sad-heart - ed in sun-shine and rain.
wea - ry toil last - ed Will give me a har - vest for what I have done.
Chorus.
O - ver and o - ver, yes, deep - er and deep - er My heart is pierced
through with life's sor-row - ing cry, But the tears of the sow - er and

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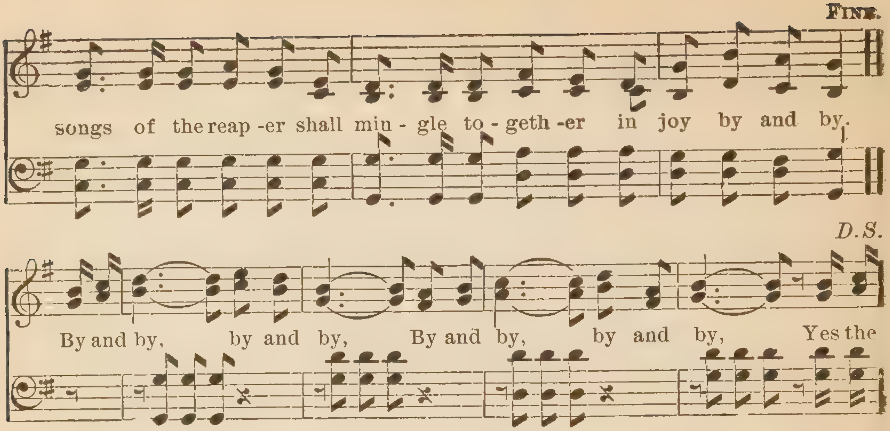
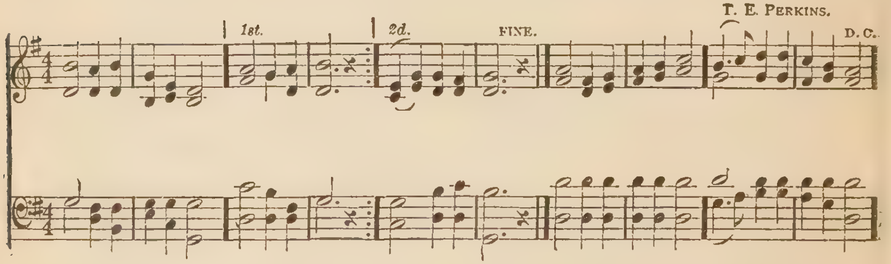

Fine.
songs of the reap-er shall min-gle to-geth-er in joy by and by.
D.S.
By and by, by and by, By and by, by and by, Yes the

## 823

# More Love, O Christ.


1st.
2d.
FINE.
D.C.

T. E. Perkins.

More love to Thee, O Christ,
  More love to Thee!
Hear Thou the prayer I make
  On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,—
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
  More love to Thee!

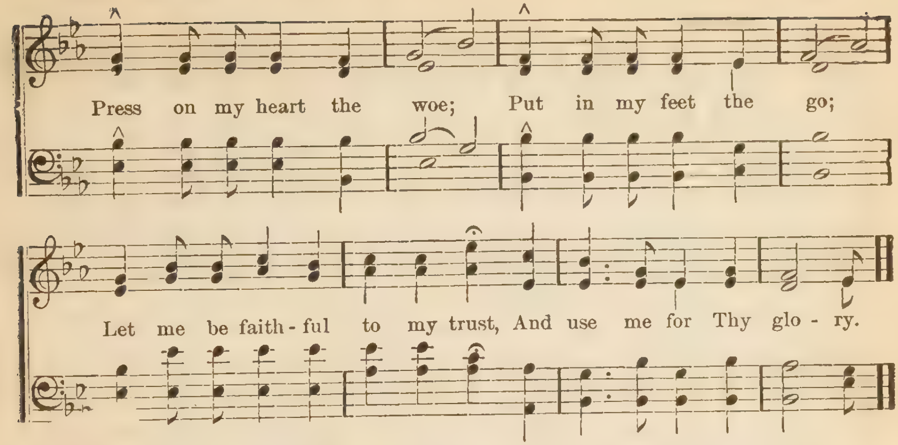
2 Once earthly joy I craved,
  Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek,—
  Give what is best;
This all my prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
  More love to Thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
  Send grief and pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
  Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
  More love to Thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath
  Whisper Thy praise,
This be the parting cry
  My heart shall raise;
This still its prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
  More love to Thee!

*Mrs. E. P. Prentiss.*

# My Trust.—Concluded.

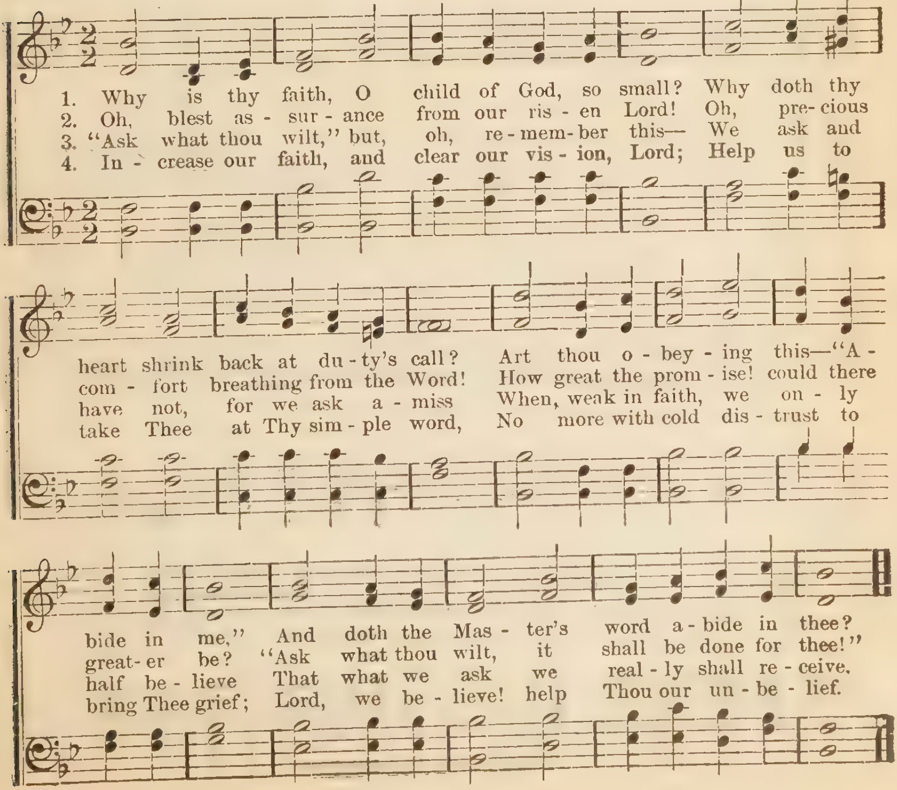

Press on my heart the woe; Put in my feet the go;
Let me be faith-ful to my trust, And use me for Thy glo-ry.

## 848

# Why is thy Faith so Small?

W. F. S.

W. F. Sherwin.

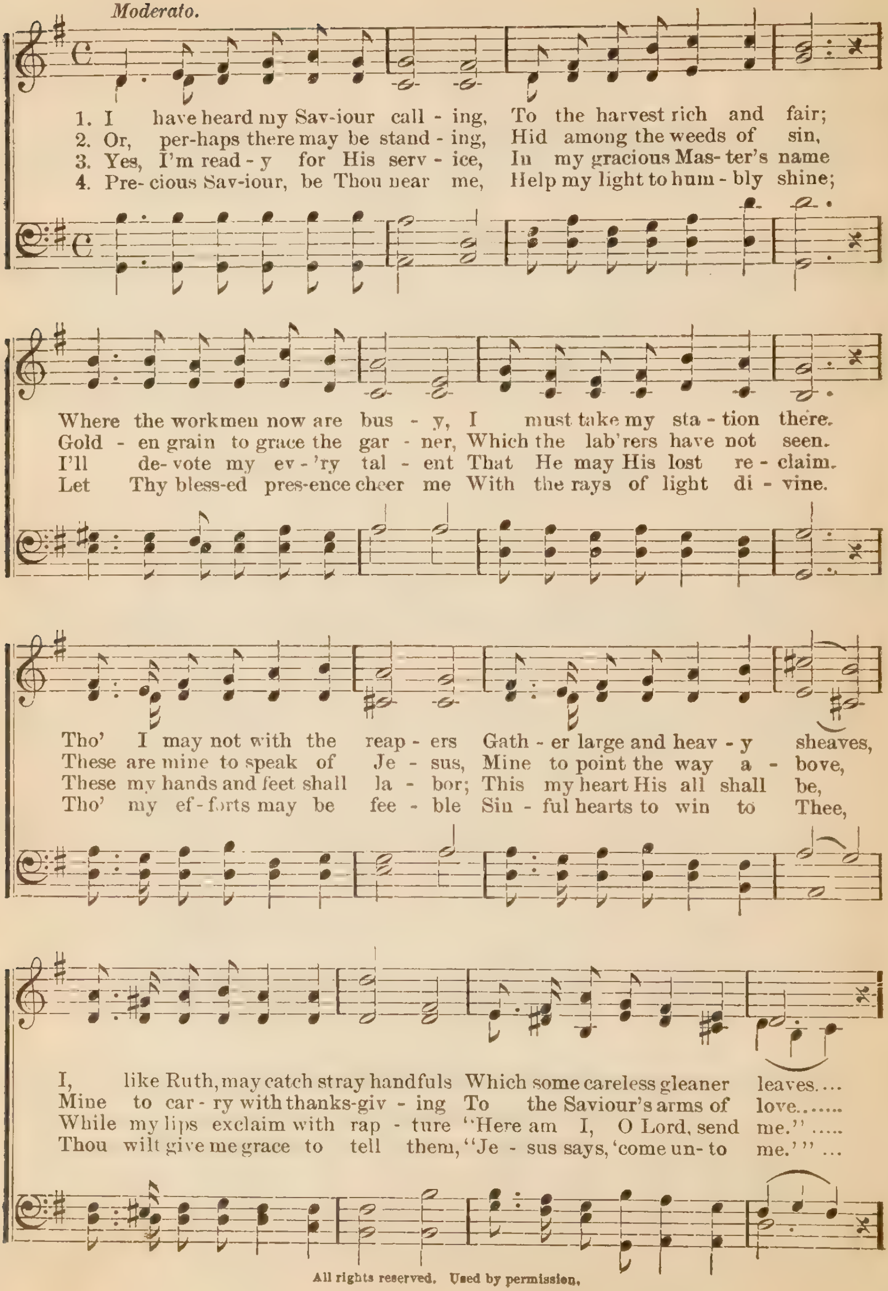

1. Why is thy faith, O child of God, so small? Why doth thy heart shrink back at du-ty's call? Art thou o-bey-ing this—"A-bide in me," And doth the Mas-ter's word a-bide in thee?
2. Oh, blest as-sur-ance from our ris-en Lord! Oh, pre-cious com-fort breathing from the Word! How great the prom-ise! could there great-er be? "Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done for thee!"
3. "Ask what thou wilt," but, oh, re-mem-ber this— We ask and have not, for we ask a-miss When, weak in faith, we on-ly half be-lieve That what we ask we real-ly shall re-ceive.
4. In-crease our faith, and clear our vis-ion, Lord; Help us to take Thee at Thy sim-ple word, No more with cold dis-trust to bring Thee grief; Lord, we be-lieve! help Thou our un-be-lief.

# 849 Here Am I, O Lord.

K. M., Jr.

Rev. K. Mackenzie, Jr.

*Moderato.*


1. I have heard my Sav-iour call - ing, To the harvest rich and fair;
2. Or, per-haps there may be stand - ing, Hid among the weeds of sin,
3. Yes, I'm read - y for His serv - ice, In my gracious Mas- ter's name
4. Pre- cious Sav-iour, be Thou near me, Help my light to hum - bly shine;
Where the workmen now are bus - y, I must take my sta - tion there.
Gold - en grain to grace the gar - ner, Which the lab'rers have not seen.
I'll de- vote my ev - 'ry tal - ent That He may His lost re - claim.
Let Thy bless-ed pres-ence cheer me With the rays of light di - vine.
Tho' I may not with the reap - ers Gath - er large and heav - y sheaves,
These are mine to speak of Je - sus, Mine to point the way a - bove,
These my hands and feet shall la - bor; This my heart His all shall be,
Tho' my ef - forts may be fee - ble Sin - ful hearts to win to Thee,
I, like Ruth, may catch stray handfuls Which some careless gleaner leaves....
Mine to car - ry with thanks-giv - ing To the Saviour's arms of love......
While my lips exclaim with rap - ture "Here am I, O Lord, send me." .....
Thou wilt give me grace to tell them, "Je - sus says, 'come un- to me.'" ...

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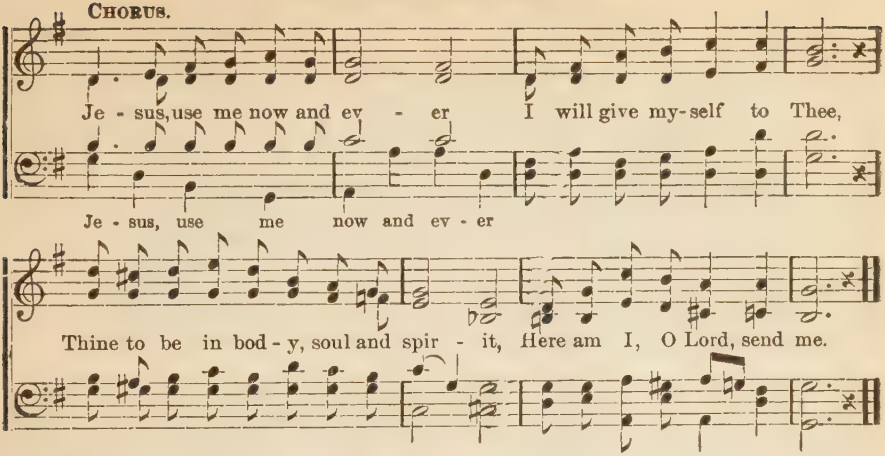
# Here Am I, O Lord.—Concluded.

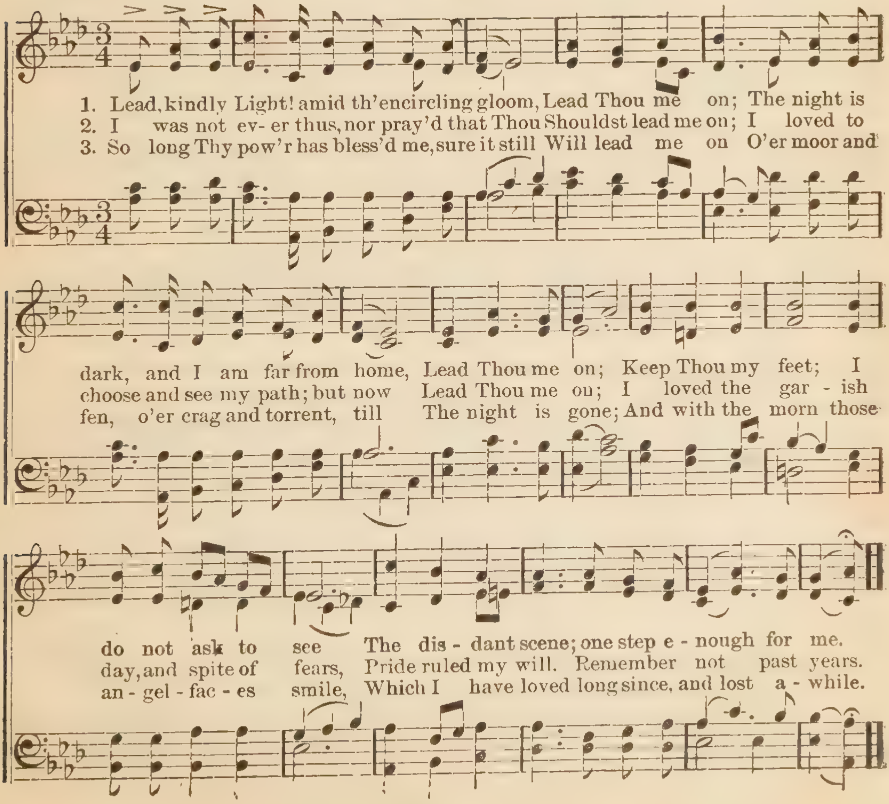

CHORUS.
Je - sus, use me now and ev - er I will give my-self to Thee,
Je - sus, use me now and ev - er
Thine to be in bod - y, soul and spir - it, Here am I, O Lord, send me.

## 850

# Lead, Kindly Light.

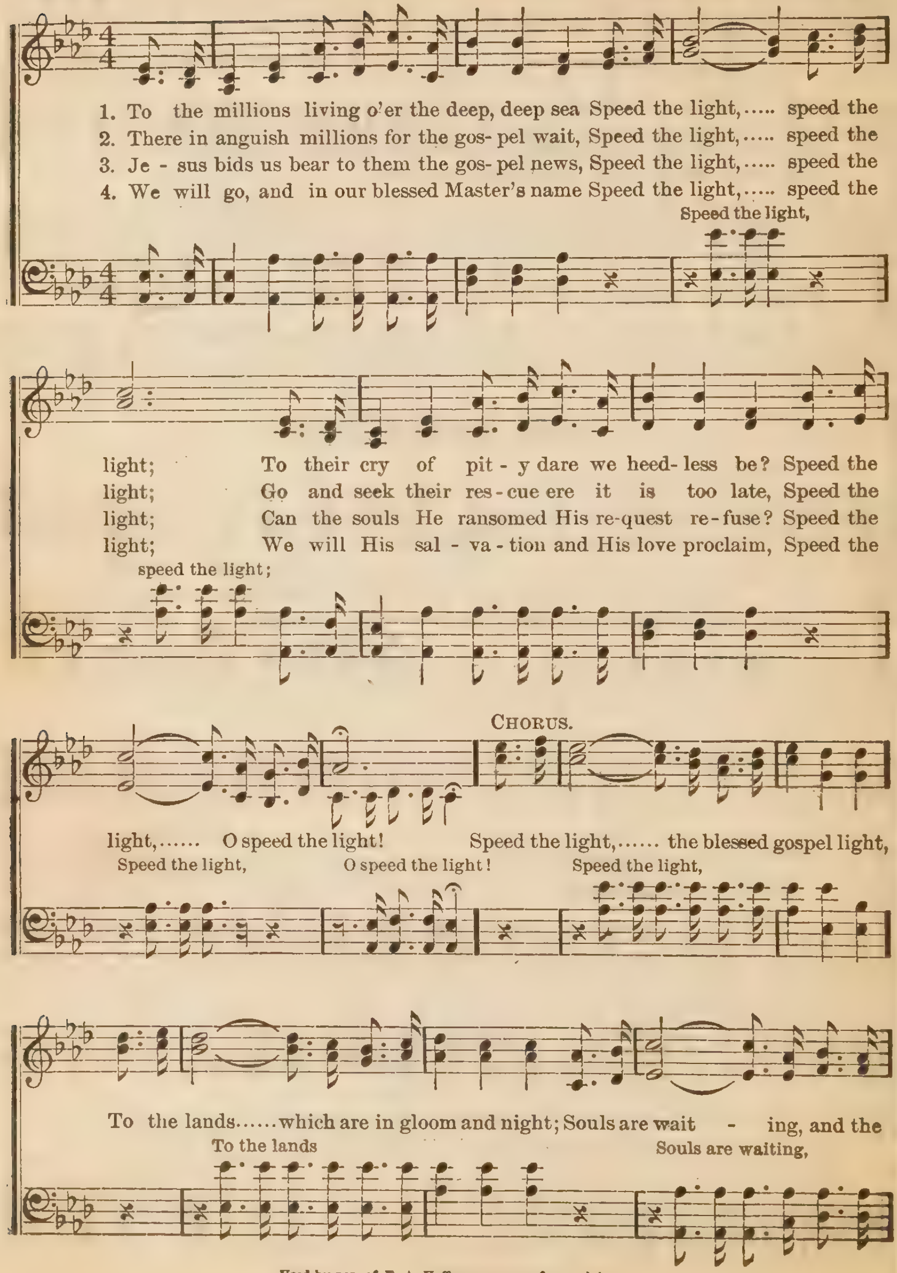
J. H. NEWMAN.

REV. JOHN B. DYKES.


1. Lead, kindly Light! amid th'encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r has bless'd me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and
dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on; I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone; And with the morn those
do not ask to see The dis - dant scene; one step e - nough for me.
day, and spite of fears, Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.
an - gel - fac - es smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

# Speed the Light.

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.


1. To the millions living o'er the deep, deep sea Speed the light,..... speed the
2. There in anguish millions for the gos- pel wait, Speed the light,..... speed the
3. Je - sus bids us bear to them the gos- pel news, Speed the light,..... speed the
4. We will go, and in our blessed Master's name Speed the light,..... speed the
Speed the light,
light; To their cry of pit - y dare we heed- less be? Speed the
light; Go and seek their res - cue ere it is too late, Speed the
light; Can the souls He ransomed His re-quest re - fuse? Speed the
light; We will His sal - va - tion and His love proclaim, Speed the
speed the light;
Chorus.
light,...... O speed the light! Speed the light,...... the blessed gospel light,
Speed the light,
O speed the light!
Speed the light,
To the lands...... which are in gloom and night; Souls are wait - ing, and the
To the lands
Souls are waiting,

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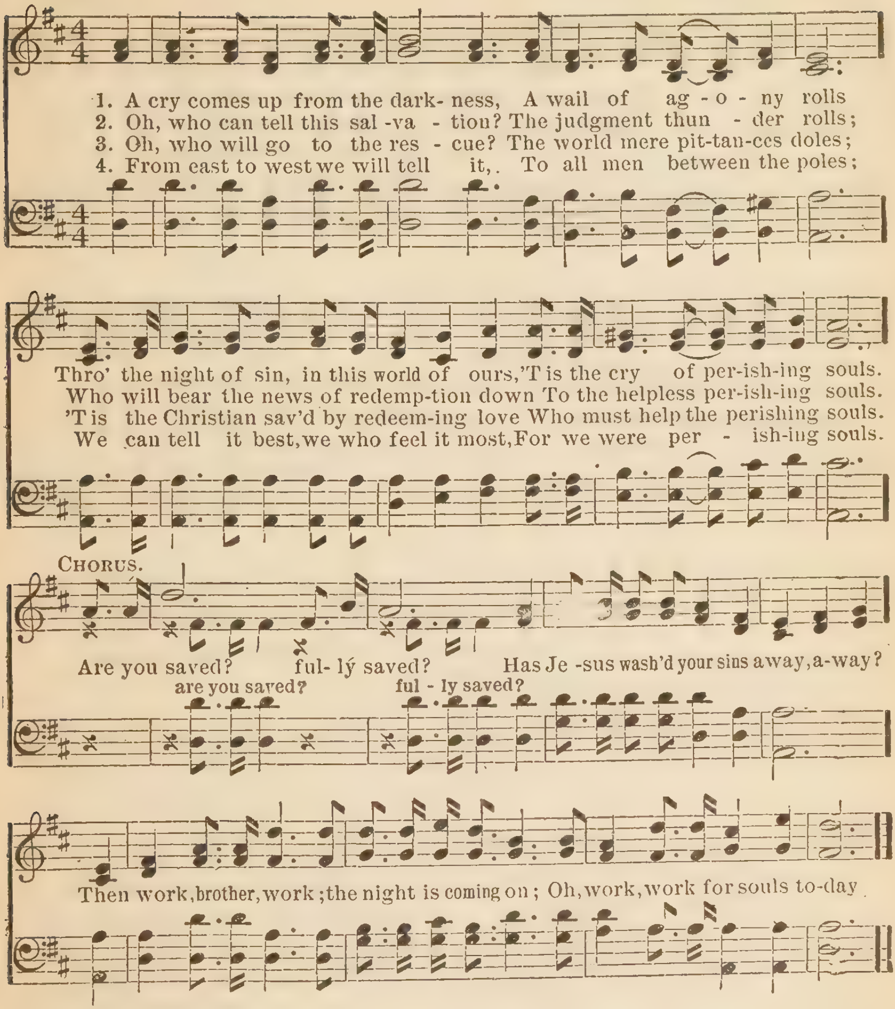
# The Volunteer's Song.

R. K. C.　　　　　　R. Kelso Carter.


1. A cry comes up from the dark- ness, A wail of ag - o - ny rolls
2. Oh, who can tell this sal -va - tion? The judgment thun - der rolls;
3. Oh, who will go to the res - cue? The world mere pit-tan-ces doles;
4. From east to west we will tell it,. To all men between the poles;
Thro' the night of sin, in this world of ours,'T is the cry of per-ish-ing souls.
Who will bear the news of redemp-tion down To the helpless per-ish-ing souls.
'T is the Christian sav'd by redeem-ing love Who must help the perishing souls.
We can tell it best,we who feel it most,For we were per - ish-ing souls.
Chorus.
Are you saved? ful- lý saved? Has Je -sus wash'd your sins away,a-way?
are you saved? ful - ly saved?
Then work,brother,work;the night is coming on; Oh,work,work for souls to-day

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## 857　　Be Watchful. S. M.

*Tune, Laban, 7*

1 My soul, be on thy guard
　Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
　To draw thee from the skies.

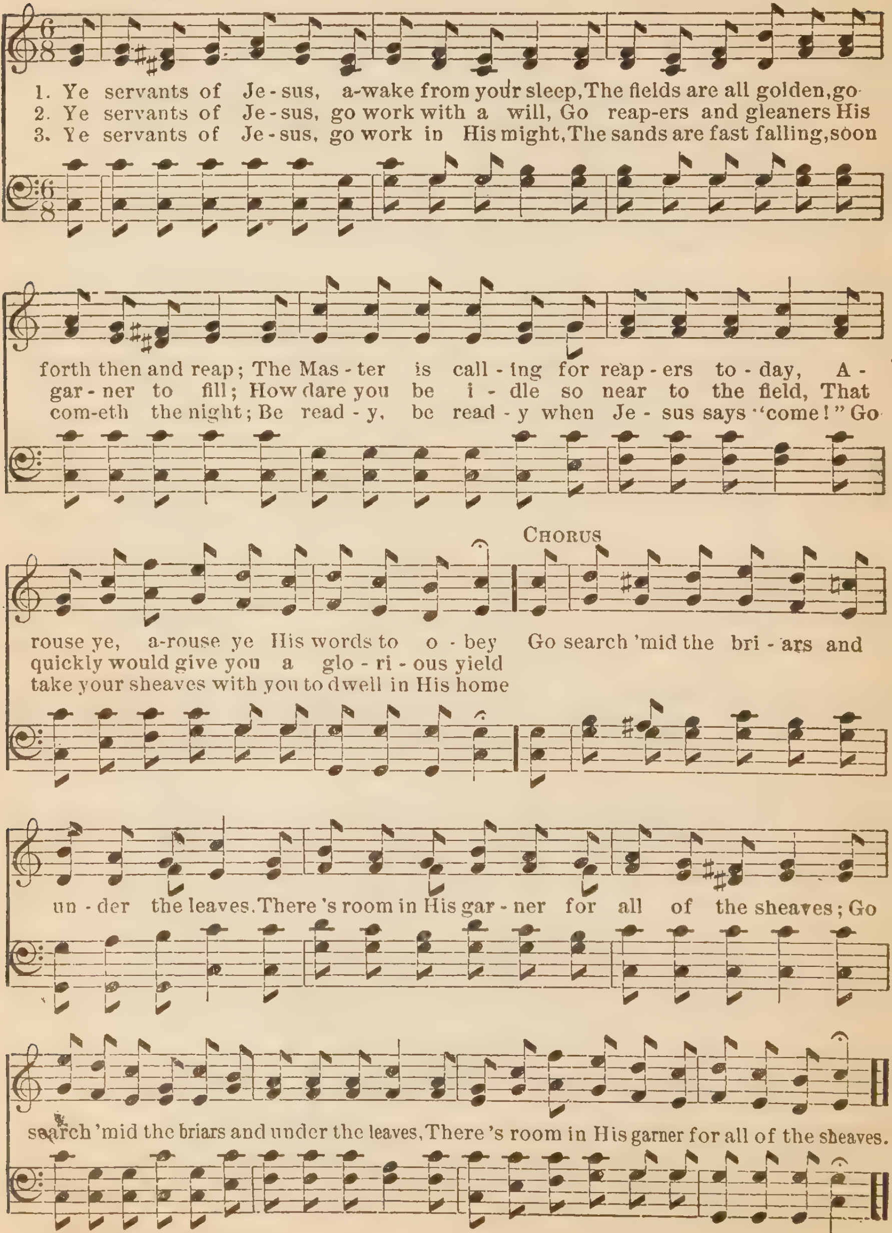
2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray;
　The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
　And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
　Nor lay thine armor down;
The work of faith will not be done,
　Till thou obtain the crown.

George Heath, 1781.

# Ye Servants of Jesus, Awake.

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES. FRANK M. DAVIS.


1. Ye servants of Je - sus, a-wake from your sleep, The fields are all golden, go-
2. Ye servants of Je - sus, go work with a will, Go reap-ers and gleaners His
3. Ye servants of Je - sus, go work in His might, The sands are fast falling, soon
forth then and reap; The Mas - ter is call - ing for reap - ers to - day, A -
gar - ner to fill; How dare you be i - dle so near to the field, That
com-eth the night; Be read - y, be read - y when Je - sus says "come!" Go
rouse ye, a-rouse ye His words to o - bey
quickly would give you a glo - ri - ous yield
take your sheaves with you to dwell in His home
CHORUS
Go search 'mid the bri - ars and
un - der the leaves. There's room in His gar - ner for all of the sheaves; Go
search 'mid the briars and under the leaves, There's room in His garner for all of the sheaves.

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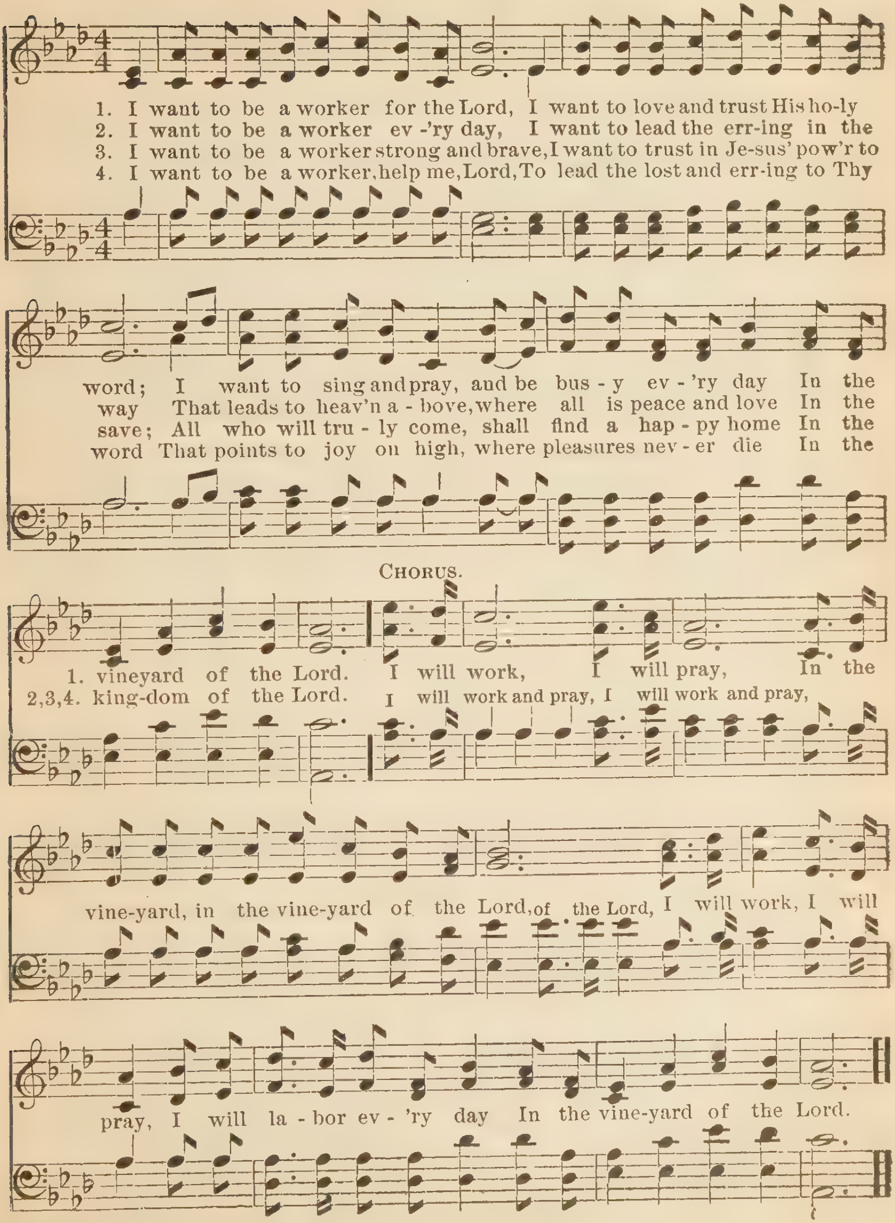
859

# I want to be a Worker.

I. B. *"The laborers are few."*—MATT. ix. 27. I. BALTZELL.

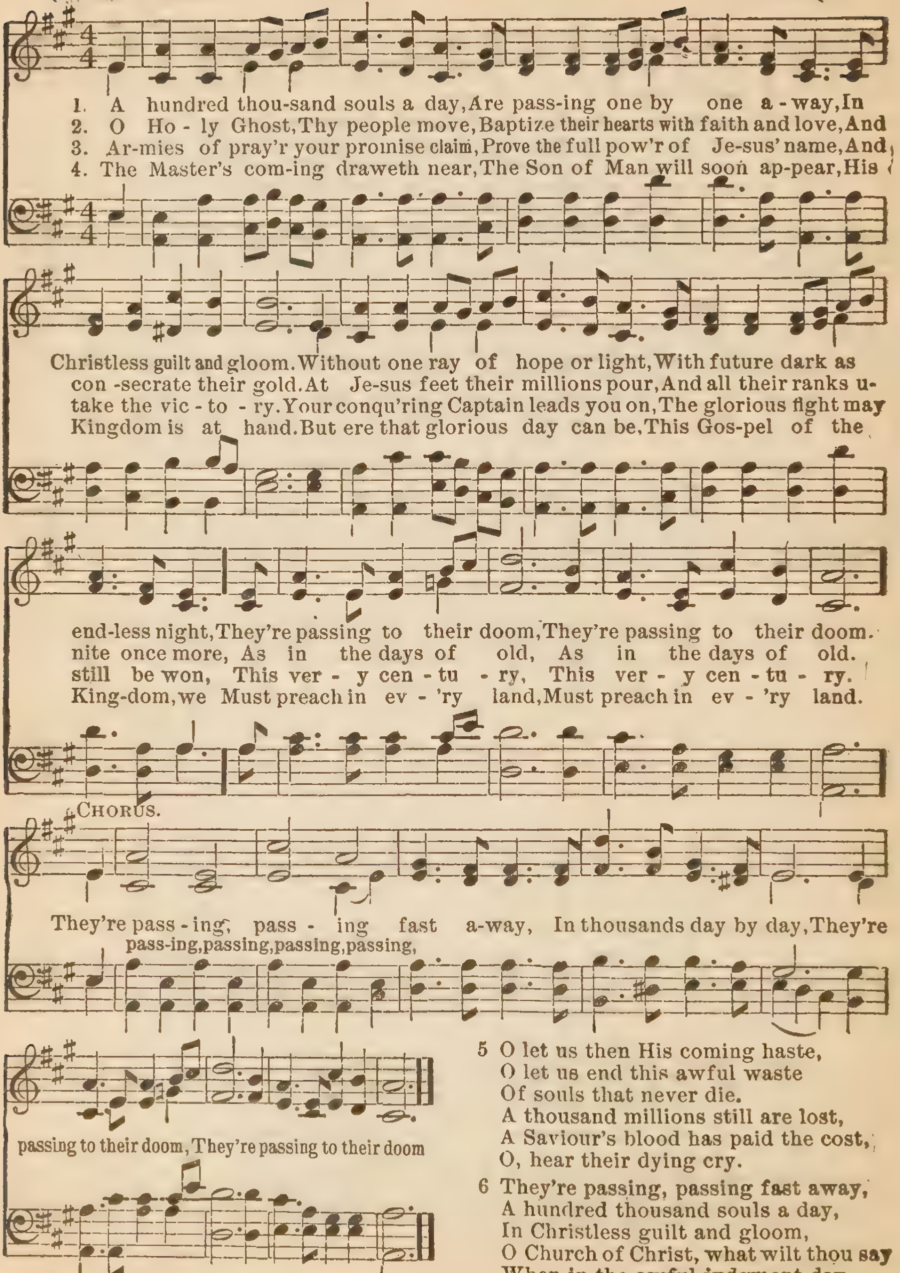

1. I want to be a worker for the Lord, I want to love and trust His ho-ly
2. I want to be a worker ev -'ry day, I want to lead the err-ing in the
3. I want to be a worker strong and brave, I want to trust in Je-sus' pow'r to
4. I want to be a worker, help me, Lord, To lead the lost and err-ing to Thy
word; I want to sing and pray, and be bus - y ev - 'ry day In the
way That leads to heav'n a - bove, where all is peace and love In the
save; All who will tru - ly come, shall find a hap - py home In the
word That points to joy on high, where pleasures nev - er die In the
CHORUS.
1. vineyard of the Lord. I will work, I will pray, In the
2,3,4. king-dom of the Lord. I will work and pray, I will work and pray,
vine-yard, in the vine-yard of the Lord, of the Lord, I will work, I will
pray, I will la - bor ev - 'ry day In the vine-yard of the Lord.

By permission.

## 860

# A Missionary Cry.

Rev. A. B. Simpson. J. H. Burke.


1. A hundred thou-sand souls a day, Are pass-ing one by one a-way, In
2. O Ho-ly Ghost, Thy people move, Baptize their hearts with faith and love, And
3. Ar-mies of pray'r your promise claim, Prove the full pow'r of Je-sus' name, And
4. The Master's com-ing draweth near, The Son of Man will soon ap-pear, His
Christless guilt and gloom. Without one ray of hope or light, With future dark as
con-secrate their gold. At Je-sus feet their millions pour, And all their ranks u-
take the vic-to-ry. Your conqu'ring Captain leads you on, The glorious fight may
Kingdom is at hand. But ere that glorious day can be, This Gos-pel of the
end-less night, They're passing to their doom, They're passing to their doom.
nite once more, As in the days of old, As in the days of old.
still be won, This ver-y cen-tu-ry, This ver-y cen-tu-ry.
King-dom, we Must preach in ev-'ry land, Must preach in ev-'ry land.
Chorus.
They're pass-ing, pass-ing fast a-way, In thousands day by day, They're
pass-ing, passing, passing, passing,
passing to their doom, They're passing to their doom

5 O let us then His coming haste,
O let us end this awful waste
Of souls that never die.
A thousand millions still are lost,
A Saviour's blood has paid the cost,
O, hear their dying cry.

6 They're passing, passing fast away,
A hundred thousand souls a day,
In Christless guilt and gloom,
O Church of Christ, what wilt thou say
When in the awful judgment day,
They charge thee with their doom?

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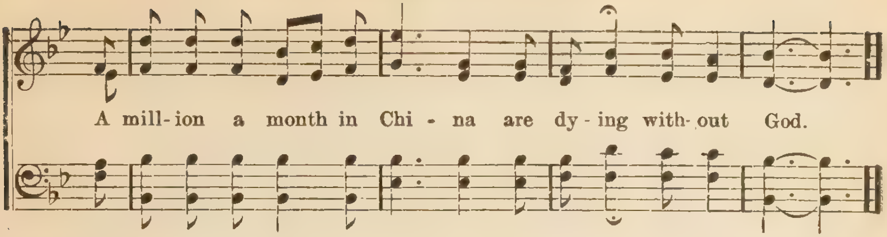
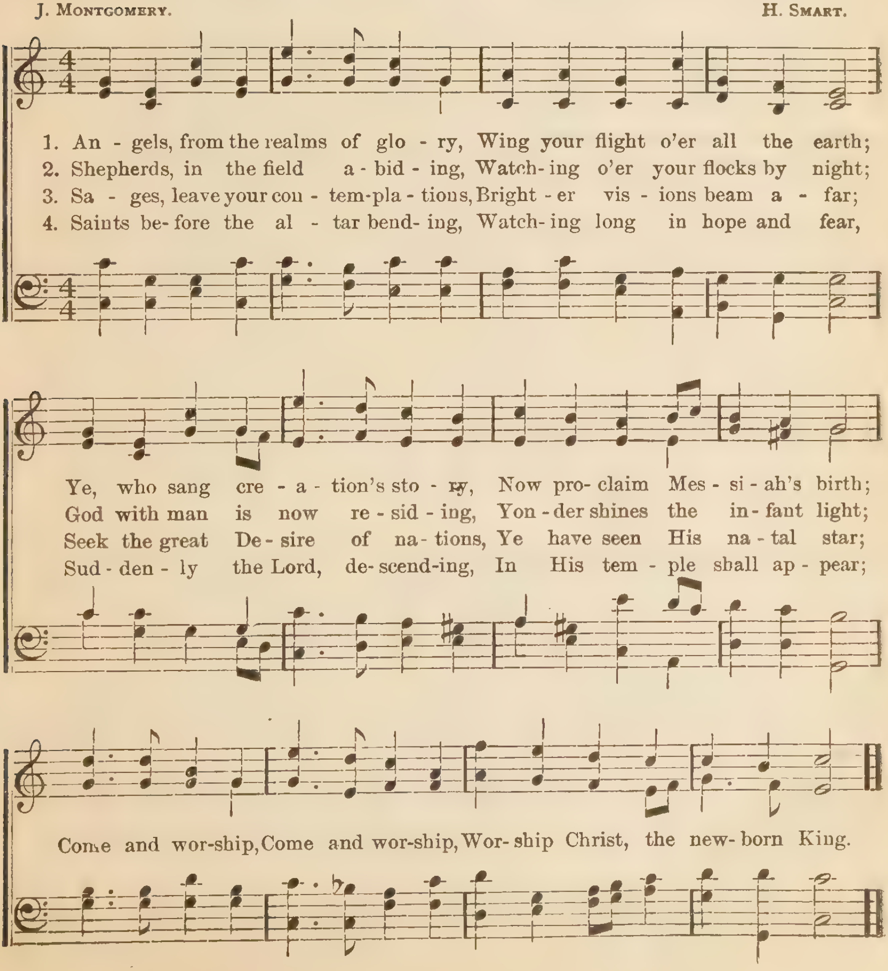
# China's Millions.—Concluded.


A mill-ion a month in Chi-na are dy-ing with-out God.

## 869 Angels From the Realms of Glory.

J. Montgomery. H. Smart.

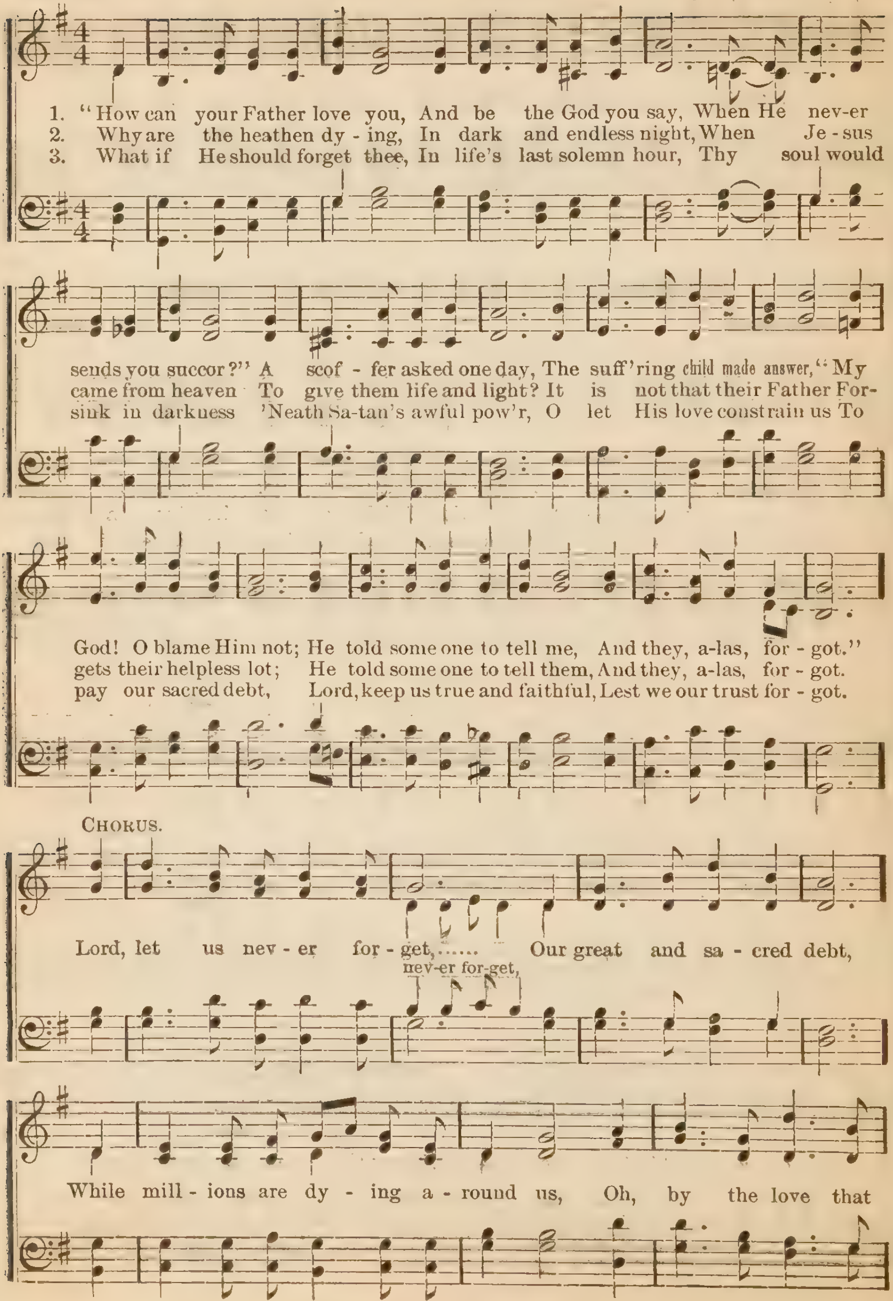

1. An-gels, from the realms of glo-ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
2. Shepherds, in the field a-bid-ing, Watch-ing o'er your flocks by night;
3. Sa-ges, leave your con-tem-pla-tions, Bright-er vis-ions beam a-far;
4. Saints be-fore the al-tar bend-ing, Watch-ing long in hope and fear,
Ye, who sang cre-a-tion's sto-ry, Now pro-claim Mes-si-ah's birth;
God with man is now re-sid-ing, Yon-der shines the in-fant light;
Seek the great De-sire of na-tions, Ye have seen His na-tal star;
Sud-den-ly the Lord, de-scend-ing, In His tem-ple shall ap-pear;
Come and wor-ship, Come and wor-ship, Wor-ship Christ, the new-born King.

870

# Lest we Forget.

A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. "How can your Father love you, And be the God you say, When He nev-er
2. Why are the heathen dy - ing, In dark and endless night, When Je - sus
3. What if He should forget thee, In life's last solemn hour, Thy soul would
sends you succor?" A scof - fer asked one day, The suff'ring child made answer, "My
came from heaven To give them life and light? It is not that their Father For-
sink in darkness 'Neath Sa-tan's awful pow'r, O let His love constrain us To
God! O blame Him not; He told some one to tell me, And they, a-las, for - got."
gets their helpless lot; He told some one to tell them, And they, a-las, for - got.
pay our sacred debt, Lord, keep us true and faithful, Lest we our trust for - got.
CHORUS.
Lord, let us nev - er for - get,...... Our great and sa - cred debt,
nev-er for-get,
While mill - ions are dy - ing a - round us, Oh, by the love that

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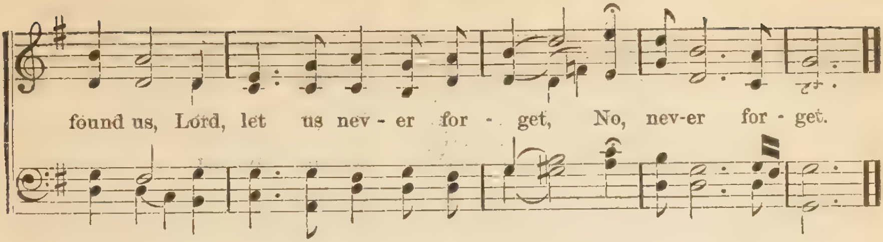
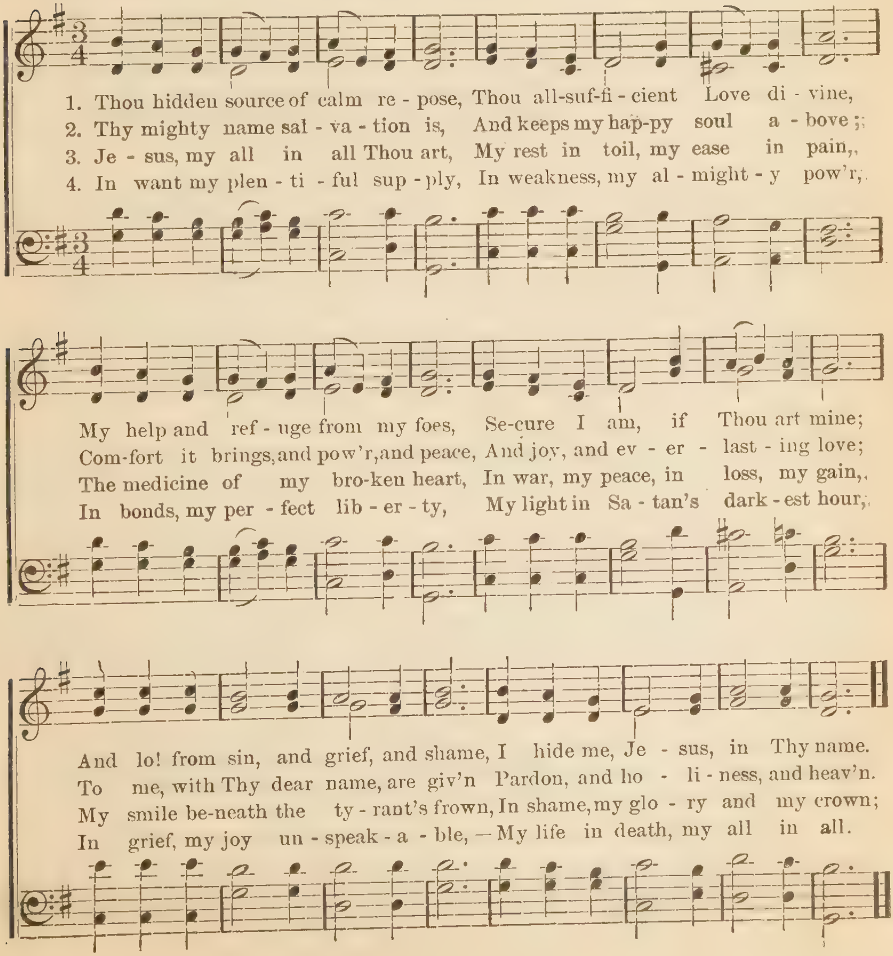

found us, Lord, let us nev - er for - get, No, nev-er for - get.

## 871 Thou Hidden Source of Calm Repose.

C. Wesley.

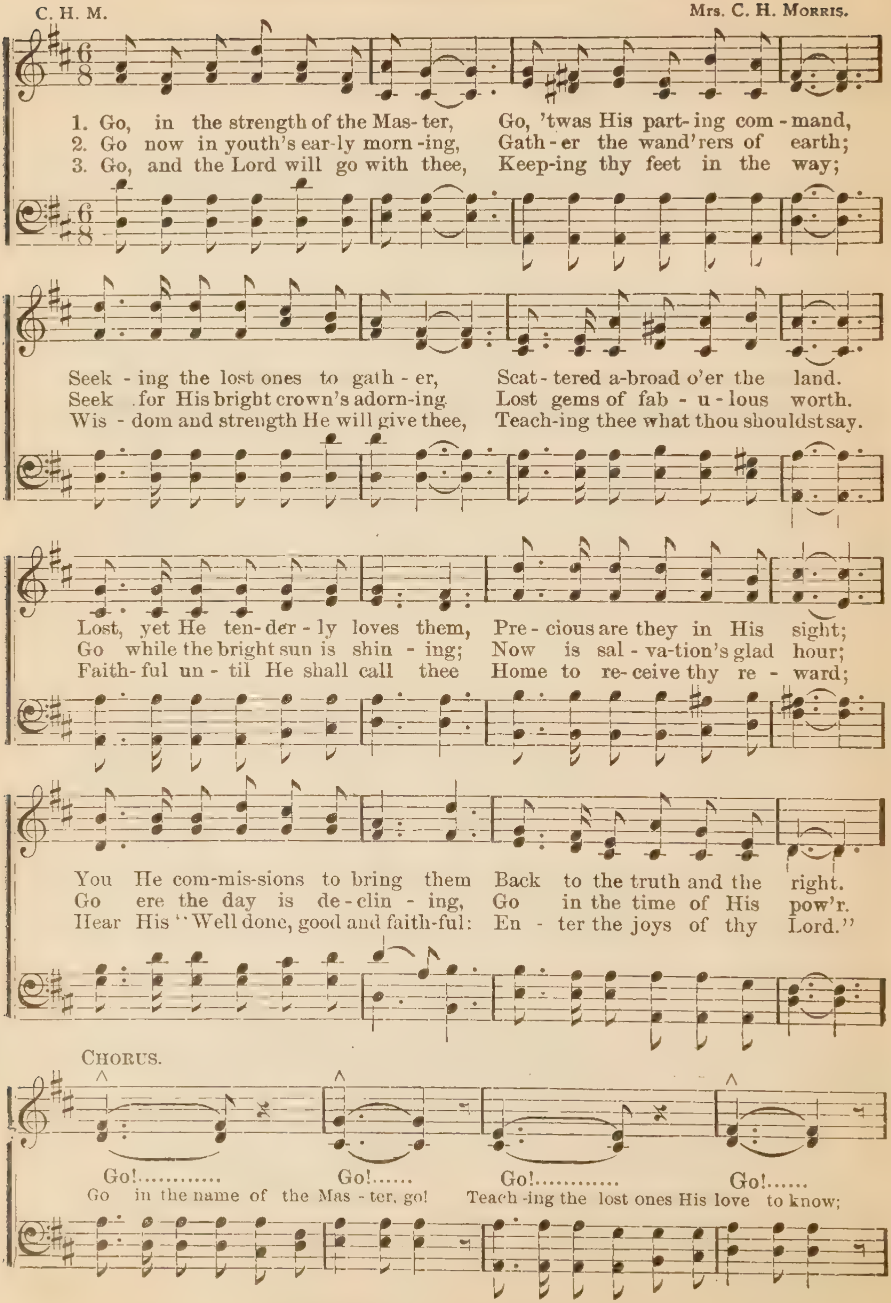
J. G. Walton.


1. Thou hidden source of calm re - pose, Thou all-suf-fi - cient Love di - vine,
2. Thy mighty name sal - va - tion is, And keeps my hap-py soul a - bove;
3. Je - sus, my all in all Thou art, My rest in toil, my ease in pain,
4. In want my plen - ti - ful sup - ply, In weakness, my al - might - y pow'r,
My help and ref - uge from my foes, Se-cure I am, if Thou art mine;
Com-fort it brings, and pow'r, and peace, And joy, and ev - er - last - ing love;
The medicine of my bro-ken heart, In war, my peace, in loss, my gain,
In bonds, my per - fect lib - er - ty, My light in Sa - tan's dark - est hour,
And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame, I hide me, Je - sus, in Thy name.
To me, with Thy dear name, are giv'n Pardon, and ho - li - ness, and heav'n.
My smile be-neath the ty - rant's frown, In shame, my glo - ry and my crown;
In grief, my joy un - speak - a - ble, — My life in death, my all in all.

872

# Go in the Name of the Master.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. Go, in the strength of the Mas-ter, Go, 'twas His part-ing com-mand,
2. Go now in youth's ear-ly morn-ing, Gath-er the wand'rers of earth;
3. Go, and the Lord will go with thee, Keep-ing thy feet in the way;
Seek-ing the lost ones to gath-er, Scat-tered a-broad o'er the land.
Seek for His bright crown's adorn-ing Lost gems of fab-u-lous worth.
Wis-dom and strength He will give thee, Teach-ing thee what thou shouldst say.
Lost, yet He ten-der-ly loves them, Pre-cious are they in His sight;
Go while the bright sun is shin-ing; Now is sal-va-tion's glad hour;
Faith-ful un-til He shall call thee Home to re-ceive thy re-ward;
You He com-mis-sions to bring them Back to the truth and the right.
Go ere the day is de-clin-ing, Go in the time of His pow'r.
Hear His "Well done, good and faith-ful: En-ter the joys of thy Lord."
Chorus.
Go!............ Go!...... Go!............ Go!......
Go in the name of the Mas-ter, go! Teach-ing the lost ones His love to know;

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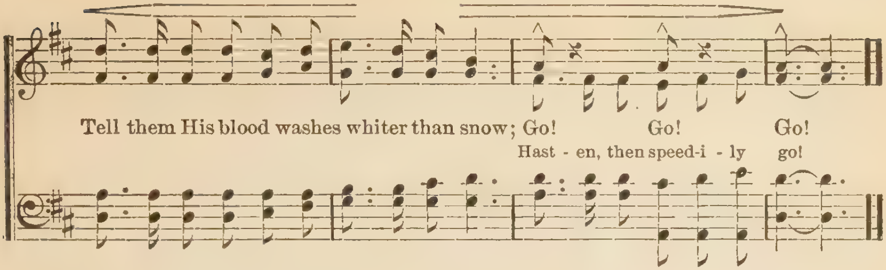
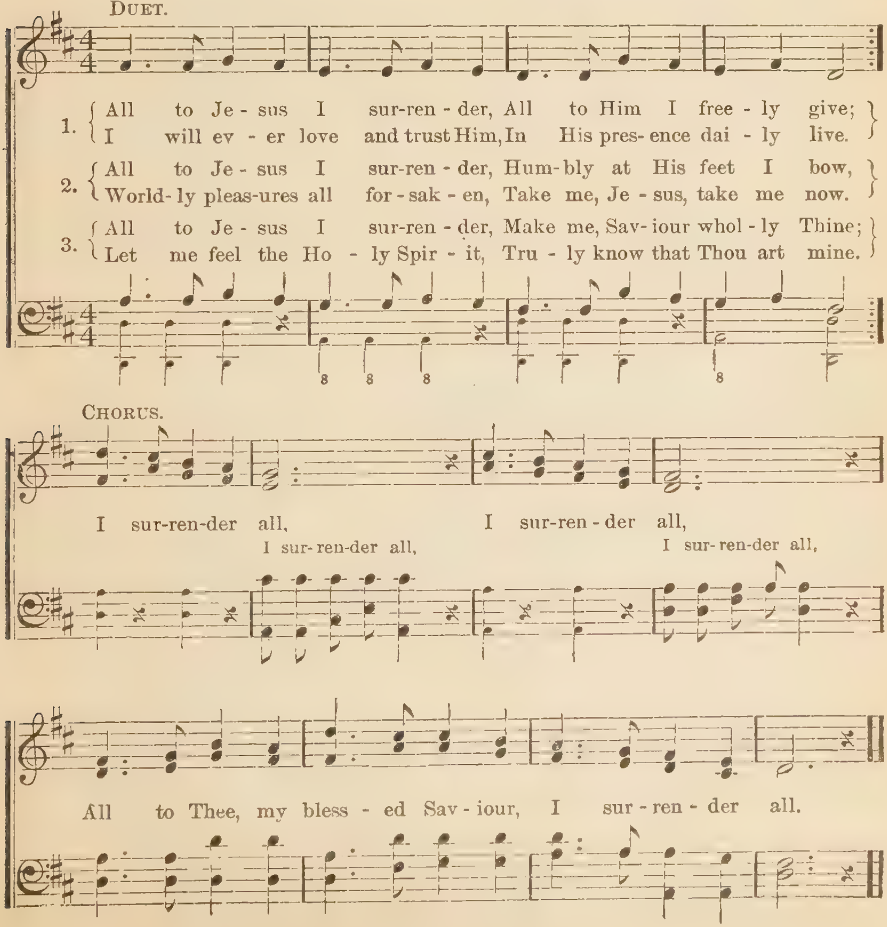
## Go in the Name of the Master.—Concluded.


Tell them His blood washes whiter than snow; Go! Go! Go!
Hast - en, then speed-i - ly go!

## 873

## I Surrender All.

J. W. Van DeVenter. W. S. Weeden.


DUET.
1. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, All to Him I free - ly give;
I will ev - er love and trust Him, In His pres- ence dai - ly live. }
2. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, Hum-bly at His feet I bow,
World- ly pleas-ures all for - sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now. }
3. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, Make me, Sav- iour whol - ly Thine;
Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that Thou art mine. }
CHORUS.
I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren - der all,
I sur- ren-der all, I sur- ren-der all,
All to Thee, my bless - ed Sav - iour, I sur - ren - der all.

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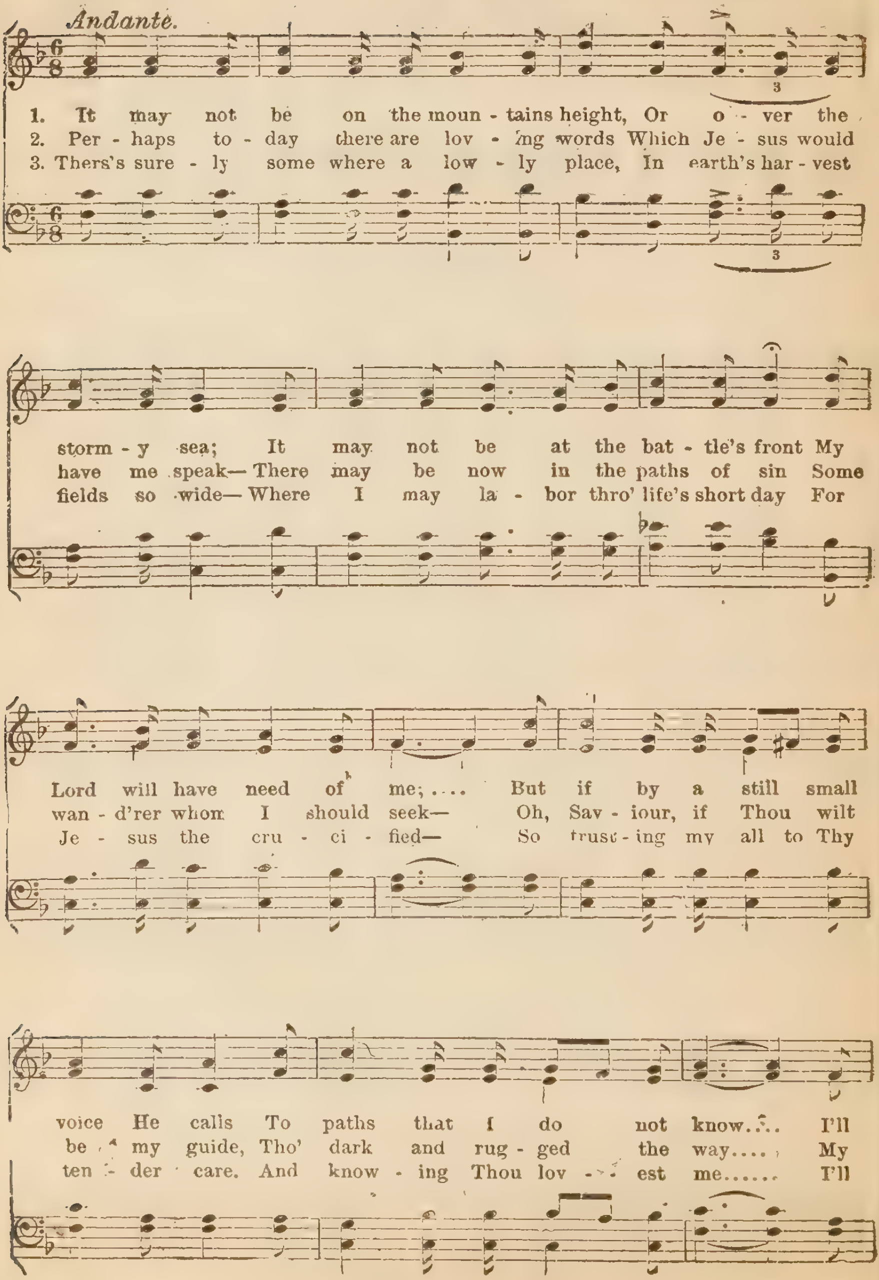
**MARY BROWN.** By per., **CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.**


Andante.
1. It may not be on the moun - tains height, Or o - ver the storm - y sea; It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me; .... But if by a still small voice He calls To paths that I do not know.... I'll
2. Per - haps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Je - sus would have me speak— There may be now in the paths of sin Some wan - d'rer whom I should seek— Oh, Sav - iour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rug - ged the way.... My
3. Ther's sure - ly some where a low - ly place, In earth's har - vest fields so wide— Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied— So trust - ing my all to Thy ten - der care, And know - ing Thou lov - est me...... I'll

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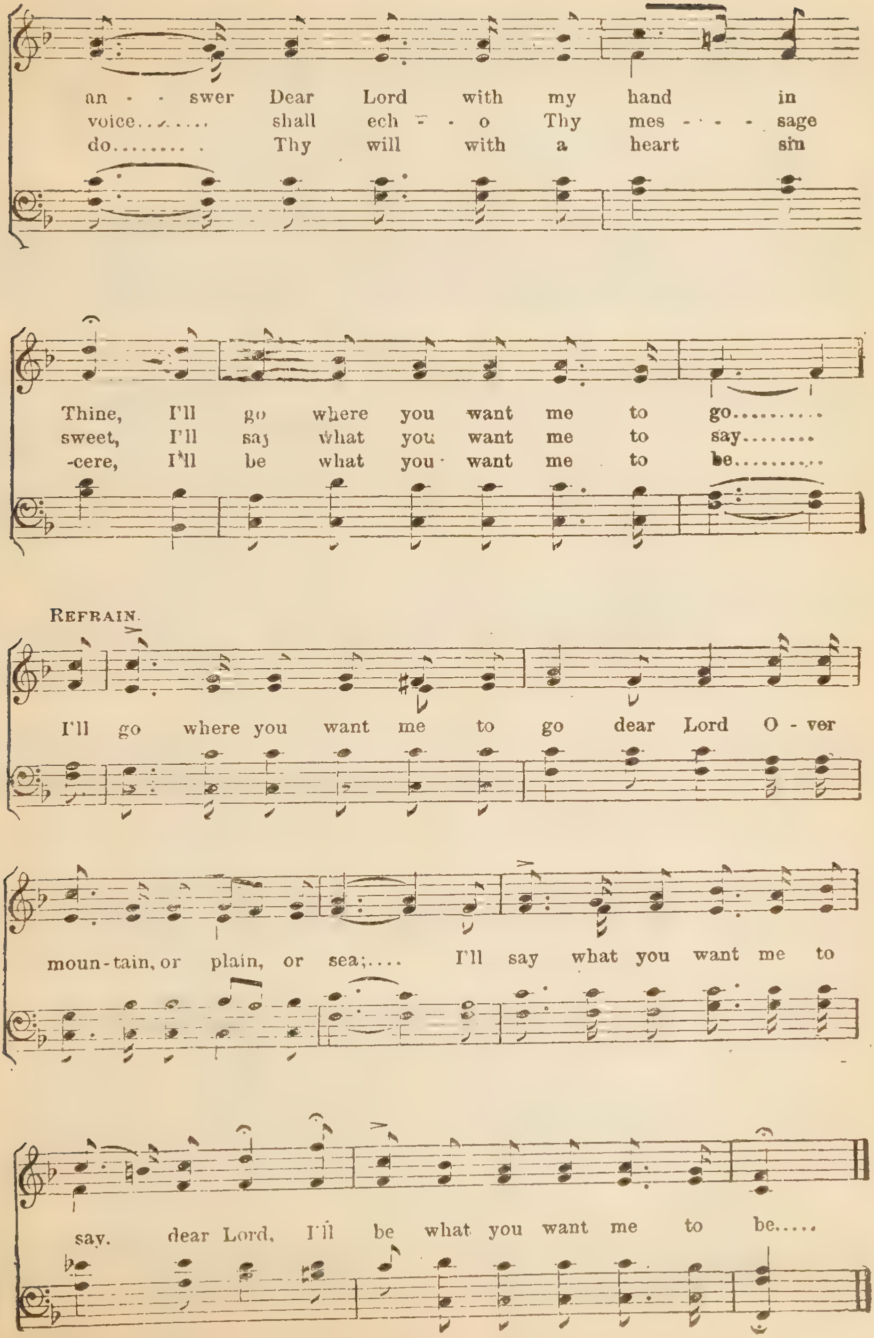
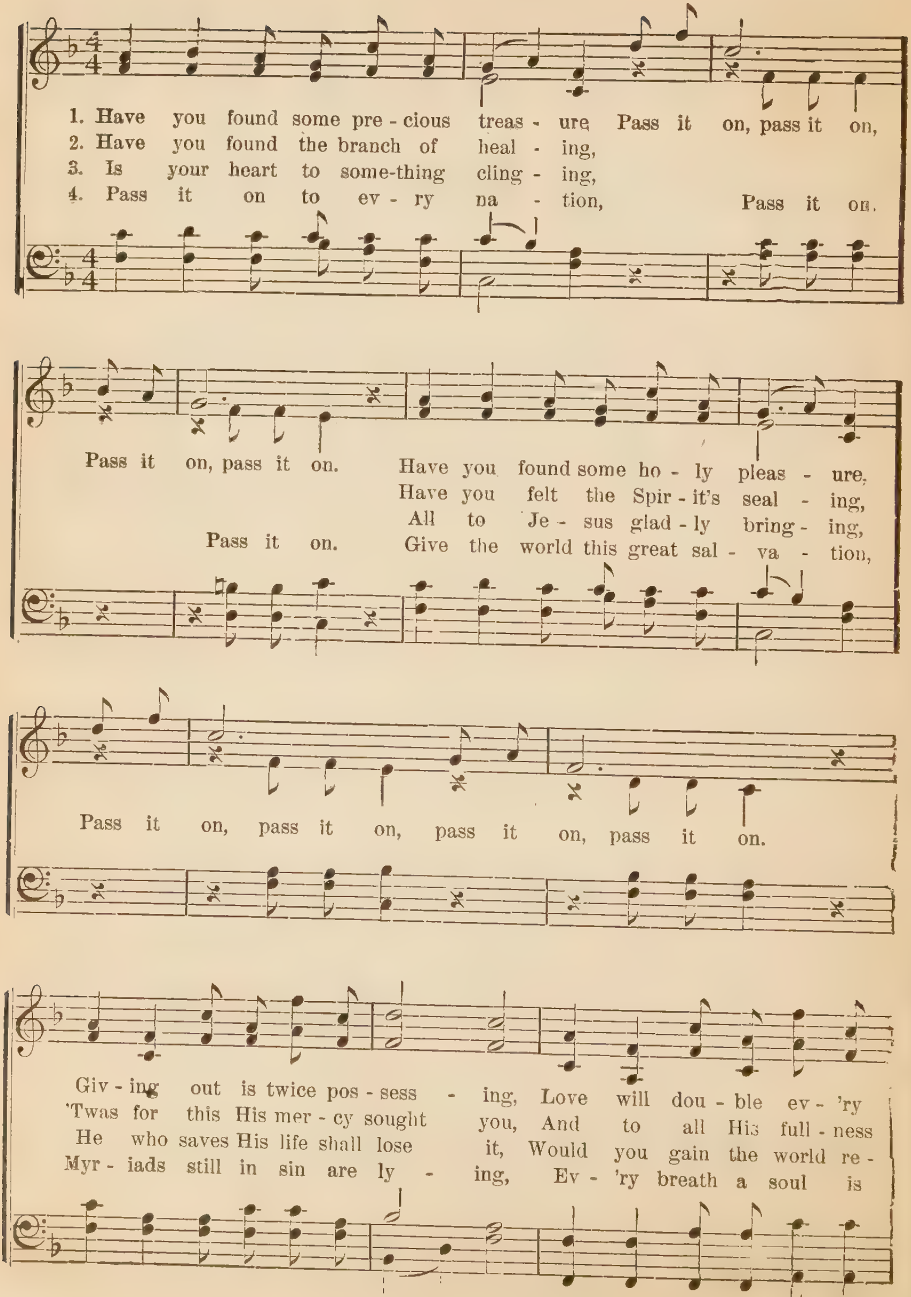
# Consecration. Concluded.


an - - swer Dear Lord with my hand in
voice...... shall ech - o Thy mes - - - - sage
do......... Thy will with a heart sin
Thine, I'll go where you want me to go..........
sweet, I'll say what you want me to say........
-cere, I'll be what you want me to be..........
REFRAIN.
I'll go where you want me to go dear Lord O - ver
moun-tain, or plain, or sea;.... I'll say what you want me to
say. dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.....

# Pass It On.

A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. Have you found some pre - cious treas - ure, Pass it on, pass it on,
2. Have you found the branch of heal - ing,
3. Is your heart to some-thing cling - ing,
4. Pass it on to ev - ry na - tion, Pass it on.
Pass it on, pass it on. Have you found some ho - ly pleas - ure,
Have you felt the Spir - it's seal - ing,
All to Je - sus glad - ly bring - ing,
Pass it on. Give the world this great sal - va - tion,
Pass it on, pass it on, pass it on, pass it on.
Giv - ing out is twice pos - sess - ing, Love will dou - ble ev - 'ry
'Twas for this His mer - cy sought you, And to all His full - ness
He who saves His life shall lose it, Would you gain the world re -
Myr - iads still in sin are ly - ing, Ev - 'ry breath a soul is

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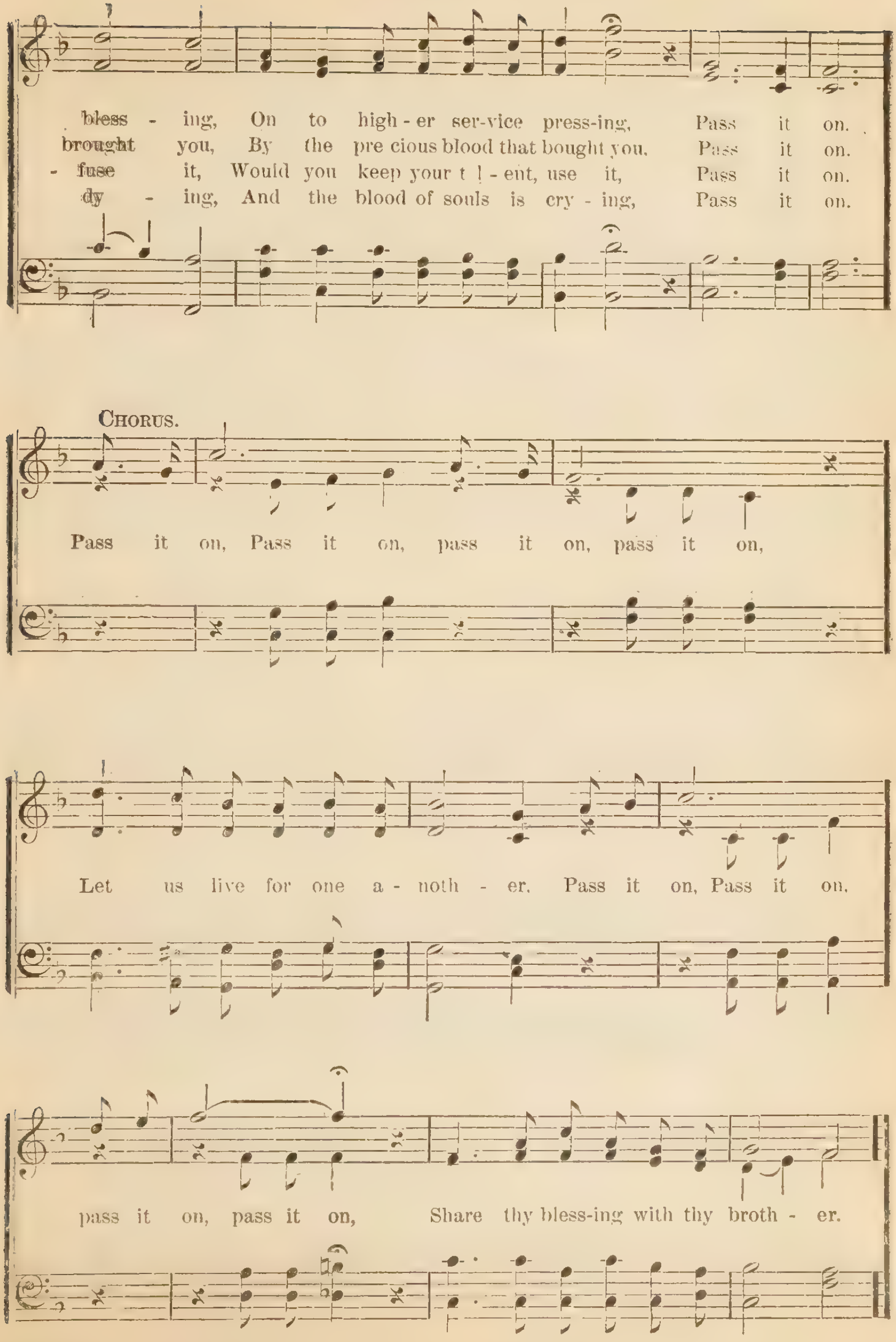
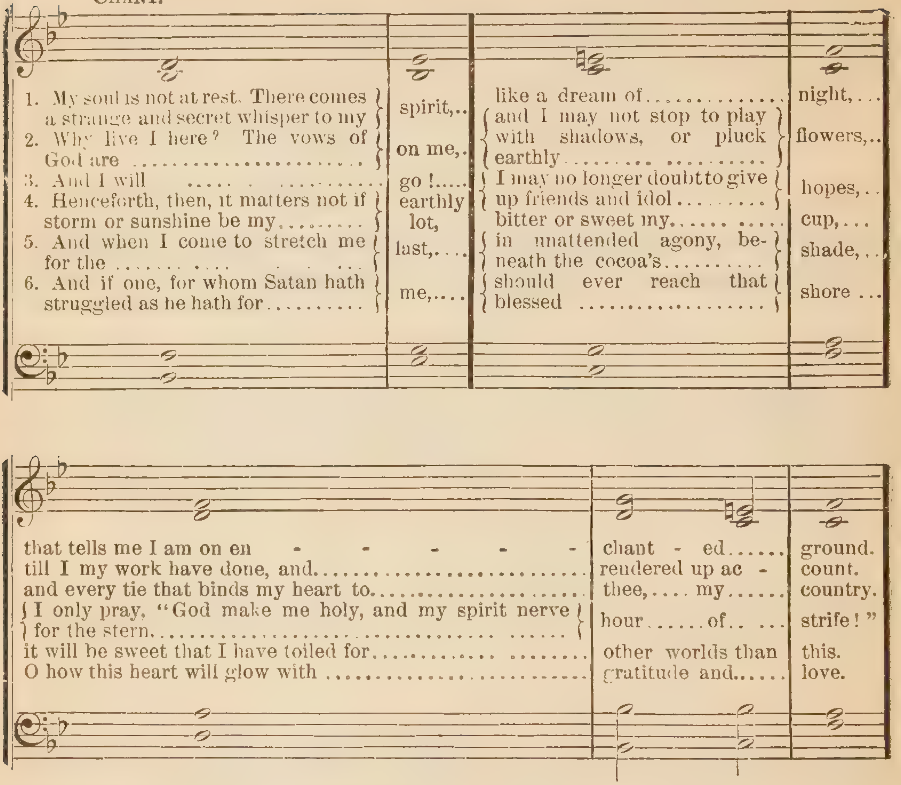
# Pass It On. Concluded.


bless - ing, On to high - er ser-vice press-ing, Pass it on.
brought you, By the pre cious blood that bought you, Pass it on.
- fuse it, Would you keep your t l - ent, use it, Pass it on.
dy - ing, And the blood of souls is cry - ing, Pass it on.
CHORUS.
Pass it on, Pass it on, pass it on, pass it on,
Let us live for one a - noth - er. Pass it on, Pass it on,
pass it on, pass it on, Share thy bless-ing with thy broth - er.

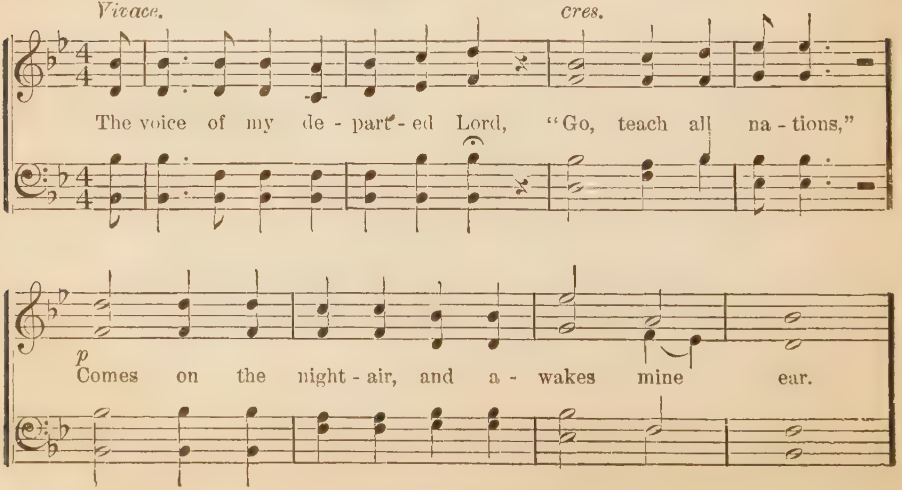
# The Missionary's Call.

NATHAN BROWN, D. D.
EDWARD HOWE, JR.

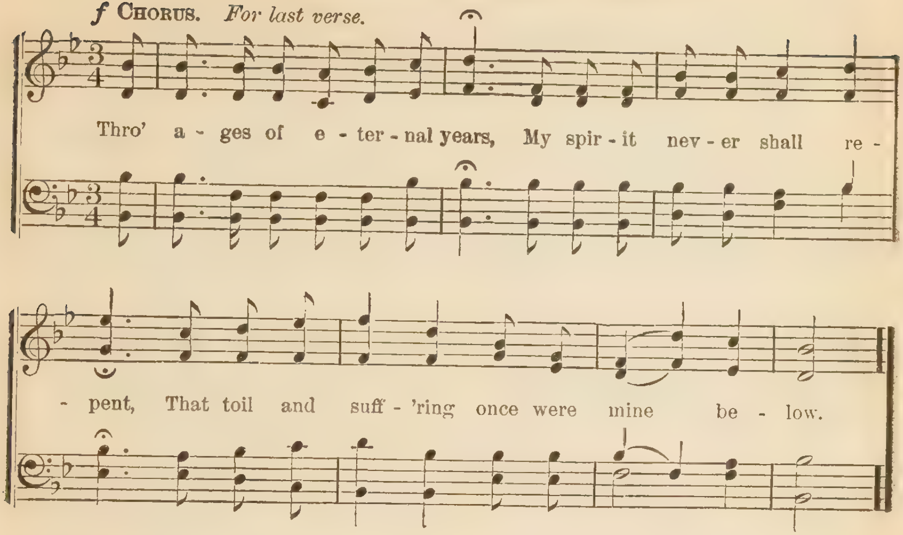
CHANT.


1. My soul is not at rest. There comes a strange and secret whisper to my spirit,.. like a dream of.............. night,... that tells me I am on en - - - - - chant - ed...... ground.
2. Why live I here? The vows of God are ...................... on me,. and I may not stop to play with shadows, or pluck earthly........ .......... flowers,.. till I my work have done, and........................ rendered up ac - count.
3. And I will ..... . ........... go!..... I may no longer doubt to give up friends and idol......... hopes,.. and every tie that binds my heart to...................... thee,.... my...... country.
4. Henceforth, then, it matters not if storm or sunshine be my......... earthly lot, bitter or sweet my...... ..... cup,... I only pray, "God make me holy, and my spirit nerve for the stern.............................. ...... hour...... of.. ... strife!"
5. And when I come to stretch me for the ......... .... . . ... last,.... in unattended agony, beneath the cocoa's.......... shade,.. it will be sweet that I have toiled for............ ........ other worlds than this.
6. And if one, for whom Satan hath struggled as he hath for.......... me,.... should ever reach that blessed .................. shore... O how this heart will glow with ......................... gratitude and...... love.

CHORUS. *After each of the first five verses*


Vivace.
cres.
The voice of my de - part - ed Lord, "Go, teach all na - tions,"
p
Comes on the night - air, and a - wakes mine ear.

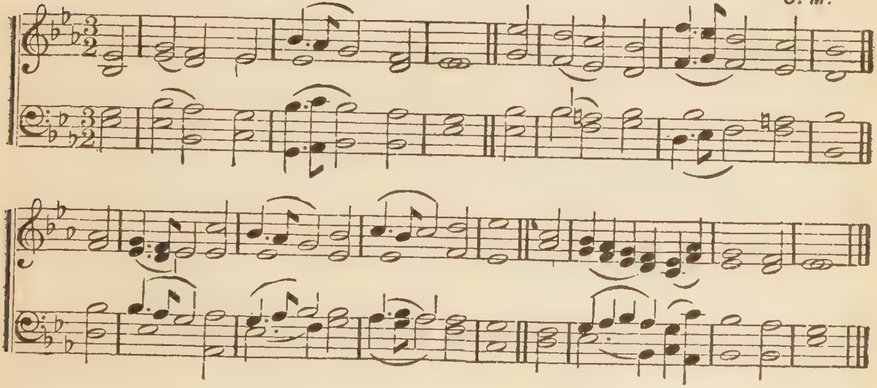
## The Missionary's Call Concluded.


f Chorus. For last verse.
Thro' a - ges of e - ter - nal years, My spir - it nev - er shall re -
- pent, That toil and suff - 'ring once were mine be - low.

877

## How Beauteous!

MOUNT EPHRAIM. S. M.



1 How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
Zion! behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here.

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

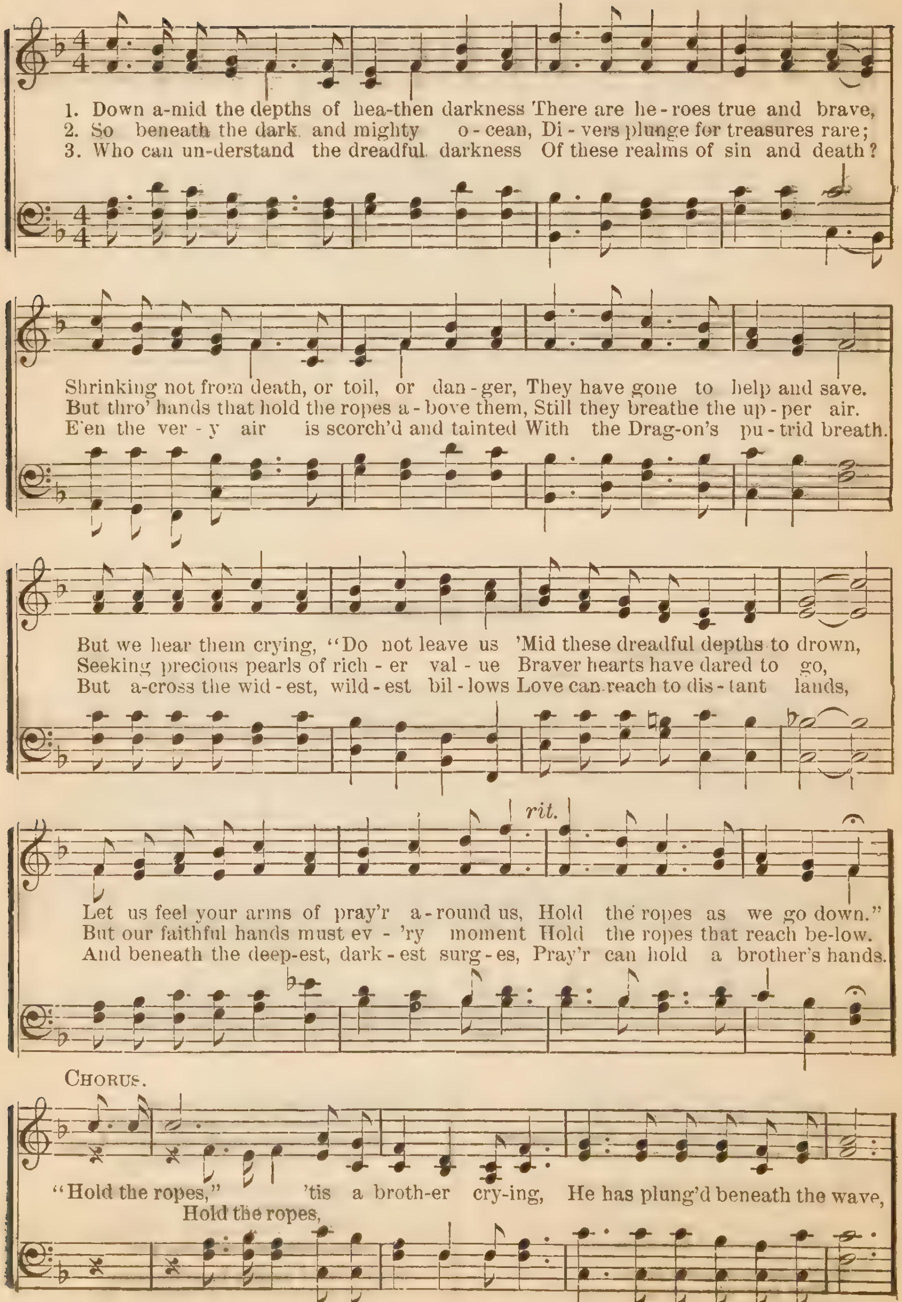
5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let all the nations now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

878

# Hold the Ropes.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. Down a-mid the depths of hea-then darkness There are he-roes true and brave,
2. So beneath the dark and mighty o-cean, Di-vers plunge for treasures rare;
3. Who can un-derstand the dreadful darkness Of these realms of sin and death?
Shrinking not from death, or toil, or dan-ger, They have gone to help and save.
But thro' hands that hold the ropes a-bove them, Still they breathe the up-per air.
E'en the ver-y air is scorch'd and tainted With the Drag-on's pu-trid breath.
But we hear them crying, "Do not leave us 'Mid these dreadful depths to drown,
Seeking precious pearls of rich-er val-ue Braver hearts have dared to go,
But a-cross the wid-est, wild-est bil-lows Love can reach to dis-tant lands,
Let us feel your arms of pray'r a-round us, Hold the ropes as we go down."
But our faithful hands must ev-'ry moment Hold the ropes that reach be-low.
And beneath the deep-est, dark-est surg-es, Pray'r can hold a brother's hands.
rit.
Chorus.
"Hold the ropes," 'tis a broth-er cry-ing, He has plung'd beneath the wave,
Hold the ropes,

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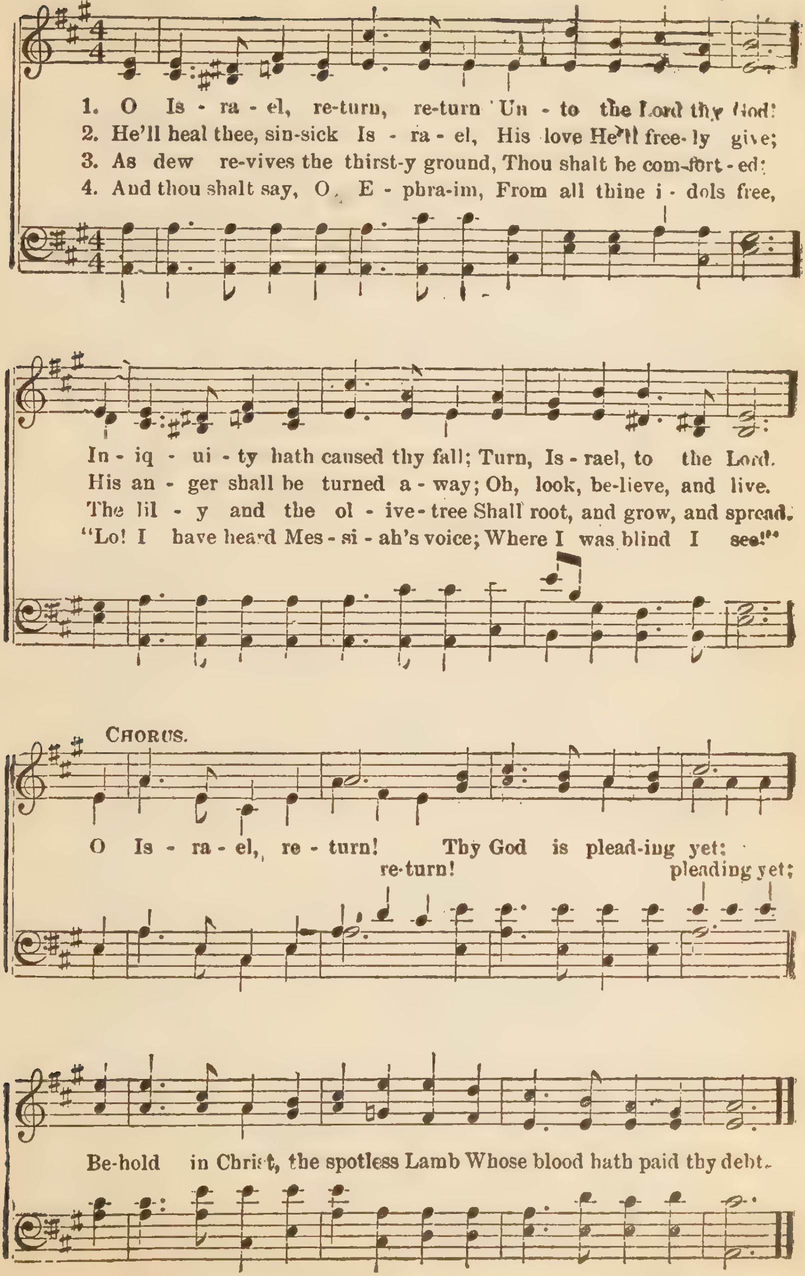
886

# O Israel, Return.

A. A. POLLARD　　　　D. B. TOWNER. By per.

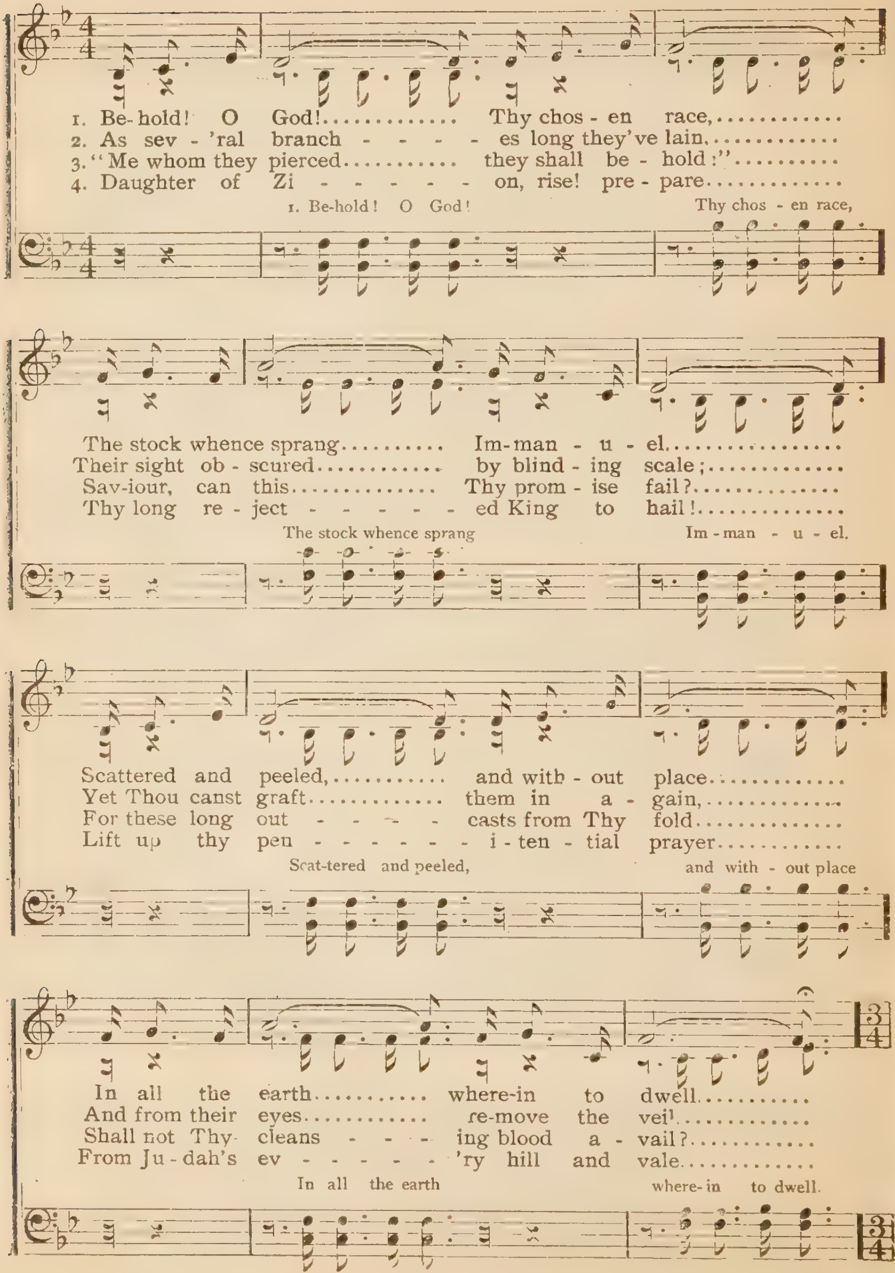

1. O Is - ra - el, re-turn, re-turn Un - to the Lord thy God!
2. He'll heal thee, sin-sick Is - ra - el, His love He'll free - ly give;
3. As dew re-vives the thirst-y ground, Thou shalt be com-fort - ed;
4. And thou shalt say, O E - phra-im, From all thine i - dols free,
In - iq - ui - ty hath caused thy fall; Turn, Is - rael, to the Lord.
His an - ger shall be turned a - way; Oh, look, be-lieve, and live.
The lil - y and the ol - ive - tree Shall root, and grow, and spread.
"Lo! I have heard Mes - si - ah's voice; Where I was blind I see!"
CHORUS.
O Is - ra - el, re - turn! Thy God is plead-ing yet;
re-turn! pleading yet;
Be-hold in Christ, the spotless Lamb Whose blood hath paid thy debt.

887

# Behold! O God!

Anon.

Arr. by May Agnew Stephens.


1. Be-hold! O God!............. Thy chos - en race,............
2. As sev - 'ral branch - - - - es long they've lain,.............
3. "Me whom they pierced........... they shall be - hold:"..........
4. Daughter of Zi - - - - - - on, rise! pre - pare.............
1. Be-hold! O God! Thy chos - en race,
The stock whence sprang.......... Im-man - u - el,................
Their sight ob - scured............ by blind - ing scale;.............
Sav-iour, can this.............. Thy prom - ise fail?..............
Thy long re - ject - - - - - - ed King to hail!...............
The stock whence sprang Im - man - u - el.
Scattered and peeled,........... and with - out place.............
Yet Thou canst graft............. them in a - gain,.............
For these long out - - - - casts from Thy fold..............
Lift up thy pen - - - - - - - i - ten - tial prayer............
Scat-tered and peeled, and with - out place
In all the earth........... where-in to dwell...........
And from their eyes............ re-move the veil............
Shall not Thy cleans - - - - ing blood a - vail?............
From Ju - dah's ev - - - - - - 'ry hill and vale.............
In all the earth where-in to dwell.

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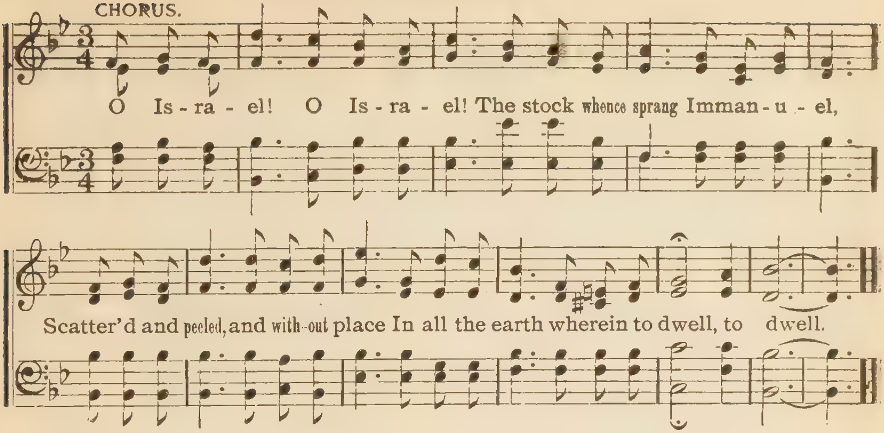
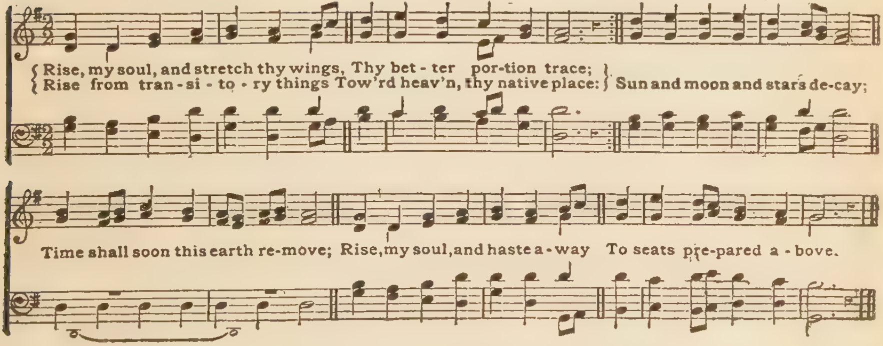

CHORUS.
O Is-ra-el! O Is-ra-el! The stock whence sprang Imman-u-el,
Scatter'd and peeled, and with-out place In all the earth wherein to dwell, to dwell.

## 888

# Rise, My Soul.

AMSTERDAM. 7s, 6s. D. J. NARES.


Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet-ter por-tion trace;
Rise from tran-si-to-ry things Tow'rd heav'n, thy native place:
Sun and moon and stars de-cay;
Time shall soon this earth re-move; Rise, my soul, and haste a-way To seats pre-pared a-bove.

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
  Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
  Toward heaven, thy native place:
Sun and moon and stars decay;
  Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
  To seats prepared above.

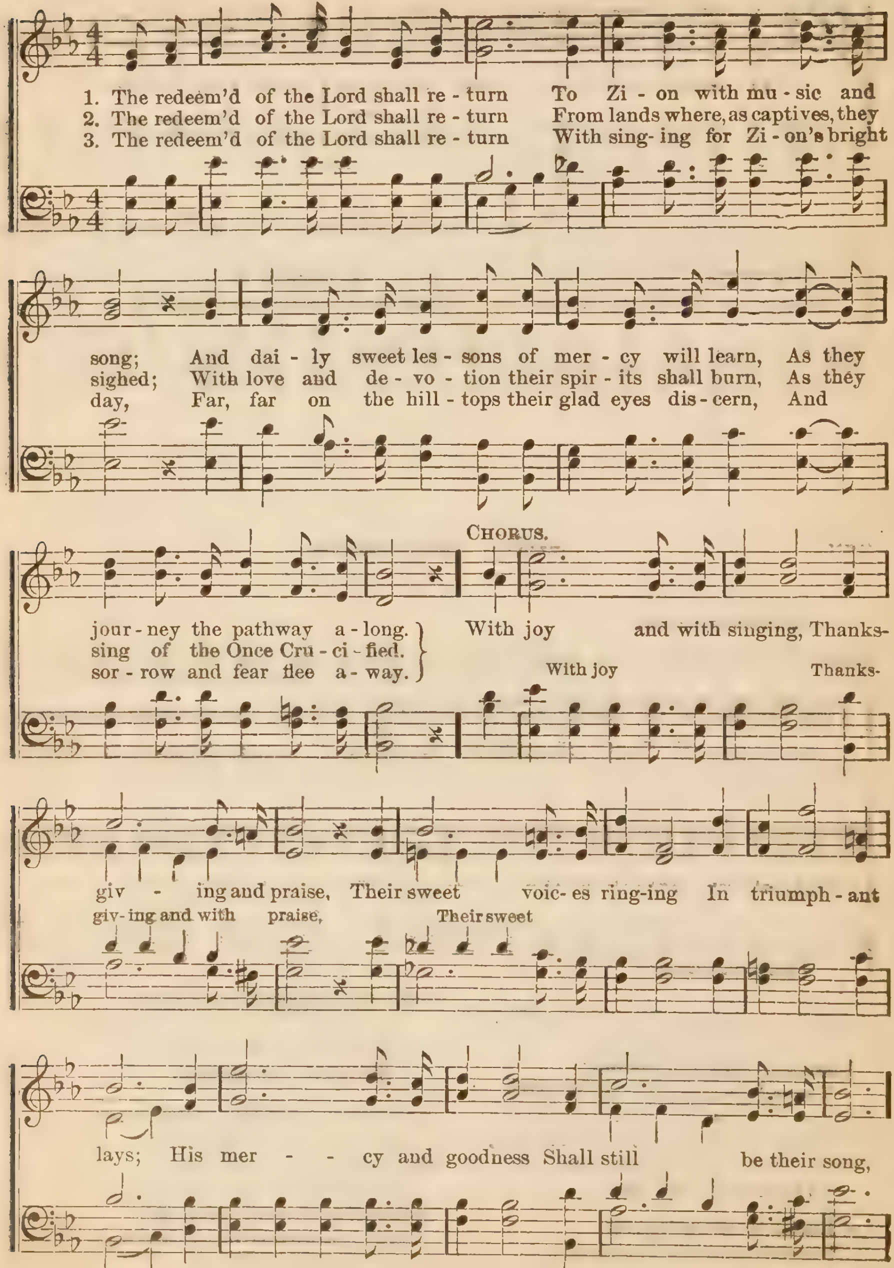
2 Rivers to the ocean run,
  Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
  Both speed them to their source.
So a soul that's born of God,
  Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
  To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
  Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
  Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season,—and you know
  Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
  And earth exchanged for heaven.

Robert Seagrave

# The Redeemed of the Lord.

**Frances V. Hubbard.** **Geo. C. Stebbins.**


1. The redeem'd of the Lord shall re - turn To Zi - on with mu - sic and song; And dai - ly sweet les - sons of mer - cy will learn, As they jour - ney the pathway a - long.
2. The redeem'd of the Lord shall re - turn From lands where, as captives, they sighed; With love and de - vo - tion their spir - its shall burn, As they sing of the Once Cru - ci - fied.
3. The redeem'd of the Lord shall re - turn With sing - ing for Zi - on's bright day, Far, far on the hill - tops their glad eyes dis - cern, And sor - row and fear flee a - way.
CHORUS.
With joy and with singing, Thanks - giv - ing and praise, Their sweet voic - es ring-ing In triumph - ant lays; His mer - - cy and goodness Shall still be their song,
With joy Thanks - giv - ing and with praise, Their sweet

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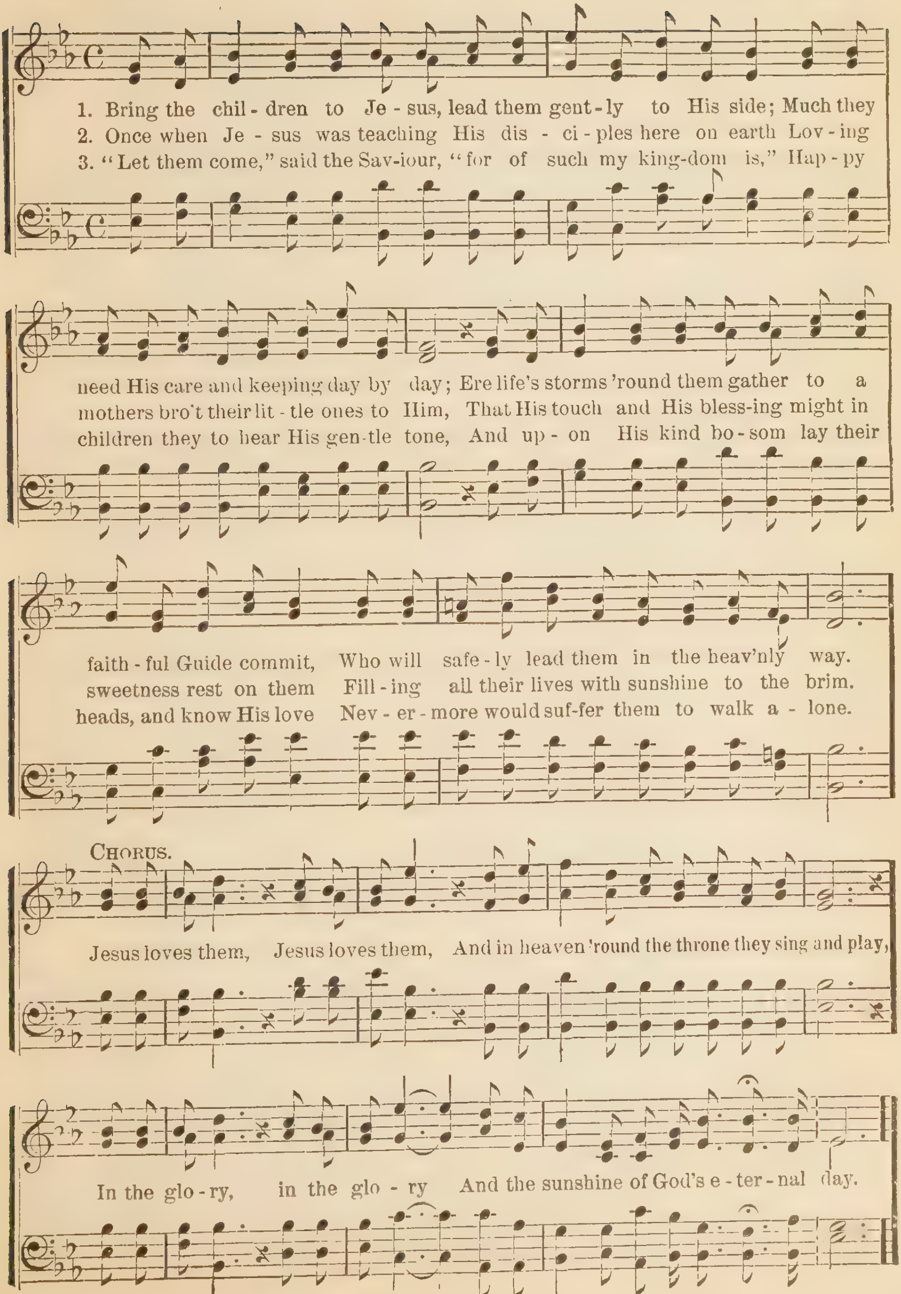
892

# Little Children.

May Agnew. J. O. Hillyer.


1. Bring the chil-dren to Je-sus, lead them gent-ly to His side; Much they need His care and keeping day by day; Ere life's storms 'round them gather to a faith-ful Guide commit, Who will safe-ly lead them in the heav'nly way.
2. Once when Je-sus was teaching His dis-ci-ples here on earth Lov-ing mothers bro't their lit-tle ones to Him, That His touch and His bless-ing might in sweetness rest on them Fill-ing all their lives with sunshine to the brim.
3. "Let them come," said the Sav-iour, "for of such my king-dom is," Hap-py children they to hear His gen-tle tone, And up-on His kind bo-som lay their heads, and know His love Nev-er-more would suf-fer them to walk a-lone.
Chorus.
Jesus loves them, Jesus loves them, And in heaven 'round the throne they sing and play, In the glo-ry, in the glo-ry And the sunshine of God's e-ter-nal day.

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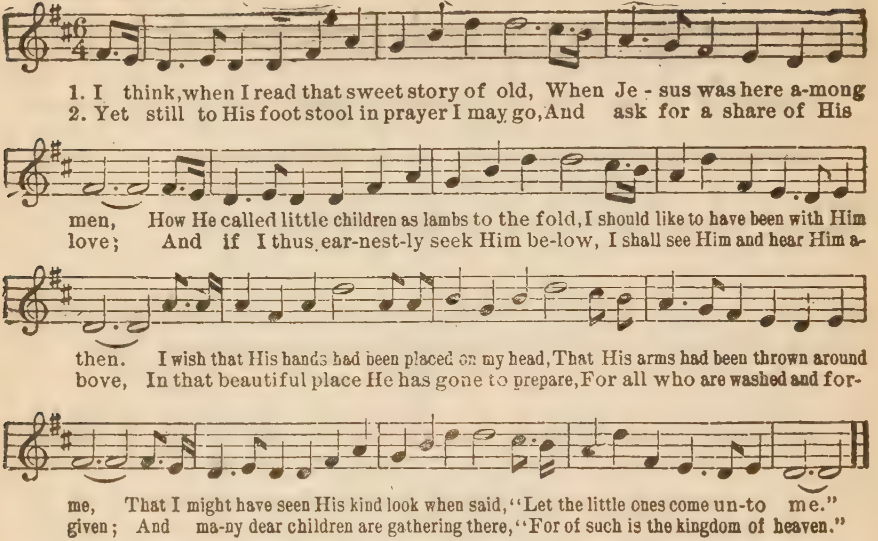
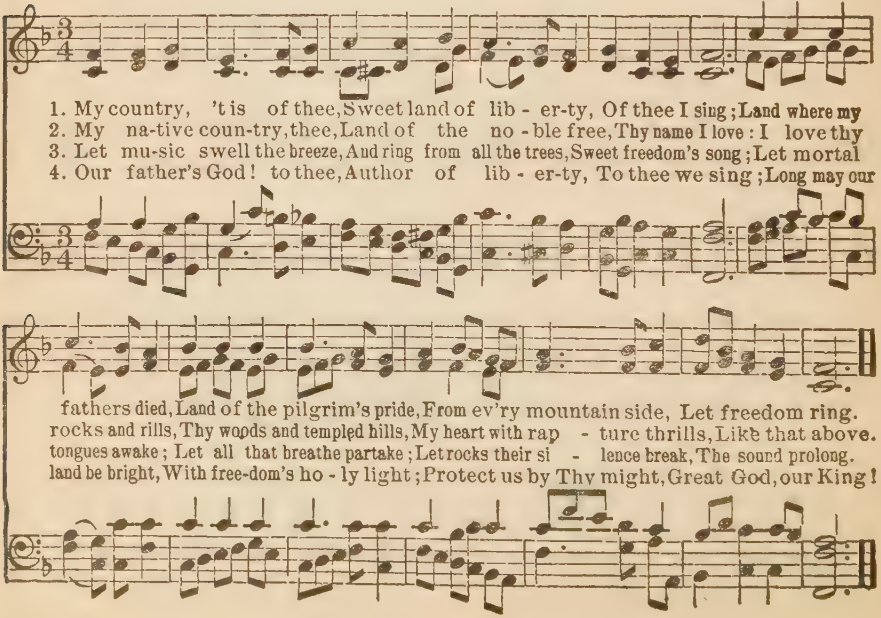
## 893 I Think When I Read.

Mrs. Jemima Luke.


1. I think, when I read that sweet story of old, When Je - sus was here a-mong
2. Yet still to His foot stool in prayer I may go, And ask for a share of His
men, How He called little children as lambs to the fold, I should like to have been with Him
love; And if I thus ear-nest-ly seek Him be-low, I shall see Him and hear Him a-
then. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His arms had been thrown around
bove, In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare, For all who are washed and for-
me, That I might have seen His kind look when said, "Let the little ones come un-to me."
given; And ma-ny dear children are gathering there, "For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

## 894 America.

S. F. Smith. Arranged.

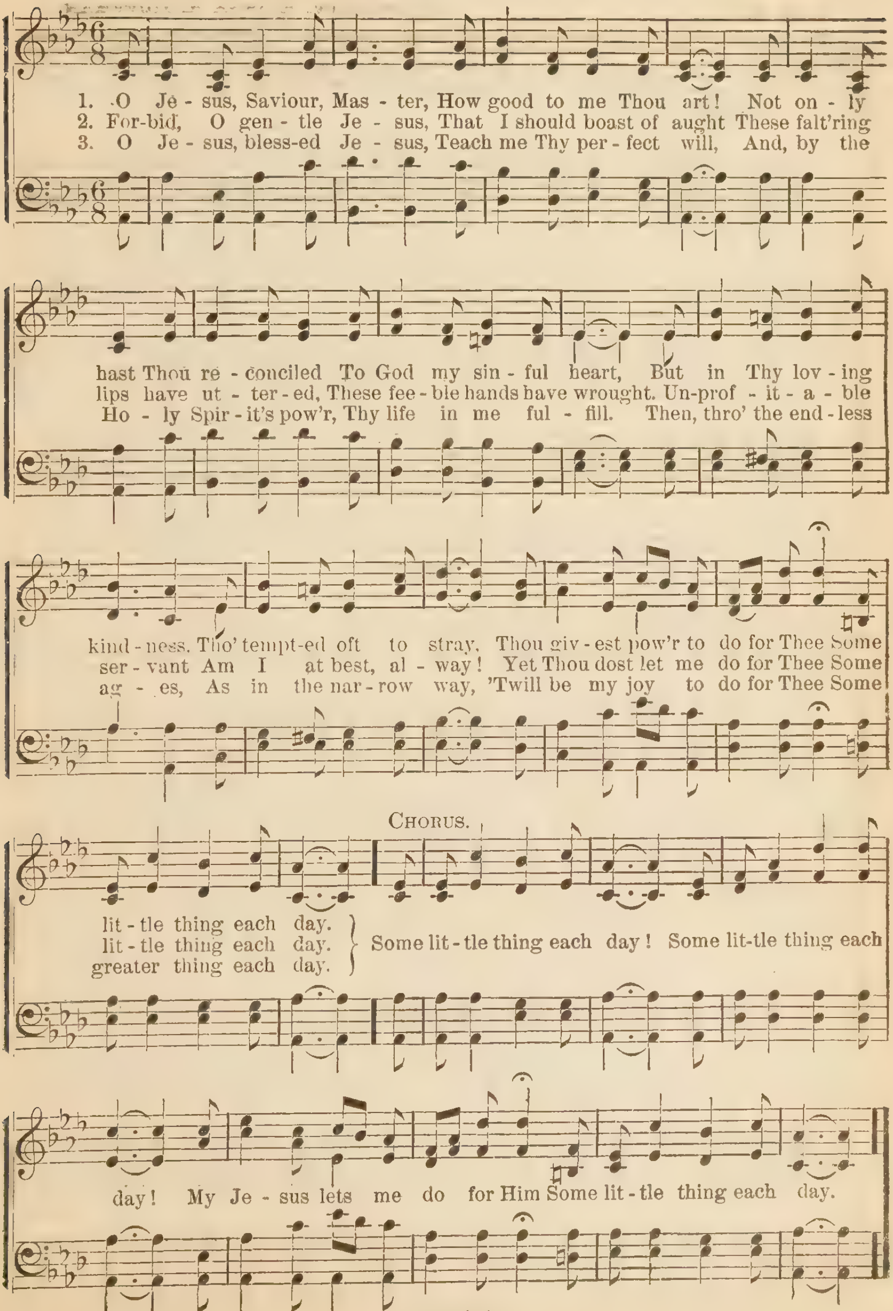

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na-tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love: I love thy
3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
4. Our father's God! to thee, Author of lib - er-ty, To thee we sing; Long may our
fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev'ry mountain side, Let freedom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that above.
tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright, With free-dom's ho - ly light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

## 895

# Some Little Thing Each Day.

Adelaide Addison Pollard.

D. B. Towner.

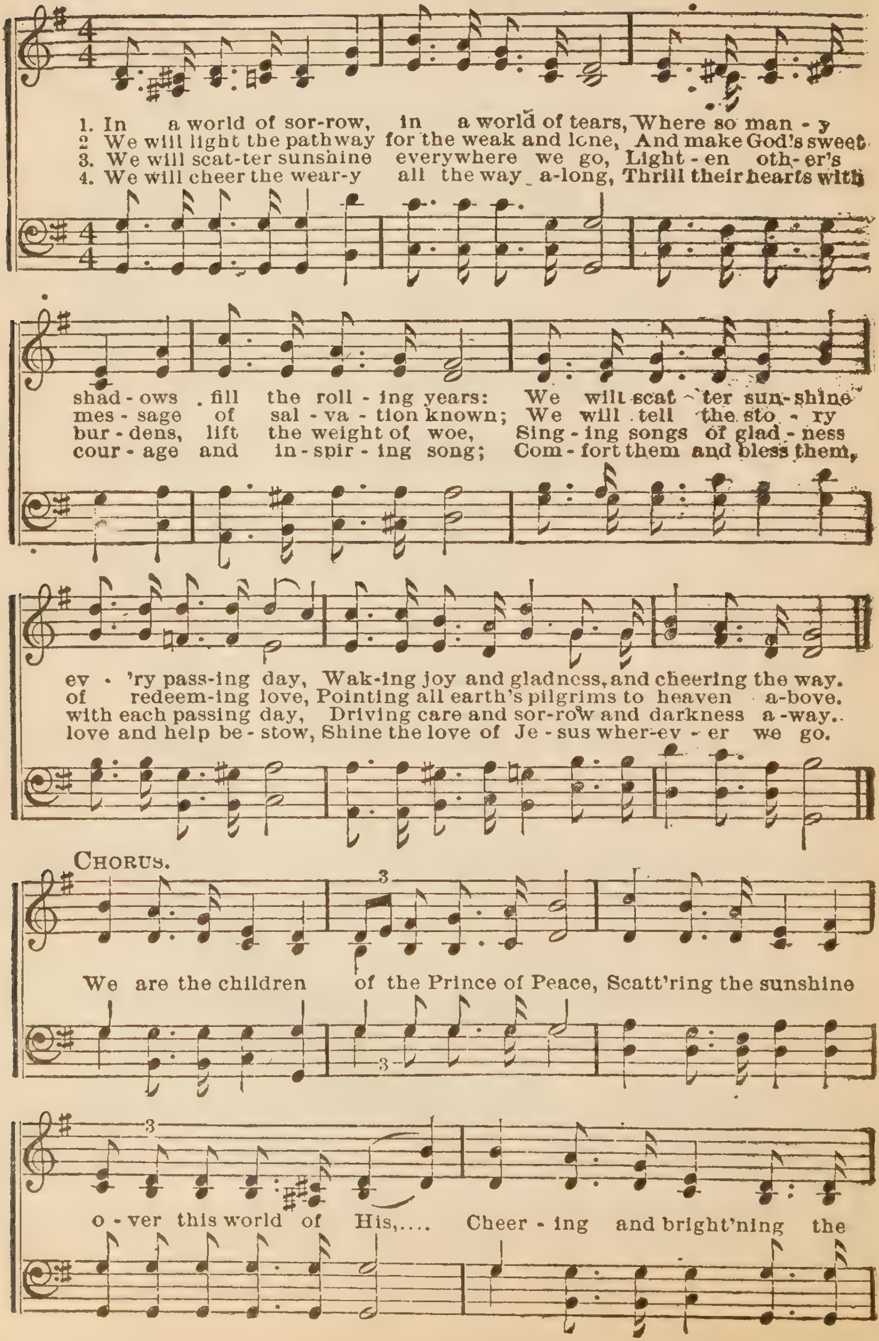

1. O Je - sus, Saviour, Mas - ter, How good to me Thou art! Not on - ly
2. For-bid, O gen - tle Je - sus, That I should boast of aught These falt'ring
3. O Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, Teach me Thy per - fect will, And, by the
hast Thou re - conciled To God my sin - ful heart, But in Thy lov - ing
lips have ut - ter - ed, These fee - ble hands have wrought. Un-prof - it - a - ble
Ho - ly Spir - it's pow'r, Thy life in me ful - fill. Then, thro' the end - less
kind - ness, Tho' tempt-ed oft to stray, Thou giv - est pow'r to do for Thee Some
ser - vant Am I at best, al - way! Yet Thou dost let me do for Thee Some
ag - es, As in the nar - row way, 'Twill be my joy to do for Thee Some
lit - tle thing each day.
lit - tle thing each day.
greater thing each day.
Chorus.
Some lit - tle thing each day! Some lit-tle thing each
day! My Je - sus lets me do for Him Some lit - tle thing each day.

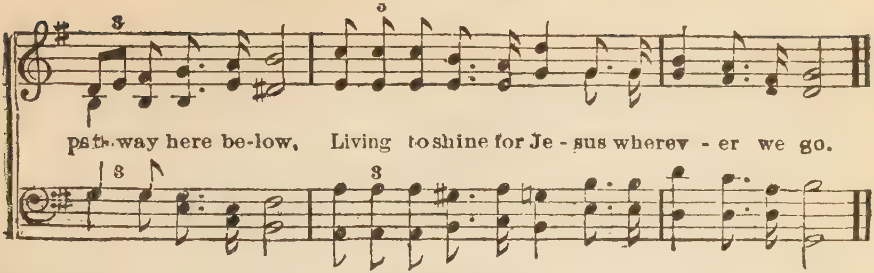
By permission.

## 896

# Living to Shine for Jesus.

E. A. H. By per., Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

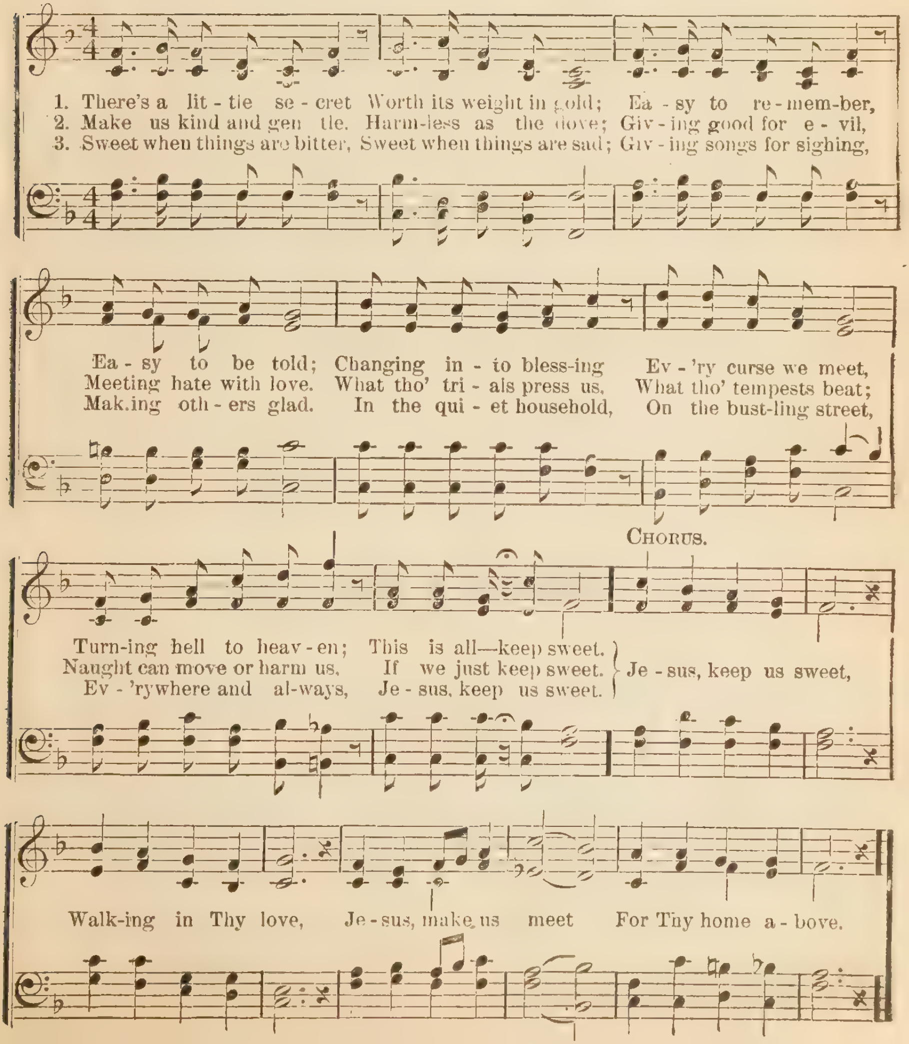

1. In a world of sor-row, in a world of tears, Where so man - y
2 We will light the pathway for the weak and lone, And make God's sweet
3. We will scat-ter sunshine everywhere we go, Light - en oth - er's
4. We will cheer the wear-y all the way a-long, Thrill their hearts with
shad - ows fill the roll - ing years: We will scat - ter sun - shine
mes - sage of sal - va - tion known; We will tell the sto - ry
bur - dens, lift the weight of woe, Sing - ing songs of glad - ness
cour - age and in - spir - ing song; Com - fort them and bless them,
ev - 'ry pass-ing day, Wak-ing joy and gladness, and cheering the way.
of redeem-ing love, Pointing all earth's pilgrims to heaven a-bove.
with each passing day, Driving care and sor-row and darkness a-way..
love and help be - stow, Shine the love of Je - sus wher-ev - er we go.
CHORUS.
3
We are the children of the Prince of Peace, Scatt'ring the sunshine
3
3
o - ver this world of His,.... Cheer - ing and bright'ning the


path-way here be-low, Living to shine for Je - sus wherev - er we go.

## 897

## Keep Sweet.

A. B. S.  Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. There's a lit - tle se - cret Worth its weight in gold; Ea - sy to re - mem-ber,
2. Make us kind and gen tle, Harm-less as the dove; Giv - ing good for e - vil,
3. Sweet when things are bitter, Sweet when things are sad; Giv - ing songs for sighing,
Ea - sy to be told; Changing in - to bless-ing Ev - 'ry curse we meet,
Meeting hate with love. What tho' tri - als press us, What tho' tempests beat;
Mak-ing oth - ers glad. In the qui - et household, On the bust-ling street,
Turn-ing hell to heav - en; This is all—keep sweet.
Naught can move or harm us, If we just keep sweet.
Ev - 'rywhere and al-ways, Je - sus, keep us sweet.
Chorus.
Je - sus, keep us sweet,
Walk-ing in Thy love, Je - sus, make us meet For Thy home a - bove.

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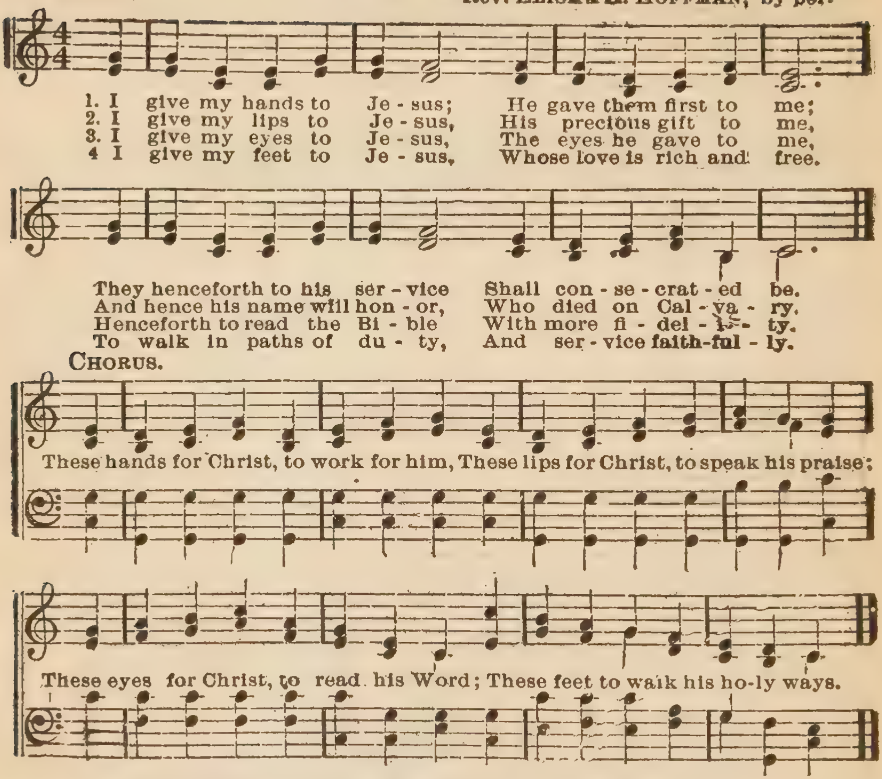
# 898 I Give myself to Jesus.

MOTION-SONG.

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN, by per.


1. I give my hands to Je - sus; He gave them first to me;
2. I give my lips to Je - sus, His precious gift to me,
3. I give my eyes to Je - sus, The eyes he gave to me,
4 I give my feet to Je - sus, Whose love is rich and free.
They henceforth to his ser - vice Shall con - se - crat - ed be.
And hence his name will hon - or, Who died on Cal - va - ry.
Henceforth to read the Bi - ble With more fi - del - i - ty.
To walk in paths of du - ty, And ser - vice faith-ful - ly.
CHORUS.
These hands for Christ, to work for him, These lips for Christ, to speak his praise;
These eyes for Christ, to read his Word; These feet to walk his ho-ly ways.

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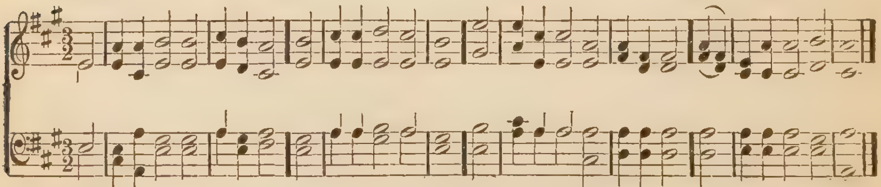
# 899 See Israel's Gentle Shepherd Stands.

AZMON. C. M. Arr. by L. MASON.



SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
With all engaging charms!
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 't was to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."

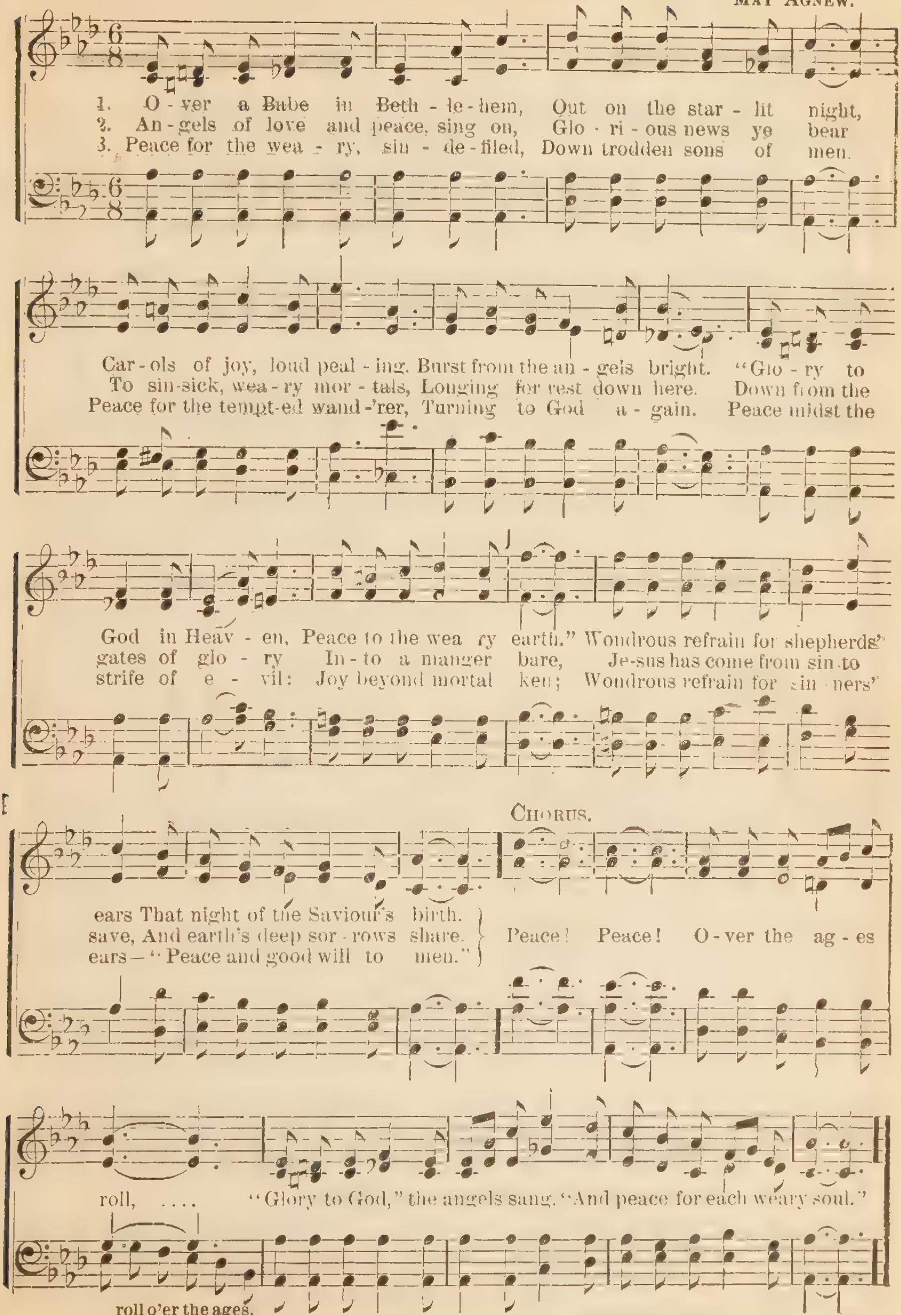
3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,—
Thine let our offspring be.

Philip Doddridge.

# Over a Babe.

M. A.

May Agnew.


1. O - ver a Babe in Beth - le - hem, Out on the star - lit night,
2. An - gels of love and peace, sing on, Glo - ri - ous news ye bear
3. Peace for the wea - ry, sin - de - filed, Down trodden sons of men.
Car - ols of joy, loud peal - ing. Burst from the an - gels bright. "Glo - ry to
To sin-sick, wea - ry mor - tals, Longing for rest down here. Down from the
Peace for the tempt-ed wand - 'rer, Turning to God a - gain. Peace midst the
God in Heav - en, Peace to the wea - ry earth." Wondrous refrain for shepherds'
gates of glo - ry In - to a manger bare, Je-sus has come from sin to
strife of e - vil: Joy beyond mortal ken; Wondrous refrain for sin - ners'
ears That night of the Saviour's birth.
save, And earth's deep sor - rows share.
ears — "Peace and good will to men."
Chorus.
Peace! Peace! O - ver the ag - es
roll, .... "Glory to God," the angels sang. "And peace for each weary soul."
roll o'er the ages,

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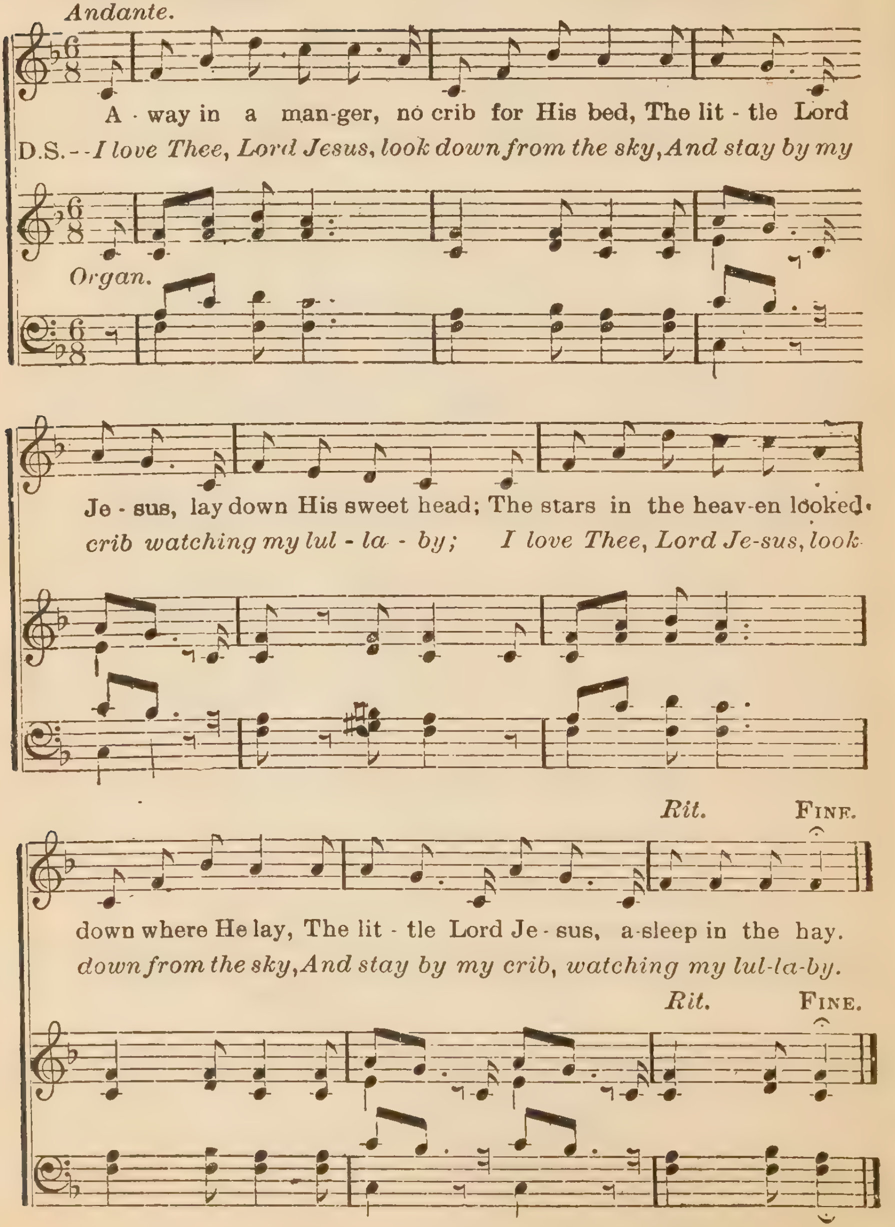
901

# Luthers Cradle Hymn.

**Dr. Martin Luther.** **Mrs. Amanda S. Barlow.**


Andante.
A - way in a man-ger, no crib for His bed, The lit - tle Lord
D.S.--I love Thee, Lord Jesus, look down from the sky, And stay by my
Organ.
Je - sus, lay down His sweet head; The stars in the heav-en looked
crib watching my lul - la - by; I love Thee, Lord Je-sus, look
Rit.
Fine.
down where He lay, The lit - tle Lord Je - sus, a-sleep in the hay.
down from the sky, And stay by my crib, watching my lul-la-by.
Rit.
Fine.

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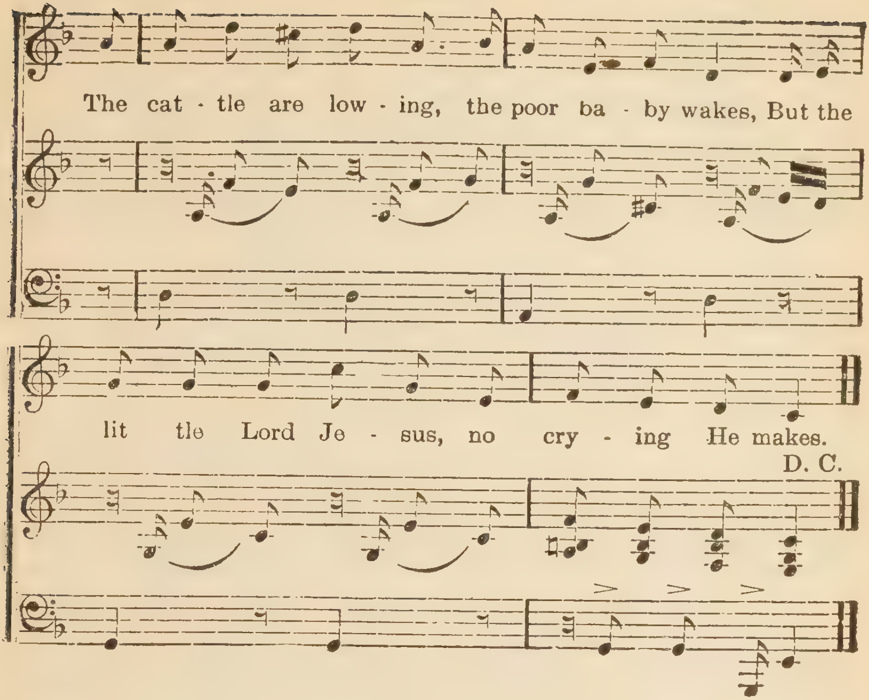
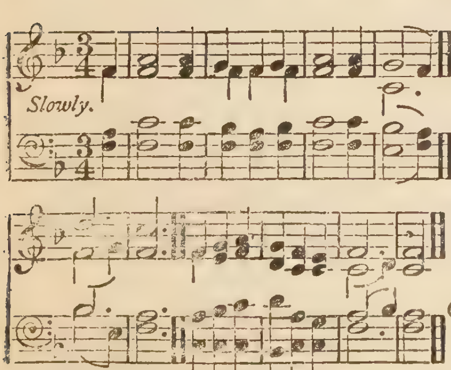
## Luther's Cradle Hymn. Concluded.


The cat - tle are low - ing, the poor ba - by wakes, But the
lit tle Lord Je - sus, no cry - ing He makes.
D. C.

902

## All the way Long it is Jesus.


Chorus.
Slowly.

1 I'm on my journey up Zion's hill,
All the way 'long it is Jesus; [still,
The way grows brighter and brighter
All the way 'long it is Jesus.

*Chorus:*
Jesus, Jesus,
All the way 'long it is Jesus.

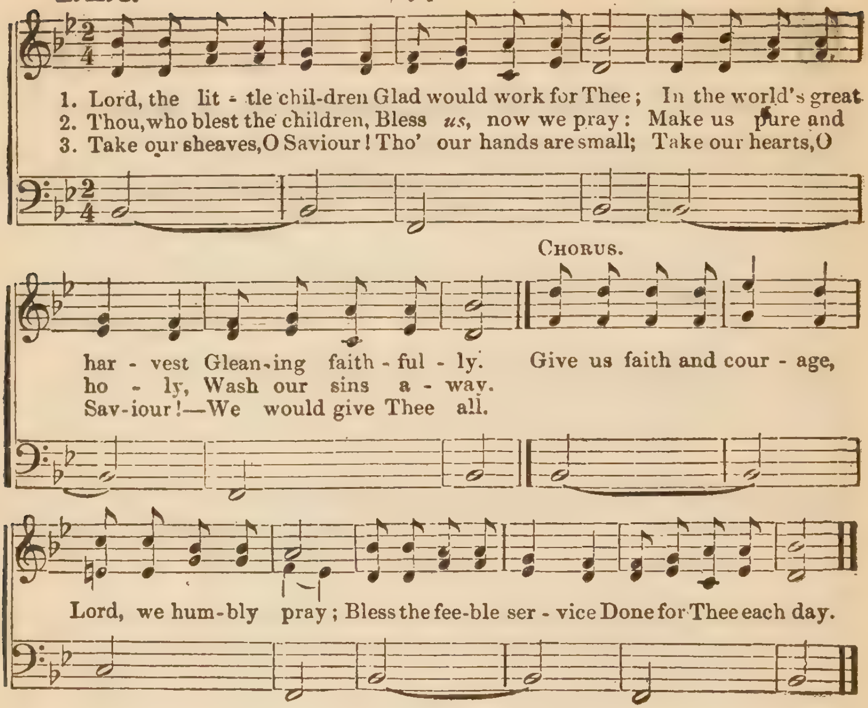
2 And, oh, how happy the pilgrim's lot!
All the way 'long it is Jesus;
He has a comfort the world has not,
All the way 'long it is Jesus.

3 Let storm-clouds gather and troubles rise,
All the way 'long it is Jesus;
He seeks a city with cloudless skies,
All the way 'long it is Jesus.

4 At home the pilgrims together will sing,
All the way 'long it is Jesus;
We'll make the heavenly mansions ring,
All the way 'long it is Jesus.

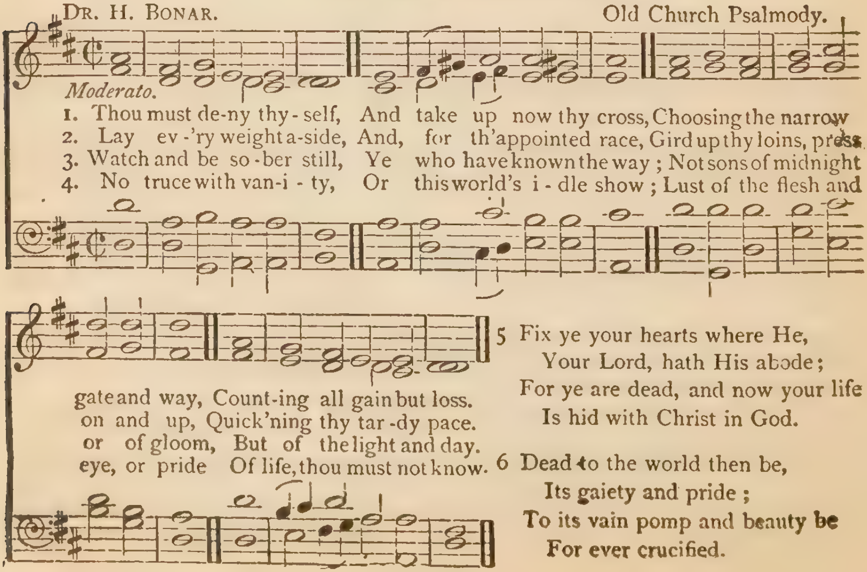
## 903 Childrens' Missionary Hymn.

E. M. G. By per. Jno. R. Bryant.


1. Lord, the lit - tle chil-dren Glad would work for Thee; In the world's great har - vest Glean-ing faith - ful - ly.
2. Thou, who blest the children, Bless us, now we pray: Make us pure and ho - ly, Wash our sins a - way.
3. Take our sheaves, O Saviour! Tho' our hands are small; Take our hearts, O Sav-iour!—We would give Thee all.
Chorus.
Give us faith and cour - age, Lord, we hum-bly pray; Bless the fee-ble ser - vice Done for Thee each day.

## 904 Thou must Deny Thyself.

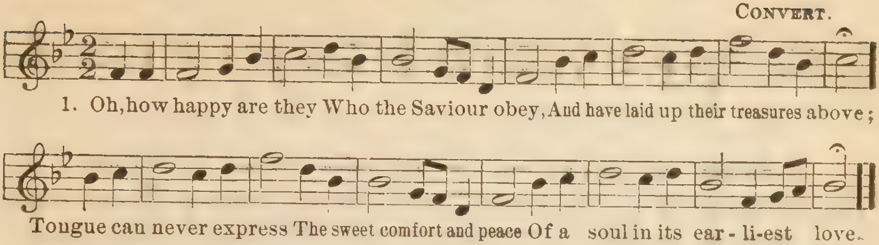
Dr. H. Bonar. Old Church Psalmody.


Moderato.
1. Thou must de-ny thy-self, And take up now thy cross, Choosing the narrow gate and way, Count-ing all gain but loss.
2. Lay ev-'ry weight a-side, And, for th'appointed race, Gird up thy loins, press on and up, Quick'ning thy tar-dy pace.
3. Watch and be so-ber still, Ye who have known the way; Not sons of midnight or of gloom, But of the light and day.
4. No truce with van-i-ty, Or this world's i-dle show; Lust of the flesh and eye, or pride Of life, thou must not know.

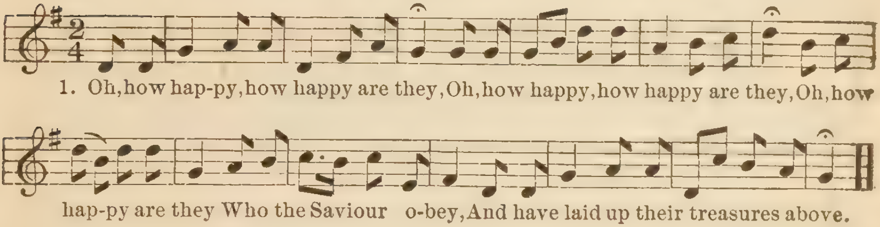
5 Fix ye your hearts where He,
Your Lord, hath His abode;
For ye are dead, and now your life
Is hid with Christ in God.

6 Dead to the world then be,
Its gaiety and pride;
To its vain pomp and beauty be
For ever crucified.

## 905 A. Oh, How Happy Are They.


Convert.
1. Oh, how happy are they Who the Saviour obey, And have laid up their treasures above;
Tongue can never express The sweet comfort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li-est love.

## B. Oh, How Happy, How Happy.


1. Oh, how hap-py, how happy are they, Oh, how happy, how happy are they, Oh, how
hap-py are they Who the Saviour o-bey, And have laid up their treasures above.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I received thro' the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received —
What a heaven in Jesus' name!

3 'T was a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at His feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song;
Oh, that all His salvation might see;
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem even rebels like me.

## 906 I Have Entered the Valley of Blessing So Sweet.

*Key G.*

1 I have entered the valley of blessing so sweet,
And Jesus abides with me there;
And His spirit and blood make my cleansing complete,
And His perfect love casteth out fear.

CHORUS.

Oh, come to this valley of blessing so sweet,
Where Jesus will fullness bestow;
And believe, and receive, and confess Him,
That all His salvation may know.

2 There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet,
And plenty the land doth impart;
And there's rest for the weary-worn traveller's feet,
And joy for the sorrowing heart.

3 There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,
Such as none but the blood-wash'd may [feel,
When heaven comes down redeemed spirits to greet,
And Christ sets His covenant seal.

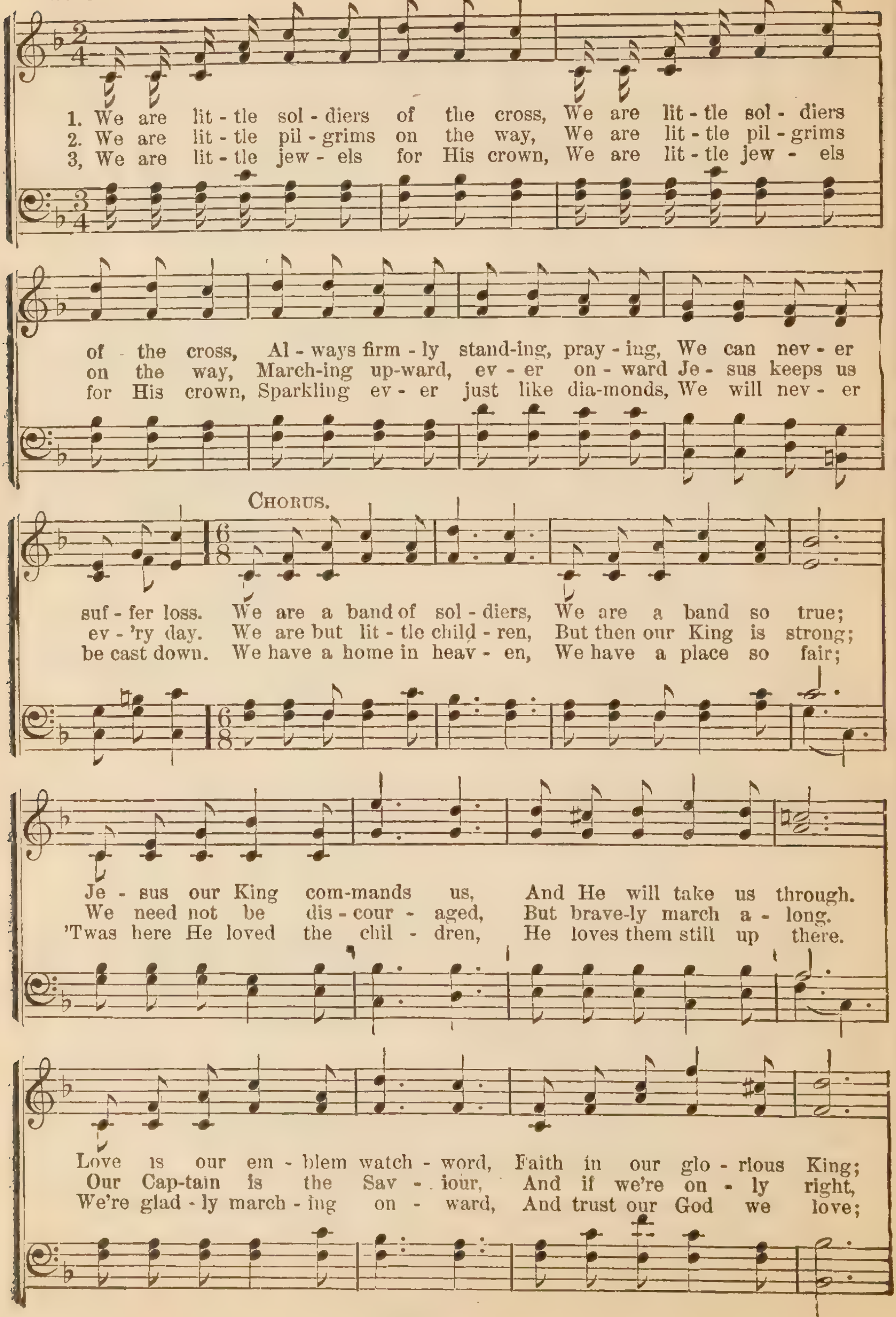
4 There's a song in the valley of blessing so sweet
That angels would fain join the strain,
As with rapturous praises we bow at His feet
Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that was [slain!"

MRS. ANNIE WITTENMEYER.

907

# We Are Little Soldiers of the Cross.

W. C. — Warren Collins.


1. We are lit-tle sol-diers of the cross, We are lit-tle sol-diers
2. We are lit-tle pil-grims on the way, We are lit-tle pil-grims
3. We are lit-tle jew-els for His crown, We are lit-tle jew-els
of the cross, Al-ways firm-ly stand-ing, pray-ing, We can nev-er
on the way, March-ing up-ward, ev-er on-ward Je-sus keeps us
for His crown, Sparkling ev-er just like dia-monds, We will nev-er
Chorus.
suf-fer loss. We are a band of sol-diers, We are a band so true;
ev-'ry day. We are but lit-tle child-ren, But then our King is strong;
be cast down. We have a home in heav-en, We have a place so fair;
Je-sus our King com-mands us, And He will take us through.
We need not be dis-cour-aged, But brave-ly march a-long.
'Twas here He loved the chil-dren, He loves them still up there.
Love is our em-blem watch-word, Faith in our glo-rious King;
Our Cap-tain is the Sav-iour, And if we're on-ly right,
We're glad-ly march-ing on-ward, And trust our God we love;

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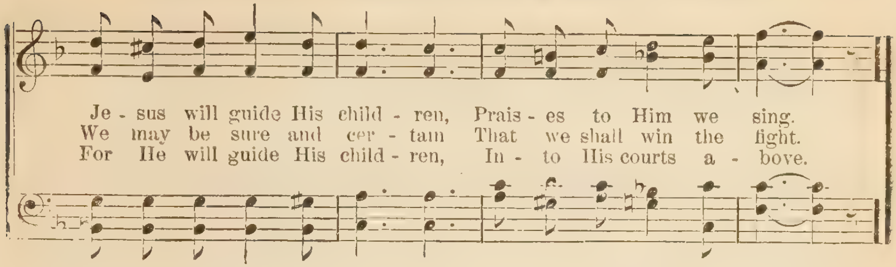
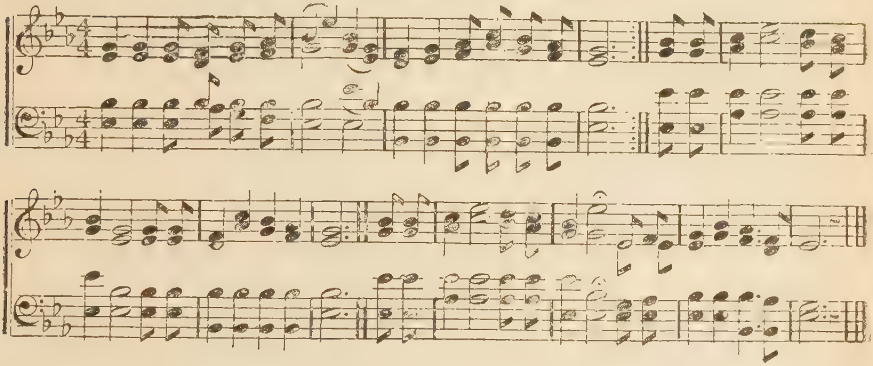
# We Are Little Soldiers of the Cross. Concluded.


Je - sus will guide His child - ren, Prais - es to Him we sing.
We may be sure and cer - tain That we shall win the fight.
For He will guide His child - ren, In - to His courts a - bove.

908

# Saviour, Like a Shepherd.



Saviour! like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tend'rest care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus!
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus!
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus!
Hear, oh hear us, when we pray

Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be:
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse and power to free.
Blessed Jesus!
We will early turn to thee.

Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour!
With thy love our bosoms fill.
Blessed Jesus!
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

909

# Dear Saviour, If These Lambs Should Stray.

Dear Saviour, if these lambs should stray
From Thy secure enclosure's bound,
And, lured by worldly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found;—

2 Remember still that they are Thine,
That Thy dear sacred name they bear;
Think that the seal of love divine,
The sign of covenant grace they wear.

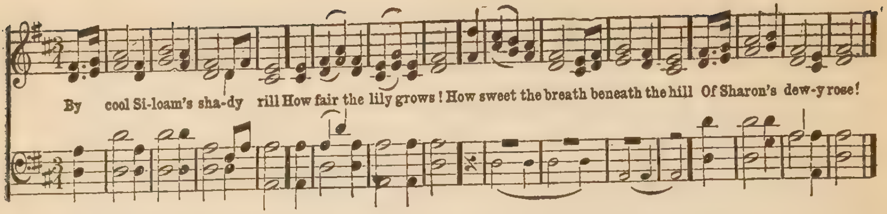
3 In all their erring, sinful years,
Oh, let them ne'er forgotten be;
Remember all the prayers and tears
Which made them consecrate to Thee.

4 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn Thou their feet from folly's way;
The wanderers to Thy fold restore

## 910

# By Cool Siloam's.

I. B. Woodbury


By cool Si-loam's sha-dy rill How fair the lily grows! How sweet the breath beneath the hill Of Sharon's dew-y rose!

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
May shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine!

6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

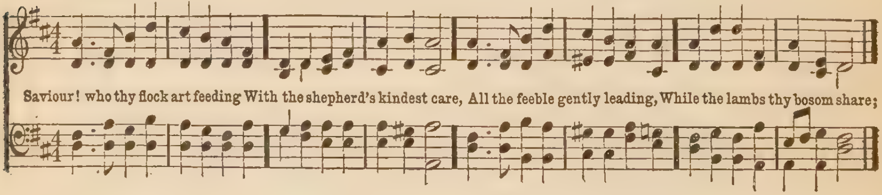
*Reginald Heber.*

## 911

# Saviour! Who Thy Flock Art Feeding.

OSWALD. 8s, 7s.

J. B. Dykes.


Saviour! who thy flock art feeding With the shepherd's kindest care, All the feeble gently leading, While the lambs thy bosom share;

Saviour! who Thy flock art feeding
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share;—

2 Now, these ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

3 Never from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way.

4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Freed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

*W. A. Muhlenberg.*

## 912

# The Lord My Shepherd Is.

The Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since He is mine, and I am His,
What can I want beside?

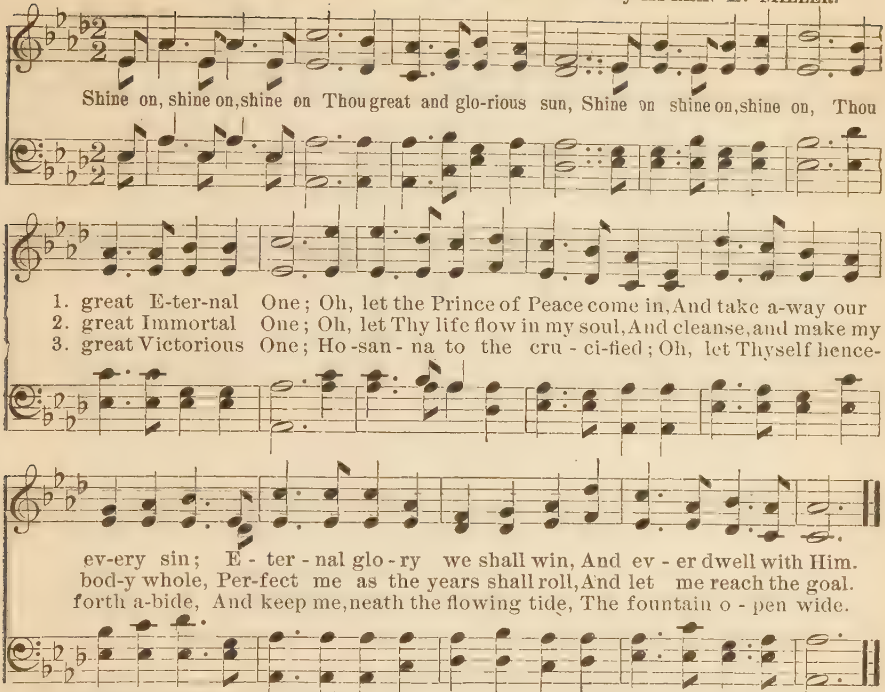
2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim;
And guide me in His own right way,
For His most holy name.

## 913

# Shine On.

By Adrian E. Miller.


Shine on, shine on, shine on Thou great and glo-rious sun, Shine on shine on, shine on, Thou
1. great E-ter-nal One; Oh, let the Prince of Peace come in, And take a-way our
2. great Immortal One; Oh, let Thy life flow in my soul, And cleanse, and make my
3. great Victorious One; Ho-san-na to the cru-ci-fied; Oh, let Thyself hence-
ev-ery sin; E-ter-nal glo-ry we shall win, And ev-er dwell with Him.
bod-y whole, Per-fect me as the years shall roll, And let me reach the goal.
forth a-bide, And keep me, neath the flowing tide, The fountain o-pen wide.

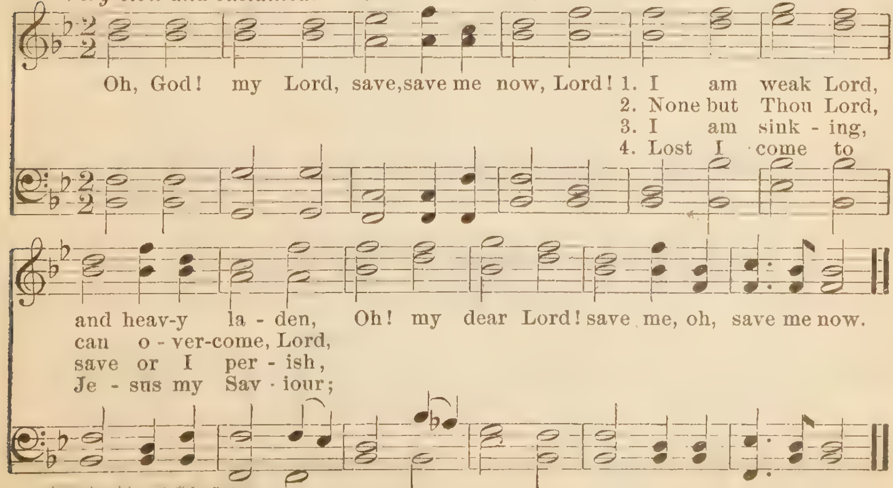
Copyright, 1891, by R. Kelso Carter.

## 914

# Save Me Lord.

R. K. C.

*Very slow and sustained.* (MALE QUARTET.) R. Kelso Carter.

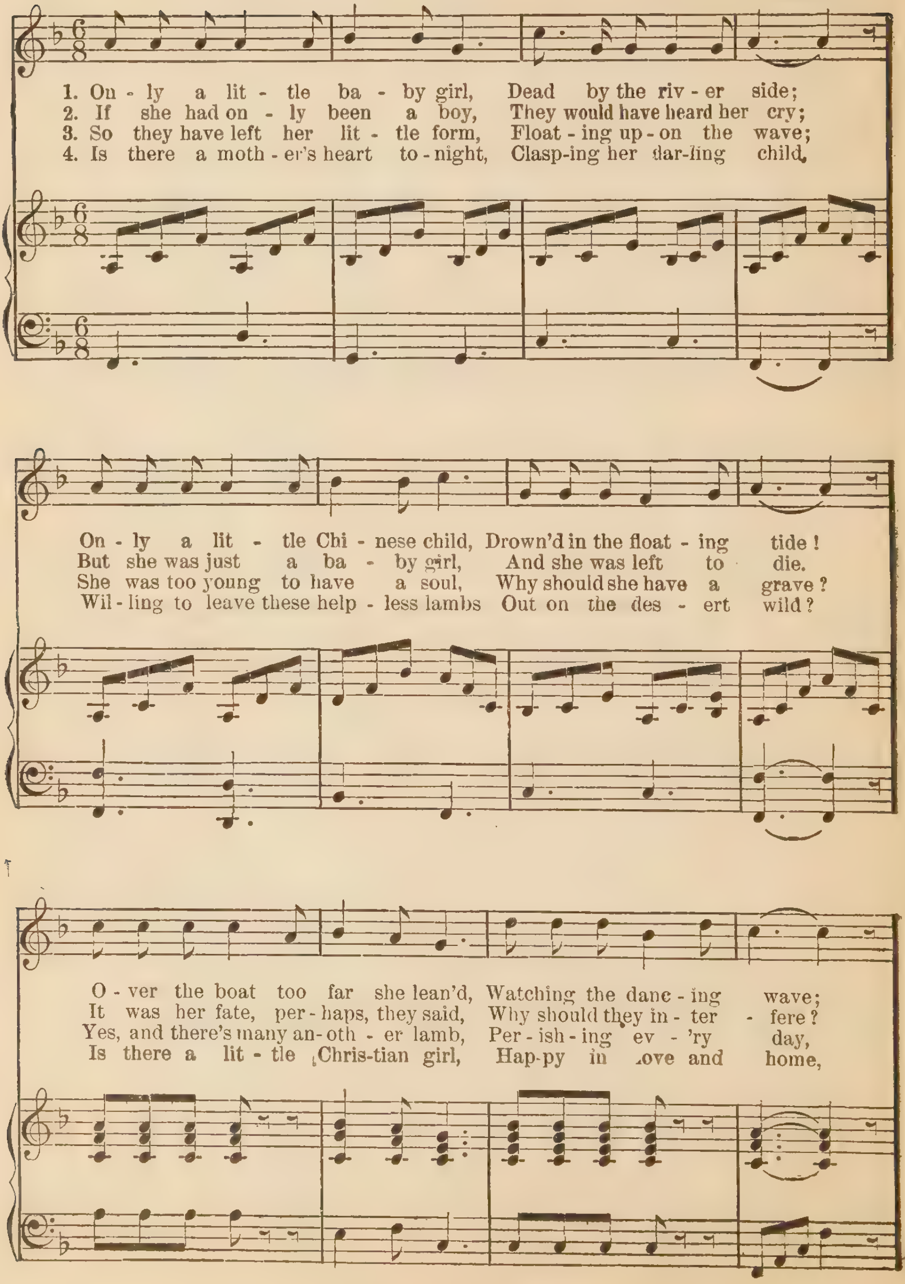

Oh, God! my Lord, save, save me now, Lord! 1. I am weak Lord,
2. None but Thou Lord,
3. I am sink-ing,
4. Lost I come to
and heav-y la-den, Oh! my dear Lord! save me, oh, save me now.
can o-ver-come, Lord,
save or I per-ish,
Je-sus my Sav-iour;

Copyright, 1891, by R. Kelso Carter.

915

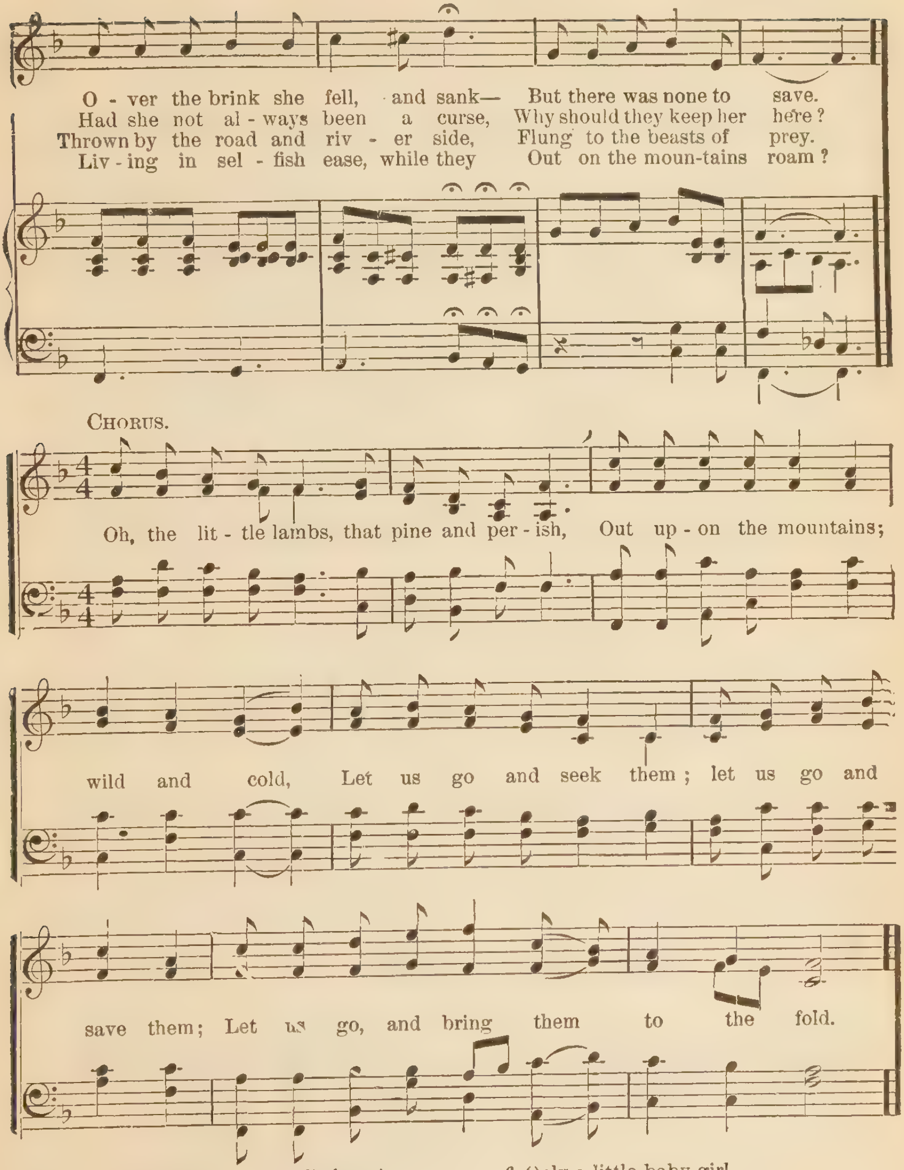
# Only A Little Baby Girl.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. On - ly a lit - tle ba - by girl, Dead by the riv - er side;
2. If she had on - ly been a boy, They would have heard her cry;
3. So they have left her lit - tle form, Float - ing up - on the wave;
4. Is there a moth - er's heart to - night, Clasp-ing her dar-ling child,
On - ly a lit - tle Chi - nese child, Drown'd in the float - ing tide!
But she was just a ba - by girl, And she was left to die.
She was too young to have a soul, Why should she have a grave?
Wil - ling to leave these help - less lambs Out on the des - ert wild?
O - ver the boat too far she lean'd, Watching the danc - ing wave;
It was her fate, per - haps, they said, Why should they in - ter - fere?
Yes, and there's many an - oth - er lamb, Per - ish - ing ev - 'ry day,
Is there a lit - tle Chris-tian girl, Hap-py in love and home,

Copyright, 1897, by A. B. Simpson.

# Only A Little Baby Girl. Concluded.

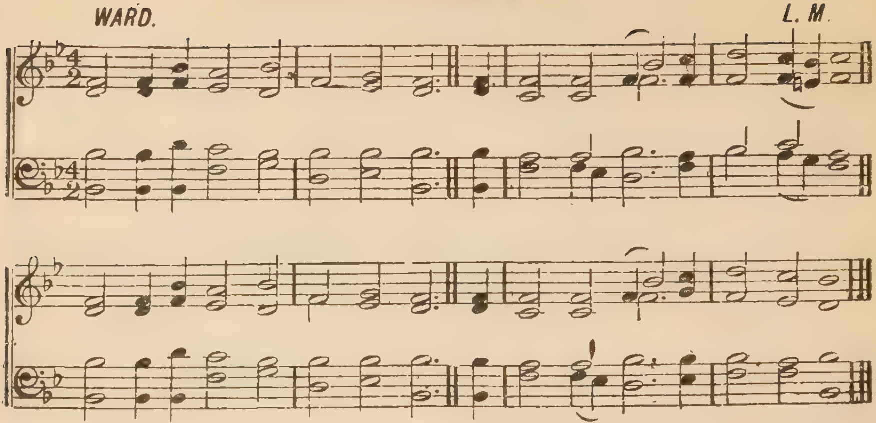

O - ver the brink she fell, and sank— But there was none to save.
Had she not al - ways been a curse, Why should they keep her here?
Thrown by the road and riv - er side, Flung to the beasts of prey.
Liv - ing in sel - fish ease, while they Out on the moun-tains roam?
CHORUS.
Oh, the lit - tle lambs, that pine and per - ish, Out up - on the mountains;
wild and cold, Let us go and seek them; let us go and
save them; Let us go, and bring them to the fold.

5 Think as you lie on your little cot,
Smoothed by a mother's hand;
Think of the little baby girls
Over in China's land;
Ask if there is not something more,
Even a child can do,
And if, perhaps, in China's land
Jesus has need of you.

6 Only a little baby girl,
Dead by the river side;
Only a little Chinese child,
Drowned in the floating tide;
But it has brought a vision vast,
Dark as the nation's woe;
Oh, has it left one willing heart,
Answering, "I will go?"

# Buried in Baptism.

WARD. L. M.



Buried in baptism with our Lord,
We rise with Him to life restored.
Not the bare life in Adam lost,
But the richer far, for more it cost.

Water can cleanse the flesh, we own,
But Christ well knows, and Christ alone,
How dear to Him our cleansing stood,
Baptized in fire, and bathed in blood.

He by His blood atoned for sin,
This precious blood can wash us clean
And He arrays us in the dress
Of His unspotted righteousness.

MORAVIAN COLLECTION.

917

# Come, Holy Spirit.

L. M.

Come, Holy Spirit, Dove Divine,
On these baptismal waters shine,
And teach our hearts, in highest strain,
To praise the Lamb for sinners slain.

We love Thy name, we love Thy laws,
And joyfully embrace Thy cause;
We love Thy cross, the shame, the pain,
O Lamb of God for sinners slain!

We plunge beneath Thy mystic flood,
Oh, plunge us in Thy cleansing blood;
We die to sin, and seek a grave
With Thee, beneath the yielding wave

And as we rise, with Thee to live,
Oh, let the Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love!

ADONIRAM JUDSON.

918

# Around Thy Grave.

7s & 6s.

Around Thy grave, Lord Jesus,
Thine empty grave, we stand,
With hearts all full of praises,
To keep Thy blest command;
By faith our souls rejoicing
To trace Thy path of love,
Through death's dark, angry billows,
Up to the throne above.

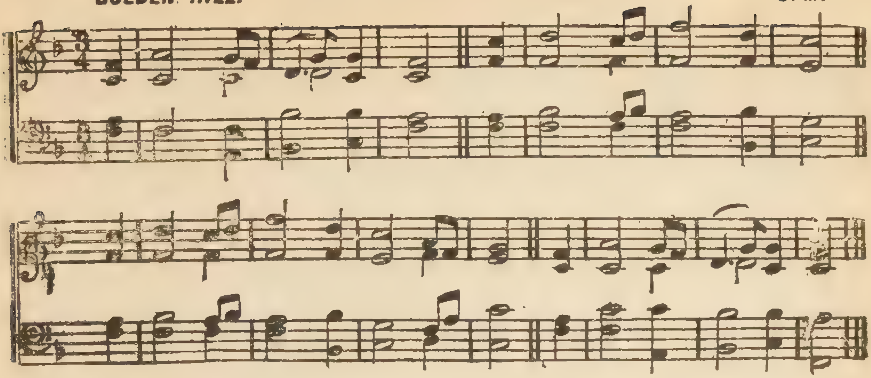
O Lord, Thou now art risen,
Thy travail all is o'er;
For sin Thou once hast suffered,
Thou liv'st to die no more;
Sin, death and hell are vanquished
By Thee, Thy church's Head;
And lo! we share Thy triumph,
Thou first-born from the dead!

Into Thy death baptized,
We own with Thee we died;
With Thee, our Life, are risen,
And shall be glorified.
From sin, the world, and Satan,
We're ransomed by Thy blood,
And now would walk as strangers,
Alive with Thee, to God.

JAMES G. DECK, 1845.

# Awake and Sing.

**GOLDEN HILL.** **S. M.**



Awake and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!
Tune every heart and every tongue
To praise the Saviour's name.

Sing of His dying love,
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For all whose sins He bore.

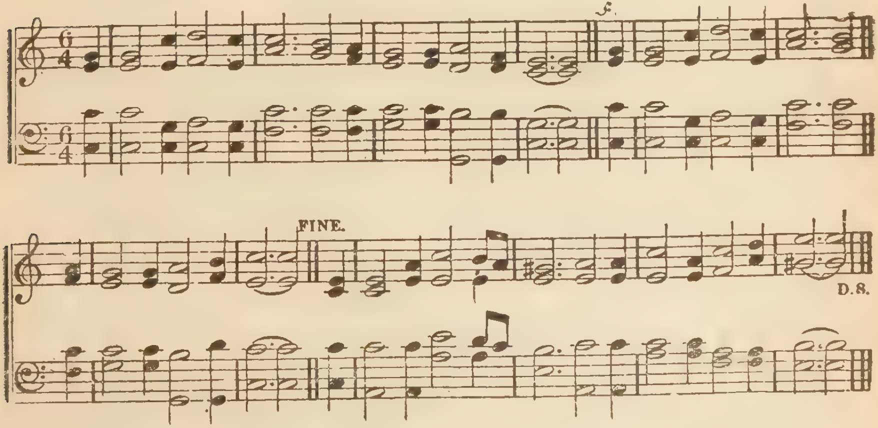
Soon shall we hear Him say,
"Ye blessed children, come;"
Soon will He call us hence away,
To our eternal home.

There shall our joy be full,
And love a warmer flame,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

920

# O, Bread to Pilgrims Given.

**MIRIAM** **7s & 6s. D.**



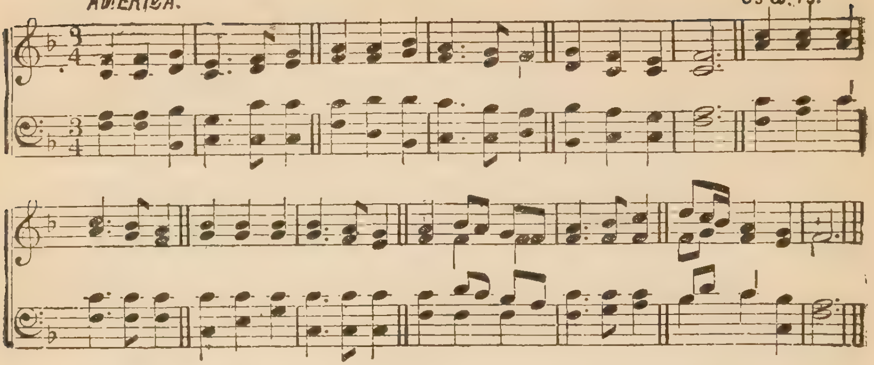
O Bread to pilgrims given!
Richer than angels eat,
O Manna sent from heaven!
For heaven-born natures meet,
Give us, for Thee long pining,
To eat till richly filled;
Till, earth's delights resigning,
Our every wish is stilled.

Jesus! this feast receiving,
We Thee unseen adore;
Thy faithful word believing
We take and doubt no more;
Give us, Thou true and loving!
On earth to live in Thee,
Then, death the veil removing,
Thy glorious face to see.

921

## God Bless our Native Land.

AMERICA. 6s & 4s.



God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave!
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

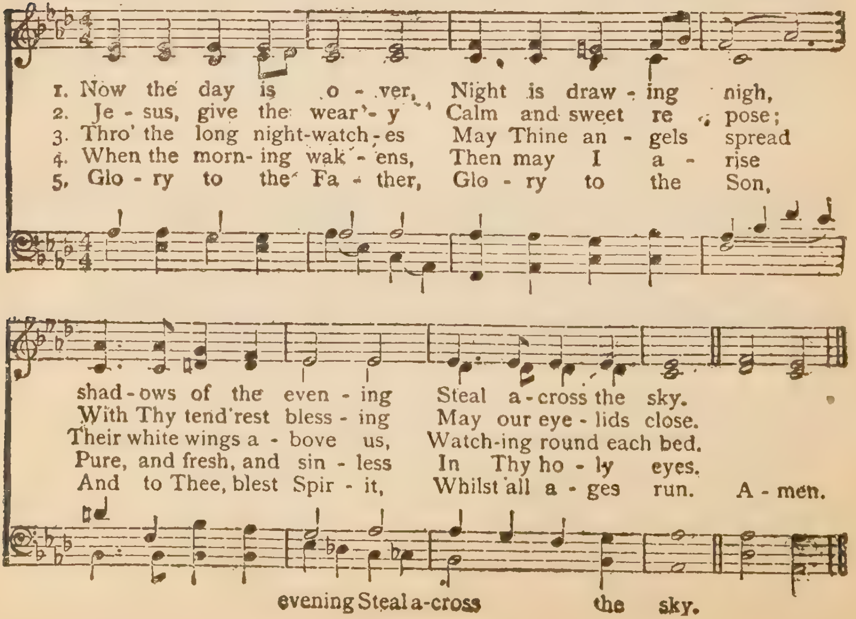
For her our prayers shall rise
To God above the skies,
On Him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guardian with watchful eye!
To Thee alone we cry,
God save the State.

Our fathers' God to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

922

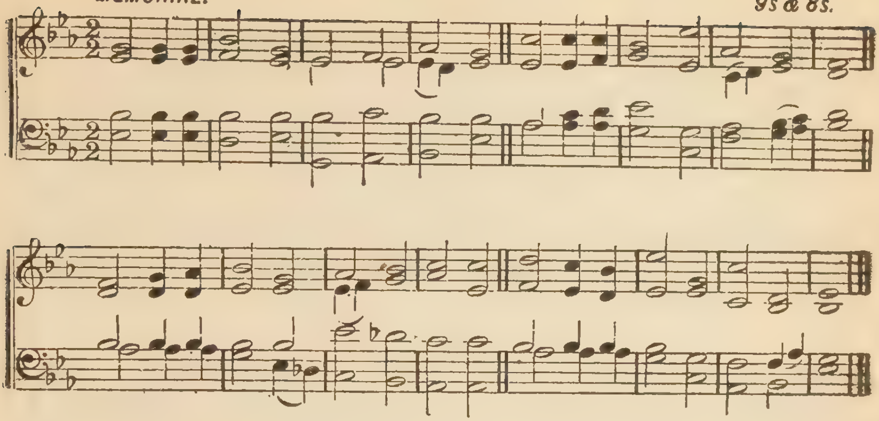
## Now the Day is Over.

SABINE BARING-GOULD. JOSEPH BARNBY.


1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wear - y Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Thro' the long night-watch - es May Thine an - gels spread
4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise
5. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, Glo - ry to the Son,
shad - ows of the even - ing Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy tend'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Their white wings a - bove us, Watch-ing round each bed.
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.
And to Thee, blest Spir - it, Whilst all a - ges run. A - men.
evening Steal a-cross the sky.

## 923 Bread of the World.

MEMORIAL. 9s & 8s.



**Bread** of the world in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead!

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be thy feast to us the token
That by thy grace our souls are fed.

## 924 If Human Kindness.

C. M.

If human kindness meets return
And owns the grateful tie,
If tender thoughts within us burn
To feel a friend is nigh.

Oh, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him who died our fears to quell,
Our more than orphan's woe?

While yet His anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs He would not flee,
What love His latest words displayed!
"Meet and remember Me."

Remember Thee, Thy death, Thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!
O mem'ry! leave no other name
But His recorded there.

## 925 How Sweet and Awful.

C. M.

How sweet and awful is the place
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

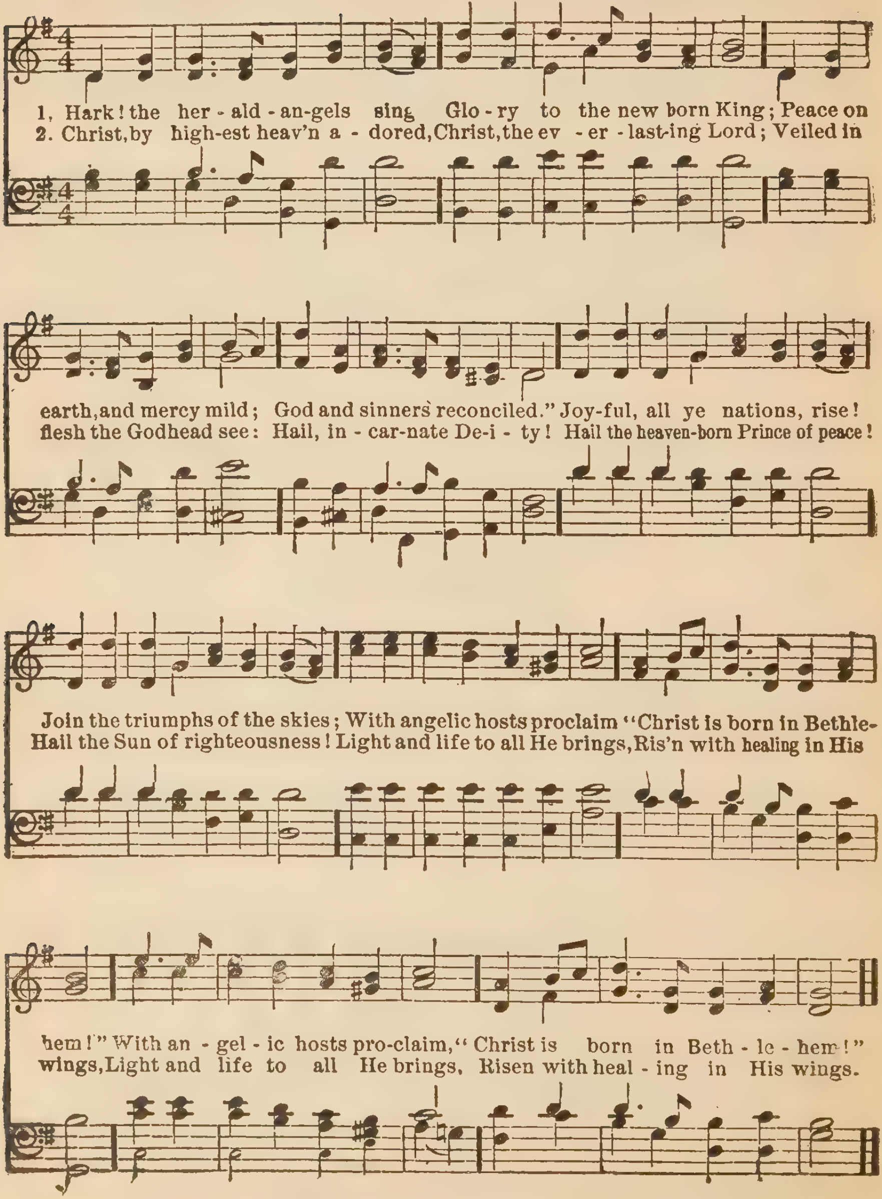
While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries with thankful tongue,
"Lord! why was I a guest?

"Why was I made to hear Thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

# 926 Herald Angels. 7. D.

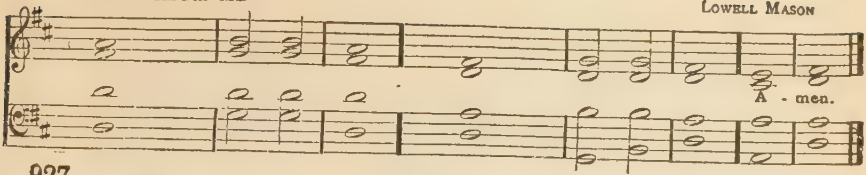
Charles Wesley. Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.


1, Hark! the her - ald - an-gels sing Glo - ry to the new born King; Peace on
2. Christ, by high-est heav'n a - dored, Christ, the ev - er - last-ing Lord; Veiled in
earth, and mercy mild; God and sinners reconciled." Joy-ful, all ye nations, rise!
flesh the Godhead see: Hail, in - car-nate De-i - ty! Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Join the triumphs of the skies; With angelic hosts proclaim "Christ is born in Bethle-
Hail the Sun of righteousness! Light and life to all He brings, Ris'n with healing in His
hem!" With an - gel - ic hosts pro-claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!"
wings, Light and life to all He brings, Risen with heal - ing in His wings.

# The Lord is My Shepherd.

DOMINUS REGIT ME

LOWELL MASON



**927**

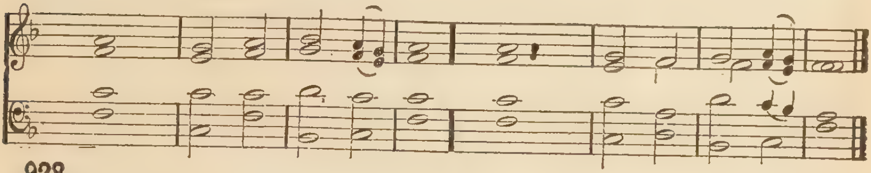
*Psalm 23.*

1 The Lord is my Shepherd; I | shall not | want; || he maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the | still— | waters.

2 He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his | name's— | sake. || Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy | staff they | comfort me.

3 Thou preparest a table before me, in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup | runneth | over. || Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the | Lord for | ever. || A- | men.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.



**928**

*Matt. 6: 9-13.*

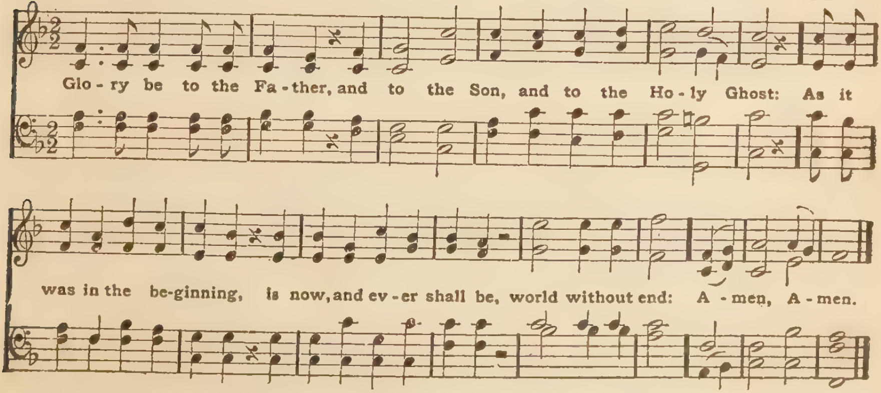
1 Our Father, who art in heaven, | hallowed | be thy | name; || thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven;

2 Give us this | day our | daily | bread; || and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.

3 And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil; || for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the | glory, for | ever. A- | men.

**929** GLORIA PATRI. Irr

H. W. Greatorex.

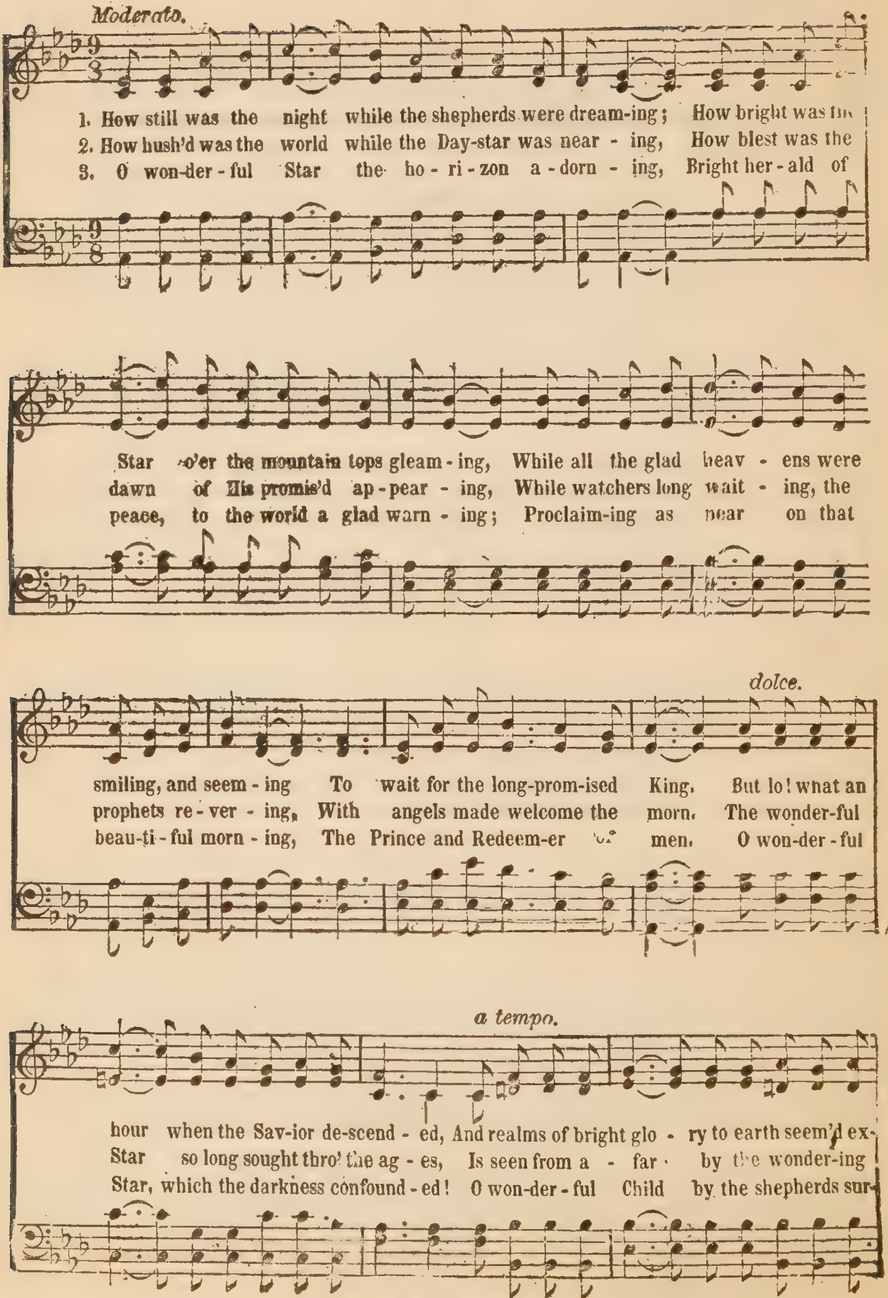

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost: As it
was in the be-ginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world without end: A - men, A - men.

930

# The Wonderful Star.

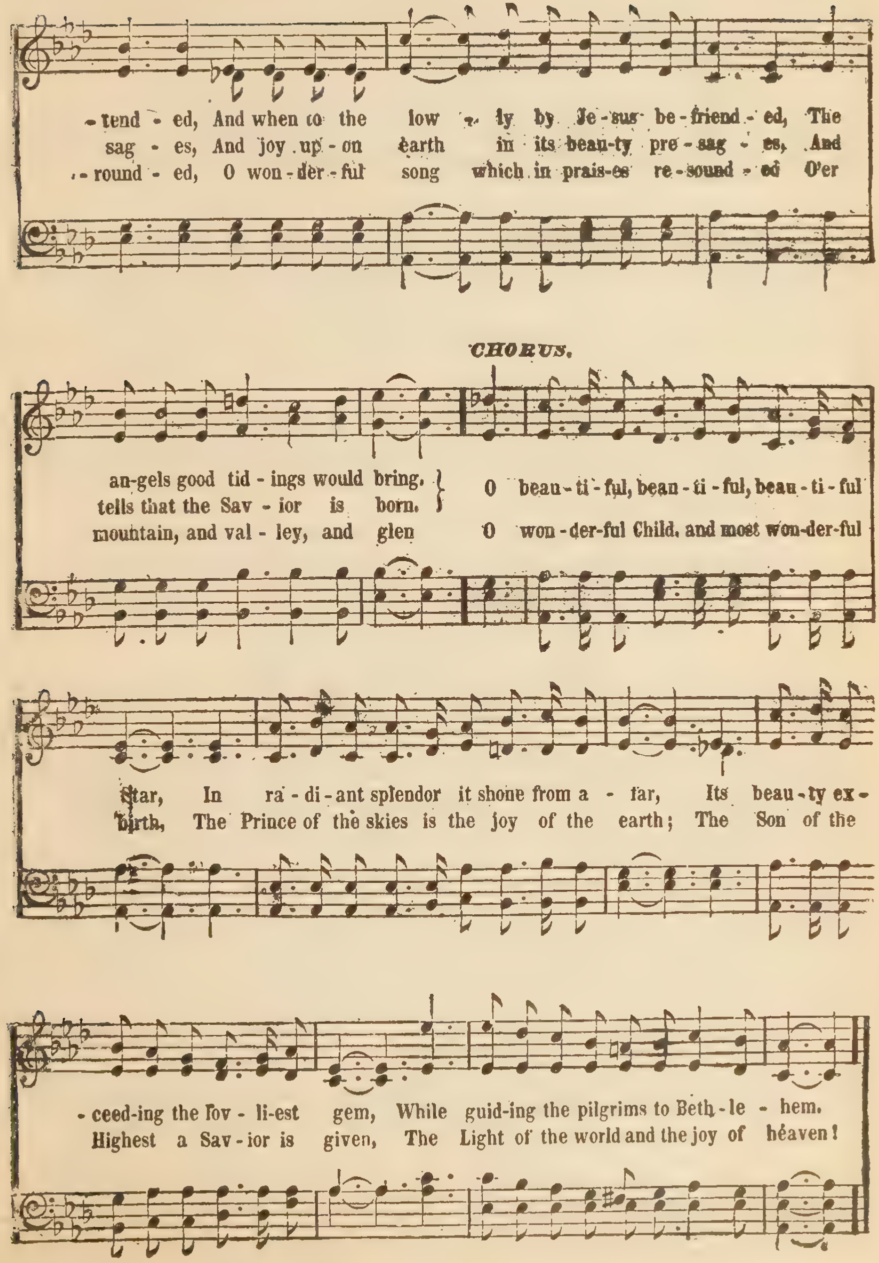
C. W. RAY

GEO. BEAVERSON.


Moderato.
1. How still was the night while the shepherds were dream-ing; How bright was the
2. How hush'd was the world while the Day-star was near - ing, How blest was the
3. O won-der-ful Star the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Bright her - ald of
Star o'er the mountain tops gleam - ing, While all the glad heav - ens were
dawn of His promis'd ap - pear - ing, While watchers long wait - ing, the
peace, to the world a glad warn - ing; Proclaim-ing as near on that
dolce.
smiling, and seem - ing To wait for the long-prom-ised King. But lo! what an
prophets re - ver - ing, With angels made welcome the morn. The wonder-ful
beau-ti - ful morn - ing, The Prince and Redeem-er of men. O won-der - ful
a tempo.
hour when the Sav-ior de-scend - ed, And realms of bright glo - ry to earth seem'd ex-
Star so long sought thro' the ag - es, Is seen from a - far by the wonder-ing
Star, which the darkness confound - ed! O won-der - ful Child by the shepherds sur-

Copyright, [illegible], by Geo. Beaverson.

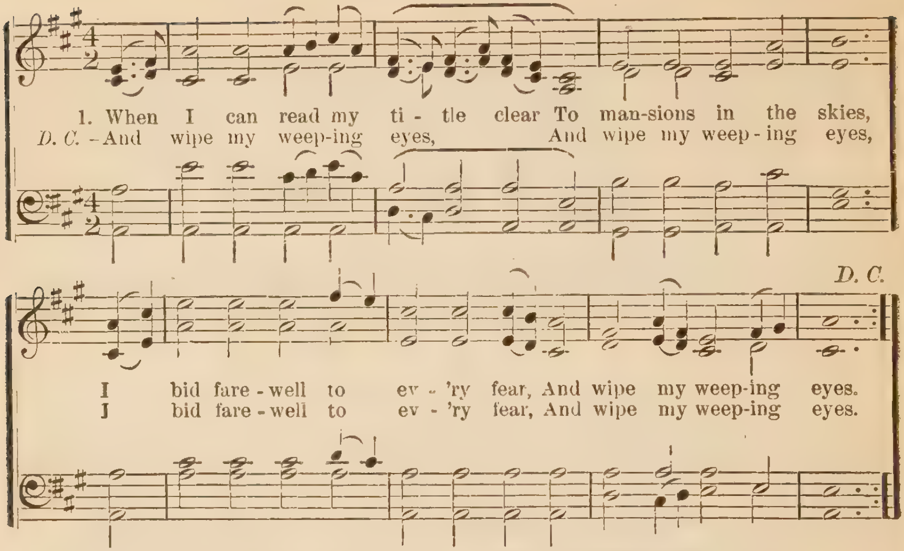
# The Wonderful Star. Concluded.


-tend - ed, And when to the low - ly by Je - sus be - friend - ed, The
sag - es, And joy up - on earth in its beau-ty pre - sag - es, And
-round - ed, O won - der - ful song which in prais-es re - sound - ed O'er
CHORUS.
an-gels good tid - ings would bring. } O beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful
tells that the Sav - ior is born. }
mountain, and val - ley, and glen O won - der-ful Child, and most won-der-ful
Star, In ra - di - ant splendor it shone from a - far, Its beau - ty ex -
birth, The Prince of the skies is the joy of the earth; The Son of the
- ceed-ing the lov - li-est gem, While guid-ing the pilgrims to Beth - le - hem.
Highest a Sav - ior is given, The Light of the world and the joy of heaven!

## 931

# When I Can Read My Title Clear.

PISGAH. C. M. J. C. Lowry, 1820.


1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the skies,
D. C. –And wipe my weep-ing eyes, And wipe my weep-ing eyes,
D. C.
I bid fare - well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
I bid fare - well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

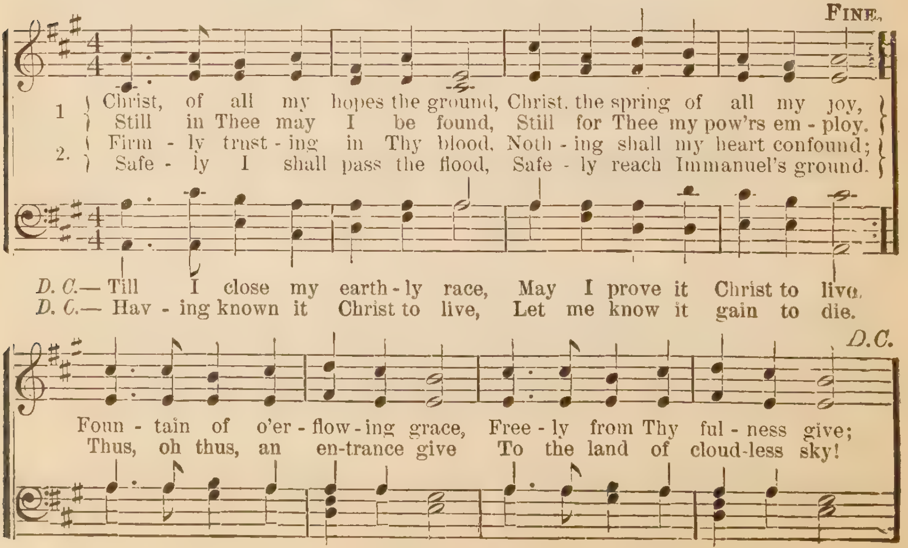
3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall!
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

## 932

# Christ of All My Hopes.

R. Wardlaw. LITANY. 7s. D.

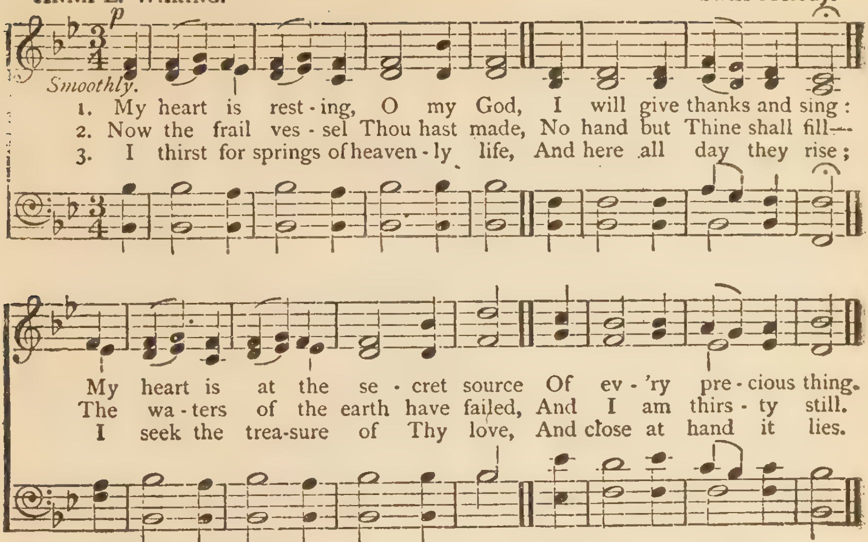

Fine.
1 Christ, of all my hopes the ground, Christ the spring of all my joy,
Still in Thee may I be found, Still for Thee my pow'rs em - ploy.
2. Firm - ly trust - ing in Thy blood, Noth - ing shall my heart confound;
Safe - ly I shall pass the flood, Safe - ly reach Immanuel's ground.
D. C.— Till I close my earth - ly race, May I prove it Christ to live.
D. C.— Hav - ing known it Christ to live, Let me know it gain to die.
D.C.
Foun - tain of o'er - flow - ing grace, Free - ly from Thy ful - ness give;
Thus, oh thus, an en-trance give To the land of cloud-less sky!

## 933

# My Heart is Resting.

ANNA L. WARING.

Swiss Melody.


Smoothly.
p
1. My heart is rest-ing, O my God, I will give thanks and sing: My heart is at the se-cret source Of ev-'ry pre-cious thing.
2. Now the frail ves-sel Thou hast made, No hand but Thine shall fill— The wa-ters of the earth have failed, And I am thirs-ty still.
3. I thirst for springs of heaven-ly life, And here all day they rise; I seek the trea-sure of Thy love, And close at hand it lies.

4 And a "new song" is in my mouth,
To long-loved music set—
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet!

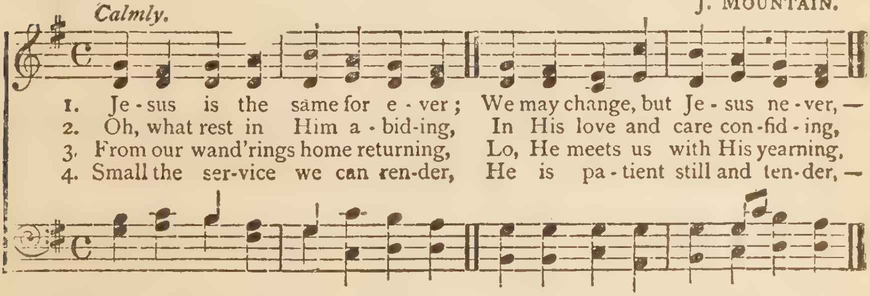
6 There is a certainty of love
That sets my heart at rest;
A calm assurance for to-day
That to be poor is best!

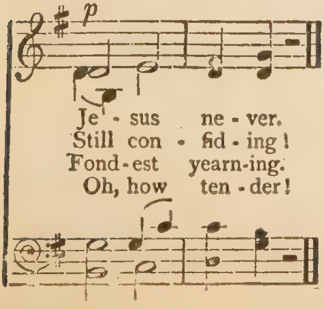
## 934

# Jesus is the Same Forever.

REV. WADE ROBINSON.

J. MOUNTAIN.


Calmly.
1. Je-sus is the same for e-ver; We may change, but Je-sus ne-ver,—
2. Oh, what rest in Him a-bid-ing, In His love and care con-fid-ing,
3. From our wand'rings home returning, Lo, He meets us with His yearning,
4. Small the ser-vice we can ren-der, He is pa-tient still and ten-der,—


p
Je-sus ne-ver.
Still con-fid-ing!
Fond-est yearn-ing.
Oh, how ten-der!

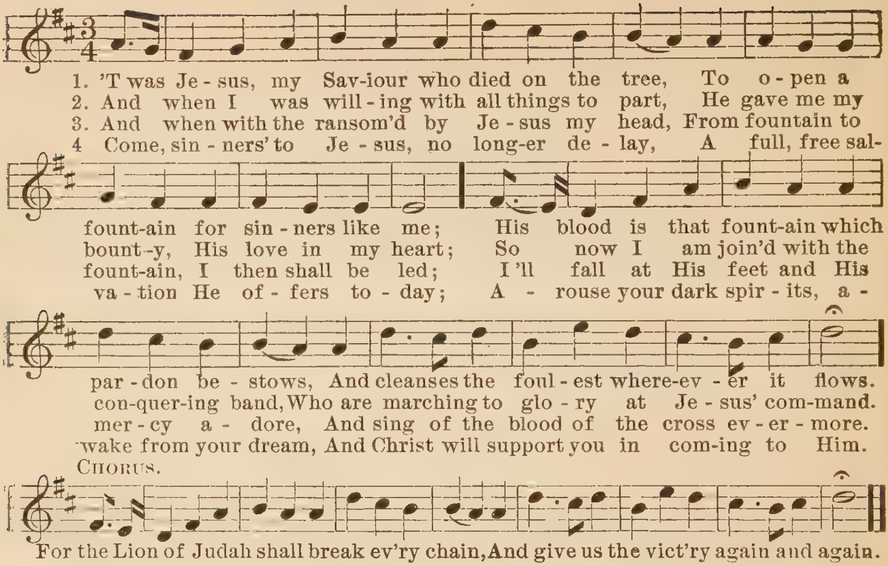
5 Day by day He walks beside us,
Ours to shield us, ours to guide us,
Shield and guide us.

6 Calm we sleep, for He, unsleeping,
Folds us with almighty keeping,
Sleepless keeping.

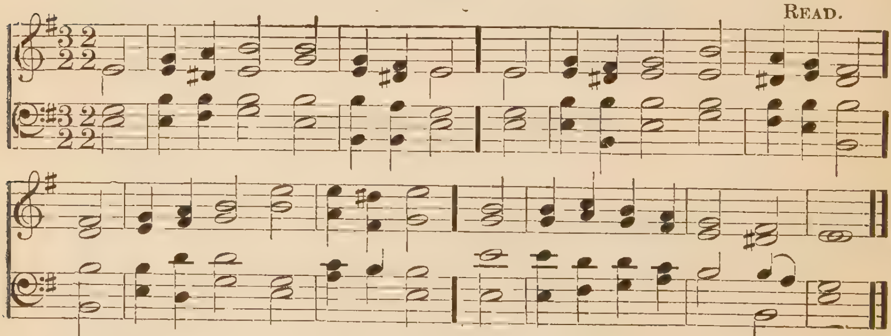
7 Lo, the heart that He created
Only with Himself is sated,
Sweetly sated.

8 He is nearer than our nearest,
He is dearer than our dearest,
More than dearest.

## 935 The Lion of Judah.


1. 'T was Je-sus, my Sav-iour who died on the tree, To o-pen a fount-ain for sin-ners like me; His blood is that fount-ain which par-don be-stows, And cleanses the foul-est where-ev-er it flows.
2. And when I was will-ing with all things to part, He gave me my bount-y, His love in my heart; So now I am join'd with the con-quer-ing band, Who are marching to glo-ry at Je-sus' com-mand.
3. And when with the ransom'd by Je-sus my head, From fountain to fount-ain, I then shall be led; I'll fall at His feet and His mer-cy a-dore, And sing of the blood of the cross ev-er-more.
4 Come, sin-ners' to Je-sus, no long-er de-lay, A full, free sal-va-tion He of-fers to-day; A-rouse your dark spir-its, a-wake from your dream, And Christ will support you in com-ing to Him.
Chorus.
For the Lion of Judah shall break ev'ry chain, And give us the vict'ry again and again.

## Winham. L. M.



### 936

### Show Pity, Lord.

1 Show pity, Lord, O Lord, for-give;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not Thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of Thy grace!
Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,
So let Thy parting love be found.

3 O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

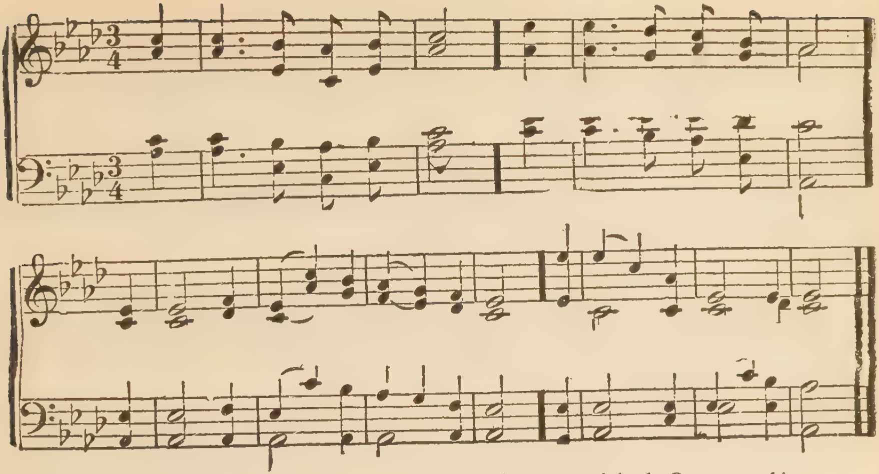
4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against Thy law, against Thy grace!
Lord, should Thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemed, but Thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce Thee just, in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round Thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,—
Some sure support against despair.

I. Watts.

## 937 Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep.



Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

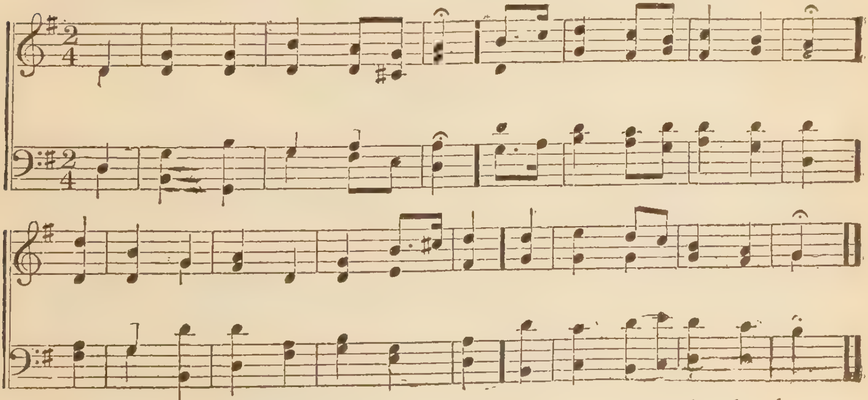
2 The Son of God in tears
Angels with wonder see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

*Benjamin Beddome.*

## 938 Not all the Blood.

ST. THOMAS. S. M William Tansur 1743.



Not all the blood beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away:
A Sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

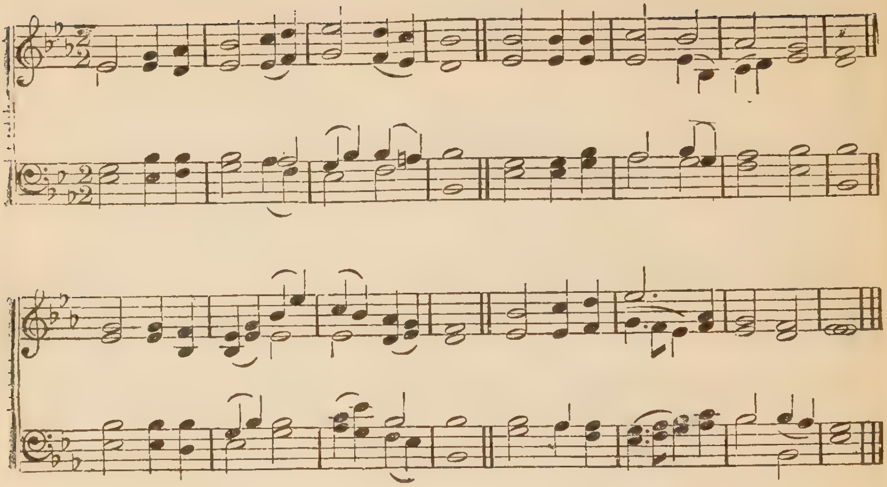
3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear hand of Thine;
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cherful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

*Isaac Watts*

# O Love Divine.

Duke Street. L. M.



*"Thou art near."*

O Love Divine! that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain, while Thou art near.

2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us Thou art near.

On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, for ever dear;
Content to suffer while we know,
Living or dying, Thou art near!

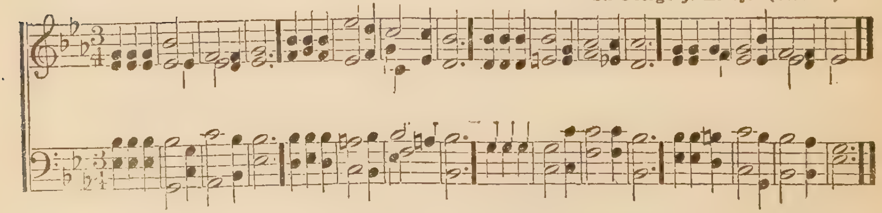
*O. W. Holmes.*

## 940

# What Sinners Value.

St. Crispin. L. M.

Sir George J. Elvey. (1816—.)



*Psalm 17.*

What sinners value I resign;
Lord! 'tis enough that Thou art mine;
I shall behold Thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream—an empty show;
But the bright world, to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake, and find me there?

3 Oh, glorious hour! oh, blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

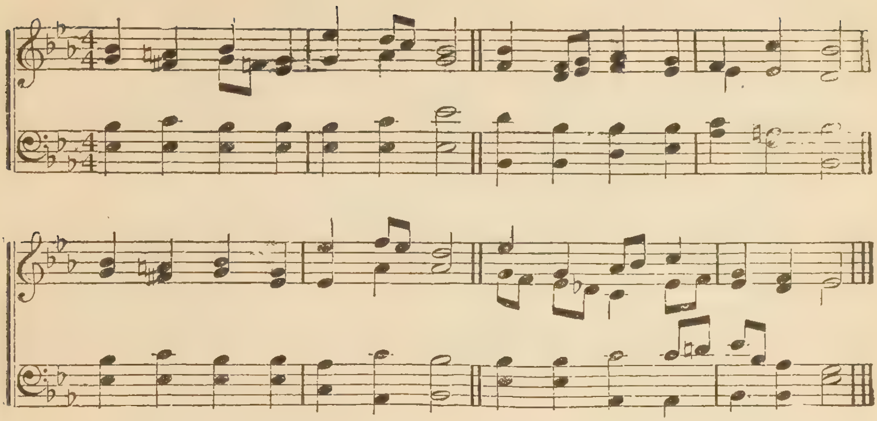
4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains, with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise!

*Isaac Watts.*

## 941

## Christ the Lord.

Solitude. 7s.



*He lives again.*

CHRIST, The Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men, and angels, say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high!
Sing, ye heavens! and earth, reply!

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo, He sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
"Where, O Death, is now thy sting?"
Once he died our souls to save;
"Where's thy victory, boasting Grave?"

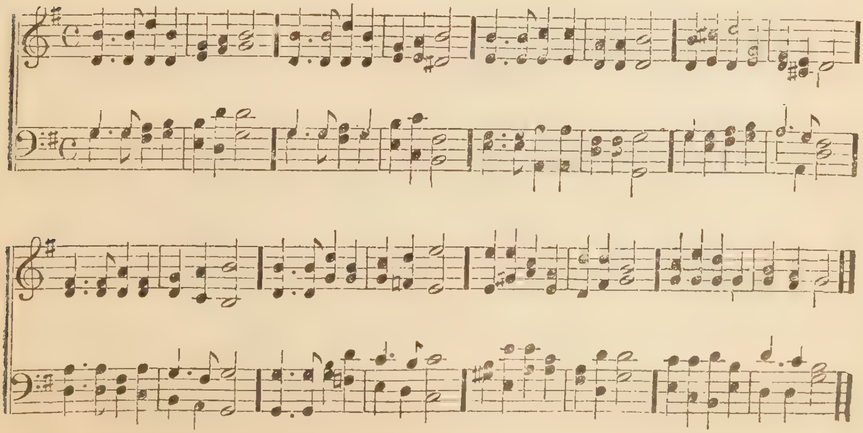
5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

*Charles Wesley.*

## 942

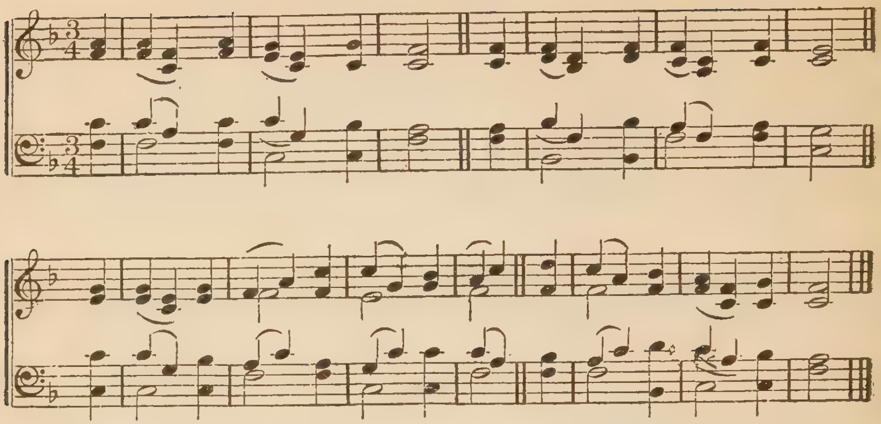
## St. George.

Sir George J. Elvey. (1816—.)



## 943 My Spirit on Thy Care.

Dennis. S. M.



My spirit on Thy care,
Blest Saviour I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair,
For Thou art love divine.

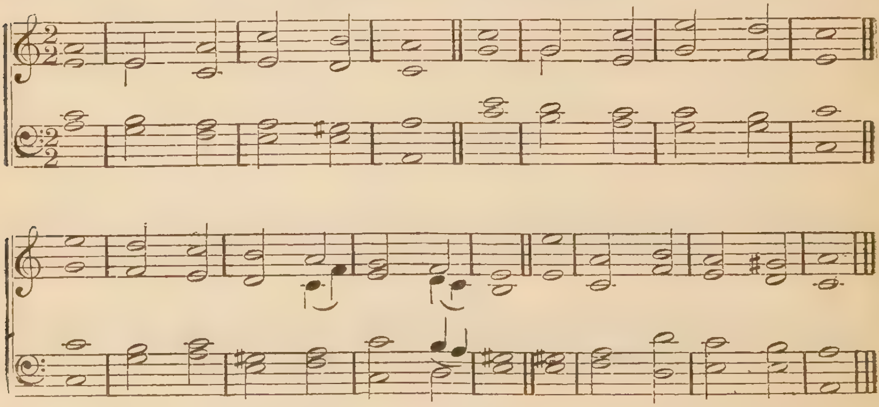
2 In Thee I place my trust,
On Thee I calmly rest;
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform:
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure of having Thee in all,—
Of having all in Thee.

## 944 Ye Servants of the Lord.

t. Bride. S. M.



*Christian Watchfulness.*

Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in His office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame:
Gird up your loins, as in His sight;
For awful is His name.

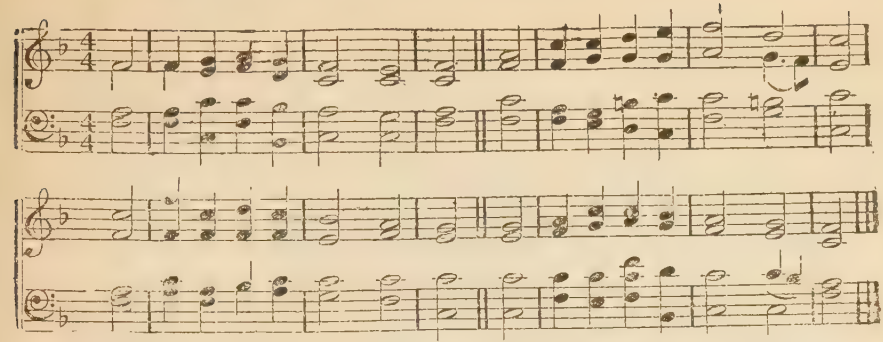
3 Watch: 'tis your Lord's command;
And, while we speak, He's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

3 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

*Rev. Philip Doddridge.* (1702—1751.)

## Return, O Wanderer, Return.

Uxbridge. L. M.



Return, O wanderer, return,
  And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in Thee burn
  Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
  And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
  His hand shall heal thine inward smart.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
  Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to His bleeding feet, and learn
  How freely Jesus can forgive.

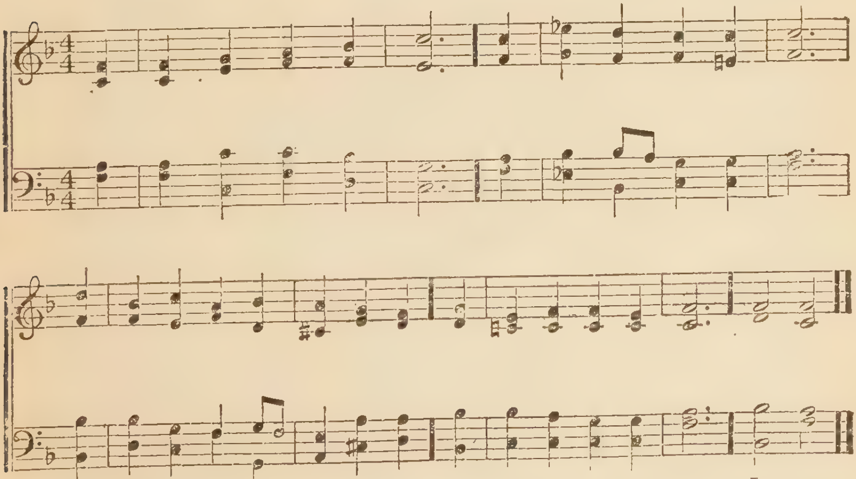
4 Return, O wanderer, return,
  And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"
  'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

946

## O Love that Casts out Fear.

Emmaus. S. M.

Joseph Barnby. (1838—), 1862.



O love that casts our fear,
  O love that casts out sin, I pray,
Tarry no more without,
  But come and dwell within.

2 True sunlight of the soul,
  Surround me as I go;
So shall my earthly way be safe,
  My feet no straying know.

3 Great love of God, come in,
  Well-spring of heavenly peace;
Thou Living Water, come, I pray,
  Spring up, and never cease.

4 Love of the living God,
  Of Father and of Son,
Love of the blessed Holy Ghost,
  Fill Thou each needy one.

5 Praise to the Father give,
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  Of the great Three in One.

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Dur
F
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by lamb
heart life.
story of Jesus can never grow old
10 I've washed [illegible]
21 Blessed be the fountain
36 Nor silver nor gold.
40 There is joy in heaven
46 I expect to get to heaven by the [illegible]
71 since I have been redeemed
48 There a great day coming
17 is not this the land of [illegible]
72 I've left the word behind me
09. never alone
59 I belong to him
59 he was not willing
2 is my name written there
16 I'm [illegible]
99 calvary
68 the story of the cross.
75 cleansing wave
51 Speed the light.